

ERROL FLYNN: THE REBEL

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MT. LEE, LOS ANGELES - DAY - 'HOLLYWOOD' SIGN

EXT. WARNER BROS STUDIO - DAY

Looking down at the motif on the roof. Warner Bros.

CLIP #1 FROM ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (1938 WARNER BROS.)

Flynn, swings down from tree on a vine. Stands on branch.

ROBIN HOOD
Welcome to Sherwood my Lady.

CLIP #2 FROM ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (1938 WARNER BROS.)

The sword fight on the staircase with Guy Gisbourne.

EARL CONRAD (VO)
Errol Flynn was once described as
tinsel town's most handsome man but
fame has it's dark side. His
amour morphed into phallic
symbolism when he became a pawn in
a political power game. He was cut
by his own sword.

INT. TITCHFIELD HOTEL, JAMAICA - NIGHT - 1958

Curled up in the corner of the bedroom, dissipated, ERROL
FLYNN - 49, sweats profusely and groans, as he twists, turns
and grips his stomach and bangs his head against the wall.

WOODSIE - 15, long blond hair, petite and pretty, wearing
her dressing gown, enters with a bowl of water. She kneels
by him. Squeezing a sponge, she wipes him down.

WOODSIE
The doctor will be here first
thing.

She pops the pill in his mouth. Gives him a drink.

FLYNN
I don't think I can hold out.

BULB FLASHES.

BLACK & WHITE STILL of Flynn's blank look.

TOM COCHRAN (VO)
Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury.
Let us look at what we have
here. An undoubted ravisher of
innocent young women.

INT. LA COURT ROOM - DAY - 1943 (FLASHBACK)

TOM COCHRAN, 40ish - the slick DDA plays to the jury in front of a room full of WOMEN spectators and PRESSMEN.

GERRY GRIESLER, 50ish - a plump, balding, gritty defense counsel sits beside Flynn at a table.

TOM (CONT)
Don't be fooled, ladies and gentlemen, by this man... Don't be misled by his accent, his polished manners and his apparent good breeding. This man is an actor who is very highly paid to give a good impression. There is only one way to find out what this man's true colors: that is by studying the laws he has broken. There is only one issue to decide: Did Flynn have sexual relations with these girls?

Points to 2 innocent looking PIGTAILED GIRLS. Women MURMUR.

TOM (CONT)
You must not think about the possibility that these under-aged girls willfully submitted to this celluloid hero. Under this law, they cannot - I repeat, they cannot - give their consent to sex attacks! There is only one suitable place for this pretender. One of the lowest forms of criminal that the courts ever come in contact with. A man who preys on young girls! This man must be and will be - sent to the state prison where he undoubtedly belongs.

HEADS turn to Flynn. Tension betrays the inner pain.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY - 1960

LA a place of hope, mendacity and broken dreams sparkles in the sunlight.

EARL CONRAD, a middle aged journalist, Colonel blimp type complete with bushy mustache looks in a bookshop window.

Cardboard advertising display: Flynn, book "My Wicked, Wicked Ways" in hand. Surrounded by sexy girls, wearing tight fitting hooped sailing T-shirts, white shorts, caps.

EARL (VO)

My Publisher had given Flynn an advance for his life story in '56. After 2 years wait they were getting pretty impatient for the manuscript; so, they asked me to go visit him in Jamaica to help him nail it.

EXT. JAMAICA - EARLY MORNING - 1958 - HURRICANE SEASON

The Caribbean waves roll up onto the white sand. CICADA CHIRPING grows louder. In land, past the cocoa-nut and palm trees is a 2 story building - Circa 1850 - wood - 50 yards long - veranda entrance - balcony above.

A sign on the building reads: TITCHFIELD HOTEL. A flickering light illuminates an upstairs window.

INT. BATHROOM, TITCHFIELD HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

Earl stands in vest, at mirror, shaving with cut throat.

EARL (VO)

After a couple of weeks I had this strange sense of something secret going on. Every 3 or 4 days, Errol would struggle to find anything to talk about. He'd get lethargic; and disappear to his bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Woodsie sits on the bedroom floor with Flynn's head in her lap. She strokes his forehead. Rocks him like a baby. HUMS "Too ra loo ra loo ra."

EXT./ INT. TITCHFIELD - MORNING - 1958

The singing voice of WINSTON, 50ish - a negro postman, fades in as he peddles his bike along a dusty track.

WINSTON

Come all you young men with your
wicked, wicked ways/sew your wild,
wild oats in your younger days. Go
travel the world and search for
it's gold/ so you maybe happy when
you grow old.

Behind Winston, a black CAR kicks up the dust.

INTERCUT

A mixed blood DOCTOR, 50's - wearing a hat and suit, sits behind the wheel. He peers out, eyes tired. Next to him a mixed blood NURSE, 50's - she has a black bag on her knee.

HONK!!! Winston, wobbles, loses his balance.

The doctor cranks the steering wheel. The car swerves.

Winston falls off his bike. His letters spill out on the ground.

WINSTON

You stupid...! Look where you's
going man. What de rush?

INSERT - LETTER: Errol Flynn, c/o Titchfield Hotel, Jamaica.

Winston picks up letters. Gets on bike. Continues journey.

The car carries on down the track to the hotel.

BACK IN THE BATHROOM

Earl delicately shaves his throat.

EARL (VO)

... Then I would spot this same old
black car turning up.

OUTSIDE

As the car pulls up the exhaust explodes. BANG!!!

BACK IN THE BATHROOM

Startled, Earl's hand slips. He inspects the nick on his neck. Dabs it with a piece of toilet paper.

He goes to window, opens it. Looks down and sees:

OUTSIDE

The doctor and nurse exit the car and enter the hotel.

INT. TITCHFIELD - MORNING

Doctor and nurse climb stairs. Walk along landing.

Earl buttons up his shirt. Opens the bathroom door.

The doctor and nurse enter Flynn's room without knocking.

Inquisitive, Earl tip toes to the slightly open door. He stops and peers in.

EARL (VO)

A while later, his so called nurse,
Woodsie would yell, get the
stenographer, Errol wants to work.
And pretty soon, he would be back
to his old fatuous self again.

The nurse hands the doctor a syringe and a small bottle of morphine.

The doctor fills the syringe. Sticks it in Flynn, squeezes the plunger.

Woodsie spots Earl watching. Closes the door.

Earl continues along the landing, downstairs.

IN THE BAR

WINNIE, 50 - well rounded Negress cleans the tables.

EARL

Good morning, Winnie!

Winnie nods enthusiastically.

WINNIE

Yes sir, and a very good morning to you, Mr Conrad, sir.

WILLIAM, a middle aged Negro stenographer sits reading.

Earl approaches William and sits next to him.

EARL

It seams we've a bit of time off.
Errol's still in bed.

WILLIAM.

Most of de notes is typed up. Want to go over it?

William hands his pages to Earl. Earl looks at the TV occasionally as he reads.

ON TV: (STOCK NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

SCREEN FILLING SHOT: Picture of BATISTA, with medals, etc. Pulls back to show that it is a picture on the front page of a news paper. Titles: GENERALISSIMO BATISTA, victorious.

Planes drop bombs on the Sierra Maestra's mountain forest.

Ragged rebels, wearing 7/26 armbands, exchanging fire with well kitted Batistan soldiers.

NARRATOR

Cuba 1958: During the summer, with 17 battalions, General Batista launched 'Operación Verano'. The plan was to enter the Sierra Maestra mountains and force a showdown with Fidel Castro's rebel army. Though greatly outnumbered, the rebel's guerrilla tactics inflicted heavy casualties on the Batistans.

Captured rebels are marched in the heavily fortified gates to Moncada Barracks.

EXT. /INT. HOTEL - MORNING

Winston arrives on his bike. He rests it against the wall.
The bike falls over as he enters.

WINSTON

You got plenty letters this
morning, Mister Conrad.

Winston gives Earl a hand full of mail and a paper.

EARL

Thank you Winston, word must have
got out, we're here.

WINSTON

If Masser Flynn so popular, how
come he only get one letter?

WILLIAM

There's a bit in paper about you.

INSERT - HEADLINE: ERROL FLYNN HERE TO WRITE MEMOIRS.

Winston puts Flynn's letter in a pigeon hole by the bar.

EARL

(reading)

Journalist, Earl Conrad, here with
his secretary! Where'd they get
this?

WILLIAM.

Masser Flynn talked to the reporter
himself.

EARL

A pension scheme for his farm
employees... What's this Shangri-la
thing, all about?

WILLIAM.

Some sort of house.

EARL

Not one of those - special places
of integrity, he likes to frequent.

WILLIAM.

Dem Golden Hallway girls is all
clapped out.

William giggles and gives Earl a big toothless smile.

THE DOCTOR AND NURSE

come down stairs.

WINNIE

Good morning, doctor.

The doctor gives Winnie a starchy nod as he and nurse leave.

WINNIE

Morning, Winnie. Nice to see you.

WINSTON

Dem road hog - no respect. Coconut!

Winnie bends over table, cleans it. Winston creeps up.
Throws her skirt over her head exposing her red bloomers.

WINSTON

Red ones today, William.

WILLIAM

She must be on a promise.

Winnie chases Winston out with a brush.

WOODSIE

glides downstairs in a sexy swimming costume.

WOODSIE

Hi! Earl, coming for a swim?

EARL

Not at the moment. Woodsie.

WOODSIE

Stick in the mud!

EARL

I'm to old for fun and games.

WOODSIE

Errol swims.

EARL

He's special.

WOODSIE

Sure is.

EARL

How long have you been his nurse?

Woodsie offers Earl a sweet from a paper bag. He takes it and pops it in his mouth.

WOODSIE

About a year. I was a chorus girl in a Gene Kelly flick, Errol invited me for a drink. He thought it funny I'd never heard of him.

EARL

(spits out the sweet)
What the hell was that.

WOODSIE

Grasshopper... covered in chocolate.

Woodsie skips off singing. ('Oh Boy' by Buddy Holly)

POOL

2 dogs greet Woodsie. She rubs their ears and they lick her face. She throws down her towel, dives in. The dogs follow.

In the surrounding area, Negro workers pick fruit.

INT. TITCHFIELD - LATER

Flynn coughs into the sink. Inspects his eyes in the bathroom mirror - faint trace of yellow jaundice. He pokes his puffed up cheeks. Sticks out tongue.

FLYNN

Come on, stop dragging your nuts.

Washes face. Gargles and spits. Runs hands through hair.

FLYNN

Let's get to it.

Tickles nostril. Preens mustache. Sniffs. Poses. Shakes head seeing his reflection - a fading star. He braces himself and walks out the door.

All eyes looks towards Flynn as he descends the staircase and makes for the table. He beats his chest and takes deep breaths as he speaks.

FLYNN

Good morning, good morning, and what a fine morning it is. I wish you all the very best and I do so with the most profound sincerity. A new a day. It's ample, profuse, it has character. It's not just another. That would be like saying another China-man's born. Each day's an adventure, unprecedented, unforgettable.

Flynn looks at the scrambled egg. He picks some up, throws his head back and drops it into his mouth. Takes grapes off the twig and throws them into his mouth.

FLYNN

Now for the main course...

Pours a Vodka, tops it with an eighth of an inch of tonic.

EARL

What's the program today, Errol?

FLYNN

Got to see my lawyer. I'm going to sell Boston House, can't afford that and a new one. I ought to make a Will while I'm at it. My exes have had their slice. Must see the kids are taken care of. Make up for some of my paternal deficiencies.

EARL

Sword loosing is edge?

FLYNN

I should have died from black water fever in 32, TB in 42, and hepatitis in 52. I'm still here. Who knows what's on the cards?

Flynn looks jealously at Earl's pile of mail.

EARL

In your pigeon hole.

FLYNN

Really!

Flynn struts to pigeon hole. Takes letter. Opens it. Reads. His face straightens.

FLYNN
Fucking brilliant!

Screws up letter. Throws it on floor. Pours another drink.

EARL
What's up?

FLYNN
First I'm blackballed. Now I've got
to stump up 1/4 of a million back
taxes. I'll write me congressman.

Flynn knocks back his drink in one slug. Rubs his forehead.

EARL
Better get this book cooked, quick.

FLYNN
Will it sell?

EARL
Sure. Get on the front pages.

FLYNN
If it doesn't, my plans are
buggered.

EARL
Create some kind of stir.

FLYNN
To make a splash like that, I'd
have to die.

EARL
A small injury, perhaps?

Flynn picks up a pool cue and starts potting balls as he
considers his options.

FLYNN
Is it nearly finished?

EARL
Plenty of details. Needs a theme.

FLYNN
Sex and violence - obviously.

Hits a ball hard into a pocket.

EARL

I was hoping for something more profound.

Earl picks up a cue and joins the game. Flynn points to the enigma monogram (?) on jacket pocket.

FLYNN

See this! I'm the original rebel without a cause.

EARL

There's always a cause. Look at the mess mankind makes of things.

FLYNN

How can anyone respect authority?

EARL

You're the boss man around here.

FLYNN

Never judge a book... If it wasn't for Hollywood I'd be a bum.

EARL

So, how shall you take arms against this sea of trouble?

Flynn's attention drifts to TV as he pots the balls.

ON TV. IN B.G. (STOCK NEWSREEL FOOTAGE OF CUBAN CIVIL WAR)

NARRATOR

In 1956, a year after being released from prison for his part in the abortive attack on the Moncada Barracks, on July the 26th. Castro, with 80 like minded followers set off from exile in Mexico on the now famous boat, Granma. Disaster ensued and all but a dozen of the 80 fighters were rounded up and killed. Castro and his surviving companions retreated to the mountains of the Sierra Maestra and set up camp.

The GRANMA is anchored near the beach. Rebels wade ashore, rifles above their heads. Batistans laying in the undergrowth, ambush the rebel force.

Injured rebels struggle through the undergrowth.

FIDEL CASTRO looks at a map laid out on a table with a group of men, some in berries, some in peaked hats.

CHE GUEVARA shows Farmers in straw hats how to use guns.

Rebel girls lead donkeys up a mountain track.

GIRL runs off printed leaflets.

Burnt out buses. H.G.V. trucks, with trailers, blown up.

NARRATOR

Over the next 2 years Castro built up his rebel army from a wide range of political allegiances. The mountain people aided the guerrilla's against Batista's forces and support from the cities was indispensable. Leaflets, newspapers and lately rebel radio keeps the people informed. Always attentive Fidel makes sure that the world knows of his rebel activities. Such appearances quell the rumors that he has been killed.

A news crew films as rebels take pot shots at targets.

