

Cool Gray Dawn
"The First Casualty"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA - LA CABANA PRISON - DAY

INSERT: "LA CABANA PRISON, HAVANA, CUBA - APRIL, 1959"

A sweltering summer day. As visitors trudge into the Prison, members of LA GUARDA, FIDEL CASTRO's ragtag revolutionary guard, give each one a hand-held fan.

INT. LA CABANA PRISON - COURTROOM - DAY

CHE GUEVARA, wearing his signature beret, presides over a show trial of a DOZEN AMERICANS before an overflow crowd of sweaty, fan-waving spectators. The Americans' Cuban lawyer, SERAFIN, pleads with Che while Serafin's ASSISTANT translates into English.

SERAFIN

La revolución promete no ejecutar
sin un ensayo, sin prueba. Cómo
podemos justamente-

ASSISTANT

(overlapping)
'The revolution promises not to
execute without a trial, without
proof. How can we just-'

CHE

Mire, Serafin, si tu prejuicios
burgueses no permiten que usted
entienda mis órdenes, allí es nada
mas que pued decir. Continúe e
intente su caso - mañana por la
mañana. ¡Pero ahora ejecutarán a
los americanos!

ASSISTANT

'Look, Serafin, if your bourgeois
prejudices do not allow you to
understand my orders, then there is
nothing more I can say. Go ahead
and try your case - tomorrow
morning. But the Americans will be
executed now!'

EXT. LA CABANA PRISON - COURTYARD - DAY

Three American prisoners, hands bound behind their backs, are hurriedly lined up against a wall. A six-man La Guarda firing squad raises their rifles, aims and FIRES. The Americans slump to the ground.

His pistol drawn, Che walks up to each one and shoots them in the head. Pleased, he waves in the next group of Americans.

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA - NIGHT

A panorama from Marina Hemingway to the Presidential Palace.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT

A gala is underway. Cuban revolutionaries in dirty fatigues mingle with Russian military types and dignitaries in formal attire. Some dance to Zapateo, a flamenco-derived folk music. VILMA ESPIN GUILLOIS translates into English for her husband, RAUL CASTRO, to a tuxedoed French reporter, CLAUDE MOREAU.

VILMA

(Spanish accent)

No, Claude. My husband, Raul, wishes America were less puerile in its judgement of our revolution. When you write this, tell them we are Marxists, not Communists.

MOREAU

(French accent)

I'll print the truth as I see it. But he cannot expect the French public, even the communists among them, to believe President Castro's Cuba is not a Soviet satellite - in practice, at least.

VILMA

(simultaneously to Raul)

Voy a imprimir la verdad como yo lo veo. Pero no se puede esperar que el público francés, incluidos los comunistas entre ellos, de creer Presidente la Cuba de Castro no es un satélite soviético - en la práctica, por lo menos.

RAUL

Esa es la impresión que le pedimos que corregir, señor Moreau. Somos un aliado de los soviéticos, y no un satélite. Mi hermano, Fidel, es un egotist que lucharon para liberar a Cuba de fuera de la dominación.

VILMA

'That is the impression we are asking you to correct, Mr. Moreau. We are an ally of the Soviets, not a satellite. My brother, Fidel, is an egotist who fought to free Cuba from outside dominance.'

Raul kisses her cheek. Fidel raises his glass in salute to Che, who is standing among some Russian military men. Raul nudges Vilma and nods towards Fidel.

FIDEL

Today, Ernesto de la Serno is dead. Long live a great patriot and Cuba's newest citizen, Che Guevara!

THE CROWD

¡Viva Fidel! ¡Viva la revolución!

FIDEL

¡Viva mi amigo, Che Guevara!

Everyone salutes Che as Fidel bearhugs him.

CHE

Algúien traiga vodka, ahora.
¡Vengan aquí!

Vilma and Moreau watch as some boorish Russians pour their mojitos into flower pots and SWIG bottles of vodka.

MOREAU

Whom did you say was puerile?

Vilma looks away in disgust. Fidel comes by and hooks Raul's arm, pulling him away towards Che and the Russians. Vilma turns to Moreau.

VILMA

Do you have a moment?

Moreau nods and follows her.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

A carnival atmosphere fills the streets, punctuated by bursts of GUNFIRE. Vilma gazes ruefully at the ketches and schooners bobbing in the harbor of Marina Hemingway.

VILMA

Puerto deportivo de Hemingway...
This city is ours again, yet we still call the harbor 'Marina Hemingway'... You fly to Washington tomorrow?

MOREAU

Tomorrow night, yes.

VILMA

I would like you to deliver a message to your friends there. Ask them if they would be willing to assassinate Cuba's newest citizen.

MOREAU

(taken aback)

Are these your words, Vilma?

VILMA

Raul's. Fidel is too blind to see the Russian strings on Che's back.

EXT. THE FARM (CIA TRAINING FACILITY) - DAY

INSERT: "THE FARM - CIA TRAINING FACILITY AT CAMP PEARY"

Clad in fatigues, PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY, 35, and CARLA DILAURIA, 30, cover a grueling obstacle course. They reach a rifle range where a GREEN BERET INSTRUCTOR hands them sniper rifles. The Instructor ogles DiLauria but she ignores him. Firing at targets 1500 yards away, Bazzo easily hits them, winning an approving nod from the Instructor.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS - HARVARD UNIVERSITY - DAY

A panorama from Harvard Square to Harvard College's Widener Library where a SPOKESWOMAN holds a news conference outside.

SPOKESWOMAN

Yes, both Fidel and Raul Castro will arrive Thursday and stay to Sunday.

NEWSMAN #1

And what's-her-name, Raul's wife?

SPOKESWOMAN

Vilma. She won't be making the trip.

NEWSMAN #1

I thought she translated for them.

SPOKESWOMAN

(annoyed)

This is Harvard University. I'm sure we can find a linguist here.

NEWSMAN #2

What about the one with the beret?

SPOKESWOMAN

Ernesto Guevara de la Serno?

NEWSMAN #2

That the one they call 'Che?'

SPOKESWOMAN

Yes. He won't be coming either.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - DAY (MORNING)

The Capitol Dome dominates the cityscape as a panorama unfolds from the Lincoln Memorial to the Reflecting Pool, north to...

E STREET

Where four gray buildings with no signage form CIA's COCKROACH ALLEY. CIA personnel show their ID badges as they enter the bulding housing the Directorate of Operations.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

COLLETTE DOWD, 42, is hanging up the phone when Bazzo enters.

COLLETTE

Ah, time to slay the fatted calf.

BAZZO

Huh?

COLLETTE

The return of the prodigal son.

Bazzo shrugs, still at sea. She gives up, shaking her head.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Forget it. Go - go on in.

As she waves Bazzo on into Latham's Office...

LATHAM (O.S.)

Collette!

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Utilitarian: Cabinets with combination locks, a television showing images of Castro's show trials, and two rotary-dial telephones - one RED, one GRAY - atop a metal desk.

The HEAD OF DOMESTIC OPERATIONS, WARREN LATHAM, 40, is at his desk, poring over a file. As Bazzo sits, Collette enters.

COLLETTE

You bellowed?

LATHAM

I need that list of arms dealers for the Miami station - and some coffee.

Collette scowls and leaves. Latham eyes Bazzo.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I see you made it back from training
in tact. Where's mandarin Two?

BAZZO

She's in The Hole. I passed
Kensington on the way up, looking
sour as ever.

LATHAM

That's no way for my Head of Section
to talk about the Deputy Director of
the Western Hemisphere Division.

Bazzo mugs as Collette reenters with Latham's coffee. She
looks worried - behind her is prissy STEWART KENSINGTON, 55.

