

Cool Gray Dawn

Season One, Episode #1: "The First Casualty"

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Cool Gray Dawn  
"The First Casualty"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA - LA CABANA PRISON - DAY

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

A sweltering spring 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. COURTROOM

Wearing his signature beret, CHE GUEVARA 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 simultaneously translates into English.

SERAFIN

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

ASSISTANT

'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, alli 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

Blood stains splatter the back wall and the grass.

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

He draws his pistol. He walks up to each prisoner, shoots them in the head, then waves in the next group of Americans.

EXT. HAVANA - MARINA HEMINGWAY - NIGHT

A panorama from the ketches and schooners in the marina 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 wear. 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

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

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

(overlapping 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 egotista que lucharon para liberar a Cuba de fuera de la dominación.

VILMA

'That is the impression we are asking you to correct, Mr. Moreau.

(MORE)

VILMA (CONT'D)

We're 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 aqui!

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. He hooks Raul's arm and pulls him away, towards Che and the Russians. Vilma turns to Moreau.

VILMA

Do you have a moment?

Moreau nods and follows her.

EXT. BALCONY

A carnival atmosphere fills the streets, punctuated by bursts of GUNFIRE. Vilma gazes ruefully at the boats 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

Would you deliver a message to your friends there? Ask them if they would be willing to assassinate Cuba's newest citizen, Che Guevara.

MOREAU

(shocked)

Are these your words, Vilma?

VILMA

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

EXT. CAMBRIDGE, MASS. - HARVARD UNIVERSITY - DAY

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

SPOKESWOMAN

(answering a question)

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

(haughtily)

This is Harvard University. Any number of people here speak Spanish.

NEWSMAN #2

What about the one that's been executing everybody, the one with the beret - what's his name, Che?

SPOKESWOMAN

No, he won't be coming either.

EXT. 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 pistols. The Instructor ogles DiLauria but she ignores him. Firing at targets 500 yards away, Bazzo easily hits them, winning an approving nod from the Instructor.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - DAY (MORNING)

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

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A chain-link fence surrounds several former U.S. Navy medical buildings. On the fence, beside open Gate #1, is a sign with CIA's red, white and blue logo and the street address. Outside the fence are a Guard House and two signs: "GATE 1" and "PEDESTRIANS USE GATE 2." (In 1959, both gates were left open.)

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD, 45, 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 is still at sea. Collette gives up, shaking her head.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Just go in.

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

LATHAM (O.S.)

Collette!

LATHAM'S OFFICE

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

WARREN LATHAM, 43, HEAD OF DOMESTIC OPERATIONS is at his desk, poring over a file. Bazzo enters and sits. Collette follows him in.

COLLETTE

You bellowed?

LATHAM

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

Collette nods and leaves. Latham eyes Bazzo.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

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

BAZZO

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. Collette reenters with Latham's coffee. She looks  
worried - behind her is prissy STEWART KENSINGTON, late 50's.

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 Gray 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 exiles to  
take on Castro's La Guarda without  
arms - even if they can't tell a  
rifle butt from their own.

(sees no one is amused;  
clears his throat)

See that it gets actioned.

He nods perfunctorily to Bazzo and 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 line.

BAZZO

That reporter for Le Monde?

COLLETTE

Uh huh.

BAZZO

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

(speaking Spanish)  
No hay problema para la revolución.

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

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo nods toward the television.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Is that a local feed?

Latham nods, appalled.

COLLETTE

Handsome little devil, isn't he?

Latham 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 Diet Rite Cola while Moreau gets a refill of wine.

MOREAU

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

LATHAM

And that's why he's willing to turn  
Cuba pro-West?



MOREAU  
If you'll do Che, yes.

LATHAM  
(chuckles sardonically)  
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  
(sighs, leans back)  
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 drinks more wine. He 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  
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 (DUSK)

Plush, with an anteroom. DIRECTOR, 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  
(annoyed)  
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  
And meanwhile all of Latin America  
would be watching us meddle 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 my 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

Shouldn't be a problem there.