Rebel girls, Fidel and Raul Castro smile at the camera.

CASTRO (TO THE CAMERA).

Our political philosophic is representative of democracy and social justice in a well planned economy. I shall transform Cuba into a united independent nation.

RETURN TO HOTEL

FLYNN

Seams like a good place to get shot. I could try my luck on the tables while I'm at it. I could scribble few notes. Fancy knocking them into shape, for the papers?

EARL

Same deal as the book?

FLYNN

Suits me. There's only one thing to do when you're out on your ass.

He hits the black straight into the pocket.

FLYNN (CONT)

Fly into the wind. This should be great, Errol Flynn: War correspondent.

EXT. SEA SHORE - DAY

Rolling waves crashing against the shore line. The trees bend in the wind. Chaos reigns.

EXT. / INT. TITCHFIELD HOTEL - DAY

William and his helpers battle against the wind, checking the doors and shutters are secure

Winnie, Woodsie carry food and bedding to the basement.

Earl fights a losing battle against the elements as he tries to keep his papers in order.

Lecherous, Flynn sits up on his bed fixated as ETTA, an attractive 24 year old Negress dances, seductively.

Flynn gets on all fours, bares his teeth and growls.

Etta paws him, hissing and clawing like Cat woman.

Flynn gets to close as he sniffs her.

Etta pounces.

They fight like cat and dog, ripping at each other clothes.

The pool splashes.

The trees bend.

Residents white faced with fear, cower on the floor.

Flynn and Etta howl with ecstasy, engrossed in sexual liaison.

The bed head bangs against the wall as the noisy wind rattles the window.

The climax coincides with a shutter ripping off it's fixings: the window shatters.

LATER

The hurricane has blown its self out. Debris all around.

EXT. BURNT OUT REMAINS OF BOSTON HOUSE - DAY

Flynn and Earl stand looking at the smoldering, ghostly, blackened ruins: stone base, ash filled cellar.

EARL

Ashes to ashes dust to dust. It's
fortuitous the staff had moved out.

Flynn scoops up a handful of debris, sniffs it.

Offers debris for Earl to smell.

FLYNN

Anything?

EARL

Burnt charcoal.

FLYNN

No kerosene?

EARL

No.

FLYNN

I had it burnt down.

EARL

Your own house?

FLYNN

It was insured. How else am I going
to pay for my sanctuary in
paradise?

Earl looks at Flynn, squints indecisively.

Serious, Flynn points down.

FLYNN

I'm going to plant an oak tree
there. And, just here is where I'm
going to be buried.

EXT/INT. PLANE, 1ST CLASS - DAY - MUSIC: CUBAN RUMBA.

Plane: Cuba airlines. Flies through clouds.

A pretty STEWARDESS serves drinks.

Flynn dressed in a suit writes in his note book. Beside him Woodsie - low cut dress reads a magazine.

FLYNN (VO)

Hemingway equated writing with the hunt. I am a sort of hunter. I'm hunting for clues. Presently, I find myself in a state of tortured confusion - appraising my past actions as an alter ego - standing by with detached and contemptuous mien - sneering at the bubbling efforts of a human, searching for his lost soul. Who knows, perhaps on this little adventure, I'll catch a glimpse of the truth. Maybe I'll solve the big mystery - what's it all about? They say: The pen is mightier than the sword. I started corresponding with - The Sydney Bulletin - during my lonely nights under a mosquito net, on a tobacco plantation, in the jungles of New Guinea, before I made it big swashbuckling in the movies. At 49, I'm getting too long in the tooth for playing swords and horses, so I figured: what the hell, why not try my hand again. So here I am with my small companion and my little case of incidentals, off to the tropics to see what's cooking.

The stewardess approaches.

FLYNN

How is Havana this lovely day?

STEWARDESS

It can get a little hairy walking the streets at night but on the whole it's not too bad.

FLYNN

Do a bit of street walking, do you?

STEWARDESS

I've been warned about you. Tu
es peligroso - dangerous.

FLYNN

Nonsense. I'm quite cuddly.

STEWARDESS

Cuddly as a tiger.

PILOT (OOV)

Ladies and Gentlemen, please fasten
your seat belts. We are about to
land in Havana. May I remind you
that due to political unrest in the
interior, you are advised to
contact the military authorities
before proceeding on to Santa Clara
or Santiago.

EXT. HAVANA AIRPORT - DAY

The plane lands. Stops.

A baggage cart arrives. Steps are wheeled into Position.

RAMONE RODRIGAS, 22 - student, mixed blood, stands by the
fence, next to a truck, watching the PORTERS unload cargo.

PASSENGERS alight. They walk to the customs building.

A PORTER, 19 ragged clothes, riding a baggage cart
approaches Ramone, he nods. The cart stops.

The porter and Ramone remove a crate and load it onto the
truck.

100 yards away a SECURITY GUARD is suspicious. "HALT!"

Ramone scrambles in the truck. Rams it in gear. Drives.

The porter jumps on the baggage cart and speeds off.

2 COPS, in jeep #1, chase Ramone.

2 COPS, in jeep #2, chase the porter.

Flynn gets out his camera. Points it towards the action.

FLYNN

This is great!

Flynn's too engrossed with his camera to notice. The baggage cart heading straight at Woodsie. The rest of the passengers scatter and run to terminal.

A STRONG MALE PASSENGER pulls Woodsie out of the way. She FALLS.

Woodsie picks herself up, inspects injuries.

Cop in jeep #2 SHOOTS at the porter.

The baggage cart FLIPS over, burns.

Jeep #2 screeches to a halt. 2 cops JUMP out. Drag the porter from the burning cart.

Ramone drives truck at perimeter fence. The truck gets caught up. It careers sideways. Hits a concrete post. Stops dead. A box falls from the back, SPILLING GUNS.

Jeep #1 comes to a skidding halt next to the truck. The 2 cops jump out. Grab Ramone. Kick and cuff him.

As Flynn and Woodsie approach the terminal, he taps camera.

FLYNN

It's in the bag, pretty good start!

WOODSIE

You told my Mum you'd look out for me! I could have been killed!

FLYNN

You'll live.

WOODSIE

No thanks to you.

FLYNN

I follow my instincts. If you wanted a quiet life, you should have stayed home.

WOODSIE

Instincts my arse. You're just a selfish fuck!

He stops kisses her on the hand.

FLYNN

I'm sorry. I promise to take better care of you in future. Please accept my humble apologies. Am I forgiven.

WOODSIE
You're on probation.

INT. CUSTOMS DESK - DAY

Passengers cue up for inspection. Flynn is stopped.

CUSTOMS MAN
Anything to declare.

Flynn produces his passport. Opens his case. It contains
Vodka and pills.

FLYNN
Holes in the lungs, a weak heart
and a clapped out liver, old boy.

CUSTOMS MAN
Any guns?

FLYNN
Good God no! Cameras and pencils.

CUSTOMS MAN
Did you pack this yourself?

FLYNN
That's my personal secretaries job.

The customs man takes out the vodka.

CUSTOMS MAN
We've got enough brandy on this
island to sink it.

FLYNN
I never go without a back up.

The customs man looks at the pills.

FLYNN
They're on prescription - pain
killers.

The phone rings. The customs man picks it up.

CUSTOMS MAN
Follow me please.

FLYNN
What's the big deal?

Flynn follows the customs man into a back office.

Woodsie is baffled. She turns to another customs man.

WOODSIE
Shall I take his case?

The customs man nods and puts chalk marks on their cases.

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY

The customs man shows Flynn in.

PAULA BLACK, CIA agent, 30 - real stunner all lipstick and perfume - sits behind a desk. She points to the chair opposite the desk.

PAULA
Relax Flynn, your not under arrest.

Flynn sits. Paula gets up and walks round desk. Sits on the front edge, legs crossed.

PAULA
The embassy wont me to check you out.

Flynn's eyes focus on Paula's legs.

FLYNN
Is that a reciprocal offer?

PAULA
My boss is wondering what you're up to.

FLYNN
What's it got to do with the CIA?

PAULA
We've got a thick file on you.

FLYNN
I can assure you my intentions are purely Byronic?

Flynn produces his HURST PRESS PASS.

FLYNN
I've got a commission from Hurst press.

PAULA

Don't expect us to bail you out if you get in any trouble.

FLYNN

You think I'm what... Dabbling!

PAULA

Things have changed since Roosevelt's day. We don't take kindly to amateurs, anymore.

FLYNN

And to think I once cleaned up Dodge City. Is there no gratitude?

Paula flicks her hair and walks back behind her desk. Sits.

FLYNN

I've heard there's an arms embargo on Batista for abusing civil rights.

Paula raises her eyebrows.

FLYNN

I thought he was your boy. Isn't that playing straight into rebel hands?

PAULA

We're giving diplomacy a chance.

FLYNN

You may as well farm the slopes of Krakatoa... Since when has the CIA been taking orders from the UN?

Paula ignores him. Flynn gets up. He's about to leave.

FLYNN

Can I per chance inveigle a small favor? I need a scoop, to give my new career a boost. You could put a word in the right ear. I'd like to meet Batista.

PAULA

No chance.

FLYNN

I'll get you a screen test. Those legs should be dancing with Fred Astaire.

Paula shakes her head.

FLYNN

No mutual back scratching then?
Pity, I've got an insatiable itch.
It's no wonder the papers print
lies. How can us poor hacks get to
the truth with no co-operation?

PAULA

It's never concerned them in the
past. Anyway, you're not a serious
reporter. Take my advice. Go back
to the states. We have no use for
Hollywood hero's.

Flynn's lips tighten as he flinches from the cutting remark. Always the rebel, he stiffens his back in defiance and exits.

RETURN TO TERMINAL

Flynn meets up with Woodsie. They exit. Lost in the crowd.

EXT. SMALL NARROW BRIDGE - DAY

A FARMER with a DONKEY AND CART start to move across.

COP JEEP approaches from the opposite side.

The jeep and cart jam half way across.

MACHO COP gets out from the back of the jeep. He starts to bad mouth the donkey owner.

The locals join in the argument, shouting and waving their arms.

IN THE BACK OF THE JEEP

Hands cuffed behind them, Ramone and the porter jump over the tail board and scramble to the side of the bridge.

CHUBBY COP gets out from behind the wheel. "HALT". Draws gun.

Ramone and the porter LAUNCH themselves into the river.

CHUBBY looks over the bridge wall, SHOOTS!

The porter sinks below the surface, DEAD.

UNDERWATER

Ramone pulls his legs over cuffs. He swims under the bridge. Surfaces.

ABOVE

Looking down: the porter's corpse, floating.

A small fishing boat approaches.

As the boat passes the 2 FISHERMEN help Ramone aboard. They conceal him under canvas.

The cops run to the other side of the bridge, looks over.

The boat emerges. The cops see nothing unusual.

RIVER BANK

People make the sign of the cross on their chests as the cops retrieve the porter's corpse from the river.

They load it into the back of the jeep. Drive off.

EXT. HAVANA STREETS/INT. TAXI - DAY - CUBAN MUSIC

PEOPLE are buying food in the market place. Some are getting on and off buses. POLICE are on patrol. NUNS go to the church. SAILORS go into bars.

FLYNN (VO)

I've known the Cubans for 20 years, the peasants and the powerful. I've made my share of errors in it's casinos and I've circled the island many times on fishing trips. Way back in '36, not long after I made it big in - Captain Blood - I bought a yacht in Boston and sailed down here. I hit bad weather around Cape Hatteras, went west ward to the Bahamas, then came down to Havana. I pulled in to stay a day and stayed a month. Warner's were furious.

Flynn winds up his portable movie camera. He leans out the TAXI window to shoot some b&w film:

WHORES, PIMPS and begging CHILDREN loiter. There is a BALLOON SELLER, A MAN on stilts and a BUSKER. They play for the tourists. The TOURISTS take photo's.

EXT./INT. NACIONAL HOTEL - DAY

Sun shine illuminates the pristine white walls of this exclusive hotel by the blue sea. The 'Stars and Stripes' flies along side the Cuban flag.

The taxi pulls up. Flynn and Woodsie get out. The driver unloads the bags and holds his hand out.

FLYNN

I never carry cash.

Woodsie pays.

A BELL BOY picks up the cases and follows them in.

They pass a large photo in the reception area: Batista in uniform adorned with medals.

Flynn stops to study it.

FLYNN (VO)

I remember Batista's slogans, when he first came to power: Down with tyrants, down with crooks and down with corrupt politicians. I thought, as I was here for his rise, why not be here for his fall.

ROOM

The shape of Woodsie's naked body is outlined through the shower screen as she washes. Finishing, she throws on a light gown that hangs on the door. Enters the bedroom.

The cases lay unopened on the bed. She looks out the window as she dries hair with a towel.

Flynn enters through an adjoining door.

FLYNN

Chop, chop. Cases to unpack. I don't pay you to look out the window.

WOODSIE

You don't pay me.

FLYNN

Who meets all your expenses?

Woodsie turns to Flynn and looks him in the eye.

WOODSIE

You told my mother you'd make me a star. I'm not your lackey.

FLYNN

These things take time.

WOODSIE

I may not be no Ginger Rodgers but I can learn.

FLYNN

I'll talk to someone. I promise.

WOODSIE

Really! When? When?

FLYNN

Tonight.

She jumps on Flynn. Wraps her legs around him. Kisses him.

FLYNN

Steady on, old girl.

She releases her grip and starts unpacking.

WOODSIE

What shall I wear?

FLYNN

I don't know. Something cool.

She holds dress against her body. Looks in the mirror.

FLYNN

I'm going for a paper.

WOODSIE

When will you be back?

Flynn slips out.

Woodsie turns as she hears the door click shut. Annoyed, she stamps her foot on the ground.

INT. CAPRI. CASINO - EVENING

7-7-7 clicks into place on a one armed bandit:

BELLS RING! WOMAN SQUEALS! Everyone cheers.

GEORGE RAFT, 60 - floor manager, gray hair, evening suit, surveys the room.

Flynn stands with FRED FOWLER, 35 - Journalist, by the crap table. Shakes dice. Throws. Loses.

FLYNN

Bastard.

George makes his way over to Flynn.

Flynn picks up the dice, blows, about to throw again.

George flicks coin. Catches it. Tosses it on the table.

GEORGE

Try this - it's my lucky dollar.

FLYNN

George! I was hoping to see you.

GEORGE

Anything to do with pictures, forget it. This place needs my full attention.

FLYNN

It's nothing to do with pictures. I'm just here for the hell of it and to do a little fishing.

FRED

Hey Flynn, are you gonna throw them dice or just stand there gabbing.