KENSINGTON

(nods to Bazzo)

Paul...

(to Latham)

Warren, the Miami station's been
complaining up the line about its
arms shipments coming up short.

The phone RINGS in Latham's Outer Office. Collette leaves to
answer it.

LATHAM

I know, I'm looking into it.

KENSINGTON

Can't expect our Cuban exile friends
to take on La Guardia without arms -
even if they can't tell one end of a
rifle from the other.

(sees no one is amused and
clears his throat)

See that it gets actioned, will
you?

He nods perfunctorily to Bazzo as he leaves.

BAZZO

There goes the poster boy for the
Ugly American.

Collette returns with the list for Latham. As he peruses it...

COLLETTE

That was Claude Moreau on the phone.

BAZZO

That reporter for Le Monde?

COLLETTE

Uh huh.

BAZZO

(to Latham)

He still a contract agent for SDECE?
(pronounced suh-DEK)

LATHAM

Yes, but mostly French Intelligence
just debriefs him nowadays.

COLLETTE

Well now it's your turn. He wants to
meet you for lunch. Sounded urgent.

LATHAM

Alright, set it up. Meanwhile, let's
see if we can help the Miami station
recoup some of its missing rifles.

BAZZO

(perfect Spanish)

No hay problema para la revolución.

INSERT ON TELEVISION: A La Guarda firing squad executes more
Americans; Che delights in firing his pistol into the heads of
executed prisoners; later, he charms a group of reporters.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo points to the television.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Is that a local feed?

Latham nods. Appalled, he quotes from "Hamlet," Act I, Scene V.

LATHAM

'One may smile, and smile, and be a
villain.'

INT. "UN PLAISIR FRANCAIS" RESTAURANT - DAY

A crowded little bistro abuzz with the Beltway Elite. Latham
sips a club soda while Moreau gets frequent refills of wine.

MOREAU

Raul believes Che's relationship
with Russia will result in Cuba
becoming another Russian satellite.

LATHAM

And you say he's willing to turn
Cuba pro-West?

MOREAU
If you'll do Che, yes.

LATHAM
If we'll do Che... And who's
supposed to take the fall for this?
The Russians?

MOREAU
That's not for me to say, now is it?

LATHAM
What about Fidel? He and Che are
pretty tight, you know.

MOREAU
He'll be devastated; so much so Raul
believes he'll be a non factor.

LATHAM
(leans back and sighs)
I don't know... This sort of thing
can go very wrong. For one thing,
how do I know Raul will keep his
word? He can say anything he wants
to now, but after Che's gone...

MOREAU
He's always kept his word with me.

LATHAM
You... You're not risking anything
here - except maybe your liver.

Moreau gulps his wine, looks around and leans forward.

MOREAU
I'm sitting here with the head of
CIA's Domestic Operations; that
alone makes me a marked man. Look,
I'm not advocating a thing here,
Warren. But Raul's only here until
Sunday. So if you are going to act,
you'll need to act now.

LATHAM
Can't. For something like this, I'd
have to get Division approval first.

MOREAU
Kensington? Or his boss, Berard?

LATHAM
(surprised)
What - does Le Monde have a copy of
our internal org chart?

MOREAU
(wryly)
I'm having trouble getting updates.

LATHAM
(sarcastically)
I'll see what I can do.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Plush, with an anteroom. DIRECTOR OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE DIVISION, WILSON BERARD, 62, Latham and Kensington are there.

BERARD
It's very short notice, Warren.

LATHAM
Too short for me, sir.

KENSINGTON
I think it's a perfect opportunity.

LATHAM
To do what? Go in with guns blazing?
All hell would break loose. And who
knows what Raul's really up to.

KENSINGTON
There's a Communist regime in there
now. Killing QUACK could oust it.

LATHAM
Yeah, and meanwhile the whole of
Latin America watches us meddling
in Cuba's internal affairs.

KENSINGTON
So we rock the banana boat. So what?
Raul doesn't want Cuba to be another
Russian satellite.

Troubled, Berard leans forward.

BERARD
But Raul's hardly distanced himself
from the Soviets lately, Stewart.

KENSINGTON
How can he? One wrong move and he
could end up on the wrong side of a
Revolutionary Tribunal himself.

LATHAM
(piqued)
With our people right alongside him.

BERARD

Alright. Time is short, so let's try to advance both fronts at once. Warren, I want an assessment on Raul and a plan to remove Che on my desk as soon as possible. Get on to the Intelligence Desk for their input. Meantime, I'll see about getting White House approval.

The meeting over, Kensington and Latham stand.

KENSINGTON

(smugly)
Shouldn't be a problem there.

LATHAM

That's what worries me.

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA - MARINA HEMINGWAY - NIGHT

INSERT: "MARINA HEMINGWAY, HAVANA"

CUBAN-CHINESE MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN furtively board a fishing boat. The boat's bedraggled CUBAN CAPTAIN anxiously looks about as he hurries the emigrants on board.

EXT. AT SEA, OFF THE COAST OF HAVANA - NIGHT

The fishing boat glides through slack water. On board, the Cuban Chinese huddle, quietly hopeful.

The faint ROAR of a boat engine grows LOUDER - a CUBAN COAST GUARD GUNBOAT nears. A floodlight from the Gunboat shines on the anxious emigrants.

The GUNBOAT CAPTAIN picks up a bull horn.

GUNBOAT CAPTAIN

¡Itirón a! ¡Repito, itirón a!

The fishing boat Captain ignores him and goes FULL-BORE toward open sea. The Cuban Coast Guard quickly turns its machine gun on the Cuban Chinese. The CARNAGE is quick - and bloody.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY (MORNING)

Collette intently watches television. Latham enters and sets down his briefcase. She nods toward the television.

COLLETTE

The Havana station got this from our asset at CMQ, channel 6.

INSERT ON TELEVISION: Choppy footage of dead and wounded Cuban Chinese being taken off a Cuban Coast Guard Gunboat.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham winces. The Red phone RINGS; Collette answers it.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
2-3-6-2... Yes, I'll tell him.
(she hangs up)
Bill Nealy's on his way.

LATHAM
Hm... See when SMOTH is free.

Collette nods and leaves. Latham opens a folder on his desk labeled "Cuba: 26th Of July Movement." Collette leans in.

COLLETTE
The Intelligence Chief is here.

BILL NEALY, 45, enters and sits. Collette closes the door.

LATHAM
Bill, did you see what happened to
those Cuban-Chinese last night?

NEALY
Yeah. Che enforcing Article 215 of
Cuba's Penal Code, forbidding
anyone from leaving the island.

Latham seethes, tapping his pencil on the folder.

NEALY (CONT'D)
Which brings me to why I'm here. I
read your brief on Che. Risky.

LATHAM
I know. What can you tell me about
Raul's relationship with him?

INSERT: Che, Fidel and Raul Castro, and La Guarda fighting in
the mountains; Fidel speaking at colleges, adored by coeds.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

NEALY
Raul revered him back when they
fought together in the Sierra
Maestras. But Che saved his
admiration for Fidel, even when El
Jefe behaved more like a bourgeois
leftist than a militant guerilla -
speaking at colleges and whatnot.

LATHAM
Trying to win the hearts and minds
of a few coeds, no doubt.

BACK TO SCENE

NEALY

Wish I'd thought of that... Anyway, until recently Raul and Che had been creating an intelligence service with help from the KGB. But Raul began objecting to Russia's meddling in Cuba's internal affairs. Before you knew it, Fidel had taken Raul's place.

LATHAM

So you think Raul's offer is legit?

NEALY

He's been adamant about Cuba remaining independent of Moscow. I think you can view his conspicuous absence from La Cabana Prison as both a rebuke of Mother Russia and a way of distancing himself from Che.

