

THE CROOK FACTORY

screenplay by

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from the novel by Dan Simmons

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NEWSREEL MONTAGE -

the WARNER-PATHE LOGO and FANFARE as the portentous VOICE OF ED HERLIHY narrates a series of catastrophes, recapping World War II thus far:

Ranting HITLER's Wehrmacht overruns Europe, England on the brink, JAPAN'S sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, bombs rain on cities, endless lines of REFUGEES, black leather trench-coated AGENTS of the dread GESTAPO, Brits retreat in North Africa, Nazi U-boats torpedo allied supply convoys in the Atlantic as the Japs rout Americans in the Pacific...

America is losing the war... REVEAL

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

where JOSEF REINHART, 30's, enjoys the news... He glances at his watch by the light of the screen. Gets up and leaves...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Reinhart walking, footsteps echoing. (Because it IS night, everything still looks to be BLACK & WHITE). TITLE OVER:

MEXICO CITY, 1942

Reinhart stops at an inconspicuous door, fishes for his key, looking around before entering...

INT. MEXICO CITY SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

DARK as Reinhart enters, cautiously... speaks in a whisper -

REINHART
Wieland..? Wo ist du?

He moves tentatively, not wishing to use light to alert the wrong people to his presence... when he stubs his FOOT.

Bending down, Reinhart strikes a yellowing match to REVEAL -

WIELAND - dead, eyes wide in shock. Reinhart starts to stand, only to have a piano wire snapped around his neck by -

A HATTED MAN who works quietly, efficiently. Muffled struggles and scuffling FEET before Reinhart subsides beside Wieland...

The killer kneels beside his victims, flicking open a ZIPPO. By its light he deftly frisks their pockets, retrieving...

CONTINUED:

SWASTIKAED documents which he holds up, REVEALING HIS FACE - impassive but stressed. He's just killed two men. Zippo off.

He's quietly on his way out when he's abruptly tackled by a THIRD MAN. A furious scuffle as our killer wrests a .22 from his assailant... and shoots him in the face...

The ZIPPO again, REVEALING an ARYAN-featured man, bleeding profusely. The killer extracts his papers. Name: BECKER.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The killer, now seen full figure in a trench coat, emerges lighting a cigarette and looks to the end of the alley where -

A CAR flashes its headlights. The Zippo flashes in response and the car moves forward, stopping as the killer gets in...

INT. CAR, TRAVELING - NIGHT

The conversation is conducted in sub-titled SPANISH -

DRIVER
Go alright?

LUCAS
Not your department. Hotel Reforma.

DRIVER
No. New orders. The Director
wants you in Washington tomorrow.

He hands something to the killer, JOE LUCAS, (40), which he reads by dim light... before sitting back, thinking...

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

by daylight we realize: we're in color. A PLANE overhead -

INT. DC 3 - DAY

Lucas, tired, needing a shave, surveys the unfinished PENTAGON, under construction on the ground below...

EXT. TARMAC, D.C. AIRPORT - DAY

Lucas, carrying a valise, walking with other PASSENGERS, many if not most in UNIFORM, to where another MAN waits.

CONTINUED:

Nodding, briefly, they fall into step, walking past posters: "*Loose Lips Sink Ships*", "*Keep mum, she's not so dumb!*" etc. Washington in wartime...

INT. AIRPORT MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Lucas, in a wife-beater, shaving and giving himself a sponge bath as TOM DILLON, his counterpart, proffers a clean shirt.

TOM
You know the drill?

LUCAS
He doesn't like sweaty hands...

TOM
He doesn't like sweaty anything.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY

more of wartime Washington as TOM'S CAR disgorges Lucas, who walks past a brass plaque: **FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION**

CLOSE ON TWO HANDS, SHAKING. HOOVER's hand discreetly wipes itself dry on a handkerchief - REVEAL

INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE, FBI HQ, DC - DAY

HOOVER
Special Agent Lucas. Sit.

HOOVER, 47 and bulldog squat, assumes his back-lit, slightly elevated, throne-like chair across the desk from Lucas, now dressed with pin-point neatness with no trace of fatigue.

Hoover holds out an expectant hand Lucas produces the Nazi ID papers, setting them on the desk. Hoover reacts to the dried BLOOD on one of them -

HOOVER (CONT'D)
...trouble?

LUCAS
Becker was there. I didn't expect him.

HOOVER
(dry, displeased)
It's the early bird that gets the worm, special agent... Is he dead?

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
...I think so... But they will send
another team.

Hoover, glances without interest at the Nazi papers...

HOOVER
Nazis aren't the real problem,
Special Agent Lucas. Would you
believe me if I told you this
entire world war is a sideshow?

Hoover is now flipping through LUCAS' FILE...

LUCAS
Sideshow?

HOOVER
It's the Communists, Special Agent
Lucas. Communists are the real enemy.

LUCAS
But now they're on our side, right?

HOOVER
In this office I ask the questions.
Born in West Texas, I see.
Bilingual. Is your given name Jose?

LUCAS
(stiffens)
My birth certificate says-

HOOVER
And you trained at Camp X. Any OSS
boys at Camp X while you were there?

LUCAS
Yes... I met some...

HOOVER
(dripping with scorn)
OSS - Office of Strategic Services.

LUCAS
The OSS seems to enjoy President
Roosevelt's support...

Hoover eyes FDR's photo, half hidden on the wall.

HOOVER
Presidents come and go. But there
can only be one intelligence

CONTINUED:

HOOVER (CONT'D)
service, Special Agent Lucas, and
that service will always be the FBI.

Abruptly, he holds up a glossy PHOTO: A MAN, 40's...

HOOVER (CONT'D)
Ever heard of this man?

Lucas squints at the caption under the picture -

LUCAS
Ernest Hemingway? (frowns) Big game
hunter? Lives in Miami?

HOOVER
Now he's living like a king outside
Havana with his third wife, waited
on hand and foot by an army of
spics; his money goes further there.
Not bad for a Communist sympathizer.

LUCAS
I didn't realize there was money in
big game hunting...

HOOVER
Hemingway's a best-selling novelist
whose books get made into movies.
Care to read his latest?

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS. Lucas examines the volume -

LUCAS
I don't read make-believe books...

HOOVER
(grim)
Then maybe I picked the right man
for this assignment after all.
Hemingway's proposing to set up his
own counter-espionage network in
the Caribbean.

He points to a huge MAP OF CUBA and the CARIBBEAN -

HOOVER (CONT'D)
He wants government help to chase
Nazi submarines on his fishing boat.
More likely an excuse to get hold of
rationed gas to go after marlin. Go
down there and find out what's really
going on with The Crook Factory.

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
Crook Factory?

HOOVER
The name he's given his so-called
operation. You'll submit weekly
reports to the man who can match
this and he'll get them to me.

He holds up the TORN HALF OF A DOLLAR BILL. End of meeting.
After a moment, Lucas rises and takes it -

LUCAS
Thanks.

He starts out; stops. Hoover looks icily up at him -

HOOVER
Yes?

LUCAS
Mr. Director, there's a war on.
Doesn't this seem kind of silly?

Hoover holds up the novel -

HOOVER
Ask not for whom the bell tolls,
Special Agent Lucas. After your
screwup in Mexico City it tolls for
thee. Hemingway is said to have a
kind of crude charm. Don't fall
for it; you may have to kill him.

Lucas' face. PLANE ROAR OVER...

EXT. D.C. AIRPORT - DAY

another DC 3 taking off...

INT. PLANE - DAY

almost empty. Lucas pondering his dumb assignment when a
slender, ruddy-faced ENGLISHMAN (34), slides beside Lucas -

VOICE
Special Agent Lucas? May I join
you? On your way to Cuba? I say
this is jolly. I only go as far as
Miami, myself.

CONTINUED:

Lucas looks around at all the other empty seats as the guy lights the cigarette inserted at the end of a long holder -

LUCAS

I know you...

FLEMING

Good memory. Yes, we were both at Camp X... Fleming, Ian Fleming...

LUCAS

OSS...

FLEMING

Well, actually Commander Fleming, MI6. But we work very closely with your Mr. Phillips of the OSS.

LUCAS

The hairless, humpback, dwarf?

FLEMING

He really isn't, you know. Hairless, I mean. And he says you did very well in Mexico City. Good show.

LUCAS

Commander Fleming, since you know I'm with the FBI-

FLEMING

Yes, yes, turf war, rival intelligence agencies, all that rot. The FBI does a superb job as far as it goes but it's not enough, is it? Does Hoover know you're half Mexican, by the by? (smiles) You see, the OSS does its homework so-

LUCAS

Commander Fleming, will you get to the point?

FLEMING

Of course, Special Agent Lucas. And what precisely is your speciality? Don't tell me. There's 4,000 FBI agents but only a handful have been trained at Camp X to kill on command.

LUCAS

Your point, Commander?

CONTINUED:

FLEMING

Oh yes my point: be careful in Cuba, Special Agent. The FBI may not be adhering to US foreign policy. Might be illegal. (realizes) Oh dear, we're starting our descent. (eyes Lucas) Already.

He starts to rise but looks down: Lucas' hand on his sleeve.

LUCAS

What's he like?

FLEMING

What's who - (he gets it) Ah, Senor Hemingway. (smiles broadly) I'm sure you'll be amused.

He leaves Lucas to consider his cryptic remark... Now the pulsing, pulsating CUBAN MUSIC that will underscore the film, begins, faint at first, then bursting as -

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

as a 700 pound MARLIN leaps out of turquoise water, hooked! YELLS of excitement and encouragement bring us around to -

EXT. PILAR - DAY

HEMINGWAY'S 38 foot, green and black BOAT, in a stern chair of which, ERNEST HEMINGWAY (43), tugs on a large, bent double fishing rod. He's beardless but in the rugged prime of life -

HEMINGWAY

Harness! Harness!! Fuentes -!

FUENTES

(the squint-eyed mate)
Si, Papa!

As the huge fish tugs on his straining, sinewy forearms -

FUENTES and PATCHI (30's), help Hemingway into straps that will keep him from flying off *Pilar*'s taffrail as -

The great fish displays itself in magnificent, heroic bounds out of the rolling sea in its effort to shed the hook -

WINSTON GUEST, known as "Wolfer", (40's), a ruddy-faced, millionaire sportsman with an ever-present drink in hand -

CONTINUED:

WOLFER
Are you in love, Papa?

HEMINGWAY
(chortling)
I'm in love -! Look at him -!

Amid the cries, the giant fish leaps and leaps again! That's when Hemingway sees something out of the corner of his eye...

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
Shit! Knife -!

PATCHI
Knife?

HEMINGWAY
Knife! On the double -! Look!

They follow the direction he jerks his head: A PERISCOPE.

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
Damnation!

Someone hands him a knife and he slashes at the line, freeing the glorious marlin as Hemingway frantically yanks off the harness and races up *Pilar's* flying bridge -

(Along the way, we catch glimpses of several other CREW, all of whom we will come to know by and by...)

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
Full speed -!

As *Pilar* responds with a roar of her engines, Wolfer climbs up alongside Hemingway with binoculars - and his drink...

THEIR POV - a mile or so off, a German U-Boat is *surfacing*.

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
Sonovabitch!

He steers for the sub as her conning tower becomes visible, the number **U-238** on her prow...

SEVERAL ANGLES of *Pilar*, smashing through moderate swells as she tries to close on U-238, shuddering with each wave hit...

Realizing she's been spotted, the U-boat begins to dive -

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
No -! Wolfer, take the wheel!

CONTINUED:

He almost leaps off the flying bridge, down to the deck -

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
Harpoon -! Sinsky! SINSKY!!

SINSKY (30) hands him an ancient harpoon and Hemingway races to *Pilar's* bow and hurls the antique at the vanishing sub -!

INT. U.S. EMBASSY CONFERENCE ROOM, HAVANA - DAY

A HUGE WALL MAP of the Caribbean as a CLOCK TICKS...

AMBASSADOR BRADEN (40's) and his aides, BRIGGS and JOYCE sit silently, trying not to look at the clock, which reads 2:25.

AMBASSADOR BRADEN
I can't understand it, Ernest is
always so punctual...

REVEAL Lucas, smoking off to one side of the paneled room, idly crafting paper planes from embassy stationary...

More silence. Abruptly, the door is banged open by Hemingway, still dressed in chino shorts and a stained blue work shirt. Bigger than life with his energy, he dominates every room...

HEMINGWAY
Ambassador Braden, I am so sorry..!

AMBASSADOR BRADEN
Not at all, Ernest. I believe you
know my aides, Briggs and Joyce-

HEMINGWAY
We saw one! U-238, big as life -!

BRIGGS
A German submarine? You actually-

HEMINGWAY
I'm telling you, fishermen are tripping over them! And Havana's crawling with German agents. The Crook Factory can keep tabs ashore but if we'd had a radio at sea today it would've been different story! (urgent) If we could convert the *Pilar* to a Q-boat..!

JOYCE
Q-boat?

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY

An armed vessel disguised as something harmless, like, uh, "marine research", something that would enable us to get close to an unsuspecting sub so I could lob a grenade down her conning tower... my pitching arm's pretty-

A PAPER PLANE mockingly sails past Hemingway, who stops mid-speech to clock the man in the shadows he hadn't seen.

LUCAS

Sorry...

AMBASSADOR BRADEN

Ernest this is Joe Lucas who comes to us from, the uh, State Department...

Braden is a self-conscious liar... Hemingway steps over to inspect Lucas, who rises laconically and returns his look.

HEMINGWAY

State Department?

AMBASSADOR BRADEN

Joe here will be your liaison to the Embassy. We felt an extra hand might help you to-

HEMINGWAY

Ever been to Cuba, Mr..?

LUCAS

Lucas. No.

HEMINGWAY

Speak any Spanish?

LUCAS

... uh, *poquito*...

HEMINGWAY

Do you know boats?

LUCAS

... a little.

HEMINGWAY

Guns?

LUCAS

... in theory.

CONTINUED:

The two men stare at one another... Then -

HEMINGWAY

Ambassador, I don't know this man.
I don't understand his purpose or
his qualifications and I'd prefer-

AMBASSADOR BRADEN

Ernest I'm afraid you've no choice.
We are prepared to finance the
conversion of the *Pilar* into a...