Flynn blows on the dice and throws. Wins. Rakes in winnings.

GEORGE

Never fails.

FRED

I could use one of those.

George pulls a coin out of his pocket, flicks it. Throws it to Fred.

FLYNN

I need a favor. Let's get a table.

George beckons waitress.

GEORGE
Bring us a couple of Jack Daniel's,
will you, sweetheart!

WAITRESS
Sure thing, Mr. Raft.

AT TABLE

Flynn and George sit drinking.

GEORGE
So what's this favor. Any thing but
spondoolicks. I'm in the hole for
back taxes?

FLYNN
Tell me about it. I want to parlay
with the president. Can you fix it?

GEORGE
What the hell for?

FLYNN
I'm starting a new career - as a
hack. I'm fishing for stories.

GEORGE
Jeez! You serious.

FLYNN
Come on George. You've got friends.
Use your pull?

GEORGE
They haven't got time to piss
around with some out on his ass
actor. If you wanna keep your balls
intact, I suggest you keep your
nose out.

FLYNN
Still! No harm in asking. Salude!

They knock back their drinks.

EXT. NACIONAL HOTEL - EVENING

Woodsie sits on the hotel balcony painting her toe nails,
basking in the glow of the setting sun.

ROOM

Flynn, drunkenly staggers in with a brown paper bag. Puts the bags down on the bed.

FLYNN

Woodsie, I'm back, with lovely Cuban cuisine. Want a cigar?

Woodsie looks in the room, shakes her head.

WOODSIE

Just going for a paper.

FLYNN

I got a little side tracked.

WOODSIE

You could have phoned.

FLYNN

Now, now, I don't jump through hoops... Cuba Libra?

WOODSIE

I'm not in the mood.

FLYNN

Pity. What about a meal. Especially arranged by that famous star of the silver screen. Mister Errol Flynn, himself. I wonder why they call a low life like me a star - pretty ironic. Look! I've pineapples from the south seas. Bananas from the tropics and oysters fresh from the Caribbean.

Throws about one hundred dollars in coins in the air.

FLYNN

And money, too. I won! Want some?

WOODSIE

You'll lose it again tomorrow.

He rummages through his bag and pulls out food.

FLYNN

How about broiled sparrow and quail's eggs?

WOODSIE

I'd rather have a hamburger.

FLYNN

That's what I like about you
Woodsie, no pretense.

Woodsie comes in from the balcony and lays on the bed.

WOODSIE

What are we doing here, exactly?

FLYNN

It's a quest, my dear. A quixotic
quest to discover the verities. The
meaning of the meaningless. It's a
search for the Holy Grail. Perhaps
God's purpose can only be perceived
in the swamps of experience. I've
just got to nail it. Taste the
apple. To be precise I want to find
out why these - sons of Cain - keep
on murdering their brothers?

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - EVENING

Lift indicator rotates. Doors open. George walks along
corridor to an office marked, 'KITCHEN DIRECTOR'.

He knocks. CUDDLES, a murderous, big broken nosed, Sicilian
body guard, opens the door.

GEORGE

Can I have a word with the Boss?

INT. PRESIDENT BATISTA'S PALACE - DAY

BATISTA, face of iron, pours a rum. He looks at the map on
his wall - it has flags on it.

GENERAL RIO, professional down to the creases on his
trousers enters and salutes.

GENERAL

Buenos dias, El Presidente.

Batista scowls. Points to flags on a map, with his cigar.

BATISTA

Rebel strong holds. You promised to
get rid of them. You betrayed me.

GENERAL

The peasants protect them. It's like chasing shadows.

BATISTA

Make them talk. If these pins no removed, soon. You will be. I no care how. Just do it.

GENERAL

I'll shall need more ordinance.

BATISTA

Find out who supply the rebels, kill them, too. Now, get out!

General Rio salutes and leaves. Batista picks up phone.

BATISTA

Get me Lansky, now!

INT. LANSKY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MEYER LANSKY, 60 - thin and pale is in bed, on the phone. Cuddles, stands by him.

LANSKY

Fulgencio - I'd never sell arms to rebels. We're partners 50-50, all the way. Tell the general to give me a list. Don't worry! Leave everything to me.

He gives the phone to Cuddles.

LANSKY (CONT)

The Fidelistas will have to wait. This batch goes to the Batista. With a bit of luck we can keep this war hot for years. It's better than prohibition. I love this embargo.

INT. NACIONAL HOTEL - 3 DAYS LATER

Flynn coughs. Inspects his eyes in mirror. Sticks out tongue. Throws water on face.

Undoes the head of his shaving brush, takes packet of morphine. Gets his rubber arm band and ties it on, tightening it with his spare hand and his teeth.

Sound of RINGING PHONE comes from the bedroom.

WOODSIE (OS)
Errol, George Raft's on the phone.

Flynn emerges from the bathroom. Picks up phone.

FLYNN
Hello George... He does... That's
great... Booked!

INT. BATISTA'S PLACE - DAY

Flynn carrying a tiger headed cane, wearing a suit, white shirt and tie (logo - jockey on horse) follows a SERVANT along the hall. Impressive pictures of Batista adorn.

FLYNN (VO)
I wasn't sure how George fixed it,
but I was in Batista's palace. His
government were on good terms with
the States, mainly because the big
corporations were growing rich off
of Cuba's resources. Batista got a
cut. Unfortunately for the Cuban
people little of the profits
filtered down through the system.

The servant shows him into an opulently decorated private room. Ornate table and chairs, chaise lounge, paintings, statues, plush carpets, etc.

The servant offers a cigar box to Flynn. Flynn takes a cigar. The servant lights it. He retires. Flynn looks around.

Batista enters, dripping wet, wearing 2 towels.

BATISTA
Flynn, yes!

FLYNN
In the flesh, Mister President.
Thank you for seeing me.

Ignoring Flynn, Batista pours himself a drink of rum.

BATISTA
You know why you are here?

FLYNN
I assume you want me to get your
message to the people. I'm always
ready to do my bit, to help bring
order to the chaos.

BATISTA

Fuck the people. They do as I say!

FLYNN

I take it you're not looking for a political solution?

BATISTA

A practical solution is what I want. I'm told you are proficient with bow and arrow. A mutual friend say you assist me with my problem.

(bow and arrow movement)

You find Castro. Arrange hunting accident. Yes? You come highly recommended. Robin Hood. You will do it, soon.

FLYNN

I think you've been misinformed.

BATISTA

You will arrange it!

FLYNN

I'm afraid my expertise is strictly limited to propaganda, information and public relations.

BATISTA

Words no good, I want action! Lansky say you owe him favor. You know what happens to traitors?

FLYNN

This must be some kind of a gag?

BATISTA

This no time for gags, you son-of-a-bitch. You fuck with me, I kill you!

Batista shakes fist as though strangling neck.

Towels drops exposing his naked body.

Flynn make hasty retreat.

INT. CAPRI - EVENING

ROSITA RODREGAS, 23 - tightly tied up hair, bronze skin, sexy, is on stage doing a flamboyant, South of the Border' number, with beautiful long-legged showgirls.

Guests ogle.

Flynn sits at bar staring at empty glass.

Fred Fowler approaches with a newspaper places it on the bar in front of Flynn.

FRED

I've got my scoop how about you?

INSERT: HEADLINE: BATISTA TROOPS ROUTE REBELS.

Flynn looks at the paper then puts it down.

FRED

By the look on your face I guess the answers no. I'm off to the casino coming.

FLYNN

I've been.

Fred leaves.

PEDRO, 20 - lithe, good looking, throws his bottles about as he mixes a cocktail.

PEDRO

Another drink Mr. Flynn.

FLYNN

I'm afraid my grief exceeds my resources.

PEDRO

Pay me tomorrow.

FLYNN

Pedro, you're a hero.

PEDRO

They say a trouble shared...

Flynn takes jumping bean from matchbox. Holds in palm.

FLYNN

Look at that, Pedro. You know why it jumps? It's got a worm inside. It's trying to eat its way out. Jump Toto. Jump. I've been trying to drown my worm for years.

PEDRO

You may as well try and drown a fish.

FLYNN

I seem to detect in you, a perspicacity only to rare these days, Pedro. Alas, my luster is fading. I'm now too big a risk for pictures. Lush is the word they use. I was pinning my hopes on a newspaper deal but I've got a million other hacks to climb over first. I'm badly in need a scoop. According to this rag here the war's nearly over.

PEDRO

Don't believe the papers, Senor. Castro's got him by the balls.

FLYNN

Do you know any rebels?

Pedro writes a phone number on the serviette.

PEDRO

One of girls, her brother, rebel.

Flynn puts it in his pocket.

FLYNN

If this pans out there's a big tip in it for you. You know. I've a strange feeling lady luck might be back from her long vacation.

Ramone bursts in bar and shouts!

RAMONE

Viva la revolucion!

He throws a grenade. It rolls to a halt in the middle of the floor. He runs out. There's turmoil as people scream and run for cover. EXPLOSION!

Dust clears, people are bleeding. Some are still shocked and panicking. Pedro resurfaces from behind the bar. Flynn still sits on his bar stool, picks plaster from his drink.

FLYNN
Nothing like a quiet drink.

PEDRO
Sorry to inconvenience you, Senor Flynn but I will have to close.

FLYNN
Quite understandable, old boy.

Flynn knocks back drink. Dusts himself down. Walks out of bar - amused and aloof.

AMBULANCES and COPS arrive on scene.

INT. NACIONAL, HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Woodsie sits combing her hair. Flynn dials phone.

WOODSIE
What's happening - getting me a job?

FLYNN
Subterfuge, my dear. Subterfuge.

INT. CAPRI, DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

A group of DANCERS in various stages of undress are getting changed. The phone rings. A GIRL picks it up.

GIRL
Who?.. Just a minute.
(shouts)
Rosita! Errol Flynn is asking for you.

Rosita, naked breasts, raises head from behind the others.

ROSITA
Go and boil your head.

GIRL
No kidding.

Rosita sashays through the bustle and takes phone.

ROSITA

This is some kind of joke, yes?
 (face breaks into a smile)
 Oh my God!

EXT. NACIONAL HOTEL. POOL - DAY - 24TH. DECEMBER

TWO COPS patrols the area. Guests sunbathe.

Flynn poses on a low board. Dives in. Swims a length under water. He surfaces near Woodsie, sunbathing, who is looking like a Lolita in her Bikini.

FLYNN (VO)

The industrialists, businessmen and land owners of Oriente Province were beginning to see which way the wind was blowing. Batista's army were resigning in droves to join with Fidel Castro's triumphant revolutionary forces. I wanted a front row seat. This time Flynn was going to be in. In the thick of it.

WOODSIE

Now dive off the high board!

FLYNN

Heights make me dizzy.

Flynn climbs out. Walks to Woodsie. Picks up towel. Drips.

WOODSIE

Careful! You did it on purpose.

FLYNN

Me? Never.

WOODSIE

I'm getting fed up doing nothing.

FLYNN

What do you want to do?

WOODSIE

If we were back home you could get me a job, dancing in a picture.

FLYNN

You can dance here.

WOODSIE

As a stripper. And be ogled at. Not likely.

FLYNN

That's what fame's all about.

WOODSIE

You keep your clothes on.

FLYNN

Actors bare their souls, that's much harder. Sometimes... realizing an emotion is like, dredging cut glass from your stomach.

WOODSIE

Sometimes... you talk a load of old cobblers.

Flynn shakes hair like a dog. Woodsie gets the spray.

WOODSIE

Fuck off!

Rosita disguised, comes over to Flynn.

ROSITA

Can you sign my serviette.
(gives him her lipstick)
Look inside the lipstick.

Flynn opens lipstick as Rosita makes for exit where she is arrested by BALD COP. Flynn gives lipstick to Woodsie.

INSERT - NOTE: Havana airport. 8 a.m. 25th. Board plane to Camaguey.

Flynn eats the note as TOOTH PICK COP approaches him.

COP

You know that girl, Senor Flynn?
She associates with rebels. What are you doing here?

FLYNN

Swimming.

COP

In Cuba?

FLYNN
I'm here on business.

COP
What business? Where?

FLYNN
All over. I'm scouting locations.

COP
Where is this all over?

FLYNN
Don't you understand English?

The tooth pick cop prods his gun into Flynn's stomach.

FLYNN
Now that's a language everyone understands.

The cop cuffs Flynn. Woodsie's shocked.

WOODSIE
Should I call someone?

Flynn shouts back as he's carted off.

FLYNN
Yes. The news papers.

INT. NACIONAL HOTEL, ROOM - DAY

Flynn packs brief case: tissue, tangerines, 2 sweaters, 2 undershorts, shaving gear. Woodsie passes vodka. JOHN MCKAY, 30's - a photographer, tall, dark, handsome looks on.

FLYNN
... then this big fat sergeant comes in a they handcuffed me to a spring bed. He threatened to hook it up to a generator. I said, flip that switch, sport and I'll have you shoveling shit in one of Batista's whorehouses. It must have shook him. He let me out. But if they get Rosita to talk - you can bet your ass, they'll be after me. Listen Woodsie, John and I will be gone for a while. You'd best go home.

The zipper on his case breaks.

FLYNN

Shit! Got any string?

Woodsie picks up gown cord. Throws it to Flynn.

WOODSIE

I want to go with you.

Flynn ties case.

FLYNN

It's to dangerous.

WOODSIE

I'll wait here for you.

FLYNN

If things get tricky, see George.
He'll look after you. Remember, you
don't need to be guilty to get
arrested.

JOHN

Won't we need passes?

FLYNN

Just act like a Hollywood flake. It
works for me.

John does a Oliver Hardy impression. Wiggles neck tie.

JOHN

Another fine mess you got me into.

Flynn shakes head. Puts fingers pistol fashion to head.

EXT. CESSNA IN FLIGHT - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE - MAP OF CUBA:

A line proceeds from Havana to Oriente Province.

INSIDE

PILOT, 35 - tall, dark and mustachioed. He has rifle. Flynn
and John look down at countryside.

JOHN

I hope you don't intend to fly back
to Camaguey tonight.

FLYNN

The cops are probably on our tail.

Pilot points to gun and showing a bullet from pocket.

PILOT

This is fully loaded. And this is marked for me. If I get captured. I don't intend to be tortured.

EXT. RUNWAY - EVENING

The Cessna lands. CPT. PEREZ, 25 - welcomes Flynn and John.

PEREZ

This way. We go to our secret location.

EXT. CENTRAL AMERICA SUGAR MILL, REBEL H.Q. - EVENING

Rebels mill about. Perez drives jeep speedily down a track. Pulls up outside H.Q. He takes Flynn and John inside.