LATHAM

That's what worries me.

EXT. HAVANA - MARINA HEMINGWAY - NIGHT

INSERT: "MARINA HEMINGWAY, HAVANA"

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

AT SEA, OFF THE COAST OF HAVANA - FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

The Boat glides through slack water. The Cuban Chinese huddle, some chatter. The faint ENGINE ROAR from a CUBAN COAST GUARD GUNBOAT grows LOUDER. The Cuban Captain SHUSHES everyone. A floodlight from the Gunboat shines on them.

GUNBOAT COMMANDER (O.S.)

(through a bullhorn)

¡Itirón a! ¡Repito, itirón a!

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

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY (MORNING)

Collette intently watches television. Latham enters and lays his briefcase beside his desk.

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.  
(hangs up)  
Bill Nealy's on his way over.

LATHAM  
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, 48, enters and sits. Collette closes the door.

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

NEALY  
Yes, Che enforcing Article 215 of Cuba's Penal Code, forbidding anyone from leaving the island. 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, Raul and La Guarda in the mountains; Che and Fidel speaking at colleges, adored by coeds; Fidel and Raul speaking with Russian military types and civilians.

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.

NEALY  
Wish I'd thought of that... Anyway, until recently Raul and Che had been creating an intelligence service with help from the KGB.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

But Raul began objecting to Russia's meddling in Cuba's internal affairs. Before you know it, Fidel had taken Raul's place.

BACK TO SCENE

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

Uh huh. And that may be what's finally put the skids under him.

Latham considers this. The intercom BUZZES; he answers it.

LATHAM

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

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

LATHAM

Good. Tell mandarin Two I'll want to see her as 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 SQUARE PARK

It's a pleasant spring day; people stroll and loll about. Latham walks up to boyish-looking, mid-40's Brit 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 awful cranky. Someone forget  
to change your diaper?

Jones pauses before tossing more peanuts to the squirrels.

JONES

You're allergic to peanuts, right?

Latham eyes him dubiously. Jones offers one to Latham who  
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

The show trials and firing squads.

JONES

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

LATHAM

Is that enough to make him a  
liability?

JONES

Why? You planning a surprise party?

LATHAM

Raul sent us an invitation.

JONES

Really... Just last month Fidel  
called Nixon a fool and a liar. And  
now his brother wants to go to bed  
with you? Smells worse than that  
dog poop 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

You might want to sleep on that.

LATHAM

I can't. I've only got until Sunday.

JONES

Hmm... Let me look into it.

Latham nods appreciatively. The two continue their stroll.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - THE HOLE - DAY

Spare, with two desks, two lockers, combination-lock file cabinets, and wall maps. Bazzo is out. DiLauria is at her desk. Latham leans against Bazzo's desk.

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 Bazzo, but I don't think Raul goes in for rough trade.

DiLauria rolls her eyes.

DILAURIA

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

Windowless. Abuzz with the PURL of telex machines, chatter and ringing phones. Maps of the western hemisphere dotted with RED, GREEN, WHITE and YELLOW STICKPINS fill one wall. DUTY OFFICER JARED STOKES, 30, a light-skinned Black man, opens a folder and briefs Bazzo and DiLauria.

STOKES

Operation Manifesto. Castro arrives in Boston Friday morning at 10:07, Pan Am flight 101. Then it's a limo to Harvard where he'll be staying until Sunday. The Secret Service will be traveling with them, aided locally by the State Police.

DILAURIA

Am I staying on campus, Jared?

STOKES

No, you'll be at the Hotel Royale in Cambridge.

BAZZO

I stayed there once. The toilet's down 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. But Raul asked for a freelancer from New York, Sheila James. That's your queue, Carla.

DILAURIA

Sheila James... Never heard of her.

STOKES

When Castro's people were getting their visas, they overheard a nasty exchange questioning James's patriotism.

(MORE)



STOKES (CONT'D)  
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.

STOKES  
Just 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. He reaches into his suitcoat pocket and pulls out a folded sporting event ticket the Man had slipped in there.