JOYCE

Q-boat...

AMBASSADOR BRADEN

A Q-boat, yes, but the quid pro quo
is Mr. Lucas' presence as requested
by the, uh, State Department. You
will be asked to divulge all Crook
Factory data to him.

Pause. Hemingway walks back to Lucas, who hasn't moved.

HEMINGWAY

Let me see your hands.

Cigarette dangling, Lucas holds out his hands. Hemingway
stares into Lucas' eyes but surprisingly, feels his hands...

CLOSE THEIR HANDS... Then, back to -

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)

You've done work with these hands.

LUCAS

Oh, yes...

And don't we know it.

INT. LINCOLN, TRAVELING, HAVANA - DAY

Hemingway drives Lucas away from the AMBOS MUNDOS HOTEL...

LUCAS

Thanks for letting me stay at your
place...

HEMINGWAY

(mild)

Let's cut the crap. Braden wants
you to keep an eye on me;

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
 now I can keep an eye on you. By
 the way, the old doorman in front
 of the hotel?

Lucas can see the MAN saluting them in the right hand mirror -

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
 He's part of the Factory: Agent 3.

LUCAS
 Agent 3... Swell.

EXT. HAVANA STREET, FLORIDITA BAR - DAY

as the Lincoln passes a group of SCRAWNY STREET URCHINS, who
 chase after it, hands extended for coins. EXCEPT ONE, 11, but
 appears younger, who studies the car as it passes...

INT. FLORIDITA BAR - DAY

Hemingway and Lucas served drinks by a WAITER...

LUCAS
 I don't really drink...

HEMINGWAY
 I don't smoke. They're called
 Mojitos. Mud in your eye...

They drink. Hemingway looks at Lucas, inquiringly -

LUCAS
 Tastes like yak piss.

HEMINGWAY
 You'd know. By the way, the waiter
 is Agent 16.

Lucas eyes the waiter, now across the room. Great.
 Hemingway clocks Lucas' contempt.

INT. LINCOLN, TRAVELING - DAY

along the malecon, Havana's picturesque seawall, where people
 come to meet, gossip, fight and make love...

HEMINGWAY
 I've got over twenty in all.
 Waiters, whores, house dicks.

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
Fishermen, barbers, jai-lai
players, beauticians and one
millionaire...

LUCAS
Dandy. (reacts) What is that?

A GINORMOUS VESSEL moored in the outer harbor -

HEMINGWAY
Crook Factory knows all about her.
Southern Cross, biggest private
yacht in the world, used to belong
to Howard Hughes, currently
chartered by Theodore Shell, a Dutch
businessman.

LUCAS
Anyone could've found that out.
What else?

HEMINGWAY
Shell's been here three weeks with
an attractive blond. Americans come
to Cuba to behave badly...

LUCAS
That include you?

HEMINGWAY
(controlling himself)
I was generalizing.

LUCAS
Besides, you said Shell was Dutch.

HEMINGWAY
He claims he's using the yacht for
archeological research...

LUCAS
That anything like "marine
research"?

HEMINGWAY
If it is, we'll find out.

LUCAS
Sure as shootin'.

Lucas clocks the right hand mirror again: they're being
followed by a WHITE BUICK... then back at -

CONTINUED:

Hemingway, who drives, furious - and oblivious to the Buick.

EXT. MALECON - DAY

as the two cars wipe past, the SAME URCHIN we saw before, now covered with sweat from running to keep up, stops at the Malecon, frowning, heaving, watching the cars disappear...

INT. LINCOLN, TRAVELING - DAY

HEMINGWAY

I can't put you up in our guest-house; we're using that for Crook Factory stuff. But there's an old dairy across the road and Marty'll fix it up for you.

LUCAS

What number agent is Marty?

HEMINGWAY

... Marty's my wife.

CLOSE ON THE STUFFED HEAD OF A WATER BUFFALO -

PATCHI'S VOICE OVER

You should have seen it, doctor -!

PAN DOWN TO REVEAL

INT. DINING ROOM, FINCA - NIGHT

MARTHA GELHORN, (29), Hemingway's wife, a Lauren Bacall prototype, at one end of a formal dinner table, glaring at -

Hemingway, at the other end, also beneath STUFFED ANIMAL HEADS, the previously glimpsed Pilar's crew between them...

Hemingway does indeed live well in Cuba.

WOLFER

Must've been seven hundred pounds!

Hemingway glaring at Lucas as DR. SOTOLONGO (with pince nez):

DR. SOTOLONGO

I believe my brother was referring to the submarine. Ernesto, as your physician, I must warn you that chasing enemy vessels could be inju-

CONTINUED:

SINSKY
Papa tried to harpoon it!

Lucas, next to DON ANDRES, (in a PRIEST's collar), stares at Martha, who can't abide this rum bunch, even in formal attire.

DON ANDRES
With a .50 caliber machine gun we
would've blown off her conning
tower, yes, Papa?

... as RAMON, the Hemingways' COOK exchanges their dinner plates, Martha tries to civilize the conversation -

MARTHA
Thank you, Ramon. Winston, have
you read Ernest's latest?

WOLFER
Well, actually, not yet.

WOLFER (CONT'D)
I've been reading something called
The Life of Christ...

Patchi, the jai-alai player, sleek as a greyhound, laughs -

PATCHI	WOLFER
He never puts that book down!	(defensive)
	I want to see how it ends...

Martha rolls her eyes as a CAT leaps onto Lucas's lap -

HEMINGWAY
Friendless, shoo! Just push her
off, Lucas...

Lucas notices: there are CATS wandering all over...

MARTHA
What about you, Mr....

LUCAS
Lucas. Guess I'll wait for the movie.

DR. SOTOLONGO
They always ruin the movie...

LUCAS
'Least with a movie, you don't have
to think...

Hemingway's eyes are still fastened on Lucas -

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY

Are you a Dickens fan, Lucas? Or
is Fitzgerald more your line?

LUCAS

I don't read make believe books...

MARTHA

Make believe..?

HEMINGWAY

Fiction. He doesn't read fiction.

Awkward silence. A self-conscious gloom descends...

PATCHI

I hope the war will be over soon.

MARTHA

If the war is over soon, America
will lose.

HEMINGWAY

If it continues my sons will die in
it. What is your view of war, Lucas?

LUCAS

Unlike you, sir, I've never fought
in a war so I'm not entitled to say.

MARTHA

You've come to the right place, Mr.
Lucas.

HEMINGWAY

What's your point, Marty?

MARTHA

My point? My point is you're
playacting at war, all of you.
(she rises) I'm leaving tomorrow on
assignment for Life magazine to
cover the real war. Ernest will you
drive me to town in the morning?

All eyes on Hemingway. He's surprised - and humiliated.

HEMINGWAY

In the mornings, I write.

MARTHA

Of course you do. Anyone else?

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
...I'm free.

Hemingway's look. She surveys the room. Walks out. Hemingway glares down the table at Lucas -

HEMINGWAY
You think this is all a game.

Across the well-appointed room, Lucas doesn't answer, but -

INT. VIGIA "GRADE A" - NIGHT

Smoking at a small desk, hunched over papers and a kerosene lantern, Lucas writes in longhand in the converted dairy...

LUCAS'S VOICE OVER
No, I think YOU think it's a game.

REVEAL - beside Lucas on the desk: a .357 Magnum. No game. Finished, tired, he surveys his small, sparse quarters: there's a fireplace, a Spartan cot (with an extra shoved sideways against a wall)... the amenities are outside...

Abruptly, Lucas' eye caught by a small LIGHT OUTSIDE... he's on the move at once...

EXT. FINCA - NIGHT

as Hemingway quietly steals behind the wheel of his Lincoln - to confront Lucas climbing into the passenger seat opposite.

LUCAS
We going somewhere?

Hemingway's annoyance, then he starts the car -

HEMINGWAY
You walked into a propeller.

INT. LINCOLN, TRAVELING - NIGHT

HEMINGWAY
Agent 22 sent word: the radio operator of that big yacht got his throat cut in a brothel in town.
If we're going to learn anything we better get there before *Caballo Loco*.

LUCAS
Cab-

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY

Crazy Horse. Lt. Maldonado's Cuban Police. They're all on the take but Maldonado's a sadist, as well. I don't want him cutting up any of Leopoldina's girls.

LUCAS

Leopoldina's the Madam?

HEMINGWAY

Agent 10. (eyes Lucas) Question?

LUCAS

Yeah, I've got a question. What is this "Papa" shit?

HEMINGWAY

... People just call me that.

LUCAS

And you let them. (silence) Well don't expect me to call you Papa.

HEMINGWAY

Lucas, I don't expect a thing from you.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

As they slowly creak past the first floor, MUSIC and DANCERS glimpsed through the open, grilled gate...

HEMINGWAY

Five piece dance band...

2nd floor goes by... Naked, sweating GIRLS working...

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)

Opium processing...

3rd floor - a CHINESE RESTAURANT, noisy chaos... No explanation needed...

The elevator stops at the 4th floor and they step into -

INT. LEOPOLDINA'S BROTHEL - NIGHT

GIRLS standing around, half-naked; also confused JOHNS and LEOPOLDINA, 50's, quite stout; relieved to see Hemingway -

CONTINUED:

LEOPOLDINA

Aiye, Papa. You come quick. (in Spanish) Girls, you go home now, everybody go quick, before police.

The girls scatter as she leads Hemingway and Lucas down the hall, past rooms of the trade, until she reaches -

INT. MARIA'S ROOM, LEOPOLDINA'S BROTHEL - NIGHT

Hemingway and Lucas survey the BODY on the bed. The throat has been expertly slit, ear to ear; BLOOD is everywhere.

LEOPOLDINA

He says he wants nice girl so I give him, Maria, she is new...

New and currently curled in a sobbing ball around the base of the toilet in the small adjacent bathroom...

Confronted with a corpse, Lucas' FBI training kicks in. He examines the body as Hemingway gently helps the girl up. Puffy-eyed, but still gorgeous and looks to be about 21.

HEMINGWAY

...what happened? Maria..?

MARIA

My English... is not so...

LUCAS

(subtitled)

*In Spanish then. Try to remember.
This his suitcase? Anything gone?*

Hemingway's surprise at Lucas' fluency. But Lucas is now examining the SUITCASE, opening it... more subtitles...

MARIA

*He first... wants only to talk.
Suddenly, two men come. They are
yelling. I am frightened so I lock
myself in the (gestures) water
closet ...and then I hear a scream.*

She's sobbing again. Indifferent to her distress, Lucas studies a US Passport from the suitcase: **MARTIN KOHLER** -

LUCAS

Doesn't look like theft. (Spanish)
Were they yelling in English?

CONTINUED:

MARIA
No. I understand small *Ingles*...

HEMINGWAY
Dutch? Was it Dutch?

MARIA
Uh...

Lucas startles her, slitting open the back panel of the suitcase with his knife, extracting a LUGER PISTOL...

And a slender NOTEBOOK filled with handwritten SYMBOLS... He reacts, reverting to English -

LUCAS
How about German?

Maria's face brightens. Lucas turns to Hemingway -

LUCAS (CONT'D)
She one of yours?

HEMINGWAY
No...

Suddenly a COMMOTION down the hall...

INT. LEOPOLDINA'S BROTHEL - NIGHT

as the elevator doors clang open, admitting MALDONADO, a 6'6" COP with a GOLD TOOTH and a wicked gleam in his eye plus two more uniformed COPS. Maldonado grabs the nearest JOHN by the throat, lifting him off the ground, choking him to death as -

INT. LEOPOLDINA'S BROTHEL, BACK STAIRS - NIGHT

Hemingway, Lucas and Maria clatter down four flights, Lucas carrying Kohler's suitcase...

INT. LEOPOLDINA'S BROTHEL - NIGHT

Maldonado kicking open door after door to empty rooms until he bashes one completely off its hinges, REVEALING... MARTIN KOHLER's corpse in Maria's blood-filled room.

INT. LINCOLN, TRAVELING - NIGHT

Maria in back as Lucas examines the passport by ZIPPO LIGHT.

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
Forged...

MARIA
Senor, you please stop the car. I will go back to my village..?

HEMINGWAY
That is not safe. You stay with us, while Caballo Loco hunts for you. (re the book) What's that?

Lucas now examining the book, flicking open the Zippo, REVEALING pages of hand-written letters, numbers and //es...

LUCAS
We'll talk about it later.

HEMINGWAY
What is your problem?

LUCAS
My problem is I don't trust whores.

MARIA
Maldonado is cerdo - pig. Like my brother. In my village, my brother, he rapes me. But my father, does not believe me ...so I run away...

LUCAS
She's pretty chatty for a whore whose trick just bought the farm.

HEMINGWAY
Well get used to it 'cause you're in charge of her now.

Lucas' reaction: what a clusterfuck.

INT. FINCA GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Crook Factory HQ as Hemingway and Lucas study the book...

LUCAS
Looks like an Abwehr code book.

HEMINGWAY
Abwehr. What's Abwehr?

LUCAS
German Military intelligence.

CONTINUED:

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Pre-Nazi. They go way back.

HEMINGWAY
Abwehr... Can you break the code?

LUCAS
Not without the code key. Most
likely it's a book in the radio
room. Something common like a
Bible.

HEMINGWAY
I've got a Bible...

LUCAS
It has to be the same edition or
the key won't match the pagination.
Plus maybe it's not the Bible. And
chances are it'll be in German...
Gonna be a long night...

INT. VIGIA "GRADE A" - NIGHT

by the kerosene lamp, Lucas lies on his cot, struggling over
the bewildering symbols of the code book as Maria paces...

MARIA
...is ...frio...

She tugs the second cot beside his, climbing onto its
creaking frame beside him... It may be *frio* but she is HOT -

MARIA (CONT'D)
Senor...

LUCAS
Lucas, uh huh...

MARIA
Si... I am...

He fires off in bored, subtitled Spanish as she nears him -

LUCAS
*Don't tell me: you're alone, you're
frightened. You like me...*

MARIA
(brightens; snuggling up)
Si... I- you me teach Ingles?

CONTINUED:

Lucas removes her arm where it has entwined round his neck...

LUCAS
Forget it.