INSIDE

FIDELE CASTRO, 28 - full beard, in combat gear with a black scarf round his neck sits on bed in corner, ear close to radio. Food and a Belgian revolver lay on a table near him.

RAUL CASTRO, 24 - short, thin with shifty eyes, no beard - hair in a ponytail, combat gear with black neck scarf. He hovers by with AK47 in his hand.

CELIA SANCHEZ, 25 - sits at a desk typing, pink ribbon on her uniform's right shoulder, 0.32 caliber revolver lashed to her slim figure, combat gear and a beret.

Perez hands piece of paper to Celia.

PEREZ

Here's the wounded list and the local unit strengths.

She begins to read them.

FLYNN

36-28-35, I'd say. Most Cuban girls are about 38-28-40. I could get you a screen test with a figure like that.

CELIA
I've better things to do with my
time. Search them.

GRUFF BODYGUARD frisks Flynn. HAIRY BODYGUARD frisks John.

FLYNN
Do all your guests get this
treatment?

CELIA
Just the smart asses.

Gruff bodyguard finds the vodka in Flynn's case.

CELIA
What's this? Bootlegging.

FLYNN
Prohibition's been over 25 years.

CELIA
We've reintroduced it.

FLYNN
I applaud your motives but I
request exclusion.

Hairy bodyguard starts to open the cameras.

JOHN
Careful you'll ruin the film.

CELIA
You've been filming our positions?

JOHN
I had permission from the Captain.

CELIA
You vouch for them.

PEREZ
Si.

CELIA
You know what happens to spies?

FLYNN
You tease them to death?

CELIA

You think you're a pretty big man don't you? Very cocky. You want to know what I think?

FLYNN

I'm sure you'll tell me.

CELIA

(spits.)

You're a cock - roach.

JOHN

She's got your number, Errol. She's immune to you charm.

FLYNN

You should meet my ex wives. They'd undoubtedly agree with you. I've met many a fair damsel over the years but as stern greetings go, that one deserves an Oscar.

Castro turns off the radio. Approaches. Shake hands.

CASTRO

Welcome. They tell me you want to write about us in the papers?

FLYNN

That's the general idea, sport.

CASTRO

I did not think America was interested in Cuban people, just it's business interests.

FLYNN

Maybe, together, we can help them change their minds.

They sit at a table. Celia cleans Castro's glasses.

CASTRO

You tell America about our fight for freedom. I give you facts. Batista killed 20,000 Cubans who would not toe line. America - she does not care as long as she get cheap sugar. You tell them. Cubans want to be free to govern 'selves. Maybe they help me.

FLYNN

I'll say the people want freedom.

CASTRO

You want visit liberated towns, no!

FLYNN

Sure!

CASTRO

Cubans might know you. It cheer them to know someone from united states is interested and come a long way to see them.

FLYNN

Shall I call you Commandante? Senor Castro? what?

CASTRO

Call me what everybody call me, Fidele.

FLYNN

Okay, Fidele. Call me, Flynn.

CASTRO

I give permission... Do what you wish. Talk to who you wish. Take as many pictures as you want. I want America to see happy faces of liberated Cubans.

FLYNN

Thanks Fidele, your cooperation is appreciated. Can we take your picture?

CASTRO

Me, my secretary, my brother, my men, everybody. You have complete freedom of press. That's more than you get from Batista. I hear on radio. Him jail 2 reporters for spying. You not spy, are you? Cos we have no jails. If you spy, my brother Raul, he shoot you.

RAUL

Si.

FLYNN

Shoot me! That's a joke, yes?

CASTRO

Yes, Senor Flynn. That joke.

FLYNN

You had me worried there! You don't mind if I take a draft of the delicious wine of your land to make a revolutionary situation a little more viable, do you?

CASTRO

You no drink rum! Filthy stuff! It rot liver and make you crazy.

FLYNN

I know what you mean, but by dint of great discipline. I persevere.

CASTRO

Why you want to destroy 'self?

FLYNN

Oh I don't know really, perhaps it's the rebel in me.

CASTRO

The rebel in you. You joke with me?

FLYNN

I joke with you Fidele, yes.

TWO MINISTERS one tall one fat enter the HQ. Celia greets them.

CASTRO

Tell me Senor Flynn. Do you believe in our struggle?

FLYNN

I'm drawn to causes. I like to see the little guy get an even break.

CASTRO

You watch from hotel, yes?

FLYNN

Not me Fidele! I like to get down in the dirt, where the action is. I've done my time in the jungle, I spent 5 years in New Guinea, I've got malaria to prove it.

CASTRO

You want action. I show you action.

Castro points to his gun.

CASTRO

It's the only way to get respect.
First, I got important business.
Make selves comfortable. I send
somebody to show you round.

Castro waves Flynn and John away. They leave the tent.

Castro greets the 2 ministers. They sit around table.

OUTSIDE

Flynn and John stroll around the camp.

The REBEL GIRLS: deprived, but with a camaraderie and fine faces, wearing slacks, that open above the boot, blue jeans, 7/26 arm bands, low heeled shoes, no make up, carry guns as they attend to their duties.

FLYNN

Can you imagine how a Hollywood girl would react if you took away her bobby pins and curlers.

John takes snaps as GIRLS teach PEASANTS to read and write.

JOHN

Yeah! They'd probably start a revolution.

MARIA, 25 - attractive but dowdy, washing clothes. John looks at her and smiles. She is flattered but coy, she shyly looks away. John approaches as she pegs out the clothes.

JOHN

Watch the birdie.

MARIA

Por favor, no fotografia. I mess.

JOHN

You look very good, to me.

Maria smiles. Tidies herself. Poses. John takes more snaps.

In b.g. Men shoot guns at various targets. Flynn approaches.

FLYNN

Hi fellows, how's the war going?

REBEL

Okay! You want kill Batistianos?
You sword fighter, yes?

FLYNN

No, me actor, me pretend.

REBEL

You very brave man. I've seen you
on the films. You help us kill the
monster, Batista.

FLYNN

I had tea with him once. A guard
took me to his room. I made myself
comfy. Smoked one of his fat
cigars. He came out of the shower
wearing a bath towel.

REBEL

Did he have medals pinned to it?

Laughter.

FLYNN

We had a little chat. When I put
out my hand to say good-bye. His
towel slipped. There he stood in
all his glory. I was a shocked! But
I'm an eye witness, you can take it
from me. Batista's not that
monstrous - in fact, he's short and
stubby.

Laugh! Some don't understand. Others wiggle little fingers.

Flynn and John reunite.

FLYNN

Not exactly Sherwood Forest, more
girls for one thing but it's pretty
much how I expected it.

JOHN

If I'm not mistaken Maid Marion is
bringing Friar Tuck this way.

Celia approaches with FATHER SOLIS.

CELIA

Flynn, you go with Father Solis.
He'll put you up for the night at
the church.

FLYNN

No room in your tent, then?

Celia scowls. Flynn shakes Fat minister's hand.

FLYNN

Thank you for your hospitality.
What's a minister of the church
doing in a war.

SOLIS

The church is a peace maker. My
duty is to show the world the
infinite misfortune of the Cuban
people, who're suffering the
cruellest and most inhuman
oppression of their history.

CELIA

Come! I introduce you to some of
the Mariana Grajales Battalion.

They all make their way to the hospital tent.

FLYNN

May I introduce Little John, my
photographer and partner in crime.
We're just saying how much all this
reminds us of a film I made, a few
years back - Robin Hood.

SOLIS

It is very similar. Batista has
usurped and merged the Legislative
and Executive Powers of the nation.

FLYNN

Is it true you won't consort with
men or drink during the revolt.

CELIA

It is true.

FLYNN

A wonderful way to avoid alimony.

1ST AID TENT

GIRLS attend to medical duties. Celia beckons girl.

CELIA
This is Haydee.

Flynn kisses her hand.

FLYNN
What's a pretty girl like you doing
in a war like this?

HAYDEE
My brother he captured at Moncada.
They torture him - crushed his
testicles and tore out his eyes.

CELIA
Haydee was thrown into jail for 2
years to put pressure on her
brother.

Celia beckons GIRL who attends man with a leg wound. ROSA
puts down scalpel. Wipes blood off hands. Approaches. Flynn
refrains from kissing her bloody hand. Shakes it.

CELIA
The Batistianos took Rosa's husband
off the operating table and
strangled him. Most of girls have
someone close shot, hanged or
buried alive. The rest have a
relative in prison.

Injured MEN struggle to sit up and wave. Some on drips, legs
strapped are too injured to move. John takes snaps. Flynn
poses with the nurses.

SUGAR MILL

FATHER GUZMAN and Castro sit at table.

CASTRO
No, no, no, Padre! It's impossible.
There can be no Batistianos left in
key positions. I don't care who
runs the civil service but I can't
have them making decisions. Go back
to Santiago. Tell them if they no
agree to my terms, I'll insist on
unconditional surrender. I'll take
the town by force, if I have too.

GUZMAN
The Generals want assurances about
their fate. They're afraid to let
go of power.

CASTRO
That's not my problem.

GUZMAN
They want to know your intentions
regarding the new government.

CASTRO
Have they no shame. They build no
schools, they build no hospitals
and the children starve. Yet they
expect to keep their positions. No!
Their days are finished.

EXT. MONASTERY - EVENING

A beautiful sunset. Flynn sits in a small metal tub bathing.

EXT. CAMAGUEY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Cessna lands. Stops. Pilot gets out.

4 jeeps turn on their HEADLIGHTS.

Pilot, blinded, puts his arm over his eyes.

CAPTAIN
Where did you drop Flynn and his
companion?

PILOT
Turn out the lights, I can't see.

CAPTAIN
I'll ask you once more. Where did
you drop Flynn and his companion?

The pilot runs.

CAPTAIN
Kill him.

Tommy guns SHOOT. Bullets rip up and down his body.

Captain approaches corpse. Inspects it. He turns to his men.

CAPTAIN
Bury him.

EXT. MONASTERY - MORNING

As dawn breaks a cockerel stands on a fence crowing.

INSIDE

Flynn and John lay in sleeping bags on the floor.

FLYNN

That's 5 days running. If it
doesn't shut the fuck up, I'll have
it for breakfast.

Flynn puts his pillow over his head.

EXT. SUGAR MILL - LATER

Jeep pulls up. Flynn, John and Perez get out. Perez enters the HQ. Flynn and John walk around the camp.

CHILDREN WITH PARASITES

Maria encourages the children, with skin rashes, wearing shabby clothes, to smile while John takes photographs.

FLYNN (VO)

Everybody I talked to said Castro was the greatest. The food though left something to be desired. There's an old adage which says an army marches on it's stomach. If that were true this war should have been bogged down in the trenches. We ate aroz con pollo - chicken and rice. But you had to look very hard to find the chicken.

DINNER TIME

GIRLS serve the MEN at table. Castro is given a can of tuna.

CASTRO

This tuna is a privilege.

Maria smiles at John. She gives him an extra portion.

FLYNN

All this rice reminds me of India. I was saving the British Empire there, in a film called 'Kim'.

CASTRO

You make speeches in your films?

FLYNN

It's just talking really. I was in Orthello once - on the stage. So I know something about delivery.

CASTRO

How would you make a speech?

FLYNN

A speech! Let me think. I'd start out very slowly I suppose - posing a rhetorical question, then I'd answer it. I'd use the 3 line build, so as to reach an emotional climax at the end. It's like sex.

CASTRO

Show me.

Flynn lights up a cigarette as he plays for time.

FLYNN

Show you! Let me see... If anyone should ask what it is I'm fighting for. I would look them straight in the eye and I'd say: I'm fighting for the same thing the English fought for in 1688. The same thing the Americans fought for in 1775. The same thing the French fought for in 1789. I am fighting for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In one word friends what I am fighting for is freedom.

Silence... Castro looks at Flynn unimpressed.

CASTRO

You must listen to me speak.

FLYNN

Fidele, I'm puzzled. Why do you call this movement a rebel rising rather than a patriotic movement?

CASTRO

What's the difference?

FLYNN

A rebel's like a sought of
terrorist or a Jesse James.

CASTRO

Who is this Jesse James?

FLYNN

An American outlaw. He'd hold up
trains and steal money. You see, by
calling yourselves 'rebels' it
looks to the Americans as if you're
acting against a legal authority.

CASTRO

I'm a lawyer. Take it from me, this
government's never done anything
legal. NEVER! Batista's never been
legal, honest or chivalrous for a
single minute of his public life.
He was not content with the
treachery of January 1934. The
crimes of March 1935 and the
\$40,000 fortune that crowned his
first regime. He had to add to that
the treason of March 1952, the
crimes of July 1953 and all the
stolen millions that only time can
reveal.
Dante divided his Inferno into 9
circles: He put criminals in the
7th - thieves in the 8th - traitors
in the 9th. The devils face a
difficult dilemma when they try to
find an adequate spot for this
man's soul - if this man has a
soul. The man who instigated the
atrocious acts in Santiago does not
even have a heart.

Rebels applaud. Flynn looks deflated.

FLYNN

You don't need any tips from me
Fidele. You've got an excellent
technique. You are almost as good
as ... Adolf Hitler.

(cold silence)

So Fidele. How long do you think
this rising will last?

CASTRO
Until they've had enough.

FLYNN
Let me put it another way. What are your objectives?

CASTRO
Isn't it obvious? To get rid of the dictatorship.

FLYNN
Nothing is obvious. It's an uncertain world. One half of mankind is devoted to stamping out the other half. Fanatics are everywhere. They look on war as an opportunity. Batista accuses you of terrorism and you accuse him of being a despot. Americans don't know what to make of it. They think anyone who mentions the masses is communist - an enemy who wants to destroy freedom.

CASTRO
Their freedom to oppress their weaker neighbors(?)

FLYNN
They are playing the communists at their own dirty little game.

CASTRO
America tries to make the rules but it doesn't want to play by them. Like Batista they lie, cheat, bribe, manipulate and murder. They do what ever they have to do to stay in power.

FLYNN
Isn't that what the communists do?

CASTRO
I am NOT a communist. We keep the good will of the people. We don't poison water or commit atrocities. We cut power, we cut the transportation, we destroy the means of communication - that is all.

FLYNN

So your not interested in Nuclear
Power or the Gulf Oil fields.

CASTRO

A true man does not seek the path
where advantage lies but rather the
path where duty lies.

PARDO, 19 - rebel, runs in the door.

PARDO

Piedra's running a provisional
government.

Castro jumps to his feet indignantly.