INT. SPORTS ARENA

The Harlem Globetrotters are playing their hapless, perennial foe, the Washington Generals. In the stands, 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, the Globetrotters' MEADOWLARK LEMON steals the ball and scores.

BACK IN THE STANDS

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

Yuri raises an eyebrow as he applauds.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Why are we here, Gvozdev?

YURI

I'm hungry. Come on.

They get up and walk up the aisle.

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

Really... 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 elections?

YURI

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

LATHAM

And each crisis brings us a step closer to nuclear war, Yuri.

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 and they part ways.

EXT. STATE DEPARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Stock footage of the building.

INT. OFFICE

"Under Secretary of State" is stenciled in reverse on the door glass. President Eisenhower's picture adorns a wall.

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

Why? They're not verified; 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

(interrupts, peeved)

I don't care what you thought, Richard. You don't pass anything on to anyone without my approval.

Rudlin broods. He sees Herter check his watch again.

RUDLIN

Something up?

HERTER

I'm expecting Troyanovsky.

RUDLIN

(surprised)

He's coming here? Why?

HERTER

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

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

HERTER (CONT'D)

Oleg!

The two men bear hug warmly.

TROYANOVSKY

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

Troyanovsky and Rudlin shake hands, but it's a formality.

RUDLIN

Mr. Ambassador.

HERTER

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

RUDLIN

Oh, yes. Well, I hope to see you again soon, Mr. Ambassador.

TROYANOVSKY

Perhaps at dinner later.

Rudlin smiles perfunctorily and leaves.

EXT. BOSTON, MASS. - LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

Stock footage of a road sign identifying the airport.

INT. ARRIVALS LOUNGE

The CASTRO ENTOURAGE - a mix of fatigues, business suits and TWO U.S. SECRET SERVICE AGENTS - is 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 while I'm here, I prefer to speak English. Come.

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

EXT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL

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

I/E. LIMOUSINE TWO

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

DILAURIA

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

RAUL  
You mean to hear Fidel.

DILAURIA  
No, you too.

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

SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
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.

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  
You have read Jose Marti?

DILAURIA  
(quotes Marti)  
'Each time they forbid man to  
think, I feel as if my son were  
being killed.'

Raul is impressed.

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

Quiet. Latham and Jones stroll past the plantings.

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

LATHAM  
He must be under some pressure.

JONES

They're spending a third of their GNP on defense; they lost half their wheat crop this winter; and the ruble isn't worth the paper it's printed on. It's expensive being the bulwark against creeping capitalism.

LATHAM

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

JONES

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

LATHAM

Gvozdev? What risk did he take?

JONES

Come on, Warren... The KGB's Washington resident is entrusted with the first breach of the Cold War, and he bypasses your Soviet Desk to meet with you?

Latham's ego is wounded but he also grows concerned.

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 Red Chinese. They boarded her with guns drawn, ostensibly to check her paperwork. But what they were really doing was sending a message to the Kremlin...

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 - retaliation for the gunboat  
massacre off the coast of Havana.

KENSINGTON  
What, a minor incident like that?

BERARD  
People kill for less every day.

KENSINGTON  
Yes, but I doubt they'd go halfway  
around the world just for revenge.

LATHAM  
We would.

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

Berard and Latham are incredulous.

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  
Okay, so we drop our troops there-

LATHAM  
Not troops, food - from the 'Food  
For Peace' program, along with  
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 from editing a paper.

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

Being briefed on his date with Che.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Latham enters. Stokes, DEPUTY DUTY OFFICER TOM PERCY, 35, and Bazzo trace routes on maps spread on a table.

STOKES

A C-130 to Santo Domingo, then a red-eye to Santiago de Cuba. From there you'll take a train to Havana.

LATHAM

Why's he leaving from Santo Domingo?

PERCY

The referees from ICUMSA are there.

LATHAM

Right... Who?

PERCY

Referees - they're scientists from the International Commission for Uniform Methods of Sugar Analysis.