He blows out the light, bringing us to -

INT. LINCOLN, TRAVELING - DAY

leaving the Finca behind with Hemingway framed by the car's rear window as he watches his wife driven away by Lucas.

Martha, in war correspondent's gear, studies him -

MARTHA
You two had a late night.

LUCAS
(ignores this)
...Airport?

MARTHA
(lighting up)
Harbor.

EXT. HAVANA HARBOR - DAY

The now familiar URCHIN watches the Lincoln come to a stop.

INT. LINCOLN, STOPPED - DAY

MARTHA
Mr. Lucas, or whatever your real name is, at dinner last night you refused to express an opinion about war because you'd never fought in one. But that didn't stop you from expressing an opinion about fiction, even though you've never read any. *For Whom The Bell Tolls* just won the Pulitzer Prize.

LUCAS
I don't know what that is.

MARTHA
... Take care of my husband.

i.e. he's worth it. She gets out, grabs her bags from the back and heads confidently towards a boat...

CONTINUED:

After watching her go, Lucas shifts his attention to the huge yacht, almost a small ocean liner. He frowns, squinting at something and grabs BINOCULARS...

BINOC POV: TARPS cover stuff astern... Shifting his POV REVEALS: an ursine, HEAD-SHAVEN MAN and a gorgeous, equally NAKED BLOND, diving gracefully off the accommodation ladder for a morning skinny dip in the harbor...

Above them, UNIFORMED OFFICERS keep straight faces while a CHRIS CRAFT circles the two swimmers protectively...

As Lucas watches... so does the familiar street Urchin...

Only his focus is on the WHITE BUICK parked uphill and behind Lucas: A MAN stands beside it, binoculars trained on Lucas.

INT. LOBBY, AMBOS MUNDOS HOTEL - SAME DAY

Lucas approaches the desk...

LUCAS
Any mail? Lucas..?

CONCIERGE
Just a minute, Sr. Lucas... let
me... ah, just this newspaper.

He hands over the folded Cuban newspaper...

LUCAS
Thanks...

Lucas crosses the lobby, opens the paper: a STREET MAP within.

A "BLIND" MAN with a cane clocks Lucas as he leaves...

EXT. HAVANA SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Lucas approaching, MAP in hand. The Lincoln parked behind in a rundown, dangerous-looking neighborhood -

CLOSE: THE 2 MATCHING HALVES OF HOOVER'S DOLLAR BILL - REVEAL

INT. HAVANA SAFE HOUSE - DAY

PAN UP TO Lucas' FBI contact, DELGADO, (39), skinny, dressed in a soiled white linen suit over a wife beater, topped by a straw, short-brimmed Cuban fedora. He looks both dangerous and indifferent, holding out an expectant hand into which Lucas sets his report. Delgado drops the fluttering pages...

CONTINUED:

DELGADO

Uh uh. (mock Hispanic accent)
Diretor, he say, me, "Delgado, jou
only show me type report..."

He gestures - there's a small, boxed Royal typewriter on a table. And he drops the accent -

DELGADO (CONT'D)

What's with "Papa"'s boat?

LUCAS

Read the report. What can you tell
me about *The Southern Cross*?

Delgado inserts a toothpick...

DELGADO

Heard about the radio operator huh?
Did that psycho cop find the whore
yet? He'll fuck her til she's half
dead before he cuts off her nose.

LUCAS

Who's Theodore Shell and the blond
who goes skinny dipping with him?

DELGADO

Sonny, you're supposed to be spying
ON Hemingway, not FOR him.

LUCAS

I need to make myself useful to him.

Delgado wearily shoves over a THICK FILE labeled **TOP SECRET**.

Lucas reacts: there's a photo of BALDY on the inside cover -

DELGADO

I knew we'd get to Schlegel.

LUCAS

Schlegel?

DELGADO

Theodore Schlegel, code name
"Salama", Abwehr agent from Berlin,
here to set up shop. But she's the
cutie: Inga Arvad.

Her PHOTO - with Hitler. The gorgeous skinny dipper alright:

CONTINUED:

DELGADO (CONT'D)
Former Miss Denmark, age 16, shared a box with Hitler at the Berlin Olympics in '36. Recently living in New York where she's been carrying on with this guy in DC. Know him?

A somewhat blurry photo of a scrawny young NAVAL ENSIGN -

DELGADO (CONT'D)
Ensign John Fitzgerald Kennedy; his father was US Ambassador to Great Britain and the kid, with access to Naval intelligence, mind you, is having a torrid affair with a Nazi cow spy posing as an archeologist. Hoover tipped off old man Kennedy and the kid is now on a PT boat somewhere in the South Pacific.

LUCAS
Why not arrest the woman?

DELGADO
"Ours not to reason why..."

LUCAS
Can I take this with-

DELGADO
Uh uh. It has to go back to Washington tonight.

As Lucas hurriedly scans the file, Delgado looks around.

DELGADO (CONT'D)
Never knew why they call them safe houses. Never seemed safe to me... What's "Papa" like?

Lucas, reading intently, mumbles -

LUCAS
A blowhard. Incidentally, I'm being followed. White Buick..?

DELGADO
Yeah, we know: the hairless dwarf from OSS. Military intelligence... (snorts) A contradiction in terms.

Lucas looks up from the file -

CONTINUED:

LUCAS

But why? Why does the FBI and the fucking OSS give a rat's ass about Hemingway and his penny ante operation?

DELGADO

Stick to your assignment, Sherlock.
(stands, smirking) Typed next time.

LUCAS

Hang on. I need something else: and don't tell me you don't have them.

EXT. HAVANA STREETS - DAY

Lucas, making sure he's not followed, carries the typewriter briskly back to where he left the Lincoln, now surrounded by kids on the point of stripping it, when he sees -

The WHITE BUICK parked across the street, the DRIVER leaning against the fender: they've been waiting for him. Sighing, Lucas crosses to the car. The driver holds open the rear door and Lucas climbs in -

INT. BUICK - DAY

Sitting in back is a (relatively) HAIRLESS, SHORT MAN WITH (slightly) HUNCHED SHOULDERS - but he has a warm smile...

WALLACE BETA PHILLIPS

Mr. Lucas? Wallace Phillips, OSS.
Can you spare a few moments? We'll make sure your friend's car isn't touched.

LUCAS

He's not my friend.

As the driver, now behind the Buick's wheel, pulls away...

WALLACE BETA PHILLIPS

"Papa", then, let's say...

LUCAS

Seems like as long as I'm with "Papa", I'll never be lonely...
This about the FBI doing illegal stuff in Cuba? Your friend Fleming already made that speech...

CONTINUED:

WALLACE BETA PHILLIPS
Much worse I'm afraid. This involves
the security of the United States it-

LUCAS
I'm sick of this bullshit. People
are *dying* in this goddamn war. If
you have evidence, let's have it.

WALLACE BETA PHILLIPS
We were sort of counting on you to supply the evidence, Special Agent-

LUCAS
Stop the goddamn car. Now.

The car stops at a signal from Phillips, who smiles -

WALLACE BETA PHILLIPS
Should you wish to reconsider,
Special Agent Lucas, we'll be in
room 314 at the Nacional.

LUCAS
Don't hold your breath.

He slams out -

EXT. HAVANA STREET - DAY

The unsmiling URCHIN watches as Lucas, still hefting the typewriter, stalks back, gets in the Lincoln and peels off...

INT. FINCA GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Crook Factory HQ abuzz with activity as Lucas enters. Agents we've met, the old DOORMAN, the Floridita WAITER, Don Andres, the casual priest, also the "Blind" Man, as well as some we haven't, in and out with info as Wolfer takes notes.

Hemingway, Fuentes, Sinsky and Pilar's crew hover over a big table with a large MAP of Havana Harbor, a BRICK marking the location of the yacht -

LUCAS
I went to church.

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY

We think we're onto something.
According to Agent 22, Shell is
giving a big party tonight...

LUCAS

Which is 22? - seems like he's the
only one who knows what he's doing.

WOLFER

Party's gonna be black tie...

LUCAS

I guess Shell's not losing sleep
over his murdered radio operator...

HEMINGWAY

As I was saying: I'll get myself
invited...

LUCAS

(sarcasm leaking...)

How will that work, exactly?

HEMINGWAY

(grins)

I'm famous...

LUCAS

How could I forget. So then what?

HEMINGWAY

During the party, I sneak into the
radio shack and swipe the book...

Lucas flops into a chair. His action causes the rest to stop.

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)

What's wrong with that?

Lucas lights up, blows smoke. Torn between fatigue and fury -

LUCAS

Where do I start? For one thing,
you don't know where the radio room
is. For another, you don't know
which book is the code key; for a
third, you can't steal the book
because once they find it's gone
they'll just change the code.
Apart from that, it's brilliant.

Hemingway's awkward pause; then he tries to regroup -

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY

I could write down the names of all
the books and the editions of each.

LUCAS

Maybe in *fiction* no one will bother
you while you sit and copy them.
But this is real life. They'll have
to be *memorized*. And fast. Can you
do that?

HEMINGWAY

...no. (realizes) But you can.

They're looking at him. Lucas' turn to hesitate, then, dry -

LUCAS

They taught me at the State Department.

A FISHERMAN comes in, panting from a long bike ride...

FISHERMAN

...she's got a crew of 30 plus five
officers and the engine gang..!

HEMINGWAY

Only one problem: we still don't
know where the radio room is.

Lucas rolls out the BLUEPRINTS Delgado gave him of the yacht.

LUCAS

Wrong.

Hemingway's face. Who IS this guy?

INT. VIGIA "GRADE A" - DAY

Lucas hurrying in, stops short: Maria is shakily pointing a .22
in his general direction. She looks even more beautiful...
They now speak a mixture of English and subtitled Spanish.

MARIA

Ayi, Sr. Lucas..!

LUCAS

Maria... Put the gun down. Gently.

After a moment's pause, she does. He moves slowly; takes it.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

I guess we forgot about you.

CONTINUED:

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Where did you get this thing?

MARIA
 Papa give me in case *Caballo Loco* -

LUCAS
 Great. Look, I'm in a hurry...

Lucas is pulling off his shirt, changing... She proffers a copy of *For Whom The Bell Tolls*.

MARIA
 And Papa give this book he write.
 He say, girl have my name, Maria...
 but I... no can read...

LUCAS
 Uh huh...

MARIA
Jose... is still... frio here...

LUCAS
Frio? Cold? Here's what you do.

Furious, he rips the book in two. As she gasps, he takes the second half and shoves it in the fireplace -

LUCAS (CONT'D)
 You scrunch up all this shit and
 you make yourself a fire, okay?

The ZIPPO lights the fire and he starts out...

MARIA
But... where you going?

Wild YELLS OVER -

EXT. HAVANA HARBOR - NIGHT

as a flotilla of 5 FISHING BOATS roar out, carrying a load of DRUNKS, hollering, drinking and whooping it up. WHIP PAN TO:

The *Southern Cross*, ablaze with light, a floating city, SCORES OF BLACK-TIED GUESTS, a cocktail PIANO tinkling...

INT. *SOUTHERN CROSS*, LOUNGE - NIGHT

"TEDDY SHELL", in white tux, being charming to a GLAMOROUS CROWD, raising his glass, etc. as he becomes aware of YELLS!

EXT. BOAT DECK, SOUTHERN CROSS

OFFICERS react to the approaching drunken FISHERMEN armada. AN EXPLOSION! The officers yell warnings to -

The CHRIS CRAFT, which tries to interpose itself... but she's like a terrier confronting too many berserk sheep...

CLOSER ON THE LEAD FISHING BOAT - REVEAL HEMINGWAY, WOLFER...

IN ADJACENT BOATS, more Crook Factory "drunks", (Sinsky, Fuentes, et al), swigging from bottles and breaking out -

FIREWORKS, ROMAN CANDLES, SMOKE and CHERRY BOMBS - all manner of July 4th mayhem, which they fire, throw and shoot in the direction of the gigantic yacht... explosions everywhere...

ABOARD THE CHRIS CRAFT - a GOON fires a machine gun burst-!

BULLETS whizz past Hemingway, who doesn't flinch, even though others duck. He's exhilarated - just like with the marlin.

ON THE SOUTHERN CROSS - the PIANO ceases as fancy GUESTS come on deck to watch frantic OFFICERS shouting at the Chris Craft "No shooting!!" "Cease Fire!" The last thing they want as -

Shell-Schlegel races on deck, screaming in a Teutonic accent-

SCHLEGEGL

Swine! Vot do you think you are
doing!? I will call the Coast
Guard!! Get their names!!!

ON THE LEAD FISHING BOAT - Hemingway grins, keeps going...

HEMINGWAY

Vaya con dios!

And hurls another cherry bomb, yes, indeed, quite a pitching arm! He's mimicked by others as -

OFFICERS on the yacht run in circles trying to wave off the "fishermen" as Roman Candles, etc. explode, lighting up the sky from all sides like an artillery barrage...

HEMINGWAY fires a smoke rocket... that lands on the tarps astern of the yacht... SMOKE billowing and VOICES crying in sudden alarm - FIRE!!

Shell-Schlegel furious, fists pounding the railing...

Hemingway and friends laughing to beat the band, Wolfer enjoying another drink... and now for the grand finale...

CONTINUED:

The Keystone Cops - or rather: THE HAVANA FIREBOATS roaring out, SIRENS shrieking, LIGHTS flashing, MEN IN FIREMEN'S GEAR on deck with GRAPPLING HOOKS!

SCHLEGEL
No, NO...! Stay away...!

AN OFFICER
Mr. Shell, it's the fire brigade.
They have priority in port!

Schlegel looks at him wild-eyed as SMOKE billows aft... A FIREFIGHTER in hat and slicker races up the accommodation ladder and yells in subtitled Spanish...

FIREFIGHTER
Gangway!

And runs aft, trailed by more FIREMEN as Schlegel watches in helpless fury while the Chris Craft chases futilely after circling, taunting fishermen of the Crook Factory...

Oaths in English and Spanish are traded across the water as fireworks continue to pop and explode... Hemingway, laughing like hell, swigs another drink as -

INT. SOUTHERN CROSS, BELOW DECK - NIGHT

One FIREMAN, (Lucas) making his way with an AXE down a long corridor towards the bow... He knows just what he's looking for and yanks open the door marked, **RADIO ROOM** -

INT. *SOUTHERN CROSS*, RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

as VOICES outside yell in confusion, Lucas scans the shelves above the communications gear: all tech manuals in English.