LATHAM

Who's up to his knees in blood now from those damn show trials of his.

NEALY

That may be what's finally put the skids under him.

As Latham considers this, the intercom BUZZES; he answers it.

LATHAM

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Lawrence Jones says he can meet you in Lafayette Park at 10:30.

LATHAM

Good. Tell mandarin Two I'll want to see her, soon as I get back.

He hangs up.

NEALY

Your meeting with SMOTH - problems on the MI6 front?

LATHAM

Just a little rear-guard action.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - LAFAYETTE PARK - DAY

It's a pleasant spring day; people stroll and loll about.

Latham walks up to 40-ish LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) of MI6, who tosses peanuts to a squirrel.

LATHAM
Birds avoiding you now, Larry?

JONES
Ah, the connoisseur of wit. Now,
which one was that - dim, half or
nit?

LATHAM
You're cranky today. Someone forget
to change your diaper?

Jones pauses before tossing more peanuts to the squirrels.

JONES
You're allergic to peanuts, right?

Latham nods, eyeing him dubiously. Jones tosses him a peanut;
Latham grins. The two men start to stroll through the park.

LATHAM
Your people hear any noise recently
about Raul Castro and Che Guevara?

JONES
Their relationship's become strained
over the goings-on at La Cabana.

LATHAM
You mean the firing squads.

JONES
It's not just the pound of flesh
Che's extracting. He's rounding up
students, intellectuals, union
leaders, homosexuals - anyone who
openly questions Marxist doctrine or
whom he deems unfit for society.

LATHAM
That enough to make him a liability?

JONES
Why? You planning a surprise party?

LATHAM
Raul sent us an invitation.

JONES
Really... You know, just last month
Fidel called Nixon a fool and a
liar. And now his brother wants to
go to bed with you?
(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

Smells worse than that dog shit
you're about to step into.

Latham clumsily JUMPS to avoid stepping in dog feces.

JONES (CONT'D)

Nice move, Nureyev.

LATHAM

Shut up. I'm going to put DiLauria
on Raul to see if he's legit.

JONES

I'd sleep on that one, Warren.

LATHAM

Can't - I've only got until Sunday.

JONES

Let me look into it for you first.

Latham nods appreciatively. The two continue their stroll.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - THE HOLE - DAY

Spare, with two desks, two lockers, locking file cabinets and
wall maps. DiLauria is at her desk. Latham is standing.

DILAURIA

It has to be a set up. Raul's as
fanatical as his brother.

LATHAM

SMOTH thinks so, too. That's why I
want you to get next to Raul.

DILAURIA

He just got married, you know.

LATHAM

I know.

DILAURIA

Then why not get a girl from Plans?
I'm sure you can find one there
who's willing to sleep with him.

LATHAM

I'm sure, too. But I need a fast
intelligence assessment by someone
who can knock him off his feet.

DILAURIA

Me?

LATHAM

You. I'd ask Paul, but I don't think Raul goes in for rough trade.

DILAURIA

(rolls her eyes)
So what do you want to know?

LATHAM

What his intentions are, and will he turn Cuba pro-West.

ACT TWO

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Abuzz with the PURL of telex machines, chatter and ringing phones. A map of the United States fills one wall. In several states are RED, GREEN, WHITE and YELLOW STICKPINS. Bazzo and DiLauria listen as DUTY OFFICER JARED STOKES, 30, a Black man, reads from a folder.

STOKES

Operation Manifest Destiny...
Castro arrives in Boston Friday morning at 10:07, Pan Am flight 101. Then it's a limo to Harvard University where he'll be staying until Sunday. The Secret Service will be traveling with them.

BAZZO

What about local security?

STOKES

The State Police are handling that.

DILAURIA

Am I staying with them on campus?

STOKES

No, the Hotel Royale in Cambridge.

BAZZO

I stayed there once. Toilet's at the end of the hall.

DiLauria shoots Bazzo a baleful look. Stokes grins roguishly.

STOKES

Their advance team asked for two journalists. El Jefe's being interviewed by the Wall Street Journal.

(MORE)

STOKES (CONT'D)

Raul on the other hand asked for a freelancer from New York, Sheila James. That'll be you.

DILAURIA

Why her?

STOKES

When Castro's advance team was here getting their visas, they overheard a nasty exchange questioning James's patriotism. Seems she'd written a favorable piece on Cuban land reform.

DILAURIA

So who am I writing this piece for?

STOKES

Monthly Review.

DiLauria is averse to the idea and makes a face.

BAZZO

Hey, it was that or the Penny Saver.

DILAURIA

I'd rather clip coupons. The Monthly Review's budget wouldn't keep us in staples.

STOKES

Yeah, so remember to dress down.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

Latham enters. A waiter nods familiarly. A MAN brushes past Latham, excusing himself with a polite nod. Latham sits at a booth and pulls out a folded ticket the Man had slipped into Latham's suitcoat pocket.

INT. SPORTS ARENA

The Harlem Globetrotters are up to their usual antics against their perennial foe, the Washington Generals. Latham sits alongside YURI GVOZDEV, 50, the KGB's Washington rezident.

LATHAM

I didn't know you liked basketball, Yuri.

YURI

I saw them play in Moscow. Watch Meadowlark Lemon pick his pocket.

On the court, MEADOWLARK LEMON steals the ball and scores.

LATHAM

He's almost as good as your man. I barely felt it this time.

YURI

This time? It's only the second time he's passed you anything... I hope.

LATHAM

Why are we here, Gvozdev?

YURI

I'm hungry. Come on.

They get up and head to the concession stands.

SPORTS ARENA - CORRIDOR - LATER

Munching on hotdogs, Yuri and Latham stroll.

YURI

Nixon, Kennedy... Every time they have a press conference they ratchet up the number of missiles we have.

LATHAM

So, how many do you have?

YURI

With the H-bomb who needs numbers?

LATHAM

It's numbers that scare people.

YURI

And win elections.

LATHAM

Moscow worried about our election?

YURI

I worry whenever our fingers touch the same spot on the globe, Warren. It always leads to crisis.

LATHAM

And each crisis raises the chance of war.

YURI

Yes. It's time to... take it slow.
(hands Latham an envelope)
For Under Secretary of State Christian Herter. Among other things, it says we will not go to war over the crisis in Berlin.

Latham extends his hand. Yuri shakes it, then the two spies part ways.

EXT. STATE DEPARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (ARCHIVE)

A sign reads "Department Of State."

INT. OFFICE - DAY

"Under Secretary of State" is stenciled in reverse on the glass door. An American flag drapes in the corner of this plush office. A desk plate reads "CHRISTIAN HERTER." CHRISTIAN HERTER, 50, is busy reading. His deputy, RICHARD RUDLIN, 45, enters. Herter checks his watch; Rudlin hands him a folder.

RUDLIN

I asked CIA to pass those Russian ICBM estimates to Nixon's people.

HERTER

They're not verified, Dick. That's why I left them off the N.I.E.

RUDLIN

I know, but someone on the Armed Services Committee is leaking stuff to Kennedy. So I thought we should-

HERTER

I don't care what you thought. You don't pass anything on to anyone without my approval. Is that clear?

Rudlin nods and broods. Herter checks his watch again.

RUDLIN

Something up?

HERTER

I'm expecting Troyanovsky.

RUDLIN

He's coming here? Why?

HERTER

The Soviets are putting their toes in the water, seeing if we'll warm up to the idea of detente.

Just then a female ARMY SERGEANT escorts in OLEG TROYANOVSKY, a 50-ish bear of a man. The Sergeant leaves.

HERTER (CONT'D)

Oleg!