BAZZO

(archly)

They're gonna need 'em, boss. All those PhD's in one place? Bound to be some fists flying.

Latham rolls his eyes; Percy grins.

STOKES

They're flying on to Cuba to discuss sugarcane processing. Paul, you'll have papers identifying you as such. Now, the Havana #2, Bob Moore - you know him?



BAZZO

No, 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.

LATHAM

What type of diversion?

STOKES

They're still working on it. Now, from the time mandarin One arrives in Cuba to when he checks into his hotel, the station will have no contact with him whatsoever.

BAZZO

(to Latham)

To lessen the chance of my discovery.

STOKES

At 16:00 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

22:00 - last execution of the day.

LATHAM

And the weapon?

PERCY

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

LATHAM

And his route out?

STOKES

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

Latham is concerned; Bazzo sees this.

BAZZO

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

Latham nods but he's still troubled. He picks up Stokes's 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.

Dumbfounded, Kensington stops brushing.

KENSINGTON

What?

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

So what? 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

Now look... We've already 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

You have my answer, Warren.

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

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

It's Stewart Kensington. Philip Case, please... Phil, it's Stewart. How'd you like a break from the Soviet Desk, get back in the field?

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY

Stock aerial footage of the famous five-sided building.

INT. OFFICE OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE

On the wall is the seal of the Office of Naval Intelligence. A 24-hour wall clock reads 16:00. Ensign BETH LAURIE 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, Domestic Operations Director, CIA.

She leaves. The two 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, thank you.

CLIFTON  
(presses the intercom)  
Beth, 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  
(impatiently interrupts)  
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-

Latham stops talking as Beth 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 ignores this and 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

Uh huh. When's the last time you  
saw me over at Cockroach Alley?

LATHAM

I've never seen you there.

CLIFTON

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. That prick  
Kensington and his boss, Berard,  
are up on the 3rd floor. The  
Operations 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 08:00 tomorrow.

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

CLIFTON (CONT'D)

Nice of you to drop by, Latham.

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

Exasperated, Latham enters, walking by Collette and Nealy.

COLLETTE

How'd it go?

LATHAM

How'd that idiot Clifton ever get  
to be an Admiral?

COLLETTE

Years of dedicated service?

Grinning wryly, Nealy follows Latham inside...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

NEALY

The Russians are holding up a sugar  
purchase of 345,000 tons from Cuba,  
and they've yet to approve 100  
million dollars 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 the two sit.

LATHAM

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

NEALY

Don't underestimate Khrushchev.  
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, Comandante; that's the world we live in.

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. STATE DINING ROOM

Chamber music accompanies the indistinct, 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, that little prick.

KENSINGTON

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

Rudlin gulps his champagne.

RUDLIN

Idiot. Che's the one converting him to Communism. Little jerk would still be there, 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 the prick!

Some guests briefly stare 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 - huddled in his seat.

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.

I/E. MILITARY TRANSPORT AIRPLANE - NIGHT

An Air Force Hercules C-130 propjet soars above the clouds.  
In the cabin, Bazzo finds the C-Rations surprisingly tasty.

EXT. SANTIAGO DE CUBA - AIRPORT - NIGHT

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

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

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 the pocket of his rumpled sport jacket.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The taxi pulls up. Bazzo alights and enters the station.

INT. TRAIN STATION - BAGGAGE CLAIM

Bazzo walks up to a counter with the sign "Reclamo de Equipaje." He 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

CHINESE and CUBAN-CHINESE MEN AND WOMEN pack wooden boxes with handheld fans. Lee pulls a small package labeled 'C4' from his sack and hands it to a FEMALE WORKER. She attaches blasting caps and 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

Replete with ceiling fan, rattan furniture, the American flag draped around a pole, and a picture of President Eisenhower on the wall. The phone RINGS. BOB MOORE, 30, seated at a desk bearing his nameplate, answers it.

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

Shabby chic before it became a fashion statement - with cigarette-burned bed linen, a bare, 25-watt light bulb dangling from the ceiling, and a coin-operated radio.