LUCAS
Shit.

He switches on the KLAXON, adding to the chaos before leaving. *Ureahhh-Ureahh-Ureahhh!!!*

INT. *SOUTHERN CROSS*, BELOW DECK - NIGHT

Lucas another deck down, counting cabins as he does, 1, 2, 3, 4... when he collides with a BLOND IN A GLAMOROUS EVENING GOWN as smoke belches out of the air intake ducts...

INGA ARVAD. As Lucas pushes past, in a German accent -

CONTINUED:

WOMAN
What are you doing here?

LUCAS
Perdon, señorita! Fuego!

INT. *SOUTHERN CROSS*, MARTIN KOHLER'S CABIN - NIGHT

as Lucas bursts in and rummages on the lone bookshelf: *DREI KAMERADEN, GEOPOLITIK, DEUTSCHE LITERATUR ANTHOLOGIE...*

VOICES get nearer, FEET pounding as Lucas memorizes aloud -

LUCAS
Drei Kameraden by Remarque, Voss,
1938, Haushafer's *Geopolitik*,
Heidelberg Press, 1926, *Mein Kampf-*

That's all. Lucas tears out, passing a SHIP'S OFFICER -

OFFICER
Hey -!

And dashes up stairways past other GUESTS and CREW, yanking off his fireman's hat, slicker, boots...

EXT. *SOUTHERN CROSS*, BOAT DECK - NIGHT

explosions and fireworks still going off as Lucas emerges, now only swim trunks. Unnoticed in the commotion, he DIVES FOUR STORIES INTO THE SEA! As he hits -

INT. HAVANA SAFE HOUSE - DAY

dressed as before, Delgado looks up from Lucas' typed report. Next to him on the beat up desk, are piles of US DOLLARS...

DELGADO
This is shit.

LUCAS
But it's typed shit.

DELGADO
Now you're pulling bag jobs on a
legally US-registered yacht?

As he speaks, Delgado is stuffing wads of DOLLARS into a large BRIEFCASE...

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
I have to gain his trust...

DELGADO
First it was make yourself "useful"
...now it's "gain his trust". You
turn this in, you'll lose Hoover's.
Re-write it.

LUCAS
Re-write it how?

DELGADO
Take out the whore for starters.
Where is she, anyway?

LUCAS
(eyeing the money)
Who knows? Maldonado's turning over
every stone but it's dumb, she didn't
kill Kohler. What else?

DELGADO
Take out you had anything to do with
finding the code-book. Make it like
it was all the Crook Factory so
Hoover's hands stay clean. What?

LUCAS
Nothing. Just never occurred to me
he'd ever stumble onto anything.
What's all the money for?

Delgado strokes his thin mustache. His soiled linen jacket
deliberately pulls open to REVEAL a PISTOL in its holster...

DELGADO
Curiosity killed the cat, Joe.

He rises and leaves, taking the BRIEFCASE with him.

Lucas clocks this. After a moment, he decides to follow...

EXT. HAVANA STREETS - DAY

MUSIC! Havana, heart of Cuba, a riot of color and intoxicating
rhythm as Lucas keeps his distance amid the jangling chaos.
Delgado is good at shaking tails, but Lucas is good, too...

SEVERAL CUTS as Delgado weaves his way through Havana,
through the Cathedral Square, the Capitol (a copy of ours)..
In the Parque Central, Delgado sits on a bench beside...

CONTINUED:

MALDONADO, still in uniform! The cop opens the briefcase, briefly examining its contents...

Lucas blinks as the cop riffles a wad of US DOLLARS before replacing them and walking off with the briefcase, never looking at Delgado. Lucas confused: which one to follow?

Delgado rises and Lucas waits before following him...

MORE STREETS, TRAFFIC and pulsing MUSIC, leading to...

EXT. CIGAR FACTORY - DAY

Delgado enters... then... Lucas...

INT. CIGAR FACTORY - DAY

a long, human-wooden assembly line with WOMEN at different stations, all fashioning CIGARS at different stages as -

A READER at a lectern reads Hemingway's *A FAREWELL TO ARMS* aloud (in Spanish) to the busy workers...

Delgado vanishes at the far end of the long room as Lucas enters, goes after him -

INT. CIGAR FACTORY OFFICES - DAY

in time to see Delgado open a door, inside which is the ARYAN Lucas shot in the face in Mexico City. He is disfigured by the bullet wound as he snaps up an open palm to Delgado -

SCARRED MAN
Heil Hitler.

As Lucas clocks this once-handsome, face, the door is CLOSED. HOLD ON Lucas, mind racing...

LUCAS
Sonovabitch.

CLOSE ON ROOM SIGN - **314** - WIDEN TO REVEAL

INT. HOTEL NACIONAL, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ROOM 314 - DAY

Lucas knocking. Phillips' Driver opens the door -

LUCAS
Where is he?

INT. ROOM 314 - DAY, LATER

as Phillips, short, yes, balding, yes and hunched, yes, but charming nonetheless, hands Lucas a drink, which he declines -

WALLACE BETA PHILLIPS
What was it you wished to see us
about, Mr. Lucas?

Us. Now Lucas clocks Fleming as he turns from the bar -

LUCAS
You were right.

FLEMING
Well you must admit I tried to warn-

WALLACE BETA PHILLIPS
Nice job on the yacht by the way.
How're you doing with Kohler's code-
book?

Lucas' surprise - as he looks from one to the other...

FLEMING
May we see it?

LUCAS
Try again.

WALLACE BETA PHILLIPS
(friendly smile)
You came here for a reason, didn't
you, my boy?

Lucas' hesitation. True... He sighs.

LUCAS
We're waiting for copies of the
code-keys to get here, but even
then... I'm not great with codes.

WALLACE BETA PHILLIPS
Perhaps the OSS can be of help.
Provided we're kept out of it.

LUCAS
(eyes narrowing)
In exchange for...?

WALLACE BETA PHILLIPS
A share of what you decipher. Come,
that's fair, surely.

CONTINUED:

WALLACE BETA PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
 But the offer isn't open-ended.
 This lovely suite costs money and
 we too must live within our means.

Lucas in over his head. Bites a fingernail... Then -

LUCAS
 Alright. At my discretion.

WALLACE BETA PHILLIPS
 The OSS will trust to your...
 generosity. (abruptly all business)
 Forget *Drei Kameraden* and
 concentrate on the *Geopolitik*.

LUCAS
Geopolitik...

WALLACE BETA PHILLIPS
 The page code for Day 1 is April
 20: (smiles) Hitler's birthday.
 How's the Q-boat coming along?

EXT. *PILAR*, CASABLANCA BOATWORKS - DAY

amid CARPENTERS and CABINETMAKERS, Wolfer and Fuentes get a guided tour by the BUILDER in a series of SHORT CUTS -

BUILDER
 ...engines overhauled for greater speed... you've got your auxiliary fuel tanks for longer patrols, plus here's hidden closets to hold -

He snaps and clicks a lethal collection of ordinance...

BUILDER (CONT'D)
 Your Thompson submachine guns, BARS, three bazookas, two antitank guns, small magnetic mines, dynamite charges, blasting caps and of course your hand grenades...

FUENTES
 Papa will be pleased.

BUILDER
 And if you'll follow me...

INT. *PILAR*, HEAD - DAY

BUILDER

Navy installed all this hi-tech communications gear: ship-to-ship, ship-to-shore... 'course now there's no room to piss. You can even intercept sub transmissions if you know how to use this shit... Oh, and don't forget the Q-boat touch.

EXT. *PILAR*, AMIDSHIPS - DAY

The man grins as he displays two LARGE SIGNS meant to be draped over the port and starboard gunwales amidships:

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, MARINE RESEARCH

WOLFER

(grins)

What're we waiting for?

INT. VIGIA "GRADE A"

waiting for Lucas, sweating in the small, hot place, trying without success, to make sense of Kohler's code-book...

LUCAS

Fuck.

A KNOCK and Hemingway enters with a PACKAGE -

LUCAS (CONT'D)

You got it?

HEMINGWAY

Special delivery from New York in the Embassy pouch, via Agent 22.

He stands aside to REVEAL... the URCHIN, nut brown and skinny, grinning with crooked teeth.

Lucas is floored. In Spanish:

LUCAS

You're Agent 22?

SANTIAGO

Si. Papa call me 22.

Lucas tears open the package to find: Whew - !

CONTINUED:

The GERMAN BOOKS, all in the correct editions and years...

LUCAS
22 - what's your real name?

SANTIAGO
Santiago!

LUCAS
Good work Santiago. Tomorrow,
maybe you can help me?

The kid looks at Hemingway, who nods, ruffles the kid's hair -

SANTIAGO
Si, señor Lucas. Adios, Papa.

He chases out. Lucas regards the GEOPOLITIK volume -

LUCAS
This should make the job a hell of
a lot easier. (looks around)
Where's the whore?

HEMINGWAY
(smiles)
Dinner's at seven. We've got
special guests so we're dressing.
Don't be late.

He leaves Lucas confused. Lucas picks up GEOPOLITIK.

LUCAS
Talk to me, honey.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON THE DECRYPTION PROCESS - SEVERAL DISSOLVES -

INT. VIGIA "GRADE A" - LATER

Lucas, using the grid and the *Geopolitik* volume as code key, copies out Kohler's messages, the letters running together.

Lucas' wide-eyed reaction as he realizes what he's copying. He looks at his watch: almost 7. Damn. He grabs his penciled papers, folds them, pulling off his shirt to get cleaned up.

EXT. FINCA - NIGHT

Lucas, now in jacket and tie, hurrying past the huge pool, the lush grounds...

INT. FINCA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

as Lucas enters and sees Hemingway, also neatened up -

LUCAS
Alright, I've managed to-

HEMINGWAY
Joe, let me introduce our guests,
Theodore Shell of Marathon Steel
and Miss Inga Arvad, (pointed) who
like, you, works for the Museum of
Natural History. Joe Lucas...

Lucas is stunned. Appalled. Does she recognize him?
Hemingway, ignorant of their previous encounter, is amused...
But that's nothing compared to Lucas' reaction when drinks
are served by Maria, dressed as a domestic! He stays cool -

LUCAS
How do you do?

Schlegel practically clicks his patent leather heels -

SCHLEGEL
Herr Lucas... a pleasure.

Maria, trembling, steps forward with a drink on a tray.

HEMINGWAY
I was just telling Herr-

SCHLEGEL
Please. Teddy...

HEMINGWAY
Teddy, yes, how sorry I was not to
have made it to his soiree the
other night. (to Schlegel) I
gather there was some trouble?

SCHLEGEL
(laughs)
Some rowdy fishermen... drunk...

The icily beautiful woman stares at Lucas -

INGA
... have we met before, Mr. Lucas?

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
At the Natural History Museum in
the city, perhaps?

She says nothing, can't place it -

SCHLEGEL
Dr. Arvad is an archeologist...

To his disgust, one of the CATS rubs up against Schlegel...

INGA
What department are you in, Mr.-

LUCAS
Professor, actually. Marine
research on Gulf Stream migration.
I'm here to assist Mr. Hemingway-

HEMINGWAY
Papa, please - as long as we're all
being informal, Joe...

INGA
Marine research - were you hired by
Dr. Cullen? He's head of the
department, isn't he?

Dead silence. Lucas smiles -

LUCAS
I think your memory plays you false.
Dr. Cullen died three years ago. I
was brought in by Professor Petrie.

INGA
Oh, yes, of course.

Hemingway stunned by Lucas' performance as Maria announces -

MARIA
Ramon say dinner ready...

It's all Lucas can do not to roll his eyes as she exits -

INT. KITCHEN, FINCA - NIGHT

to the kitchen where little Santiago is pinching food off a
gorgeous platter. Furious, Maria bops him on the head as -

INT. DINING ROOM, FINCA - NIGHT

HEMINGWAY

Southern Cross is an enormous ship.
How does she figure into your
research, daughter?

Inga smiles at his form of address as Maria serves...

INGA

Well, Papa, Teddy is kind enough to
put the ship at my disposal. When
she has finished repairs, we will
head for the Peruvian coast. I am
hoping to find traces of Viking
exploration.

LUCAS

Viking?

INGA

Yes. We know the Vikings landed in
North America long before Columbus.
It is my theory they were also in
South America before the Spaniards.

HEMINGWAY

(chuckles)

Your theory's tailor made for Hitler.

SCHLEGEL

I beg your pardon?

HEMINGWAY

Well the Danes are a Nordic people.
I'm sure der Fuhrer would be
tickled pink if you could show
Aryans beat Hispanics to the
Southern Hemisphere.

INGA

My country, Denmark, is currently
occupied by the Nazis...

SCHLEGEL

(catching on)

And I am Dutch. My country endures
the same fate.

Hemingway has more wine, grins disarmingly...

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY

No disrespect intended. But what about your own safety? (their looks) There's not a lot of U-boats this far south, but still-

SCHLEGEL

We are a research vessel. We are safe. (but he can't resist): Though it does look as though Hitler will defeat the Russians.

HEMINGWAY

Oh, I wouldn't be too sure. A year ago, they said he'd defeat England and they're still around. What kind of repairs?

SCHLEGEL

Repairs?

HEMINGWAY

Daughter said the ship had to make-

SCHLEGEL

Ach, nothing serious. A member of our crew, he became... ill...

Maria, taking pantomime instructions from Ramon, pours more wine for Lucas, who drinks - and Lucas doesn't really drink.

HEMINGWAY

Nothing serious, I hope...

SCHLEGEL

Well, I must replace him...

HEMINGWAY

Interesting. I mean the notion that people can be replaced.

Hemingway has finally said something that interests Lucas.

EXT. FINCA DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A LIMO idles as Inga and Schlegel say their good-nights. Hemingway has had a deal to drink... Lucas, too.

SCHLEGEL

A delightful evening.

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY
Absolutely.

INGA
A pleasure to meet you, Mr. Lucas.

LUCAS
Likewise, Miss Arvad...