The two men hug warmly.

TROYANOVSKY
Good to see you, Christian! And
you, Mr. Rudlin.

Troyanovsky and Rudlin shake hands, but it's very formal.

RUDLIN
Mr. Ambassador.

HERTER
Unfortunately, Mr. Rudlin has a
previous appointment and can't stay.

RUDLIN
(caught off guard)
Oh, yes. Well, I hope to see you
again soon, Mr. Ambassador.

TROYANOVSKY
Perhaps at dinner later.

Abashed, Rudlin smiles, then leaves.

EXT. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY (ARCHIVE)

A sign welcomes visitors to the airport.

INT. ARRIVALS LOUNGE - DAY

The CASTRO ENTOURAGE - a mix of fatigues, business suits and
TWO U.S. SECRET SERVICE AGENTS - are met at the Gate by
Massachusetts State Policemen, reporters and...

DILAURIA
Comandante! Comandante Raul Castro!

RAUL
Sí?

DILAURIA
Por favor, señor. Permítame
presentarme mí mismo - yo soy
Sheila James y estoy escribiendo
una pieza para la Monthly Review.

RAUL
Muy bueno. But please, I prefer to
speak English while I'm here. Come.

He hooks her arm and they follow the Secret Service Agents.

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY

The Cuban Entourage splits in two: Fidel gets into Limousine
One; Raul and DiLauria, Limousine Two.

I/E. LIMOUSINE TWO - DAY

TWO LA GUARDA TEENAGERS play with the car's buttons, much to the annoyance of the DRIVER and a SECRET SERVICE AGENT.

DILAURIA

There's quite an assembly to hear you tomorrow, Comandante.

RAUL

You mean to hear mi hermano, my brother.

DILAURIA

No, you too.

The limousine's windows SLIDE UP AND DOWN, repeatedly. Fed up, the Secret Service Agent spins around.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Hey, give it a rest, alright?

The La Guarda Teenagers laugh derisively. Raul glares at them.

RAUL

¡Eso es suficiente!

The Teenagers dutifully slump back in their seats and pout. DiLauria is impressed.

RAUL (CONT'D)

(to DiLauria)

I'm sorry. You were saying?

DILAURIA

I've read some of your speeches. They're pretty impressive.

RAUL

Not nearly as good as Fidel's.

DILAURIA

As eloquent as anything by Marti.

RAUL

(surprised)

You have read Jose Marti?

DILAURIA

(quotes)

'Each time they forbid man to think, I feel as if my son were being killed.'

Now Raul is impressed.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - SCULPTURE GARDEN - DAY

Quiet, with an occasional admirer. Latham and Jones stroll past the plantings.

JONES

You were right. The Kremlin is nervous about your next election. That's why Khrushchev sent Troyanovsky - to feel things out.

LATHAM

He must be under some pressure.

JONES

They're spending a third of their GNP on defense, they had a terrible winter - lost half their wheat crop - and the ruble isn't worth the paper it's printed on. It's expensive shoring up world communism.

LATHAM

Hm, maybe Khrushchev isn't the dumb peasant everyone's pegged him to be.

JONES

Still, considering all the hard-liners in the Politburo, he took a huge risk - just like Yuri Gvozdev.

LATHAM

Gvozdev? What risk did he take?

JONES

The KGB's Washington rezident is entrusted with the first breach of the Cold War, and he bypasses your Soviet Desk people to meet with you?

Latham is concerned. Jones changes the subject.

JONES (CONT'D)

Anyway, Hong Kong station reported a Russian research ship named 'The Kharkov' is being held at Shenzhen.

INSERT: Chinese troops board the Kharkov; the Soviet crew scrambles to cover their covert listening equipment; the Chinese troops herd the seamen topside at gunpoint.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

JONES (CONT'D)

The People's Militia claim the Russians hadn't gotten prior approval to restock the ship there.

LATHAM

Is that true?

JONES

No. We've long suspected she was really a spy ship. Apparently, so have the Chinese. They boarded her with guns drawn, ostensibly to remove a few too many egg rolls. But what they were really doing was sending Mother Russia a message:

BACK TO SCENE

As Latham and Jones continue their stroll...

JONES (CONT'D)

You're no longer welcome here.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

An excited Latham speaks to Berard and Kensington.

LATHAM

We blame Che's assassination on Red China as retaliation for the gunboat massacre off the coast of Havana.

KENSINGTON

A minor incident like that?

BERARD

People kill for less every day, Stewart.

KENSINGTON

Yes, but why would Red China help a small group of their own in Havana by killing Che?

LATHAM

For the same reason we race halfway around the world to help our own people.

KENSINGTON

Fine. So the Cubans end up hating the Chinese. So what?

Berard and Latham are incredulous; they stare at Kensington.

LATHAM

Come on - Red China interfering in Cuban politics? Moscow would see that as no less than a provocation.

BERARD

And all of Latin America would see firsthand the fractious relationship between Moscow and Peking.

KENSINGTON

(embarrassed)

Ok. So we drop our troops there-

LATHAM

Not troops, food - from the 'Food For Peace' program. Then economic and technical aid from the International Cooperation Agency. We take a page right out of the Communist's own playbook and go after their hearts and minds.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham hurries in. Collette looks up.

LATHAM

You make that appointment at O.N.I. with Admiral Whats-his-face?

COLLETTE

Leonard Clifton. It's at four.

LATHAM

Good. Where's Bazzo?

COLLETTE

Getting briefed on his date with Che.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Stokes, DEPUTY DUTY OFFICER TOM PERCY and Bazzo trace routes on maps spread on a table. Latham enters.

STOKES

It's a C-130 to Santo Domingo, then the red-eye to Santiago de Cuba. From there it's a train to Havana.

LATHAM

Why's he leaving from Santo Domingo?

PERCY

The referees from ICUMSA are there.

LATHAM

Right... Who?

PERCY

The International Commission for
Uniform Methods of Sugar Analysis.

BAZZO

All those PhDs in one place? Bound
to be some fists flying.

LATHAM

And that's why they need the
referees. I get it. Go on, Jared.

STOKES

They're flying on to Cuba to discuss
sugarcane processing. Bazzo will
have papers identifying him as such.

(to Bazzo)

Now, the Havana Number Two, Bob
Moore - you know him?

BAZZO

Not really, he's new down there.

STOKES

He's been in touch with a group of
Cuban Chinese. They've agreed to
provide you with a diversion.

Bazzo nods, pleased, but Latham is wary.

LATHAM

They say what type of diversion?

STOKES

No, they're still working on it.
Now, from the time you arrive in
Cuba to when you check into your
hotel, the station will have no
contact with you whatsoever.

BAZZO

(to Latham)

Lessen the chance of my discovery.

STOKES

At 1800 hours Saturday, Moore will
call you at the hotel. If the Che
hit is on, he'll ask to meet you
for dinner. If it's not on, he'll
ask to meet you for a drink.

LATHAM

What time is the hit planned for?

BAZZO

2200 - last execution of the day.

LATHAM

And the weapon?

PERCY

Long-range sniper pistol. Moore will leave it in a suitcase at the train station. Mandarin One will have the claim check passed to him at the airport.

LATHAM

What's his route out?

STOKES

Flight to Port-au-Prince with ICUMSA on Sunday. If for any reason Bazzo can't make the flight, we've got a bolt-hole ready in Chivinco. Moore's arranged for a fishing boat to take him from there to Cayman Brac.

Latham is worried; Bazzo sees this.

BAZZO

Don't worry. Moore won't be dumb enough to leave the address of the bolt-hole with the pistol. I saw to that. We'll get the address here in a signal from the Havana station.