Bazzo enters and lays the suitcase on the bed. He opens it and removes La Guarda fatigues and a duffel bag. 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 its environs, notes and a map. Bazzo sits on the bed and 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."

He opens the map and 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 are waiting for him.

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.

(MORE)

BERARD (CONT'D)

We can only act on the information at hand, and right now it supports Che's assassination.

Kensington curls a faint, victor's 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, 16:00.

BERARD

Then that's your deadline.

It's a bitter blow to Latham - and to Kensington.

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, MASS. - 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, drives up to the Hotel's shabby DOORMAN and jumps out of her car.

WOMAN

The keys are inside!

She races past the stupefied Doorman into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

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 \$5)

Would you park her car for me,  
please?

DOORMAN

(surprised and grateful)

Hell yeah.

DILAURIA

We'll be in the lounge.

The Doorman leaves. DiLauria hooks Karen's arm. As they head toward the Lounge...

KAREN

Girl, you almost broke my back.

THE LOUNGE - LATER

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!

Karen nods. They SQUEAL like teenagers and hug each other.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

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

KAREN

I dunno... Nothing.

DILAURIA

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

KAREN

Cool!

EXT. BOSTON, MASS. - SCOLLAY SQUARE - DAY

Stock footage of the International Trust Building.

INT. CIA BOSTON STATION - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

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

DILAURIA

Raul told me Vilma's coming here to finish her Master's degree. So why bother if Fidel's planning to throw in with the Russians? She could go to Moscow to study, or anywhere in Europe for that matter.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is on the Red phone.

LATHAM

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

CROSSCUT DILAURIA WITH LATHAM

DILAURIA

(exasperated)

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

Has he said anything to you about-  
(stops himself)  
Wait - what did you just say?

DILAURIA

I said, to me he seems pro-Cuba.

LATHAM

Damn it... That's it!

DILAURIA

What?

LATHAM

(anxious)

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

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

The 24-hour wall clock reads 16:10. 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 beaten him to it. They arrest mandarin One for murder and tell the entire world 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  
mandarin One.

Kensington looks panic-stricken.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

And Moore, the station #2, has gone  
missing.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Latham hurries in. Everyone is in a controlled panic.

LATHAM

Essentials, Jared.

STOKES

Havana station got a call at 15:00  
from a tobacconist; they use his  
place as a drop. The Station Chief  
was at Gitmo, so Moore followed  
protocol and told the Station #3 he  
was going to the tobacconist's  
shop. According to her, he's  
usually back in ten minutes, but no  
one's seen him since.

LATHAM

What about Bazzo?

STOKES

An embassy staffer went to his  
hotel just after four o'clock.  
Bazzo had already checked out.

PERCY

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

The Gray phone RINGS; Stokes answers it.

STOKES

Hello... Yes, he's right here.  
(hands Latham the phone)  
It's SMOTH.

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 Paul.

LATHAM

I can't abort; I couldn't reach him. 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

(skeptical)

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

Well, if he can't make the plane he'll head for the bolthole 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 complete the mission.

(MORE)



LATHAM (CONT'D)  
He'd kill Che, believing it's in  
the Agency's best interests.

PERCY  
Oh, man...

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

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 SMOTH to join us. If mandarin One is on the move and we can't get to him, then MI6 will kill him.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF HAVANA - EXPRESSWAY - DAY (DUSK)

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

EAST HAVANA - NEAR THE BEACH

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

BEACH - LATER (EVENING)

Bazzo has changed into La Guarda 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. He hops in the back, squeezing in with locals who chat non-stop. The Camion leaves.

I/E. CAMION

In the distance Bazzo sees where the peninsula juts toward the sea - at its tip, La Cabana Prison.

EXT. EAST HAVANA - STREET - NIGHT

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 hair from the top of his head.

BAZZO

Sólo un poco de la parte superior, por favor.

BARBER

Claro, siéntese.

The Barber gives up his seat to Bazzo. As he prepares to cut 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!

Bazzo grins while the Barber rants as he cuts Bazzo's hair.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE, MASS. - HARVARD SQUARE - NIGHT

Stock footage of the center of student activity at Harvard.