SCHLEGEL
Oh, one thing... "Papa": if you

SCHLEGEL (CONT'D)
would be discreet regarding our
"mission". We wouldn't wish another
expedition beating us to the-

HEMINGWAY
Of course. *Esto es entre nosotros
y el oceano...*

SCHLEGEL
I'm sorry..?

HEMINGWAY
(grins)
"It's between us and the sea." An
old Cuban expression we all use.

SCHLEGEL
"Between us and the sea"- very
good. Goodbye...

HEMINGWAY
Aufwiederschein.

Schlegel and Inga head for the limo as Lucas & Hemingway wave.

LUCAS
You are such a jerk.

HEMINGWAY
Why? Now we know *Southern Cross*
won't be going anywhere until she
gets another radio operator. And
Shegel didn't correct me in Dutch
when I said goodbye in German!
Some agent...

LUCAS
SCHLegel...

Lucas is stalking back to the dairy, Hemingway alongside...

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY

You were great by the way. How'd you know about Dr. What's His Name at the Natural History Museum?

LUCAS

Because when I learned your boat was going to be carrying those dumb signs, I made several long distance calls that will show up on your phone bill next month. (turns) You want to see Kohler's decoded messages or not?

Hemingway blinks, sobered up.

INT. VIGIA "GRADE A" - NIGHT

Hemingway, with glasses on, reading Lucas' work -

HEMINGWAY

"Commence Operation Raven". Hey, this is in English...

LUCAS

Kohler was American-born - they were lazy. Where's the whore?

HEMINGWAY

Washing dishes with Ramon...

LUCAS

Probably putting the moves on him.

HEMINGWAY

I doubt it. 22's in the kitchen, scarfing down left-overs. This stuff all runs together...

LUCAS

It's basically a simple alphabet-numerical substitution where K equals 0 and X is a dummy. Easy enough when you have the key...

Huh? Hemingway sinks into a chair by the kerosene lantern, increasingly excited by what he's reading...

HEMINGWAY

"June 13 U239 agents alum cor -"

Lucas "translates" -

CONTINUED:

LUCAS

"On June 13, U-239 landed 2 agents
at the Niagara Falls hydroelectric
facility on-"

HEMINGWAY

Christ almighty, they're going for
New York's electrical grid -!

Head pounding, Lucas fires up a cigarette -

LUCAS

Relax, that's month old news.
Krauts're always landing saboteurs
who usually screw up or turn
themselves in...

HEMINGWAY

"3 agents landed Miami, all safe...
2 agents landed safe New Orleans-"

LUCAS

(eyes closed)

I know...

HEMINGWAY

"All safe". Jesus, what about this:
"British convoy of 10 cargo vessels
to sail from New York on-" Fuck,
these guys are sinking-

LUCAS

Roughly 35 ships a week-

HEMINGWAY

And with this stuff they're all
sitting ducks!

LUCAS

I know, but it's already happened.

HEMINGWAY

What're all these numbers at the
bottom?

Two lines of NUMERALS strung together, no spaces....

LUCAS

That's what I don't know.

HEMINGWAY

Lucas, these convoy sailing
schedules are top secret. This

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
stuff has to come from *us*! They
must have someone *inside*...

LUCAS

Her name's Inga Arvad and you just
gave her dinner. Ms Arvad does
pillow talk with US Navy officers,
who have access to classified
intelligence... Which Martin Kohler
then radioed to German U-boats from
the big yacht.

HEMINGWAY

We've got to go to the FBI field
office in Havana and let them-

LUCAS

(head snaps up)
Not the FBI.

HEMINGWAY

But-

LUCAS

Wait a minute, will you? (trying to
think) Did it ever occur to you
that this is all a bit too easy?

HEMINGWAY

Come again?

LUCAS

Those numbers - that's a numerical
code and we don't know how to read
it. But the rest, it sort of
dropped into our laps, didn't it?

HEMINGWAY

(pointed)

You mean like you showing up with
blueprints of the *Southern Cross*?

LUCAS

(realizing)

In a way...

HEMINGWAY

Are you nuts? Look what the Crook
Factory went through the other-

CONTINUED:

LUCAS

Yeah, I know, we jumped through some hoops and if we sit tight and their new radio operator doesn't change the code, we may find out what Operation Raven is that's commencing. (gnaws at him) But why can't we read this number thing? 'Cause we're not supposed to?

Lucas blows smoke, eyes closed again as Hemingway studies him-

HEMINGWAY

You really don't drink, do you?

LUCAS

I try to keep a clear head.

HEMINGWAY

To observe what's going on. From the outside? To see things as they are? To see what's true?

LUCAS

If I can...

HEMINGWAY

You're describing me.

LUCAS

(eyes open)

You?

HEMINGWAY

Except, I like to drink. (smiles) Lucas, you did great work today. I don't know who the hell you are, but whoever sent you picked the right man for the job.

Lucas' conflicted reaction. Hemingway rises -

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)

There's only one thing I don't get. (Lucas' look) What do you care about, Lucas?

LUCAS

I could ask you the same question.

HEMINGWAY

I could answer. Being alive.

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
You're living...

HEMINGWAY
You didn't hear me.

He walks out, leaving Lucas to his complex thoughts...

LATER -

Lucas typing his report, cigarette dangling... Then the OUTSIDE SHOWER goes on. She's back. Lucas tries to concentrate. Can't. Then the water's turned off. Hold on LUCAS as Maria comes in draped in a white towel. Which she drops. He doesn't turn. She waits, naked, behind him...

Her gorgeous offer spurned again, she crawls under the sheet. As Lucas resumes typing, HEAR MOUNTING CROWD ROAR OVER...

INT. JAI LAI COURT, HAVANA - DAY

the fastest game in the world in progress before HUNDREDS of SCREAMING - and BETTING - FANS... DISCOVER -

PATCHI, among the EIGHT TEAMS, rotating on and off the field with blinding dexterity and speed... the ball going 200 mph -

REVEAL SLICED OPEN TENNIS BALLS thrown from the crowd to the BOOKMAKERS - SLIPS OF PAPER with BETS stuffed into the balls.

FANS' HEADS turning back and forth to catch the rapid action.

EXCEPT FOR ONE: Agent 22 has eyes only for...

Smiling Teddy Schlegel, sliding between SPECTATORS - he's carrying AN ATTACHE CASE...

As Santiago watches, Schlegel sits right next to... Maldonado, watching the game in uniform. Santiago looks to -

DON ANDRES, the priest, in the crowd. Does he also see?

Don Andres nods... he's seeing...

Santiago watches as -

Maldonado rises and squeezes past SCREAMING FANS. He's carrying the attache case.

Santiago, just another kid amongst the crowd, also rises and, unseen by the psycho cop, follows...

EXT. HAVANA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

incredibly lush and green as Lucas drives the Lincoln to an abandoned farmhouse and gets out, holding the LATEST MAP.

Sitting on a motorcycle, Delgado is waiting. Lucas gets out of the car, hands him his report...

LUCAS

How come we're here instead of the safe house?

DELGADO

I don't always feel safe in safe houses. Especially with you. What's happening with Papa's boat? Last I heard the taxpayers paid for 40,000 dollars worth of weapons and communications gear. We'd like to get something for our money.

LUCAS

The taxpayers'll have to wait...

Delgado, grinding a toothpick, is scanning Lucas' report -

DELGADO

So Maldonado's getting paid by the Abwehr...

LUCAS

Same day he deposits 20 grand in a local bank account. (casual) I hear the guy takes payoffs from all over.

Delgado, still on the motorcycle, stays poker-faced...

DELGADO

Which agent saw the hand-off? (no reply) Who saw Maldonado make his bank deposit? (nothing) Lucas, why do I get the feeling you're holding out on me?

LUCAS

Naming names is not part of my job.

DELGADO

Your job? Lucas, you don't even know who you're working for any more. Didn't the Director warn you not to fall for Hemingway?

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
Go fuck yourself.

DELGADO
I would if I could but don't change
the subject. Did you crack the
code, Yes or No?

LUCAS
It's all in there. Saboteurs on
Long Island... old news...

Delgado stares at Lucas. Abruptly, he pockets the papers, stands on the kick starter and takes off in an angry ROAR...

Lucas watches him go, then calls out...

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Okay...

From the tall grass, Santiago emerges wheeling a small motorbike, grinning, as always... Lucas frowns...

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Where'd you get that?

SANTIAGO
(cheerfully)
I borrow it. Now I follow senor
Delgado?

LUCAS
No. Stay away from Delgado. You
take this (another set of papers)
to room 314 at the Hotel Nacional.

SANTIAGO
Si, 314-

LUCAS
Wait. (he stops) *Santiago: be
careful...*

SANTIAGO
(laughs)
Siempre-!

LUCAS
*I'm serious. You stay away from
Delgado and from Caballo Loco.
They are dangerous. (looks at him)
Why are you even doing this?*

CONTINUED:

SANTIAGO
(grins at the question)
For Papa!

He's off... leaving Lucas to ponder the boy's devotion.

EXT. HAVANA HARBOR - DAY

The Chris Craft ferrying a MAN to the *Southern Cross*. REVEAL
The "blind man" watching, he totters off to bump into Don Andres, the priest, mumbling "apologies"...

Don Andres in turn hails a CAB, but doesn't get in, merely speaks to the DRIVER. The cab takes off...

SEVERAL STREETS...the cabbie squeals to a stop to speak to a SHOE-SHINE boy... The Factory in action...

CLOSE ON THE NUMERICAL CODE - REVEAL

INT. VIGIA "GRADE A" - DAY

Lucas staring bleary-eyed at the inscrutable number code. On the desk: the typewriter, out of its case...

HEMINGWAY'S VOICE
Any luck..?

LUCAS
Not so far...

HEMINGWAY
I was looking for you...

LUCAS
...I was in church.

HEMINGWAY
Confessing your sins? (no answer)
You go often. You must have a
great many sins to confess. I see
you have a typewriter. Are you a
writer, Lucas?

LUCAS
...Sometimes...

Hemingway sits, studies him - he doesn't miss much.

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY

What do you write about, Lucas? Do you write honestly? Do you write what's true?

LUCAS

Do you?

HEMINGWAY

I try. I write about honor.

LUCAS

I thought we were discussing truth.

HEMINGWAY

It's the same thing.

LUCAS

Is it?

HEMINGWAY

The only thing. (looks around)
The girl took off...

LUCAS

What?

HEMINGWAY

That's why I was trying to find you. Back to her godawful family, probably. Did you upset her?

LUCAS

... I wasn't the one who turned her into a maid.

HEMINGWAY

I thought it might be an improvement.

Sinsky rushes in, breathless...

SINSKY

Message from Agent 16...!

LUCAS

Which one is agent-

SINSKY

Southern Cross got her radio operator!

EXT. COJIMAR - DAY

PILAR leaving the small harbor near the finca... Her CREW throwing off ropes, engines turning over...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. *PILAR* AT SEA - DAY

Hemingway on the flying bridge as Lucas joins him...

LUCAS

How does she handle?

HEMINGWAY

Much heavier, but the engines have more pep. Done much boating?

LUCAS

In the Gulf, with my father...

HEMINGWAY

You stay in touch?

LUCAS

... he died in the flu epidemic...

HEMINGWAY

(sympathetic reaction)

...Go ahead...

Lucas takes the wheel in rising swells as Hemingway watches. On the horizon is the enormous *Southern Cross*...

LUCAS

Stay with her..?

HEMINGWAY

They'd only insist we join them for lunch. Let's look for U-boats. There's a naval outpost up the coast at Cayo Confites. We'll put in there and let the kid have a swim.

He points, smiling. In the bow, little Santiago is practically dancing for joy, salt spray in his upturned face.

LUCAS

He calls you Papa, too.

HEMINGWAY

Don't begrudge him, I'm the only Papa he's got.

CONTINUED:

Santiago gives Lucas a reassuring high sign: (his papers made it to room 314), as Wolfer ascends the flying bridge...

Hemingway nods, descends to help Fuentes, Sinsky and Patchi drape the *Natural History Museum* "research" signs amidships.

LUCAS

Guess I'll check below and see if their new radio operator's sending.

WOLFER

Somehow I knew you'd know how to work all that stuff. Me, I just know how to shoot things. (shrugs amiably) And drink.

WIDE ANGLE - *PILAR* heading into the open sea...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAYO CONFITES - DAY

a small cove, featuring a Cuban "naval" outpost... It's little more than a shack manned by 4 ragged but friendly GUYS IN UNIFORM, laughing, their boredom relieved by visitors.

Scuttling away from the humans, CRABS THE SIZE OF BASKETBALLS.

Hemingway et al spreading out a Fuentes-cooked picnic while chortling Santiago swims out towards one edge of the cove...

INT. *PILAR*, HEAD - DAY

Patchi comes in to use the john only to find Lucas wedged in the sweltering box, wearing HEADPHONES amid all the gear...

PATCHI

O Dios...

LUCAS

Use the beach, okay..?

PATCHI

Si. You don't wanna have lunch?

LUCAS

That's okay...

Patchi smiles with his brilliant white teeth and leaves Lucas to his claustrophobic misery. SOUNDS coming through the tin cans... familiar chatter, signals. Boring. Lucas fiddles with dials, wiping sweat from his forehead and eyes...

CONTINUED:

Falling asleep... when he HEARS a different set of BEEPS! Instantly alert, Lucas fumbles for the GEOPOLITIK volume close to hand, plus a pad and pencil... starts writing, eyes widening at the content...

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Holy shit... "2300 hours..."

Suddenly, YELLS from topside -

VOICES
Tiburon! Tiburon! Santiago!

Lucas knows what that means... Torn, he keeps listening and writing as the frantic cries continue...

LUCAS VOICES
"... one week from today, Tiburon! Santiago -!
Point Roma, Bahia de Cadiz"!

He rips off the headphones and races topside to see -

EXT. CAYO CONFITES - DAY

The guys on shore shouting to Santiago, who is directly in the path of a **HUGE APPROACHING SHARK'S FIN** -

No one has a weapon -

Hemingway alone is thrashing powerfully through the sea to get to the doomed child...

Lucas races for the weapons locker and grabs a BAR, shoving bullets into the chamber and taking aim...