CASTRO

Where did you hear that?

PARDO

It's been announced on the radio.

CASTRO

You keep me talking while the army
has been playing tricks.

Guzman is speechless with surprise.

CASTRO

It's a betrayal! A cowardly
betrayal! They're trying to steal
the triumph that belongs to the
revolution! We go to Santiago!
Those people are naive if they
think they can paralyze my
revolution with a coup d'etat. They
make big mistake. Call the men.

EXT. / INT. MONCADA BARRACKS - NIGHT

The empty parade ground. Window. COLONEL RAZO, 35, spic and
span, is on the phone.

COLONEL

What are my orders? I need orders.
I'm holding the line with only 200
men. I want reinforcements pronto.

He puts the phone down

COLONEL

Something strange is happening. I don't seem to be able to get any information from Havana. If the rebels attack us, now, we could lose our escape route across the bridge. We'd better make plans. We must prepare for every circumstance.

EXT. / INT. HAVANA RADIO STATION - NIGHT

CHE GUEVARA - full beard, combat gear, black neck scarf, beret with 5 pointed star on it - Ramone and other rebels drive to the entrance. Enter. Walk down the hall. ANNOUNCER sits behind a mike, in a booth.

ANNOUNCER

It is official:- The President Fulgencio Batista, Dictator of Cuba, has fled. In a statement issued last night. Batista and his generals said: the situation is hopeless and they have given up the fight. They blamed their hopeless situation on the desertion and surrender of the government forces. It is thought that he has left the country with over \$300 million amassed through embezzlement. The latest reports say: Santa Clara has been taken by Guevara's army and he is now on his way to Havana. The eyes of the world are watching and wondering what sort of Government will emerge from this conflict?

Che approaches. Points gun at the announcer. Gestures back away. Announcer backs away. Che sits at mike.

Ramone puts a rebel song on the record player.

CHE

Ladies and gentlemen it appears that Guevara's forces have reached Havana. Consequently Radio Havana is about to go off the air. This is Radio Union. Greetings from the Partido Socialista Popular. The party president calls on all Cubans to join with us in a general strike in protest against the capitalist forces. Viva el Socialista.

EXT/INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT - RAIN

The parade ground full of activity.

The Adjutant and clerk work at their office desks. Colonel struts in from his office - they stand to attention.

COLONEL

The top brass are in a flap. They expect us to hold. I'm going to review the situation. Double the sentries.

ADJUTANT

Yes sir.

Colonel leaves.

FLASH of lightning. CLAP of thunder.

CLERK

We're in for it now.

The Adjutant screams down the phone.

ADJUTANT

Get me the guard house.

EXT. BRIDGE - ROAD OUT OF SANTIAGO - NIGHT - RAIN

Colonel's jeep pulls up, he sees, dynamite being unloaded. The men lug the boxes to the bridge.

CAPTAIN LOPEZ, 29 - gritty, gruff and domineering, barks orders as he organizes the placing of explosives.

CAPTAIN

This is all we have. Place it at crucial points.

The Colonels approaches Cpt. Lopez.

COLONEL

If the rebels attack, blow it but if we are to retreat this bridge must be kept intact.

CAPTAIN

There's a limit to what 25 men can do.

COLONEL
How long before you're ready?

CAPTAIN
First light.

UNDER THE BRIDGE

MEN on ropes placing explosives.

EXT. SUGAR MILL - NIGHT - RAIN

Flynn and John stand watching as the rebels board vehicles.
Maria shouts to John from the back of a truck and waves.

MARIA
Viva la revolution...

FLYNN
Remember, John, no sex while the
revolution's on.

Maria jumps out of the truck and hugs John.

Castro's jeep drives towards Flynn.

CASTRO
You want to see some action, Flynn.

FLYNN
Sure. I'll catch you later, sport.

Flynn gets in jeep. It speeds off covering John with mud.
Maria wipes John's face with hem of her dress.

MARIA
You need a washer woman, no?

Gaze into each others eyes, obvious sexual chemistry.

EXT. / INT. CASTRO'S JEEP - EARLY MORNING.

Jeep bounces along the road.

The wipers swing back and fro but fail to clear the mud from
the screen.

Pardo drives. Celia center seat. Castro outside seat. Flynn,
Raul and Beryll in rear. Flynn taps Pardo.

FLYNN

A little slower, sport. Your road,
it's playing havoc with my back.

Flynn swallows pills. Takes a quick nip from his hip flask.

RAUL

You drink to much.

FLYNN

It's medicinal! I cracked my spine
once trying to dodge autograph
hunters. Slipped on a gang plank.
It laid me low for a month. I don't
know how you guys can relax in this
cement mixer.

RAUL

I've been going up and down these
mountains for 5 years. You maybe
brave man on screen but you'd never
make rebel soldier.

FLYNN

You're right there, sport. Hey
Fidele, how did you get the boys to
take the pledge?

CASTRO

I know Cubans, Flynn. If they take
a fly at the rum, they no have
discipline necessary for victory.

EXT. SANTIAGO - EARLY MORNING

Rebel vehicles in convoy approach Captain Longas's artillery
displacement.

CAPTAIN

Fire a ranging shot.

500 YARDS AWAY

The shell flies over. A REBEL stands in the road, hands up.
The convoy stops.

CASTRO

What's going on.

REBEL

There's an artillery position down
the road.

A shell EXPLODES near the rebel's jeep, knocking it over.

CASTRO

Bail out!!! Set up the bazookas!

Everyone JUMPS out of the vehicles and makes for the ditches. Flynn, cuddling his case, crawls to dry stone wall.

Perez sets up bazookas.

Rebel machine guns start firing back.

FLYNN (VO)

I guess this was the experience I had come to Cuba for: to meet mortality face to face. Scared of course I was! But I wouldn't have missed it for a million in cash. It was staggering to know that here, human beings were trying to kill and maim men they had never seen, had nothing against, blindly killing under order for a cause, they hardly understood. Was this banality the true wickedness?

LUKE BERYLL, 25 - joins Flynn and cocks his rifle. He is American, has eyes like a tiger, only they're blue and his 4 top teeth are missing.

BERYLL

Where's your gun.

FLYNN

Journalists are neutral.

BERYLL

Bullets don't make distinctions.

Beryll aims his gun and fires it.

BERYLL

Got the bastard. He wont be raping any more young girls... You like action, Flynn?

Flynn swigs a drop of rum.

FLYNN

It could be worse.

BERYLL

How?

FLYNN

I could be sober.

Shell EXPLODES close to brick wall, smashing it. Flynn and Beryll are covered in stones.

20 YARDS AWAY

Castro in a ditch with Celia and Pardo.

CASTRO

Go and see how they are.

Celia and Pardo scramble out the ditch. Scurry across road.

THE WALL

Pardo lift stones off Beryll. Celia uncovers Flynn.

FLYNN (VO)

I'll never know whether some
spontaneous muscular convulsion or
the force of the shell itself threw
me to the ground. Whatever it was
it saved my life.

Celia brushes the dust off Flynn. Checks his pulse. Rips open his shirt. No wound. Listens to heart. THUMPS chest. Flynn groans and opens his eyes.

FLYNN

Steady on old girl. I'm fragile.

CELIA

You should be dead.

FLYNN

Sorry to disappoint you.

CELIA

You look okay.

(Celia checks his leg.)
Maybe shrapnel. Maybe mortar.

FLYNN

You're looking good yourself. Pity
bombs and bullets are not conducive
to good sex.

CELIA
Why you play dead?

FLYNN
Force of habit - I'm an actor. It
hurts like hell.

Celia takes off Flynn's scarf. Ties it round his leg.

CELIA
This will stop the blood. You'll
live - unfortunately. I go now.

Flynn grabs her and kisses her hard on the lips. She SMACKS
him across the face.

FLYNN
Shame. I always wanted to go out
with a bang.

BRIDGE

The remnants of the 200 strong Moncada regiment retreat over
the bridge.

CHURCH TOWER

A SNIPER looks up at the belfry. He loads up with bullets
and hand grenades. Walks to the church, and enters.

ROAD INTO SANTIAGO

The rebel convoy moves forward. Infantry walk beside the
vehicles.

REAR GUARD ARTILLERY POSITION

Cpt. Longas inspects his forward machine gun positions. The
ammunition is low. He sees the rebel convoy approaching.

LONGAS (TO SGT.)
Give them hell, amigos!

The rear guard spray machine gun fire at the rebels.

The rebel convoy is hit by a hail of bullets. A truck's
windscreen shatters. It swerves and crashes. The convoy
grinds to a halt.

Rebels make for the trees, set up a rocket launcher and
begin to return fire.

CASTRO
 (grabs the mike.)
 Bring up the tank!

A tank chugs its way to the front line. The rebels follow behind it. Shells burst everywhere, clouds of dust.

Rebels creep to machine gun positions, throw grenades. Soldier's in forward machine gun position are blown up.

Longas places a grenade in the tracks of the tank as it crashes through the road block. The tracks are blown off.

DITCH

Maria, frightened snuggles up close to John.

MARIA
 Hold me.

JOHN
 Feeling the fireworks?

She looks at him, smiles.

JOHN
 Come back to Havana with me.

MARIA
 I have to stay with my battalion.

JOHN
 (kisses her forehead)
 I'm going to miss you.

BRIDGE

Colonel Razo and his adjutant stand by a jeep, watching as the last vehicles of the Moncada regiment cross the bridge.

COLONEL
 No sign of the rear guard.
 (shakes his head)
 Blow it.

The adjutant waves to the soldier with the master switch. The soldier turns the switch.

EXPLOSION! The bridge collapses.

ROAD INTO SANTIAGO

The rear guard and rebels in a fire fight. Gradually the shooting dies down.

LONGAS

The regiment is over the river,
sergeant. We've done our duty. Show
them the flag.

The sergeant, white flag in hand, leads the bedraggled remnants of the command, hands in the air, towards the rebels. The rebels surround them.

Longas shoots himself in the mouth.

EXT. SANTIAGO - LATER

Flynn, John and Maria are on the back of a truck with group of Rebels. They pass blown up and bullet ridden corpses. Flynn looks at their remains.

FLYNN (VO)

Man's inhumanity to man - war. Is it the sublime purpose, to abbreviate these souls in preparation for the here after, in anguish and torture? Is God aware of their existence? After death will the great mystery of our reason for life in this world be made clear? - I doubt it. The world's need for faith is desperate, more desperate than my own. I'm only one lost individual in a tortured universe. A world, weary, shocked and shattered. No philosophy, no political fanatical dogma, can stand against belief in God. Faith - I wish I had it.

CHURCH TOWER

The sniper climbs out through the belfery trap door.

He looks down. He sets up his rifle. Twists the range finder on his telescopic sights. Picks off rebels one by one.

The telescopic cross hairs on Flynn.

VIEW ON TRUCK

The front wheel hits a bump. Flynn loses his balance. Falls to floor. The sniper's bullet hits a Perez. He falls off the back of the truck, dead.

Flynn, scrambling on the floor, sees a loose grenade. Picks it up. Puts it in his pocket. As he stands he looks down at the shot rebel.

FLYNN

Shit! I'd better get my story in while I still can.

A Beryll points at the sniper in the church tower.

BERYLL

He's up there.

Beryll and 4 rebels jump off the truck.

STREET

They slowly make their way towards the church tower. #1 rebel falls, shot.

BERYLL

Come on move it! Let's go!

They run to the church as bullets kick up dust around them. Beryll kicks open the door. They enter.

CHURCH

They make their way to the stairs. Slowly they climb up. 2 soldiers of the rear guard are hiding on the 1st floor. Bullets spray in both directions as both sides meet.

#2 rebel falls backwards down the stairs, shot. Beryll sprays 2 Batistan soldiers with his sub machine gun.

INT. TOWER

Sniper shoots down the hatch. #3 rebel shot.

The sniper closes the trap door. He climbs on the parapet. Crosses himself. Pulls the pin out of a hand grenade. Drops it on the trap door. JUMPS to his death.

#4 rebel climbs to the top of the tower ladder, opens the trap door. The grenade EXPLODES in his face, killing him.

Beryll climbs the ladder. Looks at his dead comrade. Sucks it up. Looks down at the soldiers corpse.

EXT. MONCADA BARRACKS - DAY

Castro, Celia and Raul arrive in a jeep. They get out and stand looking at the deserted barracks.

RAUL
5 years Fidele. It's so much
different from our last visit.

CASTRO
When I lay in my prison cell I
swore I'd be back some day.

CELIA
I've got my camera.

Castro walks to gate. Celia stands at the front of the jeep with her still camera to her eye. Castro turns, stands under the Moncada sign, jumps and throws his arms in the air.

CASTRO
Viva la revolucion!

Celia snaps her camera. Castro is seen through the camera lens. The shot freezes.

EXT. / INT. HAVANA PRISON - DAY

Rosita, baring signs of torture, and the other unkempt prisoners sit on the floor of a dingy cell. Some sleep, some pull nits from others hair.

They stir wide eyed with anticipation as they hear the SOUND OF GUN FIRE.

The guards manning their defensive positions, shoot as the rebel vehicles approach the prison. Che, Ramone and men alight and take up positions.

INTERCUT

between Batistans and the rebels as they battle it out. Batistans fall shot from the parapet. Rebels fall to the ground shot. Finally the guards show a white flag.

RAMONE
Bring your men out, hands on heads.
No funny business.

Guards walk out, hands on heads.

Ramone, Che and rebels, make their way to the cells. The guards at the cell doors raise their hands.

CHE
Find the keys.

Ramone smashes cupboards with rifle butt. Holds up keys.

CHE
Open the cells.

Ramone opens cell doors. Prisoners shuffle out of the dark dingy cell. Ramone sees Rosita amongst them. They embrace.

The rebels herd the Batistan guards into the empty cell. They're taunted as the gates are locked behind them, now they are in the dark.

(STOCK FOOTAGE OF CASTRO'S ENTRY INTO HAVANA 8TH JAN 59)

People crowd around cheering as the Marmon-Herrington tank clears the path for Castro's jeep as he drives into Havana ahead of a convoy of rebel vehicles.

FLYNN (VO)
On January 5th 1959 the forts in Havana surrendered and the rebels force occupied the city bringing their military victory to a close. Fidel Castro arrived on the 8th and was greeted by a riot of colour and noise. By the time he had reached the outskirts of the city every factory and shop was closed. The streets, balconies and rooftops were packed with a clapping shouting crowd. Marmon-Herrington tanks cleared a path for Castro's jeep.

Castro's jeep pulls up outside the palace. Castro, greeted by Che, walks up the palace steps. Celia follows.