Latham nods but something still troubles him. He picks up the Red phone and dials.

LATHAM

Sir, it's Latham. Can I come up and see you?... Thanks.

He leaves. Bazzo, Percy and Stokes continue the briefing.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

Mahogany and leather abound. Latham enters. Kensington is brushing his tuxedo, which hangs from a coat rack.

LATHAM

I was thinking... Maybe we should reconsider our plan to kill Che.

Kensington can't believe it; he stops brushing.

KENSINGTON

Why?

LATHAM

Without Russian support, Che knows his dream of a worldwide Communist revolution is finished - and so is he. I just think the Russians would muzzle him rather than risk detente.

KENSINGTON

(scoffs)

There is no detente.

LATHAM

Troyanovsky met with Herter.

KENSINGTON

Oh, grow up. We have a better chance of landing a man on the moon than we have of detente with the Russians.

LATHAM

But we still don't know if Raul is conning us.

KENSINGTON

We asked the White House to approve the Che hit based on our assessment.

LATHAM

One that's still incomplete.

Kensington SLAMS his lint brush on his desk.

KENSINGTON

For the moment! We abort this now we'll look like fools. What would we tell the White House? Berard?

LATHAM

The truth - that our assessment doesn't support an assassination.

KENSINGTON

No. We go ahead as planned.

LATHAM

But you can't ignore the fact that-

KENSINGTON

I said no! Now if you don't mind...

Kensington resumes brushing his tuxedo. Seething, Latham storms out. Concerned, Kensington dials the Red phone.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

It's Kensington. Get me Philip Case... Phil, it's Stewart.

(MORE)

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

How'd you like a break from the
Soviet Desk, get back in the field?

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY

Stock footage of the familiar five-sided building.

INT. OFFICE OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE - DAY

On the wall is the seal of the Office of Naval Intelligence. A 24-hour wall clock reads 16:00. LAURIE, an Ensign, escorts Latham into the office of ADMIRAL LEONARD CLIFTON, 50, puffed-up and loud. A desk plate bears his name and title.

LAURIE

Admiral Clifton... Warren Latham.

She leaves. The men shake hands and sit.

CLIFTON

So, how's things in the cloak and
dagger business?

LATHAM

More cloak than dagger lately.

Oddly, Clifton finds this more amusing than it actually is.

CLIFTON

How 'bout some coffee?

LATHAM

No thanks.

CLIFTON

(presses the intercom)
Laurie, bring in two cups of joe.
(to Latham)
You'll love it. I get it flown in
every week from Brazil.

Ignoring this, Latham pulls a folder from his briefcase.

LATHAM

I need your team to hide a bundle
on the beach at Surgidero de-

CLIFTON

I read your brief, Latham. Just tell
me again what's in the bundle.

LATHAM

Clothes, Chinese passports, a few
million yuan. The idea is to make-

Laurie returns, wheeling in a tray with coffee and cream.

CLIFTON
Ah, thank you, dear.

She smiles and leaves. Clifton turns to Latham.

CLIFTON (CONT'D)
Cream?

LATHAM
No, thank you.

CLIFTON
Good - black's the only way to go.
You know what they say: Once you go
black, you'll never go back.

LATHAM
First time I ever heard it applied
to coffee.

Clifton takes a long, satisfying sip.

CLIFTON
Man, that's good stuff. Now, about
your - what is it? - your bundle...

LATHAM
It has to look like it was buried
for a quick retrieval.

CLIFTON
We know how to bury things, Latham.

LATHAM
Yes, but this has to look like it
was done by someone who doesn't
know what they're doing.

CLIFTON
(annoyed)
When's the last time you saw me at
Cockroach Alley?

LATHAM
I've never seen you there.

CLIFTON
Exactly. Your office is on the 2nd
floor. Collette Dowd, your
secretary, sits right outside. Your
mandarins, Barry and DiLauria, sit
a floor below you in The Hole.

(MORE)

CLIFTON (CONT'D)

That prick Kensington and his boss,
Berard, are up on the 3rd floor.
The Ops Room's in the basement.

LATHAM

What - is all this written on a
Men's Room wall somewhere?

CLIFTON

The point being, O.N.I. ain't your
dumb cousin.

(presses the intercom
buzzer)

Leave your notes and have the bundle
in Norfolk by 0800 tomorrow.

Laurie reenters. Frustrated, Latham leaves the folder and
gets up. As Laurie escorts him out...

CLIFTON (CONT'D)

Nice of you to drop by, Latham.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY (DUSK)

An exasperated Latham enters, walking by Collette and Nealy.

COLLETTE

Everything go alright at O.N.I.?

LATHAM

How'd that idiot Clifton get to be
Admiral?

COLLETTE

Years of dedicated service.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Grinning wryly, Nealy follows Latham inside.

NEALY

The Russians are holding up a sugar
purchase of 345,000 tons from Cuba,
and they've yet to approve \$100
million in credit until they're
assured the revolution will
succeed. I'd say the time is ripe.

LATHAM

Seems that way, unfortunately.

NEALY

Sorry?

Latham sighs and leans back against his desk.

LATHAM

I was just wondering how many more chances we'll get to end this Cold War.

NEALY

Warren, don't underestimate Khrushchev's resolve. He's determined to expand world communism, despite this little thaw. And the Politburo has made it clear that nothing short of our annihilation is acceptable.

INT. HARVARD UNIVERSITY - DINING HALL - NIGHT

The Castro Entourage dines with members of the ruling elite. A disheartened Raul emerges from a private meeting room with a dapper, tuxedoed MAN. DiLauria walks up to Raul.

DILAURIA

Wasn't that Secretary of State John Foster Dulles?

RAUL

Yes. We were discussing a proposal of mine. Unfortunately, his questions invariably turn to which side of the Atlantic we favor.

DILAURIA

You can't blame him; that's the world we live in, Comandante.

RAUL

Señorita James, the world we live in is as much defined by North and South, as it is by East and West.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Limousines queue at the entrance.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Chamber music accompanies the conversational MURMUR of elegantly attired guests as they drink and dine.

BALLROOM

People mill about in small groups. Rudlin and Kensington are off to the side, loose-lipped from too much champagne.

RUDLIN

We shouldn't have let Castro in Mexico. That's where he hooked up with Che, the little prick.

KENSINGTON

Batista didn't consider Fidel that much of a threat back then.

RUDLIN

Idiot. Che's the one converting him to Communism. Little jerk would still be there now, wheezing and washing dishes, if he hadn't met Castro. Now we have this mess.

KENSINGTON

I've been saying the longer Che's around, the more susceptible Latin America is to Communist influence.

RUDLIN

Then why the hell don't you guys stop pussy-footing around and do something?! Get rid of him!

Some of the guests briefly glare at Rudlin.

KENSINGTON

(sotto voce)

I have someone who's very keen to act in our best interests. In fact, (checks his watch) he's on his way to Cuba right now.

EXT. LIGHT CRUISER ON THE OPEN SEA - NIGHT

A full moon illuminates the pleasure boat.

AFT DECK

The LATINO CAPTAIN approaches a seasick PHILIP CASE, 40, Kensington's man on the Soviet Desk.

CASE

We near this 'Marina Hemingway' yet?

CAPTAIN

Soon, señor Case.

He disdainfully eyes Case's expensive FLORAL-PRINT SHIRT.

CASE

(rudely)
What?

CAPTAIN

Did you bring a change of clothes?

CASE

No. Why?

DECKHAND (O.S.)

¡Capitán, hasta aquí!

The Captain leaves. Case looks away disdainfully, then VOMITS.

EXT. MILITARY AIRPLANE - NIGHT - TRAVELING

An Air Force Hercules C-130 propjet soars above the clouds.