HIS POV - *Pilar* swaying at anchor, plus Hemingway and the boy between his shot and the SHARK make it impossible...

LUCAS
Shit, oh shit...

SEVERAL ANGLES of Hemingway's desperate swim...

And the shark's inexorable approach...

Lucas, struggling to find the shot...

The shark within 50 feet of Santiago...

As Hemingway grabs the kid and starts swimming back, absolutely no hesitation as the monster closes in and...

CONTINUED:

Lucas FIRES!

And hits the shark, which flails in spasm, thrashing in widening swirls of its own blood as Hemingway drags the boy to shore and the rest rush over to where the writer lies on the beach, half dead...

SANTIAGO

Papa...!

As Lucas, splashing ashore, soaked, reaches them...

LUCAS

Is he...?

HEMINGWAY

(eyes still closed...)

Heroism is grace under pressure.

Lucas is completely awed by this kind of guts -

LUCAS

Okay, so you're a hero.

HEMINGWAY

I was talking about you.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - SUNSET

Pilar heading home... Sinsky on sub watch with binocs...

INT. PILAR, HEAD - EVENING

Lucas with headphones, continues to transcribe intercepts as - Hemingway glasses on, crammed in with him, reads... since the shark, something is different between them now...

HEMINGWAY

"...2 couriers to be landed by...

U-238!..." Christ, I KNEW that damn sub was still here. Bahia de Cadiz-

He consults the MAP OF CUBA tacked to the bulkhead -

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)

That's only 28 miles from Cojimar.

(realizing) Hey, how come they didn't change the code?

Lucas tugs off the headphones -

CONTINUED:

LUCAS

If my theory's right, it's so we
can read it. Two couriers, 28
miles, one week. There's more...
convoy sailing timetables...

He holds up more intercepts. Hemingway smiles.

HEMINGWAY

Kipling was right. (Lucas' look)
Kipling called espionage The Great
Game.

LUCAS

The boy okay?

HEMINGWAY

He will be. What do we do with
these? (i.e. the messages)

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)

Tell Ambassador Braden?

After hesitating, Lucas hands the papers to Hemingway -

LUCAS

Crook Factory is your operation.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Pilar approaching like a floating glowworm in calm seas...

EXT. *PILAR*, FLYING BRIDGE - NIGHT

Wolfer steering on the flying bridge, joined by Lucas under a
million brilliant STARS... Wolfer hands off his plate -

WOLFER

Marinated swordfish with pasta and
chorizo; Fuentes is pure *cordon bleu*.

Lucas tastes the dinner - yummm.

LUCAS

Why does Hemingway call you Wolfer?

WOLFER

When his boys were little, they
thought I looked like a wolf...

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
You know him long?

WOLFER
We met in Africa on safari in '34.
I suppose my father was hoping I'd
get myself killed...

LUCAS
You disappointed him.

WOLFER
(smiles)
Always have...

LUCAS
Why'd Hemingway come to Cuba?

WOLFER
To write in peace and quiet, I
imagine. What about you?

LUCAS
... good question...

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

the glowworm that is *Pilar* disappearing into the black...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COJIMAR HARBOR - DAWN

as *Pilar* ties up, Wolfer points with pride to a covered
SPEEDBOAT tied up at another pier -

WOLFER
That's my baby - *Lorraine*, 22 feet
of raw power from the rum-running
days. Named for my wife.

LUCAS
Where is she?

Wolfer pours himself a drink from a thermos, smiles -

WOLFER
God knows... Cheers.

With a joyous shout, Santiago leaps ashore and takes off -

CONTINUED:

SANTIAGO
Muchas gracias, Papa! Manana!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FINCA - DAY

as Hemingway and Lucas in the Lincoln scrunch up the shell-paved driveway to the house, they see Maria, trembling, held by TWO PROVINCIAL COPS, with Ramon -

RAMON
Senor Papa...!

Hemingway gets out of the car, followed by Lucas -

HEMINGWAY
Que passa?

1ST COP
Perdon, senor. We find this girl on the road - she says she knows you.

HEMINGWAY
Of course she does. Dorila, did you run off again? Officers, my thanks. The girl works for me, but she is hardly any use at all-

2ND COP
Senor Hemingway, there is a bulletin out for a girl like this from the Havana police-

HEMINGWAY
Hav- don't be ridiculous. Look at her. This girl has never been to Havana in her life.

She is indeed a tattered mess. Off their hesitation -

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
Dorila, go inside now and get cleaned up... quick-quick -!

He's absently taking her from the overawed cops and gently shoving her up the stairs towards the front door...

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
Officers, please allow me to thank you for your trouble...

He's peeling off pesos and they're saluting. For now.

CONTINUED:

Lucas drifts up the steps to Hemingway, watching the cops as their car backs down the driveway...

LUCAS
They'll be back. With You Know Who.

HEMINGWAY
I need some coffee...

INT. VIGIA "GRADE A" - DAY

Lucas stubbornly attempts to crack the bewildering numerical code. Distant THUNDER. Endless permutations... the NUMBERS swim and dance in his head... Maria tentatively brings him a sandwich. Absorbed, he doesn't touch it.

INT. VIGIA "GRADE A" - NIGHT

Lucas in the cot next to sleeping Maria. His eyes open when he HEARS the door creaking and sees -

Hemingway's silhouette. Whatever it is, no words need be said. Lucas gets up and quietly follows him out...

INT. LINCOLN, TRAVELING - NIGHT

LUCAS
What's going on?

Something bad. A light RAIN... windshield wipers on...

HEMINGWAY
(jaw tight)
I got a call from Agent 6.

EXT. ROADS - NIGHT

SEVERAL ANGLES - The Lincoln on different surfaces, paved, shell-lined... finally, squishy mud...

EXT. DEAD END ROAD - NIGHT

Where the road dead-ends near another of those abandoned, roofless, farmhouse/shacks. Hemingway and Lucas get out, leaving the headlights on...

It doesn't take them long to spot the body...

CONTINUED:

Santiago lies on his back in a ditch - his throat slit from ear to ear, rain dripping down on the little boy...

Hemingway is turned to stone. Lucas squats, forcing himself to examine, then looks up -

LUCAS
You still think it's a Great Game?

Hemingway stares at Lucas, then pushes him aside and tenderly gathers the corpse in his arms...

HEMINGWAY
I will kill Maldonado.

He starts back to the car... Lucas calls after him -

LUCAS
Have you ever killed anybody?
Aside from all those animals -
and this boy?

Hemingway stops, his back to the enraged Lucas -

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Have you? The truth, *Papa*. Isn't
truth what you care so much about?

Hemingway turns, holding the dead child, light rain in the headlights between them...

LUCAS (CONT'D)
He has no family. Help me bury him.

EXT. FIELD NEAR THE MARIEL ELECTRIC PLANT - NIGHT

again in the headlights of the car, using shovels from the open trunk, Hemingway and Lucas finish digging...

Gently, Hemingway takes the body and climbs with it into the grave. He needs Lucas' HAND to pull him out again... They stand together over the pit with the small body...

HEMINGWAY
*Goodnight sweet prince, and flights
of angels sing thee to thy rest...*

LUCAS
...that's not Catholic.

HEMINGWAY
Does it fit?

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
(reluctant)
...yes...

He crosses himself, then joins Hemingway pushing back the muddy earth in the pattering drizzle...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LINCOLN, PARKED - DAY COMING

both muddy, silent wrecks... RAIN drilling on the car roof, hood and blurred windshield. After silence -

HEMINGWAY
You're right: I've never killed anyone. (looks at Lucas) But you have. Who did this? Was it Maldonado? Schlegel? Inga? WHO?

LUCAS
(takes a breath -)
Hold onto your stomach.

EXT. LINCOLN - DAY

as we circle the car. We can FAINTLY HEAR Lucas' voice, telling everything... At the end of the circle -

INT. LINCOLN - DAY

Hemingway sitting behind the wheel, frozen. Finally -

HEMINGWAY
Abwehr and the Gestapo? I didn't even know there were two kraut intelligence agencies...

LUCAS
You don't know much. The Gestapo and the Abwehr are in Cuba fighting for turf - just like the FBI and the OSS - and the Crook Factory's being used as a pawn in something huge, but I can't figure out who's using it. We're supposed to meet those two couriers when they land, that much I get, but without cracking the number code I'd have to assume the Crook Factory is... expendable. (heavily) As we've seen.

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY
Estamos Copados. We're surrounded.

Lucas says nothing. Hemingway looks at him -

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
 So now what, you report all this to-

LUCAS
 Delgado No, that's all finished.
 I've been feeding him bullshit for
 quite a while and he smells a rat
 but maybe I can buy the Crook
 Factory some time with another dose.

They sit. Hemingway's head sinks onto the steering wheel.

INT. VIGIA "GRADE A" - DAY

Maria is startled when Lucas returns - a sight.

MARIA
 Jose... what happen-?

He's barely holding it together... she gets that much...

MARIA (CONT'D)
 Oh, Jose...

Rather than succumb to her consolations, Lucas rummages to where he's hidden the .22. He pulls out the small gun and shakes out the bullets, inserting ONE BULLET in the chamber -

LUCAS
 I left one bullet in there in case
Caballo Loco shows, but don't shoot
 unless you're sure what you're
 aiming at. *Comprende?*

He now loads the .357 magnum and sticks it in his back waistband beneath his jacket; starts out -

MARIA
Jose, where you going?

LUCAS
Church.

EXT. FINCA DRIVEWAY - DAY

Lucas approaches the car, parked outside the living room.

CONTINUED:

He peers inside... Hemingway is within, drinking, slurring...

HEMINGWAY

Lucas! Lucas, have a drink! Be
ALIVE! That's an order, Lucas!
Estamos Copados! We're surrounded!

Ignoring him, Lucas gets into the car and slams the door.

INT. HAVANA CHURCH CONFESSIONAL - DAY

LUCAS

Bless me father, for I have sinned.
(where to start?)...I have lost my
way... my faith does not sustain
me... if it ever did. Help me,
father, for I know not what I do...

Long pause. Lucas is holding the magnum. And trembling.
CLOSE IN ON THE GRILLE...

PRIEST'S VOICE

There is no sin beyond God's power
of redemption, my son. What is it
you have to confess? ...My son..?

REVEAL - the confessional now empty.

INT. HAVANA SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Delgado backwards in a chair, legs splayed, toothpick in place
as he scans Lucas' latest with incredulity...

DELGADO

A picnic lunch? What is this, an
Andy Hardy movie?

LUCAS

Marinated swordfish and chorizo
pasta. You want the recipe?

DELGADO

Maybe that recipe made you sick.
You don't look so hot, Lucas.

LUCAS

You never do.

DELGADO

Aren't you gonna tell me about the
boy? He's dead, isn't he?

CONTINUED:

Behind his back, LUCAS' HAND straying towards the waistband -

LUCAS
What do you know about it?

Now DELGADO'S HAND is disappearing too...

DELGADO
Me? Nothing. But word gets
around. Too bad about the kid.

LUCAS' HAND tightening around the magnum under the jacket...

LUCAS
His name was Santiago...

DELGADO
Whatever. Tell Papa not to use
children in his games next time...

Tense pause. Suddenly Delgado's hand shoots out: a PHOTO: the Aryan minus the ghastly SCAR we glimpsed at the cigar factory.

DELGADO (CONT'D)
Know this guy?

Lucas' hand loosens on the gun -

LUCAS
Captain Johannes Becker of the
Gestapo - we're acquainted.

Delgado grins, points to his cheek where Becker's scar is -

DELGADO
He'd like to renew your
acquaintance.

LUCAS
How would you know?

DELGADO
(whoops)
...I'm negotiating with him.

LUCAS
What about?

DELGADO
Brrr, it's cold in Cuba. Lucas,
you're on very thin ice.

Lucas' face.

EXT. FINCA DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

as Lucas exits the Lincoln. Quiet. He enters the house...

INT. FINCA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

curtains drawn. In the gloom, beneath the staring eyes of dead animal heads, Lucas can barely make out -

Hemingway - his TOE ON THE TRIGGER of a Mannlicher RIFLE, the barrel facing his mouth... When he speaks, he is cold sober:

HEMINGWAY

Hello, Joe. You're just in time.

LUCAS

What're you doing?

HEMINGWAY

The honorable thing.

CLOSE ON THAT TOE - Lucas had better think fast...

LUCAS

What happened to "grace under pressure"?

HEMINGWAY

Always in the mouth, Joe: because the palate's the softest part of the skull...

LUCAS

Lemme get this straight: as far as you're concerned, the boy died for nothing? He gave his life so you could throw yours away like some... *maricon* -?

HEMINGWAY'S TOE comes off the trigger -

HEMINGWAY

What did you call me?

LUCAS

You heard me. You know, I'm starting to think your wife was right about you. There's a war on, but you stay on the si-

HEMINGWAY

I fought in two damn wars-!

CONTINUED:

LUCAS

Right! You took shrapnel in your leg in 1918! You took on the fascists in Spain in '36! I've read your fucking FBI file! I know the truth about you, so why-

HEMINGWAY

The truth about me isn't in my file, you moron, it's in my books!

LUCAS

Lemme tell you where you are in MY books...

HEMINGWAY

Shut up, I'm warning you-

LUCAS

Maricon!

That does it. Hemingway starts with a haymaker and the fight is on. And both know how to fight. They go at it bare-fisted, hammer and tongs, tumbling over furniture as the CATS, who've been placidly watching, now scat, scampering up the curtains as the fight crashes through a window and travels outside -

EXT. FINCA - NIGHT

moonlight. Punches landing, cartilage cracking, BLOOD spurting-

HEMINGWAY

Wait a sec. Hold on...

Lucas waits. Hemingway bends over, vomits...

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)

Okay.

The fight resumes, edging towards the enormous POOL... Both men are counterpunchers. Hemingway splits a knuckle knocking out one of Lucas' teeth.

Lucas connects hard with Hemingway's HEAD, a fearsome *crack*; he SPLASHES backward into the pool!

INT. VIGIA "GRADE A" - NIGHT

Maria sits up in bed, wide-eyed...

EXT. FINCA, POOL - NIGHT

Panting, Lucas watches as Hemingway heaves himself out and lies there, a beached whale. No more suicide attempts tonight.