FLYNN (VO)
Rebels with out-thrust rifles finally forced the way through the throngs to the palace, where Castro got a warm abrazo from his hand-picked President, Manuel Urrutia.

EXT. HAVANA STREETS - DAY

Rosita and Ramone cheer with the delighted people as Castro and Urrutia embrace on the palace balcony. Maria spots John. She runs into his arms.

MARIA

John! John!

JOHN

I was afraid I'd never see you again.

MARIA

Now, the war's over we can kiss.

Tight embrace, they seal their love with a kiss.

HOTEL BALCONY.

Flynn and Woodsie look down on the celebrating crowd.

WOODSIE

Will their be peace now?

INT. CAPRI, KITCHEN DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

Cuddles empties the contents of the safe, puts it into a case. Lansky sits in a wheel chair watching. George enters.

GEORGE

The place is a mess. It looks like we're out of business.

BOSS

You've always wanted to own a casino haven't you George? It's all yours. I'm giving it to you. Make a deal with the rebels if you can.

GEORGE

How do I pay the staff?

BOSS

I give you the hutch and you want the lettuce, too? Such gratitude.

George sits in the office chair. Puts his feet on the desk and blows smoke rings as Cuddles pushes Lansky, case in trolley in front of him, out of the office.

Lansky and Cuddles look down from balcony at the mess.

LANSKY

Let's go into partnership with a government, I said. It's a safe bet. Shish! I should never have gone legit.

EXT. HAVANA - DAY

Shop windows are broken. People loiter aimlessly. Rebel soldiers patrol the dirty street strune with burnt Batistan posters and flags. A SHOE-SHINE BOY works on Flynn's shoes as he sits, vodka in hand, drinking in the atmosphere.

FLYNN (VO)

The new Prime Minister and his whole Cabinet resigned after only 5 weeks in office, saying the revolutionary committee were undermining all their efforts to restore democratic institutions. Castro took advantage of the opportunity and assumed office. The Communist party agreed to restructure under him, Raul took over as commander of the armed forces. So much for the green olives of Cubanism.

INT. HOTEL RIVIERA - DAY - OPERATION TRUTH.

Flynn, Fred Fowler, and other journalists enjoy the lavish hospitality laid out for them by shapely, dark-haired maidens. They look at the photos documenting the atrocities of the Batistianos, on notice boards.

GIRL

Ice-cold daiquiris, Senor Flynn?

Fred and Flynn take a drink from the tray.

FRED

What a snow job.

FLYNN

Who cares! It's all inclusive. To the Grampian Hills. Let us transcend this visceral obscenity and gaze upon the golden vales - where frugal swain delight their tongues with the bitter tang of angels tears.

FRED

There's got to be something ugly going on for the whole Cabinet resign.

FLYNN

There's always something ugly going on, somewhere.

FRED

The word is Castro's going to confiscate everything he can lay his hands on.

FLYNN

The US have been shafting these people for years. It's pay back time.

FRED

The people wont get a look in. These guys are reds.

FLYNN

You've got to give them a chance.

FRED

I never had you down as a socialist.

FLYNN

Scientist's more like it. I'm exploring humanity in all it's magnificent, unfathomable, fatuous, forms. I've swam with the fish. Now, I'm with the fishermen. And this time, we've hooked a big one.

MUSIC: A military march is played on the phonograph.

An ANNOUNCER steps up to the microphone as GUARDS clear the way for Castro.

PHOTOGRAPHERS jostle for position.

ANNOUNCER

Senors and Senora's Cuba's Maximum Leader, Fidel Castro.

Castro makes his way through the photographers.

He stands on stage, facing the flashing cameras, relishing the attention.

CASTRO

Comrades of the revolution. Last week I took control of the Cuban government. It distressed me to do it but it was necessary. No longer will the powerful vested interests drive a wedge between us and friendly people abroad. I am constantly being misrepresented. From now on all trials will be held in public - in the sports palace. And they will be carried live on national radio and TV. It would be the height of ingenuousness for a people and a revolution to free those who have been the most cowardly assassins and servants of tyranny. Revolutionary justice is based not on legal precepts but on the moral conviction of the people. The Revolutionary Committee will shortly be taking measures to insure unemployment will be a thing of the past. I promise you Cuba's standard of living will surpass United States and the Soviet Union in just a few short years. When you have a revolution, you kill your enemies. There will probably be a lot of justice to meet out but we have to go through this. To condemn the executions is to condemn the revolution. You are either for the revolution or against it - the choice is yours.

FRED

They start out like Spartacus, freeing the slaves, then it's international terrorism and world domination. "The plow of the revolution will harrow Cuba." He'll set up gulags next. You can put money on it.

FLYNN

I've got a pass for an execution. Want to come - strictly in the interests of science?

Castro and Guards leave to military music.

EXT. THE WALL - DAY.

Flynn and Fred stand among the crowd of JEERING people as a truck pulls up. Flynn starts filming.

Prisoners, chains on hands and feet, climb off the trucks and shuffle towards the wall by Beryll and his men. Among them: Colonel Razo and Captain Lopez. The firing squad load their weapons.

FLYNN (VO)

In Cuba, you are not shot in the traditional European way, all six guns are loaded. I'm pretty sure the firing squad do not enjoy their job. The wall against which the condemned are lined up is splattered with bullet holes, that have not passed through human flesh. Luke Beryll has eyes that remind me of a tiger, only they're blue and his 4 top teeth are missing.

The prisoners face the firing squad.

BERYLL

Halt... Left turn. Present arms...
Fire...

They collapse. Beryll walks to corpses.

FLYNN (VO)

It's said his coup de grace is to empty a magazine into the back of the condemned mans head rather than a single bullet. Somebody in the government was pretty smart putting an American in charge of blowing Cuban brains out.

Beryll empties a magazine in their heads.

Flynn throws up on his shiny new shoes.

INT. CAPRI - EVENING

Paula (CIA) dressed as tourist, sits at the bar sipping a drink. The place in a shambles, almost empty. No one plays the remaining slot machines. Ornaments and mirrors broken.

Flynn and Woodsie enter. Fred sees them and beckons them over. They join him. Paula approaches.

PAULA
Hello boys. I hear you're scoops
are being censored.

FRED
I need some time off. I'm gonna bag
a marlin or something.

George brings drinks.

FLYNN
Business booming, George ?

GEORGE
I'd be better off back in
Hollywood. I hear they are looking
for a guy like me to play a hood in
'Some like it hot'.

FLYNN
Not hot enough for you here, then.

PAULA
They've got their eyes on this
place. It could get nasty.

FLYNN
Looks like we're all in the dog
house.

PAULA (WHISPERS TO FLYNN)
A friend of a friend wishes to
talk.

She beckons him away from the group. They sit at another
table.

PAULA
I heard you're scouting locations.

FLYNN
Just a rouse.

PAULA
You're not making a film, then?

Flynn shakes his head.

FLYNN
It's rather an expensive hobby.

PAULA
We could help with expenses.

FLYNN
The magic word. Can you write off
my back taxes.

PAULA
Not my department, I'm afraid.

FLYNN
What's the deal?

PAULA
If things go belly up, we've got to
be prepared. We thought you might
help with reconnaissance. We need
to use all the resources at our
disposal at the moment.

FLYNN
What, am I your new secret weapon?

PAULA
Drop in if your interested.

Paula hand him card as she leaves.

EXT. / INT. PHOTOGRAPHY SHOP - DAY

Flynn looks in the window. Posters of golden beaches 'CUBA -
THE PERFECT HOLIDAY.'

Flynn enters. SHOP ASSISTANT stands at counter. Flynn shows
him film.

FLYNN
Do you stock this brand?

ASSISTANT
I don't think I do.

FLYNN
Let me introduce it to you.

Flynn passes him the card Paula gave him.

ASSISTANT
I may have some in stock.

Assistant presses button. Secret door opens. Flynn enters.

BACK ROOM

SMITH, 55 - greasy hair, crumpled suite, stands cigarette drooping from his mouth, looking in a filing cabinet.

FLYNN

Mr. Smith, I presume.

SMITH

Ah! Flynn.

FLYNN

In the flesh.

SMITH

I understand you did a bit of war work for us in South America.

FLYNN

I just passed on a little dinner table gossip.

SMITH

It's all pieces in the jigsaw.

FLYNN

I was glad to be of service.

SMITH

You're in a unique position now.

FLYNN

What do you want?

SMITH

Straight answers. Failing that photos: possible nuclear missile bases, air force and military installations. You know the score.

FLYNN

Sure.

SMITH

These guys over here are a tough nut to crack. With the cold war getting colder, everybody looks like everyone else.

FLYNN

How do I start?

Smith shows Flynn some photo's.

SMITH

Here are some Ruski faces we know about. Stay in with the rebels and see if any of them turn up where they shouldn't be.

FLYNN

I'm going to need a cover.

SMITH

Got anything in mind? Flynn smiles.

INT. FILM STUDIO SET - A HAIRDRESSER'S SALON - DAY

Woodsie, dressed in a hairdresser's overall and Rosita are making themselves pretty. Flynn enters the door.

FLYNN

Chop, chop girls it's show time.

WOODSIE

You what? I haven't even seen a script, yet.

FLYNN

The art of acting is not to act. The more natural you are the better. If I gave you a page full of lines, the chances are you'd fluff them.

WOODSIE

I don't know what to say.

FLYNN

Improvise! Rosita you're in the states to buy guns. Woodsie you have a boyfriend who's fighting for the rebels... Ready. ACTION!

INSERT: CUBAN REBEL GIRLS: Clapper board snaps.

Rosita comes in salon. Sits down. Starts reading a book. Woodsie stands by the desk. She goes over to Rosita.

WOODSIE

Hi Jackie. What's happening?

ROSITA

I'm going back to Cuba in the morning.

WOODSIE

Will you see Johnny? I haven't heard from him for ages.

ROSITA

I don't know, maybe. Why don't you come with me?

WOODSIE

I can't just jack my job in.

ROSITA

Why not?

WOODSIE

What will I do for money?

ROSITA

I'll pay.

WOODSIE

What's the catch?

ROSITA

You'll be smuggling guns.

WOODSIE

Fuck off. I might get shot.

Rosita corpses. Flynn curls up laughing.

FLYNN

CUT... You can't say that.

WOODSIE

You told me to be real.

FLYNN

That's too real. Spare a thought for the censor.

WOODSIE

Well, tell the cunt to get me a fucking script, then.

Flynn collapses laughing. He begins to cough and choke.

EXT. AERIAL SHOTS - DAY

Sierra Maestra hills, valleys and trees. Air force bases, military establishments. Still photos - troops and camps.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Flynn filming from the passenger seat. Ramone in back.

FLYNN

Enjoying the ride, Ramone?

RAMONE

Why you want to photograph planes and air force bases?

FLYNN

Fidele wants me to make a documentary to show the bravery of the rebels. You were out gunned and out manned but you persisted and you came through. An amazing job. Did you capture all the planes?

RAMONE

Si. The air force does what the government say, now.

FLYNN

How many planes are there?

RAMONE

I no know of such things? You want me show you where Che capture the arms train?

FLYNN

Everything interests me.

EXT. RIVER SIDE - FILM SET - DAY

Flynn sits in producers chair looking at photo's of planes, and forts, concealed between pages of a magazine.

Woodsie, Rosita and Maria sit looking at Maria's engagement ring. In the bg. John organizes the crew.

Flynn puts the photos away in his case. Looks at magazine. HEADLINE: George raft to play spats in 'Some like it hot'. Flynn turns to centerfold: Marilyn Monroe.

Flynn looks towards the girls. Puts down magazine. Casually walks over to them.

FLYNN

You know what this film needs?
Flesh.

WOODSIE

What do you mean?

FLYNN

Authenticity. Rebel girls bathe.

MARIA

I'm not stripping.

FLYNN

It's what we in the business call
artistic integrity. It's necessary
to show these intimate details.

ROSITA

(pointing at the crew)

I'm not going to strip with all
those perverts watching.

FLYNN

It'll be just you 3, the cameraman
and a bar of soap. Come on, I'll
pay you an extra 20 bucks.

They talk amongst themselves, then giggle.

WOODSIE

50 dollars each.

FLYNN

I could get Marilyn Monroe for
that.

WOODSIE

Take it or leave it.

FLYNN

Since when have you been a rep?

WOODSIE

Since the revolution.

FLYNN

Traitor... 40 dollars.

Woodsie whispers to girls. Turns back. Shakes head.

FLYNN

Go on then, 50 dollars each. Get
your clothes off.

EXT. RIVER SIDE - FILM SET - LATER

The CAMERAMAN films the girls skinny dipping in the river.
Flynn, John, and the crew are crouching behind a bush.

FLYNN

Ready with the cameras boys?

The crew set their cameras. Nod.

Flynn throws a rock into the river making a big splash.

The girls, startled stand up. Flynn jumps from behind a
hedge. Points.

FLYNN (CONT)

Quick girls! Look out! Crocodiles!
Get out!... Quick!

The girls scream and run out of the river.

The crew jump up and out from behind the bushes. Click their
cameras. Girls scream. Cover themselves. Curse. Flynn curls
up laughing. The laugh turns to a cough. Flynn collapses.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM/ CORRIDOR - DAY

A DOCTOR walks along corridor.

Flynn lays in a hospital bed. He takes a nip from a hip
flask as he makes a phone call.

The doctor enters. Flynn hides vodka under pillow, hangs up.

FLYNN

Hi Doc. Play the gee gee's?

DOC

I try to deal in facts rather than
possibilities.

FLYNN

There's no certainties in life.

DOC
Only death and taxes.

FLYNN
I'm half a length ahead of the IRS.
What about the grim reaper?

DOC
He's closing in on you, fast.

FLYNN
Which one's the traitor heart or
liver?

DOC
They're neck and neck but lesions
in the esophagus might just pip
them at the post.

FLYNN
So, what are you saying? Give up
smokes, drinks and horizontal
exercise?

DOC
The damage is done. You should make
the best of the time you have left.

FLYNN
How long's that?

DOC
Don't make any new year
resolutions.

FLYNN
I never do. Can't you do...?

DOC
I'd like to do more tests.

FLYNN
Where do I sign?

The doctor hands Flynn a clip board and pen.

INT. OPERATING THEATER - DAY

Doctor and his team work on Flynn's throat. The doctor cuts
out a lump. Sews up the wound.

MONTAGE - FLYNN'S NIGHTMARE

Flynn sits on a merry-go-round. A sign reads: CATCH THE RING FOR A FREE RIDE.

Flynn reaches for the brass ring. He over reaches. Falls.