INT. HERCULES C-130 - NIGHT

Bazzo munches on C-Rations.

EXT. SANTIAGO DE CUBA - AIRPORT - NIGHT

A poorly lit sign reads "El Aeropuerto de Santiago de Cuba."

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Bazzo walks among weary travelers. A WOMAN wheeling a baby carriage brushes against him; she nods apologetically.

BAZZO

Exits the terminal and hails a taxi. Once inside he pulls a claim check from his sport jacket pocket. The taxi pulls up to the train station. Bazzo alights and enters the station.

INT. TRAIN STATION - BAGGAGE CLAIM - NIGHT

Bazzo walks up to a counter with the sign "Reclamo de Equipaje" and exchanges his claim check for a suitcase.

EXT. HAVANA - EL BARRIO CHINO - NIGHT

LEE, a Cuban-Chinese man toting a burlap sack, walks down an alley and enters a door stenciled with Chinese characters.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

CUBAN-CHINESE MEN pack wooden boxes with handheld fans. Lee pulls a package labeled 'C4' - the size of a deck of cards - from his sack. He hands it to a WORKER who packs it with the handheld fans inside a box labeled "VENTILADORS." Lee goes to a phone and dials.

EXT. HAVANA - U.S. EMBASSY - NIGHT

A streetlamp illuminates a sign that reads "Embajada de los Estados Unidos de América."

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - CIA STATION - NIGHT

Replete with a ceiling fan, rattan furniture and a picture of President Eisenhower on the wall. BOB MOORE, 30, seated at a desk bearing his nameplate, answers the phone.

MOORE
Solicitudes de visado, Moore
hablando... Ah, gracias señor.

Satisfied, Moore hangs up the phone.

EXT. HAVANA - HOTEL BRUZON - NIGHT

A hand-painted sign reads "No se admiten perros."

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No dogs allowed"

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Shabby chic before it became a fashion statement - with cigarette-burned bed linen; a bare, low-wattage light bulb dangling from the ceiling; and a coin-operated radio.

Bazzo enters and places the suitcase on the bed. He opens it and removes a set of La Guarda military fatigues. He cuts open the suitcase's fabric liner and removes a slim wooden case.

He opens the case to reveal a sniper pistol, ammunition, photos of La Cabana and environs, notes and a map. Bazzo studies a photo captioned "Calle de la fortaleza donde se ubican vendedores de manualidades."

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Fort Street where crafts vendors are."

Bazzo next examines a photo of a chapel captioned "Capilla vacía sin culto. Se utiliza para el almacenamiento solamente."

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Empty chapel without worship. Used for storage only."

On the map he finds Fort Street, then the chapel near a yard labeled "Ejecuciones."

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Executions"

With a pencil, Bazzo circles the chapel.

ACT THREE

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham joins Berard and Kensington, who sit there waiting.

BERARD

As expected, the White House has authorized Che's assassination.

LATHAM

Pending a favorable assessment.

KENSINGTON

Let's not forget there's a limited window of opportunity here.

LATHAM

And even less time to assess how an assassination will affect detente.

KENSINGTON

That's not part of this brief!

BERARD

Gentlemen! A year ago we sat here and agreed with the Washington Post when it said it would be a mistake to intimate that Castro's Cuba had any real prospect of becoming a Soviet satellite. We can only act on the information at hand, and right now it supports Che's assassination.

Kensington curls a faint, smug grin.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Warren, how much longer will it take mandarin Two to complete her assessment of Raul?

LATHAM

(reticently)
I'm not sure.

BERARD

You have recall arrangements with mandarin One?

LATHAM

Yes, we can abort up to the time he leaves his hotel, 1600 hours.

BERARD

Then that's your deadline.

Latham's shoulders sag - it's a bitter blow.

KENSINGTON

I hope when DiLauria learns this she won't feel compelled to give an unfavorable assessment.

BERARD

I'm sure we can all be trusted to
act professionally, Stewart.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS - STREET - DAY

Stopped in traffic, a young WOMAN in her car watches DiLauria enter the Hotel Royale. Excited, she rolls down her window.

WOMAN

Carla! Carla!

Seemingly oblivious, DiLauria continues on into the hotel.

THE WOMAN

Is frustrated. She cuts off oncoming traffic and drives up to the Hotel's shabby DOORMAN. She jumps out of her car.

WOMAN

The keys are inside!

She races into the hotel, past the stupefied Doorman.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

From behind a column DiLauria eyes the Woman - it's her sister, KAREN, 22. DiLauria steps out, surprising Karen.

KAREN

Oh! Car-

DiLauria vigorously BEAR HUGS Karen, preventing her from saying "Carla." The Doorman rushes up to them.

DILAURIA

So good to see you, sis.
(to the Doorman)
She's my sister. I'm in 508.
(slips him \$10)
Would you park her car for me,
please?

DOORMAN

(surprised and grateful)
Hell yeah.

DILAURIA

We'll be in the lounge.

The Doorman leaves. As DiLauria hooks sister's arm and leads her into the Lounge...

KAREN

Girl, you almost broke my back.

THE LOUNGE

Dark and mangy. DiLauria and Karen are at a table, each sipping a Tom Collins. Karen looks about disapprovingly.

KAREN

Why are you staying in this dump?

DILAURIA

This guy I'm interviewing... It's a long story. So what's up with you?

Karen is excited and shows off her engagement ring.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Whoa, he didn't! When?

KAREN

Day before yesterday.

The two SQUEAL like teenagers and HUG each other.

DILAURIA

Details, I'm gonna need details. But right now I gotta run. What are you doing later?

KAREN

I dunno... Nothing.

DILAURIA

What say I get you a spare key and we meet here tonight. We'll go out for dinner.

KAREN

Cool!

EXT. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - DAY

A panorama from the State House to the financial district.

EXT. U.S. TRUST BANK BUILDING - DAY (ARCHIVE)

A small building tucked away in Scollay Square.

INT. U.S. TRUST BANK BUILDING - CIA COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

A 24-hour wall clock reads 15:45; a tape recorder is running. DiLauria is on the phone.

DILAURIA

Raul told me Vilma's coming here to finish her Master's degree. So why bother if he's planning to throw in with the Russians?

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

She could go to Moscow to study, or
anywhere in Europe.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham is on the Red phone.

LATHAM

Except we know they're implementing
socialized medicine, which puts him
right back in the Soviet camp.

CROSSCUT DILAURIA WITH LATHAM

DiLauria sighs, exasperated.

DILAURIA

Then I don't know.

LATHAM

There's got to be something we've
missed, something that shows him
leaning either pro-East or pro-West.

DILAURIA

What? As far as I can tell, Raul's
mostly pro-Cuba.

LATHAM

(equally exasperated)
Has he said anything to you about-
(stops himself)
What did you just say?

DILAURIA

I said, to me he just seems pro-
Cuba.

LATHAM

Pro-Cuba... That's it!

DILAURIA

What?

LATHAM

(anxious)
I'll explain later. I've gotta get
a signal to Havana; call off Bazzo.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

The 24-hour wall clock reads 16:15. Latham explains his
theory to Kensington and Berard.

LATHAM

The Russians have been withholding much needed financial support until they're sure the revolution will succeed. But Raul's worried Che's relationship with Russia will make Cuba a Soviet colony. So he gets an idea: Ask CIA to kill Che, with a promise to turn Cuba pro-West. But Raul's real goal is for Cuba to remain independent and play the superpowers off against each other for aid and weapons.

BERARD

So, Barry goes in to kill Che-

LATHAM

Only to find that Cuban Intelligence has already beaten him to it. They arrest mandarin One for murder and tell the entire world that they've thwarted a coup attempt by Cuban exiles.