INT. VIGIA "GRADE A"

Maria listening to STEPS APPROACHING... When Lucas totters in, holding his mouth -

She fires! The .22 *whanging* into splintering wood close to him, as Lucas grabs her, pinning her arms. The bear hug turns into a bloody kiss; the kiss becomes frantic sex...

AFTERWARDS - lying on the cot, the lamp lit, Maria gingerly touches Lucas' battered face, his blackening right eye...

MARIA

Jose... do not tell Papa...? OK?

LUCAS

(broken smile)

"... it is between us and the sea."

MARIA

Que?

LUCAS

Nothing. Sleep now...

She closes her eyes... Lucas has only one good eye but it stays open... Then, a new thought: with a torn, swollen hand, he pulls down the half copy of *FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS*. And starts to read:

CLOSE ON THE WORDS AS THEY FILL THE FRAME, ONE AT A TIME...

"He lay flat on the brown, pine-needled floor of the forest"

CLOSE ON A SAFE COMBINATION DIAL - WIDEN TO REVEAL

INT. FINCA, HEMINGWAY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Hemingway, now dry, wearing glasses (magnifying his almost shut BLACKENED LEFT EYE), squinting at the SAFE DIAL. With red, puffy fingers, clumsily twirls it...

Retrieving from within the decoded INTERCEPTS Lucas transcribed and handed him on *Pilar's* way home. Seated on the floor, he turns on a lamp and pores over them.

INT. HAVANA CHURCH - DAY

pushing towards the CONFESSOR as we HEAR another American

VOICE
Bless me father for I have sinned.

INT. VIGIA "GRADE A" - DAY (MORNING)

as Lucas turns the last page of the first half of Hemingway's novel, realizing: Maria burnt the half he gave her. Damn. Lucas wears a different expression.

Quite simply, he has never encountered anything like what he has just read. He stares at the torn book in his hands as -

Hemingway appears, beaten to a pulp, with the intercepts...

HEMINGWAY
Where's Maria?

Numbly, Lucas looks around, shrugs - he's simply speechless.

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
I've been studying these and I'm
starting to think you're right:
it's got to be the number code.

Lucas is staring at the man he almost killed last night...

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
Are you listening? We've got to
break that code. Isn't there any
more light in here?

Lucas' eyes follow him around the room as he looks. Hemingway can do something Lucas never even dreamed was possible.

LUCAS
Your book... it's-

He's stopped by the SOUNDS OF A CAR, then two doors *slamming*. As they look at each other with blackened left and right eyes, the Vigia door bursts open to REVEAL -

PATCHI
Schlegel is leaving!

HEMINGWAY
On the yacht?

Don Andres, the priest, shakes his head -

CONTINUED:

DON ANDRES
By plane for Rio in three hours.

LUCAS
From there he can get to Berlin.

HEMINGWAY
How did you learn this?

DON ANDRES
In the confessional, from one of
the crew.

Lucas' reaction. Did he confess to Don Andres?! The priest
is looking at them, bewildered...

DON ANDRES (CONT'D)
What happened to you two?

Hemingway and Lucas look at one another - yes, what?

EXT. HAVANA HARBOR - DAY

as the Chris Craft approaches a pier and Schlegel, dressed in
a panama, sun glasses, dark blazer, white slacks and shoes,
debarks with a CREWMAN carrying his expensive suitcase to -

The shiny black LIMO where it is slammed into the trunk.
Schlegel barks commands in German before entering the car -

INT. LINCOLN - DAY

sitting back and opening the newspaper left there for him. He
pays no attention to the DARK-SUITED DRIVER, who pulls away:
Lucas, a chauffeur's peaked CAP pulled over his beat-up face.

EXT. HAVANA STREETS - DAY

as the cleaned up "limo" wends its way...

INT. LINCOLN, TRAVELING - DAY

Lucas looks in the mirror at preoccupied Schlegel, reading -

EXT. DEAD END ROAD - DAY

the Lincoln heading back to the same abandoned farmhouse
where Santiago's body was found. And stopping.

INT. LINCOLN - DAY

Schlegel looks up, around, confused. Where are they? Lucas swivels around with his GUN aimed at Schlegel -

LUCAS
Take off your clothes.

SCHLEGEL
What? What is the meaning of this?

Lucas pulls the hammer back -

LUCAS
Now.

INT. ABANDONED FARM HOUSE - DAY

Schlegel staring at the roofless sky. He's in his underwear, trussed hand and foot...

Lucas, now in shirt-sleeves, kicks him in the ribs. Hard.

LUCAS
Listen carefully. What you say in
the next few minutes will determine
whether you live or die.

Amid the charred farmhouse ruins, Schlegel spies his OPEN
SUITCASE: loads of US CASH, his own Luger, etc.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
You know this place?

SCHLEGEL
This place? (another kick) OW! No!
Why should I?

LUCAS
Your code name?

SCHLEGEL
What are you talking a-

Lucas' knife now slitting off Schlegel's underwear, cutting him so his buttocks bleed in the process. He screams.

SCHLEGEL (CONT'D)
Salama! Code name Salama! Listen
to me! Are you working for the
writer? I can pay you more, much-!

CONTINUED:

REVEAL - Hemingway sitting on barn debris, watching uneasily as Lucas now produces a CAN WITH A LID and a SCREWDRIVER -

LUCAS

This is a screwdriver. This is axle grease. As an Abwehr agent you, know how the Gestapo uses these together.

Schlegel's EYES widen as Lucas spreads duct tape over them.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

What is Operation Raven?

As Hemingway scowls with distaste, Lucas sits calmly, stirring the axle grease for effect...

SCHLEGEL

It's a Gestapo operation - I don't know more! I swear! Please...

Only now we see: it isn't axle grease, it's FRUIT YOGURT, but the gentle *clinking* of the spoon on the tin can is.. yecch...

LUCAS

(eats some yogurt)

Why is Johannes Becker in Havana?

SCHLEGEL

(appalled)

Becker is in Cuba?!

Lucas creaks forward on the floorboards, stirring the yogurt suggestively next to Schlegel's EAR -

LUCAS

Is he here to meet the two Abwehr couriers after they are dropped off by U-238?

SCHLEGEL

Those couriers are coming to meet with the FBI!

Hemingway's astonished, but Lucas gets it. His screwdriver now stroking Schlegel's trembling ass...

Tears are now spilling down beneath the duct tape...

LUCAS

Why are German intelligence agents meeting with the FBI in wartime?

CONTINUED:

SCHLEGEL

Jesus Christ! Are you insane?! How
can I tell you what I don't know?!

LUCAS

Who killed the boy?

SCHLEGEL

Boy? What boy are you talking
about? Please let me see!

LUCAS

Tell me something you DO know. Tell
me or I will use this to examine
your prostate.

Schlegel is now peeing on himself... Lucas eats more yogurt.

SCHLEGEL

There is a Gestapo Todt team on the
island! A two man death squad!

LUCAS

I know what a Todt team is. Names?

SCHLEGEL

I know only their code names...
Panama and Columbia..! (realizing)
Becker must be here to take charge!

LUCAS

Where are they? Where ARE-

SCHLEGEL

I don't know where Columbia is but
Panama... has already penetrated
The Crook Factory!

He can't see their dismay. *Clinking* the spoon on the can...

LUCAS

One last question and if I'm not
happy with your answer, we will
proceed with the examination:

Out of FRAME, Lucas' hand with the screwdriver, moves near
Schlegel's most vulnerable orifice... Schlegel weeping -

LUCAS (CONT'D)

The number code.

CONTINUED:

SCHLEGEL

In my address book, third to last
page, fifth number down: 295-1403
is the key! *Mein Gott in himmel-!*

Lucas squats by the suitcase, locating the address book and
the number at the back. Schlegel lies sniffling...

Lucas thinks, goes back to him, holding the screwdriver,
dipped in yogurt, strokes his rear cheek and whispers...

LUCAS

I don't believe you.

SCHLEGEL

*Backwards!! It has to be backwards!
That's it, I swear on the soul of
my mother!*

Screeching. Lucas squats next to him -

LUCAS

Open your mouth. Open it...

As the broken creature obeys, Lucas spoon-feeds him -

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Have some axle grease.

As Schlegel's taste buds reveal the subterfuge, he screams
again - in fury, this time, yogurt like foam around his lips.
Lucas looks over at Hemingway -

HEMINGWAY

We're a long way from honor.

LUCAS

But much closer to truth.

Hemingway starts out -

HEMINGWAY

How do you live with yourself?

LUCAS

Weren't you asking yourself the
same question lately?

EXT. JOSE MARTI AIRPORT, HAVANA - DAY

as the Lincoln races up, STOPS.

CONTINUED:

Lucas turns back to where the shattered, humiliated Schlegel sits woodenly, his once natty outfit now rumpled -

LUCAS

I've got agents all around the
airport and if they don't report
you boarded the plane...

SCHLEGEL

(flat)

I will be on the plane...

LUCAS

Good. Never come back to Cuba.

Schlegel opens the door to start out -

LUCAS (CONT'D)

One last thing. Before you board,
you will call the *Southern Cross*
and order her to remain in Havana
until further instructions. You
will not speak to Miss Arvad. Don't
forget your suitcase; I left you
all the money. Oh and Schlegel: if
Berlin learns you gave up their
number code, they will kill you.

Silent acquiescence. Lucas watches him go - all the swagger
gone from his walk... now he stumbles like an old man...

INT. LINCOLN, TRAVELING - DAY

Lucas at the wheel, now glugging WHISKEY from a bottle...

CLOSE ON THE NUMBERS: **295-1403** - WIDEN TO REVEAL

INT. VIGIA "GRADE A" - DAY

As Lucas, overwhelmed, blearily copies them backwards and works
to decode the numerals at the bottom of original intercept
...frowning at the result, when Maria bursts in, wild-eyed...

MARIA

Maldonado!

EXT. FINCA - DAY

Hemingway in a stand-off with the huge cop and TWO UNIFORMED
GOONS. Maldonado's manner is smiling, mock-obsequious...

CONTINUED:

MALDONADO

Senor Hemingway, I intend no
disrespect, but I must insist we
search the premises...

HEMINGWAY

You do and I'll have you cited for
committing an act of war...

Lucas strolls over. Maldonado's gold tooth glints. He's
amused by their bruised faces, glass cuts and black eyes...

MALDONADO

An act of war?

HEMINGWAY

I am currently in the employ of the
American government, which makes
this property diplomatically immune-

MALDONADO

(smiling)

You cannot be serious, senor...

HEMINGWAY

Step over this threshold and you'll
find out how serious I am.

Ramon returning with a basket of fresh produce...

MALDONADO

But this is absurd...

HEMINGWAY

You want to provoke a diplomatic
incident, go right ahead...

Maldonado grabs Ramon and slices open his cheek with a KNIFE.

MALDONADO

This man is not a US citizen and I
am not inside your "immune" house.

Hemingway pulls a pistol from the back of his shorts -

HEMINGWAY

Let him go or everyone will die.
You first.

MALDONADO

(still "reasonable")
Senor, if you will give me your
word the girl is not here-

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY
 I'll give you six feet of earth if
 you don't let that man go and get
 the hell off my property...

Long pause. One of the Goons grins, whispers to Maldonado, who smiles, releases the bleeding Ramon -

MALDONADO
 As you wish, senor.

He signals his men and they get in the car...

LUCAS
 So that's how fiction works...

INT. FINCA KITCHEN - DAY

as Hemingway carefully stitches up Ramon's torn cheek...

HEMINGWAY
 I'm sorry about this, Ramon...

RAMON
 It is *caballo loco*, not you, Papa.

Hemingway looks up from his work to Lucas waiting at the door.

INT. GUEST HOUSE, FINCA - DAY, LATER

Hemingway stares at the translated numerical code:
 NEEDINSTRUCTIONSANDFUNDSCOLUMBIA

HEMINGWAY
 "Need instructions and funds.
 Columbia." That's all?

LUCAS
 That's plenty. Remember, this is
 the one we're not supposed to know.
 And we wouldn't know it except that
 I'm able to live with myself.

HEMINGWAY
 (touche)
 What did he mean, those couriers
 are coming to meet the FBI?

LUCAS
 Very "back channel", obviously -
 the FBI is me, via you.

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY

And this so-called death squad:
Who's their target? Who's
Columbia? Who is Panama?

LUCAS

Good questions. All we know is
Panama's MO: he cuts throats - one
of them a child's - and whoever he
is, he's already infiltrated the
Factory.

HEMINGWAY

But... who? (reluctant) Patchi?
Fuentes? Padre Andres? I fought
with some of these men in Spain.

LUCAS

What about the old doorman at the
Ambos Mundos? One of the fishermen?
Wolfer? Your waiter friend at the
Floridita? Madame what's her name?

HEMINGWAY

(scoffs)

Leopoldina?

LUCAS

Panama's got to be one of them.

HEMINGWAY

I don't believe it.

LUCAS

Your faith in people is touching.

HEMINGWAY

They are my people; it is my faith.
Where's yours?

Lucas can't answer. Agitated, Hemingway paces...

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)

So what do we do?

LUCAS

Are you a fast learner?

INT. VIGIA "GRADE A" - DAY

MARIA

No!

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
Maria, listen to-

MARIA
No! Jose, I cannot...

LUCAS
 You don't get it. He'll be *back* and
 we'll be gone. You've got to come
 with us or you're fucked-

MARIA
 What means "fucked" . . . ? *Jose, I
 cannot swim!*

LUCAS
 You can't- honey, listen to me.
 It'll be okay. I promise.

Lucas puts his arms around her -

MARIA
Jose...

LUCAS
Do you trust me?

MARIA
 (eyes glistening)
I trust you...

They start to make love... Lucas needs all he can get.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Pilar on the move... *Fuentes* in the bow... *Sinsky* in the
 wheelhouse, steering, *Maria* sitting forlornly astern, amid
 EXTRA FUEL DRUMS...

INT. *PILAR*, HEAD - DAY

Hemingway, wearing the tin cans, is copying down intercept
 numbers as *Lucas* has taught him...

INT. *PILAR*, AFT - DAY

Wolfer approaches *Maria*, sitting in the marlin chair, offers
 her a drink. She shakes her head -

CONTINUED:

WOLFER
 Don't worry. You'll see him.