Spirals down into a bottomless pit, surrounded by bats and grotesque faces.

BACK TO HOSPITAL

Sleeping, Flynn lies hooked up to numerous sensors and tubes. The monitor's beeping increases.

Suddenly, in a panic, Flynn opens his eyes. Sits bolt upright.

He reaches for the vodka. He takes a gulp.

Sits on the edge of his bed staring at the heart beat machine.

A NURSE

opens the door and looks in. Flynn's pulling at the sensors. She rushes over to stop him. They struggle.

FLYNN

Get away... Leave me alone. I'm getting out of here.

NURSE

Don't be crazy.

FLYNN

I'm not crazy. I'm not. I'm not.

Flynn throws nurse across the room. She presses emergency button. The doctor and 2 more nurses come running in.

DOCTOR

Hold him steady.

Flynn's restrained. The doctor gives him a sedative.

DOCTOR

Nothing to worry about. It's just a case of the D.T's.

Thunder and lightening outside. Inside, Flynn lays sweating and shaking in a straight jacket as rain beats against window.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Woodsie, hair and clothes soaked, walks to Flynn's room.
Staff and visitors jam the walkways.

She opens the room door. Flynn's packs bags.

WOODSIE

Hello Flynn. All set to go, go, go.

FLYNN

I wont be long. Dry your hair.

Woodsie takes off her coat and dries her hair.

WOODSIE

My taxi had just driven off. This
other jerk sticks his hand up.
Calls another. I didn't see the
puddle. In it comes, splash! Boy,
did I give him a mouth full.

FLYNN

I bet. Come here! Let me look at
you. Have I ever told you, you have
beautiful eyes.

WOODSIE

Yeah! And you've got a big red
nose.

FLYNN

Seriously, It's hard... I... I...
mean... What I feel is...

WOODSIE

Spit it out.

FLYNN

It's emotion. No words. It's deep.

WOODSIE

Just say I... love you. It's easy.

Flynn puts a ring on her finger. Kisses her lightly.

FLYNN

I don't know if I'm really capable
of changing my spots.

WOODSIE

You kiss with feeling.

FLYNN

I've a confession to make. I doubt you'll understand - it's about us. At first, when we started our - little romp. I was sought of using you to defy the world. You being so young, I mean.

Woodsie looks puzzled.

FLYNN (CONT)

When you were still a twinkle in your mother's eye, I was made a laughing stock. It was a cruel, heartless, painful, icy ridicule. It froze me, filled me with rage. The hopelessness and the despair have been festering in me ever since. They hung this dirty old man label on me, and I used YOU as a sort of rebels revenge. Pretty ironic, eh? They wont let it rest. Love is a crime when you're 15.

WOODSIE

I feel safe when I'm with you.

Flynn goes to the window and looks at the rain.

FLYNN

I hate the rain. It always brings me bad luck. I think I'm going to die in the rain. Will you see I'm buried in Jamaica - by the sea? When I'm gone, don't be lonely.

WOODSIE

I don't want anyone else. I want to live with you, in the new house.

FLYNN

With church bells.

WOODSIE

Church bells.

FLYNN

Fancy a bit of practice before the honeymoon.

WOODSIE

Not here, now!

FLYNN

We've got the bed, the time and
I've got the inclination. Why the
hell not?

Flynn stalks Woodsie around the room. She playfully screams.

WOODSIE

There's no lock on the door.

He catches her and they embrace and fall onto the bed,
amorously and noisily. A nurse opens the door.

NURSE

Oh! excuse me. The noise - I
thought you were dying.

FLYNN

Sorry to disappoint you nurse. This
is the sound of life going on.

Nurse "tut tuts" and shakes her head as she leaves the room.
Flynn tickles Woodsie like you would a puppy, she giggles.

MUSICAL LINK: Frank Sinatra is singing 'All the way'.

EXT. STREET - HAVANA - MORNING

REBEL SOLDIERS patrol the streets, CUBANS get their market
stalls set up: MULES pull carts. WOMAN carries produce her
head. CHILDREN lift heavy loads. Hungry dog watches.

Flynn, briefcase in hand, walks along street with Woodsie.
They stop at a flower stall. Flynn picks a flower.

FLYNN

Buenos dias Senora. Cuanto es?

WOMAN

Cinco pasos.

Flynn pays. Puts the flower in Woodsie's hair.

FLYNN

Bello?

WOMAN

Mucho bello.

FLYNN

Yo estoy de acuerdo con usted.
Mucho bello.

Flynn kisses Woodsie's hand. Bows to the woman. Flynn walks off down the street, arm in arm with Woodsie.

Ramone darts from door way to doorway, following them.

EXT. PHOTO SHOP - MORNING

Flynn and Woodsie stop at a photography shop. He tries the door. Locked. Bangs on the door, to no avail.

FLYNN

The double crossing bastards. It looks like Uncle Sam's left me holding the baby.

WOODSIE

What are you talking about?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The image of the cane fire is seen projected on the wall. DRAWS BACK SLOWLY revealing the hotel room. Shadows of John and Flynn are seen against the screen. The rushes finish.

JOHN

This Hemingway crap. Is getting out of hand. You're going to blow the whole God damn picture.

FLYNN

Real history in the making. I'm trying to do something worthwhile.

JOHN

Are you crazy! 50 films is something to be proud of?

FLYNN

Acting is nothing! You get away with anything if you keep a straight face.

JOHN

You've gonna have to turn up or we'll lose a fortune.

John switches the light on.

JOHN

Do the work, or we may as well pack up and go home.

FLYNN

It's a tax loss. Who cares?

JOHN

I bloody care and so does the rest of the crew.

The phone rings. Flynn answers it.

FLYNN

Flynn here. Make it quick... Oh, he has, has he! And he stayed around just long enough to collect his wages. The bastard. Thanks for the tip.

JOHN

Trouble?

FLYNN

Could be. Rosita. She says, Ramone has been keeping tabs on us for Castro. He saw everything.

JOHN

What do you mean?

FLYNN

It's not what's in the film that's the problem. It's what's not in it.

JOHN

You've lost me.

FLYNN

I've been taking pictures for the CIA. I said we'd use them as sets. If Castro's cronies see they're not in the film they'll wonder why?

JOHN

For fucks sake!

FLYNN

There's nothing to worry about.

JOHN

I'll remind you of that when they put us against the wall. We're not going to lose the film. Let's get the hell out of this God-damned country.

FLYNN
I can't yet.

JOHN
Why?

FLYNN
I've got an interview lined up -
with the guy in charge of the
firing squad. He was due here 5
minutes ago.

JOHN
Holy shit! You stupid bastard. I'm
off.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Flynn and Woodsie load film into boxes.

JOHN
How we gonna get through customs.

WOODSIE
How about reducing it all to micro
dot and putting it in your shaving
brush?

FLYNN
Isn't she a bundle of laughs.

JOHN
Yeah! A bundle.

FLYNN
We've got some oil drums amongst
the equipment. If we seal them up
tight, perhaps we can hide them.

JOHN
I'll get something to wrap them in.

John leaves. Flynn gets a cigarette. Lights it with a match.

WOODSIE
What time does the boat leave?

Flynn looks at a time table on the dresser and his watch.
Throws the match into a bin, containing discarded film.

FLYNN
6 o'clock. Plenty of time yet.

WOODSIE
I'll get a shower then.

Woodsie goes to bathroom. Turns on taps. Sings. (Hound dog.)
In the bedroom, Flynn pours himself a drink. Pulls a face.

FLYNN
Are you strangling a cat in there.

Woodsie, wrapped in a towel, steps out the bathroom.

WOODSIE
Did you say something?

FLYNN
I said, have you got a cat in there?

WOODSIE
No but I've got a nice little beaver. Like to stroke it?

FLYNN
I never turn down an invitation.

Woodsie drops towel. Steps back into the bathroom.

THROUGH THE STEAMED UP DOOR

Flynn and Woodsie, rubbing soap all over each other.

IN THE ROOM

the match lays smoldering on a strip of film, in the bin. A flame ignites. Fire develops. The curtains catch light.

HALL

Smoke seeps under the bedroom door. A MAID sees it. Hammers on the door.

MAID
Fire! Fire!

SHOWER

Flynn and Woodsie kiss.

WOODSIE
Thou art a villain. Master Flynn.

FLYNN
By thy lips all my sins are purged.

The sound of the maid HAMMERING.

WOODSIE
What's that noise?

FLYNN
Who cares?

They stop making love and listen.

MAID (OS)
Fire!

WOODSIE
Did you hear that?

FLYNN
Yeah!

Flynn walks out in a bathrobe. Smokes filling room.

FLYNN
Get your clothes on!

Flynn takes off robe. Throws it on the burning film. Coughs.
Puts hand over mouth. Opens door.

FLYNN
Got a fire extinguisher?

Seeing him naked, the shocked maid points to the wall.

FLYNN
Don't just stand there. Get it!

Woodsie exits the bathroom, in her bathrobe.

WOODSIE
You could have put some shorts on.

The maid comes back with the extinguisher. She sprays the
curtains. Puts out the fire. Flynn dresses.

The MANAGER walks along the hall. Enters ruined room.
Flynn Woodsie and the maid look at the debris.

MANAGER

What's been going on here?

FLYNN

Just a slight mischance, sport.

MANAGER

Are you drunk?

FLYNN

Sir, I find that denunciation invidious in the extreme.

MANAGER

You'll pay for this.

FLYNN

Set it against the insurance.

MANAGER

This is going to cost you a \$100 a day plus damages.

FLYNN

Come now. Let's be reasonable.

MANAGER

I'm calling the police.

Manager walks to phone. Dials. John enters with wheels.

FLYNN

You're presence is propitious. It appears I'm to be arrested.

MANAGER (TO PHONE)

Hello... Police. I'm manager at the Hilton hotel. We've had a fire...

JOHN

Typical. Is the film all right?

FLYNN

It's in the box.

MANAGER (TO PHONE)

...Can you send some one over to investigate...

John opens box. Sorts through tins.

Flynn turns to Woodsie.

FLYNN (WHISPERS TO WOODSIE)
Get your things together quickly.

Pats her on the bum. Pushes her towards the wardrobe.

FLYNN (TO JOHN)
We'd better get it shifted...
Where's the blank film?

John points to tins, laying apart from box of film.

JOHN
It's in these tins.

FLYNN
It could be useful.

MANAGER (TO PHONE)
... He's drunk. I want him charged
with arson, if he doesn't pay.

FLYNN
I'm going to try and hold them off
for a while. Take Woodsie, I'll
meet you at the quay, with the rest
of the crew.

JOHN
Don't expect us to wait.

John loads the box of film on the sack wheels. Flynn taps
manager's shoulder.

FLYNN
Arson! My dear fellow, that is a
gross misrepresentation of the
facts. If you don't withdraw that
accusation I shall counter your
charges with one for slander.

John leaves, pushing box. Woodsie follows with cases.

MANAGER
Just shut up.

FLYNN
No sir. I will not. I'm not going
to stand here and let you dispense
your wild accusations, Adnauseum.

MANAGER (ON PHONE)
Send someone, immediately.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A COP takes down notes while answering the telephone.

COP

Yes. Yes. The Hilton. I'll see what I can do.

SERGEANT

What's that with the Hilton.

COP

A fire. In Errol Flynn's room.

SERGEANT

Fidel has a room there. I'd better inform his security.

SERGEANT picks up the phone and dials.

HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The office phone rings. Celia picks it up.

CELIA

Hello... A fire in Flynn's room.

RAMONE

He maybe destroying evidence.

CELIA

I want his room searched, now!

OUTSIDE

John exits, pushing sack wheels, followed by Woodsie, carrying her case.

They load the film in truck. Woodsie passes her cases.

They get in. Drive away, passing the arriving cop jeep.

Cops get out of jeep and go into the hotel.

HOTEL ROOM

Flynn puts the 7 reels of blank film in various hiding places - draws, on top of wardrobe, under bed, etc.

HALL

Manager, 2 cops, Celia and Ramone stomp towards Flynn's room. The Manager bangs on door.

MANAGER

Open up!

Ramone shoulder charges door. It brakes open. They enter.

MANAGER

Idiot! I've got a skeleton key.
I'll have to get it mended now.

IN ROOM:

Flynn slides sword from his cane (sheath) Poses.

FLYNN

Ramone! En guard!...

Ramone stops in his tracks.

FLYNN

If we were in a film this is where
you and I would lock swords.
Jumping on the bed - up and down
the stairwell - the whole shebang.

A cop sticks AK47 in Flynn's guts.

RAMONE

Drop it.

Flynn swivels sword, knocks gun out of cop's hand.

FLYNN

Touché! See! I haven't lost my
touch.

Celia pulls out pistol.

CELIA

Make one move Flynn and I'll kill
you.

Flynn puts sword point in the barrel.

FLYNN

Check!

Cop #2 cocks weapon.

FLYNN

Checkmate!

Flynn puts away sword.

FLYNN

Using guns is so unsporting. But if there's one thing I've learned in this life, Ramone. That is... never contradict a female - especially, when she's armed.

CELIA

Search the room!

Ramone and cops search the room. Manager goes.

FLYNN

This is all wrong. I usually get to kiss the leading lady.

CELIA

Where is the film?

FLYNN

You do know you've just missed your chance to go down in history. You could have been remembered as the woman who laid low the thane of Sherwood Forest.

CELIA

Don't count you chickens, Flynn!

FLYNN

It's customary to let the condemned man have a final smoke, isn't it?

Flynn inserts cigarette in holder, lights it.

FLYNN (CONT)

These things are lethal - deadly. I've been told I have a cancer in the throat... A matter of months... Too late to give up now. Funny thing is, I'm kind of looking forward to it. You know, that last great adventure. I've always been fascinated by death, kind of morbid don't you think? I even saw one of your executions the other day. It was a touch gruesome for my taste. Fare upset me... While I watched an idea came to mind. Instead of just putting your victims against the wall, riddling their bodies with bullets, and covering their corpses in hot blood.

Flynn points accusingly with cigarette holder.

FLYNN (CONT)

I think it's only polite you should offer some sort of a-la-carte bill of fare. Your menu could offer drowning with a half ton weight attached to the Achilles tendon. Being dropped from a helicopter at a great height onto metamorphic rock or a lethal dose of morphine - my preference incidentally, or the insertion of a cyanide capsule up the rectum.

Ramone and cops find film, pile it on the bed.

CELIA

Silencio!

FLYNN

You strike me as the type who'd like to go out fighting. Am I right? I know just the thing for you. I'd consider it a pleasure to personally arrange for you to be locked up in a cage with a sex starved gorilla. You'd like that?