BERARD

Backed of course by CIA.

LATHAM

And all without any help from the Soviets, mind you, whom Raul then sends packing. An example for the rest of Latin America.

KENSINGTON

(chagrined)

Well, a stitch in time and all.

Latham glares at him. The Red phone RINGS; Berard answers it.

BERARD

3-5-0-1... Yes, he's right here.

(hands Latham the phone)

The Ops Room.

LATHAM

Latham... I'm coming right down.

(worried, he hangs up)

Havana station couldn't reach Bazzo.

BERARD

Oh, God.

LATHAM

And Moore, the station Number Two, has gone missing.

Kensington has a look of abject terror.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Latham hurries in. Everyone is in a controlled panic.

LATHAM
Essentials, Jared.

STOKES
Havana station got a call at 1500 hours from a tobacconist - they use his place as a drop. The Station Chief was at Gitmo, so Moore followed protocol and told the station Admin he was going to see the tobacconist. According to her, he's usually back in ten minutes, but no one's seen him since.

LATHAM
What about Bazzo?

STOKES
(sighs)
An embassy staffer went to his hotel just after four o'clock. He'd already checked out.

LATHAM
Damn it!

PERCY
He probably decided to abort the job, lay low and wait for the flight back tomorrow.

Latham considers this, nodding hopefully. The Gray phone RINGS; Stokes answers it.

STOKES
0-9-3-9... Yes, he's right here.
(hands Latham the phone)
It's SMOTH.

LATHAM
Yes, Larry.

INT. BRITISH EMBASSY - MI6 OFFICE - DAY

Jones is on the phone, extremely distressed.

JONES
Warren, abort the Cuban Op.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH JONES

LATHAM

What the hell's going on, Larry?

JONES

I got a signal from our Havana station. Cuban Intelligence arrested a Company man at Marina Hemingway earlier today.

LATHAM

Do they know who it was?

JONES

No, but I know it wasn't Bazzo.

LATHAM

I can't abort; I couldn't reach Bazzo. Look, can you get over here right away? I may need your help.

JONES

On my way.

Latham hangs up the phone and turns to Stokes and Percy.

LATHAM

The DGI arrested one of our field officers in Havana earlier today.

PERCY

Couldn't have been anyone from the station or we'd have heard about it.

LATHAM

MI6 is sure it wasn't mandarin One.

STOKES

He should be ok. If he can't make the plane he'll head for the bolt-hole where Moore's contact with the fishing boat will pick him up.

LATHAM

(suddenly realizes)

There's one other possibility: He'd go ahead and kill Che; complete the mission, believing it's in the best interests of the Company.

PERCY

Oh, God...

LATHAM

Open a direct line with Havana station. Call Berard and Kensington and tell O.N.I.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Relay all information to me as soon as it comes in. And have SMOTH brought to my office as soon as he gets here.

He leaves.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard, Kensington, Latham and Jones discuss the situation.

JONES

The DGI knew something was up. The guy they arrested was wearing the kind of floral-print shirt you only find in those chichi men's shops in Miami.

BERARD

Someone from the Miami Station?

LATHAM

I hope not. But I don't think it's a coincidence that Moore went missing.

KENSINGTON

(worriedly)

What do you think he would have told them?

LATHAM

By now? Everything he knows.

Kensington fidgets.

BERARD

Meaning the entire mission is compromised.

KENSINGTON

Shouldn't we be concentrating on stopping Barry?

LATHAM

If he's aborted the job, he'll be on his way back.

BERARD

And if he's decided to press on?

LATHAM

That's why I asked Larry to join us. If mandarin One is on the move and we can't get to him, MI6 will kill him.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF HAVANA - EXPRESSWAY - DAY

A bus with a sign reading "HAVANA" speeds along.

EAST HAVANA - BEACH - DAY

The Havana Bus pulls to the curb of busy el Malecon Avenue. Bazzo alights, dressed casually and carrying a duffel bag. He climbs over the seawall and rests on the rocks.

BEACH - LATER

Bazzo has changed into military fatigues and a beret; he sports a sidearm. Shouldering his duffel bag, he walks back to el Malecon Avenue and flags down a "Camion" - a truck-bus.

I/E. CAMION - DAY

Bazzo hops in the back, squeezing in with locals who chat non-stop. In the distance he sees where the peninsula juts toward the sea - at its tip, La Cabana Prison.

EXT. EAST HAVANA - STREET - DAY (DUSK)

The Camion comes to a stop. Bazzo jumps out, duffel bag in tow. He walks the narrow street of his reconnaissance photo, past the crafts vendors, and enters a...

BARBERSHOP

An ELDERLY BARBER sits in the lone chair there, fanning himself against the heat and listening to MUSIC on the radio.

BARBER

Buenas noches, sargento. ¿Qué puedo hacer por usted?

Bazzo mimes trimming his sideburns.

BAZZO

Solo un poco fuera de los lados, por favor.

BARBER

Claro, siéntese.

The Barber gives up his seat to Bazzo. As he prepares to trim Bazzo's hair, CANNON FIRE ECHOES. The Barber protests angrily.

BARBER (CONT'D)

No de nuevo. ¿De verdad tienen que hacerlo este toda la noche? ¡Estás asustando a todos lejos de mi empresa!

Bazzo grins as the Barber cuts his hair and rants.

EXT. HARVARD SQUARE - NIGHT

Period stock footage of the Cambridge, Mass. Landmark.

INT. HARVARD UNIVERSITY - ADAMS HOUSE LOUNGE - NIGHT

At a festal gathering, the Cuban Entourage drinks and animatedly converses with literati, academics and politicians.

A CUBAN MAN in a poplin suit enters. He walks up to Raul and whispers in his ear. DiLauria takes discreet notice. Raul glances at her, whispers something to the Cuban Man, and ushers him out.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Ashtrays overflow with snuffed, half-smoked cigarettes; grim CIA Officers flit about. The night crew, DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, is now on duty. Owens has the phone cradled against his ear. Latham and Jones sit behind them.

EXT. SURGIDERO DE BATABANÓ, CUBA - BEACH - NIGHT

TWO U.S. NAVY FROGMEN paddle an inflatable raft toward shore.

EXT. LA CABANA PRISON - NIGHT

The crush of autos and foot traffic on the cobblestone road slows everything to a crawl.

At the Prison entrance people grab hand-held fans from boxes on their way inside.

A truck pulls up. Lee hops out and pulls a sealed box labeled "Ventiladors" from the flatbed. He tries handing it to a La Guarda youth who smugly refuses, pointing towards several open boxes on the ground. Lee sets the box there, hops back inside his truck and drives away.

BAZZO

Walks among the throng, duffel bag slung over his shoulder. He passes the La Cabana Prison's main entrance where La Guarda youths are preoccupied eyeing the young women.

FORT ROAD

Bazzo walks along the seawall that rims La Cabana Prison. He stops across from the Chapel and checks his watch: 9:50. He looks at the chapel.

BAZZO'S P.O.V. - TOP WINDOW OF THE CHAPEL

A LIGHT is suddenly turned on. A uniformed figure flits about, then the light goes out. In another dark window the faint GLOW of a lit cigarette PULSES.

BACK TO SCENE

BAZZO tenses - something is wrong. He lights a cigarette and scrutinizes two men standing near the Chapel:

- An apparent DRUNK holding a paper sack leans against a Prison cell door. He HUMS to himself and SWAYS, but his gaze is fixed firmly on the Chapel.

- At the bulkhead, a BLOWZY-LOOKING MAN adjusts the straps on his sandals. A gust of wind lifts his shirt, revealing a PISTOL tucked in the waistband of his pants. The Blowzy-Looking Man quickly pulls his shirt down.