INT. HARVARD UNIVERSITY - ADAMS HOUSE LOUNGE

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

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 to the Cuban Man, and ushers him out.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM

Ashtrays overflow with half-smoked cigarettes; grim CIA OFFICERS flit about. NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, who's Black, are now on duty. Owens has the Red 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. FORT ROAD - LA CABANA PRISON

The crush of automobile and foot traffic on the cobblestone road slows everyone to a crawl.

PRISON ENTRANCE

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 refuses, pointing to several open boxes on the ground from which people grab hand-held fans. 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 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: 9:45.  
He eyes 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.

PASSAGEWAY

Bazzo steps inside. 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 seawall. The Drunk DIVES  
to the ground, dropping his paper sack - a PISTOL spills out.

AT THE 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 out of the back of the Panel Truck.

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

PANEL TRUCK

The Teenaged Driver is alone, frozen with fear. Bazzo aims the sniper pistol at him - the Boy urinates on himself. Bazzo relents and KICKS the Boy out of the truck. He starts the engine, makes a U-turn and drives off.

EXT. SURGIDERO DE BATABANO - BEACH

Under a full moon, TWO FROGMEN bury a package in the sand. A spotlight suddenly SHINES on them from the crest of the dunes. A La Guarda team is there, rifles at the ready, standing beside a jeep. 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. OUTSKIRTS OF HAVANA - THE A1 EXPRESSWAY

The Panel Truck races along this dark, virtually empty road.

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 again in sequence.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo pulls off the road. He raises his pistol just below the window sill. The vehicle - a jeep - pulls alongside; its driver, MI6's WILLIAM PRESTON, 45, leans over.

PRESTON

(British accent)

Preston, MI6. Don't go to Chivinco;  
you'll be arrested. Get in.

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

JEEP

They drive off. Preston and Bazzo glance at each other.

BAZZO

I haven't used Morse code since Korea.

PRESTON

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

Quiet worry has become a LOUD MURMUR. With the Red phone still cradled against one ear, Owens puts a finger to his open ear.

OWENS

(announces to everyone)

There was an explosion at La Cabana prison. Apparently, 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.

JONES

Told you. My man's one hell of a shot.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE, MASS. - HOTEL ROYALE - NIGHT

The hotel's BUZZING neon sign BLINKS erratically.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

DiLauria unlocks the door to Room 508 and steps inside.

HOTEL ROOM

DiLauria flips on the light. Karen's coat and purse are on the bed.

DILAURIA

Karen... Karen?

No answer. She sees light spill from the bathroom; its door is slightly 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 finger. Horrified, DiLauria races to her sister.

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 shuts 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

At 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 here on the Soviet Desk and was sent to Havana by Stewart Kensington, who confessed as much to me last night.

Latham can barely contain his anger.

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 a bit more to it than that.

(distressed, takes a pill)

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 and tell Rudlin.

BERARD

Rudlin's convinced him that it is. 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 jackass!

Latham is beside himself. He jumps up and meanders about.

BERARD

Warren...

LATHAM

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

BERARD

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

LATHAM

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. 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.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - GATE #1 - NIGHT (EVENING)

Latham exits, briefcase in hand. He stops and does a slow  
burn - Kensington is across the street, waiting for Latham to  
leave. Latham forces the issue by waiting.

E STREET

Resignedly, Kensington crosses and approaches Latham.

KENSINGTON

Keeping banker's hours, Warren?

LATHAM

It's seven-thirty.

KENSINGTON

Oh... Those sessions on The Hill go  
on forever.

Latham stares, quietly seething. Kensington is uncomfortable.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Both mandarins make it back yet?

LATHAM

Bazzo did; 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 and affect her judgement.

Kensington starts to walk past.

LATHAM

Her sister had just gotten engaged.

Kensington pauses and looks back.

KENSINGTON

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

He continues on his way, showing his ID at the Guard House  
and passing through Gate #1. Latham bites his lip and leaves.

END