CELIA

Silence!

RAMONE

Is that all the film?

FLYNN

Under the bed.

RAMONE

Well get it.

Flynn gets on floor. Prods about under bed.

FLYNN

Seriously. About 7 years ago I came down with hepatitis. My liver stopped. I said to the doc: what happens now? He said: nothing, you die. And do you know what I did? I'll tell you. I went to sleep. Yep, I just didn't care.

RAMONE

Come on! We haven't got all day.

Flynn gets up, film in hand. Drops it. Unravels.

FLYNN

Oops! Butter fingers.

Flynn bends down. Picks up film. He clumsily unravels it more. Gets tangled up.

CELIA

Ramone. Pick it up. I've been told to extend you every courtesy. But if these films are incriminating, even your president won't be able to help you. I'm posting a guard.

FLYNN

It's been a pleasure meeting you. We must do it again sometime.

Flynn waves as they march away, with the film. The guard closes the door, locks it.

EXT. THE QUAY - DAY

John and Woodsie stand by truck watching as men cast off the ferry ropes. John looks at watch. Film crew wave, goodbye.

JOHN

That's it no boat for 3 hours. I wonder what's happened to Flynn.

Maria jumps off. Runs to John, falls into his arms.

JOHN

You little fool, you should have gone with the crew. There may be trouble.

MARIA

I didn't want to lose you, again.

WOODSIE

Well! At least the film's safe.

INT. HOTEL, FLYNN'S ROOM - DAY

Flynn packs bag. Climbs in dumb waiter. Lowers it.

BASEMENT

Dumb waiter flap opens. Flynn gets out, leaves.

A motor bike leans against wall. Flynn looks about. Clear. Ties case on back. Gets on, kick starts it and drives off.

INT. HOTEL, OFFICE - DAY

Ramone puts film in a projector. Switches on. Blank film leaves a white square on the wall.

CELIA

What is this? Check the rest!

Ramone holds film up to the light.

RAMONE

They're all blank. He's tricked us.

CELIA

I want to torture him personally.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Flynn, on motor bike. Speeds through streets lights. Car brakes hard. Skids. Spins. CRASHES.

Flynn swerves, loses control. Hits kerb, recovers, pulls away.

The irate car driver emerges from car, shakes fist.

EXT. QUAY - DAY - RAIN

John stands looking down road. Checks watch.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

MAINTENANCE MAN completes repair to door lock. He stands back to admire his work. Walks to the lift.

Ramone, Celia and the cop charge to the room.

CELIA

Open it.

Ramone smashes shoulder against the door.

Maintenance man looks back, and throws his hat on the floor.

HOTEL ROOM

empty. Ramone finds ferry time table leaflet on the dresser.

RAMONE

Look!

Ramone hands the leaflet to Celia.

CELIA

Call for a helicopter. We'll follow
in the jeep. Vamos.

EXT./INT. STREET - DAY - RAIN

The jeep speeds through the street. The driver struggles to see. He comes to a crossroad. The lights show red. He PRESSES his foot on the accelerator.

Other traffic BRAKES, SKIDS, CRASHES.

QUAY

Flynn arrives, pulls up. Woodsie, Maria and John greet him.

WOODSIE

I thought they'd got you.

FLYNN

9 lives me.

JOHN

Your going to need them. There's no
more boats for another 2 hours.

PHONE BOX

Flynn on the phone.

FLYNN

Fred I need a boat... You can.
Where?... 20 miles! I owe you.

TRUCK

Flynn, John, Maria and Woodsie squeeze in the front seats. Flynn struggles to get comfortable. Takes hand grenade out of back pocket. Puts it in glove compartment.

FLYNN

I was sitting on my souvenir.

They speed off, splashing through puddles.

FLYNN

This is fun. Let's have a song.

(TUNE: K-K-K-KATY)

Cuba, C-C-C- Cuba/it's the only
place I want to be./It feels fine
out in the sunshine./Laying by the
C-C-C- Cuban sea./Cuba, glorious
Cuba/what a, wonderful, wonderful
place, it is to be.

QUAY

Cop jeep stops. Celia runs to the customs house. Approaches official. He points out the direction the truck went.

CELIA

Call the chopper.

A cop picks up the mike.

COP

Hello! Charlie 1. Come in. Over.

HELICOPTER

Ramone gun in hand sits looking out the door as they fly over the jeep. Over the trees. Over the truck. Turns for another pass.

PILOT

Charlie 1. We've found them. Over.

CELIA

Stop them. Shoot if you have to.

TRUCK

FLYNN

Pull off the road and find cover.

WOODSIE
Have they got guns?

FLYNN
No water pistols.

HELICOPTER

dives down and flies to the truck. Ramone lays a trail of bullets in front of it. It turns into a wooded area.

TRUCK

Flynn, Woodsie, John, and Maria are tossed about.

FLYNN
Slow down, my back's killing me.

MARIA
It's too cramped. I'll get in back.

Maria opens the door. She maneuvers herself out, under the canvas on the side and crawls in the back.

She picks up a gun, shoots at helicopter as it passes.

The helicopter pursues the truck as it continues along a narrow road.

EXT. SUSPENSION BRIDGE - DAY

An old out of condition metal suspension bridge is spanning a deep ravine. Some of the wooden runners are broken. Surveying the danger, Flynn bites his nails.

JOHN
We've got to chance it.

WOODSIE
What's up Errol?

FLYNN
Vertigo.

JOHN
Close your eyes, we're going.

John RAMS gear stick into gear. JAMS foot down. GO! The truck moves. Runners give way. Back wheels jam.

JOHN
You'll have to push.

HELICOPTER

dives, guns firing, for the death run. Bullets RIP across the truck's canopy.

ON THE BRIDGE

Woodsie and Flynn jump out truck and make their way to the back. Flynn looks down to the bottom of the ravine from the bridge, and gets dizzy.

FLYNN
Holy shit!

Woodsie grabs Flynn, guides him to the back of the truck. Flynn grabs the tail board. John leans out the truck window and shouts

JOHN
Push! You fuckers, push!

Black smoke gushes out the exhaust pipe as John accelerates.

HELICOPTER

turns and starts another run.

RAMONE
Get closer. Close as you can.

Ramone pushes the controls forcing the pilot to go in close.

RAMONE
Knock them off the bridge.

Hovering in front of truck. Ramone shouts down.

RAMONE
Stand still. Hands on heads.

ON THE BRIDGE

Flynn and Woodsie give a mighty HEAVE.

IN TRUCK

John opens glove compartment. Takes out grenade. Pulls pin. Lobs it at the helicopter door.

ON THE BRIDGE

The truck accelerates and frees itself. Flynn and Woodsie fall.

HELICOPTER

Ramone and the pilot look surprised, horrified. They tumble and spin as they try to grab the rolling grenade. Fear is etched on the faces as the helicopter CRASHES.

EXPLOSION!

INT. JEEP, BEACH ROAD - DAY

Tense and determined, Celia and the cops pursue.

COP

Charlie 1! Charlie 1! come in! come in! Charlie 1! We've lost them.

CELIA

Put your foot down.

ON THE BRIDGE

Woodsie and Flynn get up and look at helicopter in flames.

FLYNN

Ask not for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee.

Their gaze turn to the holed bridge they need to cross.

FLYNN

I can't do it.

WOODSIE

Look at me. If I can. You can.

Woodsie inches across. Slips as a plank brakes. FALLS. Hangs on by her finger tips.

Flynn looks down. Dizzy. He grabs her arm. Closes his eyes.

John runs to grab her. Together they pull her up.

WOODSIE

That was fun. Come on Errol it's your turn, now.

FLYNN

Fun! The funniest thing about all this is the films crap. It'll never see the light of day.

JOHN

Come on you big fake. You said you came to Cuba to do something real. Isn't this real enough for you?

FLYNN

Too real.

JOHN

Are you going to do it or not?

FLYNN

Do me a favor. Next time I get a crazy idea in my head, slug me.

Flynn runs. Jumps. Lands awkwardly. Rolls on floor.

FLYNN

Aah! My back's gone.

JOHN

Come on! Move your ass. Stop twating about. We're not home yet!

Flynn takes pills. Looks to the sky. In mock prayer.

Maria looks over tail board. Reaches out as John races past.

JOHN

Won't be long now, sweetheart.

John, Woodsie and Flynn climb into the truck, it moves off.

DUSTY TRACK

They drive like hell on wheels.

BEACH ROAD

The cop jeep is going even faster.

MOORINGS

Truck pulls up.

Flynn and Woodsie make their way to the fishing boat.

John goes to the back of the truck.

JOHN

Maria! Come on! Move it! We're at
the boat.

Maria holds out her blood covered hand. John climbs in.

INT. TRUCK

Rays of sunlight piece through the bullet holes in the
canvas roof. John holds Maria in his arms.

JOHN

Come on baby. You can make it.

Her silent lips mouth: "I love you." She goes limp. John
rocks her back and forwards in his arms. He lets out a gasp
of grief: "No!" Buries his face in her neck.

ON BOAT

Flynn brakes open the cabin lock. Enters. Examines the
control panel. Stands by the wheel. Puts on captains cap.
Locates the key. Fires up the engines. Pokes head out.

FLYNN

Step lively ship mates. Batten down
the hatches. Check the bilge pump
and put on your sou'westers. This
is going to be a bumpy ride. Let go
the ropes and lets get this bucket
moving... Woodsie! Tell the love
birds to get their skates on.

Woodsie runs to the truck. Looks in.

TRUCK

WOODSIE

Come on!

She sees John, holding Maria in his arms. Tears in his eyes.

WOODSIE

Is she...?

John nods. (...dead) Closes her eyes.

JOHN

Go to sleep now baby.

Woodsie buries her face in her hands. John drags himself
away from Maria. He jumps out of the truck. They hug. She
indicates, "got to go." They run to the boat, holding hands.

FLYNN
Loose the ropes.

John looses the ropes. They climb aboard.

FLYNN
Where's Maria?

WOODSIE
She didn't make it.

FLYNN
I'm so sorry, sport.

John acknowledges condolence. Holds back his tears.

JOHN
Vamos.

Flynn accelerates. The boat speeds away.

JEEP

Celia and the cops approach, fast.

CELIA
There they are. Quick.

Jeep SKIDS. Celia and the cops JUMP out. SHOOT.

ON BOAT

Woodsie hits the deck. Bullets pock mark the boat. John picks up Tommy gun. Goes to stern. Sprays bullets

Flynn ties the wheel. Finds revolver in sea chest. Goes to stern. Takes pot shots. Defiantly shaking fist.

FLYNN
We each owe God a death. If we do not die today, we die tomorrow.

JOHN
Get down, you silly sod! They're real bullets, you know.

Flynn takes a swig from his hip flask.

FLYNN
My job is to transcend the normal. Haven't you heard. I'm invincible.

MOORINGS

Cops duck behind the jeep as bullets WHIZ past.

Celia stands up, defiantly and shouts,

CELIA

Ever come to Cuba again, Flynn. I
cut your fucking balls off.

Fires a few rounds from her pistol.

ON BOAT

Flynn's hip flask catches a bullet.

FLYNN

Destroying good liquor. How low can
a woman sink?

John, full of anger fires his Tommy gun.

JOHN

I've got your number you bastard.
You ain't looking for no Holy
bloody grail. You wanna catch a
bullet. So you can become some kind
of a God damn legend.

John looses off a few more rounds.

FLYNN

I've no intention of being
dispatched of this mortal coil just
yet.

JOHN

Right now, I couldn't give a ...

John looses of a even more rounds.

FLYNN

I've got my answer.

JOHN

Answer to what?

FLYNN

Life, sport. Life! It's the same
thing with these rebel guys as it
was with Cain and Able - anger.

JOHN

What had he got to be so God damn
angry about?

FLYNN

The son of a bitch never got laid.

ON ROUGH SEA

The boat is being tossed about.

FLYNN

John! Take over the wheel will you?
I don't feel to good.

John takes the wheel.

Flynn makes his way to the side rail. Wretches.

Woodsie gets a camera out of her bag. Goes out.

WOODSIE

Hey! Captain. Watch the birdie.

Flynn looks up. Woodsie clicks him.

WOODSIE

Got you. This'll make the front
pages - Errol Flynn: the sea sick
sailor.

FLYNN

Give me that, you stupid bitch!

He grabs camera. Flings it in the sea.

WOODSIE

You pig! You can dish it out but
you can't take it, can you?

FLYNN

If you don't shut the fuck up.
You'll follow the cunt.

WOODSIE

You callous bastard! You can get me
another, now.

FLYNN

Fuck off.

The boat goes off towards the horizon amidst the waves.

EXT. PIAZZA - STONE HOUSE - JAMAICA - JUNE 20TH 1959 - DAY

Flynn sits by a table reading 'My Wicked Wicked Ways'(ms.)

The 'New York American-Journal' lays open on the table. 'I RODE WITH CASTRO' article.

Dogs lay near by.

Woodsie comes out of new house carrying a birthday cake. 50 candles.

The dogs bark.

WOODSIE (SINGING)

Happy birthday to you/happy
birthday to you/happy birthday,
dear Errol/happy birthday to you.

FLYNN

That looks nice.

Woodsie puts cake on the table. Flynn puts down his papers.

WOODSIE

You get one blow.

Flynn blows hard but fails to extinguish them all.

WOODSIE

You have to pay a forfeit now. Put
your hands behind you and pull the
candles out with your teeth.

Flynn bites at the candles. Woodsie pushes his head into the cake. He looks up face covered in cream.

FLYNN

You little bitch, come here.

Flynn grabs a hand full of cake. Chases her. The dogs bark. He catches her. Rubs it all over her head. She screams.

Picks her up, jumps in the pool with her in his arms. The dogs follow. They laugh as they splash each other. It's his idea of paradise.

EXT. BOOK SHOP - DAY - 1960

Earl Conrad looks in the window as on page 1. My Wicked, Wicked Ways, display.

EARL (VO)

God finally tapped ERROL FLYNN on the shoulder on October 14, 1959. He died of heart failure, aged 50. The IRS obtained the rights to his book 'My Wicked, Wicked Ways'. It was fitting epitaph to a great career. Isn't it just like an actor to exit before the final curtain. Best publicity gimmick there is.

BLACK SCREEN: IN WRITING.

Castro was furious when the Russians removed their nuclear missiles from Cuban soil, in a tit-for-tat negotiation with Washington, after the 1963 crisis. But the promise not to invade left him free to cling to power for 50 years. Some say, just to spite the USA.

FADE OUT.

THE END.