Bazzo sees a DARKENED PASSAGEWAY leading into the Prison. He stamps out his cigarette and heads toward it. As he crosses...

FORT ROAD

A PANEL TRUCK driven by a LA GUARDA TEENAGER slowly passes before him.

BAZZO

Catches sight of the truck's inside rearview mirror and sees a LA GUARDA TEAM huddled in the back, clenching their rifles.

THE PANEL TRUCK

Stops just past the Chapel.

BAZZO

Steps into the Passageway; he swears under his breath. He eases the sniper pistol from his duffel bag. Just then a GUNSHOT CRACKLES in the distance.

LA CABANA PRISON - MAIN ENTRANCE

The sealed box labeled "Ventiladors" violently EXPLODES.

AT THE CHAPEL

The Blowzy-Looking Man LEAPS over the bulkhead. The Drunk DIVES to the ground, dropping his paper sack - a PISTOL spills out.

LA CABANA PRISON - MAIN ENTRANCE

Bloodied visitors, La Guarda and prisoners SCREAM and RUN from the Prison, past writhing bodies and detritus.

BAZZO

Watches the La Guarda team SCURRY from the Chapel and the back of the Panel Truck.

With duffel bag in tow, he RUNS out the Passageway and jumps into the passenger side of the Panel Truck.

I/E. PANEL TRUCK

The Teenaged Driver sits there alone, frozen with fear. Bazzo aims his sniper pistol at him - the Boy urinates on himself. Bazzo relents and KICKS the Boy out the truck. He starts the engine and drives back to the entrance road.

EXT. SURGIDERO DE BATABANO - BEACH - NIGHT

The Two Frogmen haphazardly bury their package. Suddenly, a spotlight SHINES on them from the crest of the dunes. A La Guarda team is there, standing beside a jeep, rifles at the ready. Their CAPTAIN lifts a bullhorn to his mouth.

LA GUARDA CAPTAIN
Stay where you are! Hands behind
your head and get on your knees!

One Frogman attempts to flee; he is SHOT dead.

EXT. OUTSIDE HAVANA - THE A1 EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

The Panel Truck races along the virtually empty road.

I/E. PANEL TRUCK - NIGHT

Bazzo checks his rearview mirror: HEADLIGHTS appear. He pulls his sniper pistol onto his lap and checks his mirror again.

BAZZO'S P.O.V. - VEHICLE HEADLIGHTS

FLASH, seemingly erratic at first, then the sequence repeats.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo pulls off the road. He raises his pistol just below the window sill. The vehicle - a jeep - pulls alongside.

DRIVER
(British accent)
Don't go to Chivinco; you'll be
arrested. Get in.

Grabbing his duffel bag, Bazzo leaves the panel truck and hops into the...

JEEP

They drive off. The Driver and Bazzo glance at each other.

BAZZO
I haven't used Morse code since
Korea.

DRIVER

You oughtta consider changing your nickname, Bazzo. I almost forgot how to make a damn 'Z'.

Bazzo smiles as they speed down the road.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Quiet worry has turned into LOUD MURMURING. With the Red phone cradled against one ear, Owens puts a finger to his open ear.

OWENS

There was an explosion at La Cabana prison. Someone fired into a box of fans loaded with C4... Mandarin One got out in the ensuing chaos and is on his way back.

Relief spreads all round. Latham shakes Jones's hand.

LATHAM

Thanks.

JONES

Told you. My man's a helluva shot.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS - HOTEL ROYALE - NIGHT

The hotel's buzzing neon sign blinks erratically.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

DiLauria unlocks the door to Room 508 and steps inside her...

HOTEL ROOM

Karen's coat and purse are on the bed.

DILAURIA

Karen... Karen?

No answer. She sees the bathroom door is ajar.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

What did you do? Fall in?

She pushes the bathroom door open. Karen is splayed in the bathtub - her throat has been cut from ear to ear, and her engagement ring ripped from her hand.

Horrified, DiLauria races to her sister.

EXT. HARVARD SQUARE - NIGHT

More period stock footage of this famous location.

INT. HARVARD UNIVERSITY - ADAMS HOUSE - NIGHT

The Cuban Man walks along the corridor. He stops and knocks on a door with a brass number '6'. Raul answers. The Cuban Man gives him Karen's distinctive engagement ring. Raul nods and goes back inside, shutting the door.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Berard is at his desk as Latham enters.

BERARD
Did Barry make it back yet?

LATHAM
Yes, he's in The Hole.

BERARD
And DiLauria?

LATHAM
She's attending her sister's wake.

Berard sighs; he motions toward a chair. Latham sits.

BERARD
You'll eventually learn what I'm about to tell you, but I wanted you to hear it from me first.

LATHAM
Sir?

BERARD
The CIA officer arrested in Cuba was Philip Case. He works on the Soviet Desk and was sent to Havana by Stewart Kensington, who confessed as much to me last night.

LATHAM
Why the hell did he do that?!

BERARD
He felt you were having second thoughts about the operation.

LATHAM
Feathering his own nest, you mean.

BERARD
There's more to it than that.
(distressed, takes a pill)
(MORE)

BERARD (CONT'D)

He had the blessing of Assistant Under Secretary of State Richard Rudlin, who now believes that the operation was the same one we got the Vice President to approve.

LATHAM

Nixon isn't stupid; he'll know it isn't.

BERARD

Rudlin's convinced him that it is. And what's more, the White House feels the Russians' gesture of detente was just that - an empty gesture. They've commended Rudlin and Kensington for their initiative in the wake of Domestic Operations' failure to assassinate Che.

LATHAM

That prick!

Latham is beside himself. He gets up and moves about.

BERARD

Warren...

LATHAM

If Case had killed Che, we'd have turned Latin America and every other third-world country against us.

BERARD

You and I know that, but Rudlin's convinced the White House otherwise.

LATHAM

Yeah, with Kensington's help. What the hell am I supposed to tell my people? Bazzo almost got himself killed. Carla's sister was murdered!

BERARD

We're instruments of government, Warren - nothing more. When some politico decides to bend the truth, we suffer the consequences.

LATHAM

This isn't about Rudlin, sir.

BERARD

Kensington's a budding politician. If it were up to me, that would be his only career choice.

(MORE)

BERARD (CONT'D)

But he has an angel now, and
there's nothing we can do about it.

LATHAM

For now.

BERARD

(pointedly)

Warren, I told you this because I
felt you had a right to know, and
because I felt I could count on
your discretion. Don't let me down.

Latham nods resignedly; he gets up and leaves.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT (EVENING)

Latham exits, briefcase in hand. He stops and does a slow
burn - Kensington is across the street, waiting for the cars
to pass so he can cross. Latham forces the issue by waiting.

Kensington sees Latham. Resignedly, he crosses the street and
approaches Latham.

KENSINGTON

Keeping banker's hours, Warren?

LATHAM

It's after seven.

KENSINGTON

Really? Those sessions on The Hill
go on forever.

Latham just glares. Kensington looks uncomfortable.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Both mandarins back?

LATHAM

Bazzo's in The Hole; Carla's at her
sister's wake.

KENSINGTON

Yes... Sorry to hear about her
loss. You might want to have her
speak with our psychiatrist.
Wouldn't want any of this to linger
on; it might affect her judgement.

Latham is about to explode. Kensington starts to walk past.

LATHAM

Her sister had just gotten engaged.

Kensington pauses; he looks back.

KENSINGTON

Hmm, that is too bad. Well, even a
Cold War has its casualties.

He continues on his way inside the Directorate Of Plans
building. Latham swears under his breath, then leaves.

END