MARIA
 ... where is he?

WOLFER
 (grins)
 With my baby!

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

as Lucas roars through it on the *Lorraine*, which we can now see is a thing of rare beauty, all glossy wood and brass...

EXT. CAYO CONFITES - DAY

Pilar at anchor. On shore, Fuentes is cooking... Maria, cheered up on dry land, chatters in Spanish and laughs, enjoying the local Coast Guard guys. They flirt clumsily, enjoying a gorgeous relief from their boredom.

A ROAR and all turn. Wolfer grins as Lucas and the *Lorraine* jam into the cove...

WOLFER
 Isn't she something?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAYO CONFITES - DAY, LATER

as *Pilar*'s extra fuel is transferred into *Lorraine*'s now empty tanks, supervised by Hemingway...

MARIA
 Jose...

LUCAS	SINSKY
Honey, it's fine. You stay	Where do you go, Papa?
here. We'll be back...	

HEMINGWAY
 Orders from the Navy: coastal inlet survey... Wolfer, you've got *Pilar* on sub patrol to the northeast; we'll rendezvous here tomorrow.

As Maria watches with confusion and alarm, Hemingway is getting into the sleek rum-runner with Lucas -

CONTINUED:

WOLFER
Got it. Watch the woodwork, boys!

Lorraine heads out to sea again with a ROAR of engines, as Maria watches them go, tears stinging her eyes...

EXT. *LORRAINE* - DAY

charging through mild chop with Lucas and Hemingway. They must shout over the roar of *Lorraine's* engines... The prospect of action has raised Hemingway's spirits...

LUCAS
We've got guns, ammo, grenades, camera, bedding, flashlights...!

HEMINGWAY
Fuentes heard a U-boat was sighted off Bimini three days ago! (grins)
Maybe U-238! This is more like it!
See that island..? Cayo Perdido!

He points to a tiny speck, smiling at the memory -

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
Last year we brought a pig with us on a fishing trip! Damn thing squealed so much, we parked it there overnight til we were ready to cook it! (laughs) Next morning the tide was in and the island was underwater - goodbye pig! ...

HOLD ON THE SMALL ISLAND as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - EVENING

as they approach an opening in the coastline and Hemingway consults the MAP...

HEMINGWAY
Bahia Manati, Point Roma...

SEVERAL DISSOLVES as *Lorraine* enters the maze of MANGROVES and shallow channels... Hemingway's the expert here...

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)
Abandoned sugar refinery over that rise, with an old railroad line...

CONTINUED:

Water getting shallower... Lucas eyeing more GIANT CRABS and taking levels with a BOAT HOOK... water less than two feet...

Hemingway steers carefully, the engine put-putting past 30 foot cliffs on one side, sand dunes on the other, more MANGROVE REEFS as they glide into the mysterious place...

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)

This looks choice. Sea's on the other side of this berm. If I were a U-boat, that's where I'd land someone. Before moonrise.

As the prow nudges onto the sand, Hemingway starts tugging out all the gear from *Lorraine's* endless compartments...

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)

These old rum runners hold a lot...

Passing guns, tents, lights to Lucas, who has leapt out and surveys the place - those cliffs... potential trouble spots.

LUCAS

We may need a lot.

HEMINGWAY

But they know we've read the book code. They're expecting us, right?

LUCAS

Were you ever a Boy Scout?

HEMINGWAY

"Be Prepared"?

EXT. POINT ROMA - NIGHT, LATER

we can make out the equivalent of a camouflaged duck blind nestled against the sand berm... lots of SAND FLIES...

HEMINGWAY'S VOICE

2130 hours. We're way early...

LUCAS' VOICE

It's the early bird that gets the worm. (BUZZ! SLAP!) Damn..!

INT. "DUCK BLIND", POINT ROMA - NIGHT

stifling. Hemingway and Lucas crouched in almost pitch black. Hemingway organizes their WEAPONS, brushing off sand, as -

CONTINUED:

Lucas crawls to the top of the berm, using BINOCS to scan the dark horizon. Satisfied, he switches on a flashlight.

LUCAS

Look, we better be able to
recognize each other if we need to.

He ties a RED FLANNEL RAG over the flashlight and hands it to Hemingway; ties another red strip over his own. Hemingway observing Lucas' black eye in the red darkness -

HEMINGWAY

Together we make a racoon.

LUCAS

How's the head?

HEMINGWAY

Hard as a brick, don't worry.

He's unfolding papers and scanning them by red flashlight -

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)

Marty sent me some of her Life
magazine articles. She's good...
But not great. That makes it hard.

For whom? Lucas wonders. Hemingway gives up, switches off the light. Silence, just the distant, POUNDING SURF. Finally -

LUCAS

So... how did you do it?

HEMINGWAY

Do what?

Lucas quotes without mockery; it comes out poetically...

LUCAS

"He lay flat on the brown, pine-needled floor of the forest, his chin on his folded arms, and high overhead the wind blew in the tops of the pine trees..."

Hemingway amazed. And pleased...

HEMINGWAY

You read it...

LUCAS

...Half.

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY

And...?

LUCAS

It was... amazing. But it's a lie.

HEMINGWAY

A lie can tell the greater truth.

LUCAS

Bull.

HEMINGWAY

Okay, listen: you're the outsider, the observer. Like me. You write your reports. But just transcribing shit isn't art. You've got to do it from your gut, inside out. You take what's real and mix it up and make it your own. Then it's your truth. Understand?

LUCAS

I've been an outsider all my life, I understand that part...

Hemingway sighs, chuckles... a mosquito whines...

HEMINGWAY

You choose pieces that stand in for the whole. Like that sub we're waiting for. All you need is to see the periscope and you can imagine the rest, those sweating, frightened bastards down there... Fiction is just another code.

LUCAS

What're you writing now?

HEMINGWAY

I haven't written in a year.

LUCAS

The war...

Pause, then -

HEMINGWAY

No. That's just an excuse...

EXT. BEACHFRONT, POINT ROMA - NIGHT

... as the MOON emerges from behind CLOUDS...

CLOSE ON A WATCH ILLUMINED IN RED LIGHT: 11:00. WIDEN

INT. "DUCK BLIND", POINT ROMA - NIGHT

HEMINGWAY

2300...

He snaps off the light aimed at his watch as Lucas crawls with BINOCS to the top of the berm...

HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)

I'm dying to know why Nazi agents want to meet up with the FBI...

LUCAS' POV - a FLASHING LIGHT offshore... the flashing light faintly illuminates: **U-238!**

LUCAS

Well, here's your chance; typical krauts - they're right on time.

In the dark, the blacker shape of the SUB and, closer to shore, a bouncing RAFT with TWO DARK FIGURES, flashing back.

Hemingway crawls up next to Lucas, in time to see... The raft being pulled ashore by the two dark figures, when -

FOUR SHOTS RING OUT! The two darkened men reel and fall.

HEMINGWAY

Holy-

LUCAS

Split up! Take the beach!

EXT. "DUCK BLIND", POINT ROMA - NIGHT

Hemingway and Lucas scuttle out of the tent and take off in different directions, Lucas crawling inland and up, while Hemingway goes over the berm, crawling down towards the sea.

EXT. POINT ROMA, INLAND - NIGHT

Lucas on top of the cliffs, looking at the abandoned sugar refinery... cocking his weapon and hiding in beach grass...

EXT. POINT ROMA, BEACH - NIGHT

Hemingway rolls down the dune, rising with rifle aimed at -
TWO BODIES next to their raft, just above the surf line...
Hemingway looks out to sea... the SUB is diving...

EXT. POINT ROMA, INLAND - NIGHT

Lucas scuttling in beach grass when he becomes aware -
SOMETHING MOVING toward his right... running inland...
Lucas follows quietly... SEVERAL ANGLES...

EXT. POINT ROMA, BEACH - NIGHT

by moonlight, Hemingway inspects TWO YOUNG MEN in Wehrmacht uniforms... on closer examination, all unit markings have been ripped off, leaving pale patches where they were...

Hemingway looks around cautiously as -

EXT. POINT ROMA, INLAND - NIGHT

Lucas approaches the sugar refinery - all those partially broken glass windows glinting... perfect for a sniper... is a second shooter up there looking for him? Lucas looks up at the moon. He's backlit, a perfect target.

LUCAS

Shit.

He retreats, crawling backwards into the beach grass...

SEVERAL ANGLES - disoriented, he heads towards the sound of SURF... Someone else nearby. He un-shoulders his rifle and takes aim, finger on the trigger, until -

A RED LIGHT snaps on. Lucas sighs, produces his own...

HEMINGWAY

Lucas?

LUCAS

Yeah...

They move towards each other -

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY

They're both dead. Now what?

LUCAS

(slaps a fly; thinks)

We wait.

EXT. POINT ROMA, BEACH - DAY

BANG! SUN RISING ON THE HORIZON (the LAWRENCE OF ARABIA cut)
... only WE DROP DOWN TO REVEAL -

GIANT CRABS plucking out the eyes of the dead couriers and otherwise, devouring them... SUDDENLY GUNFIRE -!

From Lucas, blows one away and the rest scurry off as Hemingway and Lucas, armed, descend the dune, repulsed -

LUCAS

Oh boy...

Suppressing his disgust, he searches the ravaged corpses as Hemingway stands guard, casting a wary eye over... sniffs...

HEMINGWAY

They're starting to turn...

Their pockets are empty, natch. But Lucas finds a DITTY BAG. Moving upwind he sits down and examines the contents: PAPERS.

Hemingway squats beside him to see: DETAILED MAPS and FIGURES

LUCAS

It's all kraut intel about Soviet army tank strength, ammo dumps, troop dispositions, supplies...

HEMINGWAY

Why the hell would the FBI care about any of this stuff? Russians are on our side... And why didn't the shooter take this with him?

The ditty bag and papers. Lucas thinking...

LUCAS

He knows we're supposed to pass it on. These two were killed to prevent them bringing something back.

HEMINGWAY

Something from us? Like a trade?

CONTINUED:

Lucas stands, replacing the papers in the ditty bag...

LUCAS
Okay, let's photograph everything
before we bury all of it.

He pulls out the CAMERA. As he SNAPS -

EXT. CAYO CONFITES - DAY

Lorraine hoves into view as the crew waves from *Pilar*... Not jamming this time...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. *PILAR* - DAY

boathooks grapple *Lorraine* as Lucas and Hemingway jump aboard

HEMINGWAY
Any subs?

SINSKY
Nothing, Papa.

LUCAS
I'll radio Braden we made those
Navy charts...

PATCHI
Radio is not working.

Their looks -

HEMINGWAY
Where's Wolfer?

INT. *PILAR*, FORWARD CABIN - DAY

Wolfer in a berth, sick as a dog, being nursed by Maria...

WOLFER
Must've got a bad shrimp in
Fuentes' paella -

FUENTES
Bullshit!

CONTINUED:

WOLFER

Anyway Maria took good care of me.
She's the nurse I want...

She smiles at Lucas, shyly pleased with herself. Lucas leaves -

INT. *PILAR*, HEAD - DAY

Sweating, Lucas examines the radio, finding: A LOOSE WIRE in back. An accident? He re-attaches the wire, then thinks -

EXT. *PILAR* DECK - DAY

Lorraine attached by a rope astern, *Pilar's* crew stowing gear for the return trip. Lucas and Hemingway watching them... Which one is it? Fuentes? Sinsky? Patchi? Wolfer?

INT. *PILAR*, MAIN CABIN - DAY

Maria mopping Wolfer's sweaty brow... Lucas looks in.

LUCAS

Honey, let's get you some fresh air. You earned it. I'll take you for a picnic in Wolfer's baby...

MARIA

Jose, no... is too small...

WOLFER

No, go... he's right. Thanks.

LUCAS

Come on, we'll be fine. I know just the place.

He gently tugs her upstairs, past Hemingway, who stays expressionless as Maria brushes by...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. *LORRAINE* - DAY, LATER

as she roars off with Lucas and Maria, hair blowing... At the wheel, Lucas smiles at her; she smiles back uncertainly.

SEVERAL ANGLES as they bounce over light chop, eventually... Nearing little Cayo Perdido, where Hemingway lost the PIG...

EXT. CAYO PERDIDO - DAY, LATER

Lucas cuts the engine near the beach; *Lorraine* floats gently.

MARIA

Jose... what do you doing?

LUCAS

Don't worry. Whatever happens, *esto es entre nosotros y el oceano*.

"Between us and the sea". Still

don't know that old Cuban

expression? How about in German?

HE REPEATS IT IN GERMAN.

Setting the magnum on the deck between them. She blinks at the gun, baffled -

MARIA

Jose...

LUCAS

Don't call me that. Whatever you do don't call me that. And I won't

call you Maria because your name is Panama. Only Panama's not your name either, is it? You look Hispanic

but you're German. Your name is *Kindermörder*. Can you give me that in English? *Kindermörder*? I think

it comes out, **Child Killer**. Child

Killer is your real name.

MARIA

Jose, I do not-

LUCAS

Shut up. I was wrong when I told Delgado you didn't kill Kohler.

You killed him alright: hiding from

Maldonado was the perfect way to

attach yourself to Hemingway, the

scared little whore. Oh, and by the

way, whores all over the world know

what "fuck" means. You overdid it.

MARIA

No comprende-

CONTINUED:

LUCAS

From Hemingway's place you could pass on Crook Factory stuff to Columbia, the other half of your Todt team, but when little Santiago caught you doing it, you killed him too. And then you took me to bed while your hands were still slick with his blood.

She's cowering on the back seat of the boat, skirt askew -

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Then later, Maldonado conveniently shows up at Hemingway's so we have to take you with us on this trip. I guess you didn't really have time to do a proper job on the radio. Wolfer's lucky he only came down with food poisoning.

MARIA

Jose-

Lucas addresses her angrily in subtitled German -

LUCAS

Pull down your skirt, kindermörder, your underpants are showing.

Surprised, she obeys, only to realize her mistake - she screams in her native German as she leaps forward -!

MARIA

Lucas you swine! I spit on you! Cocksucking sonovabitch!

Grabbing the magnum, aiming at Lucas and pulling the trigger - *Clickclickclick*. The gun won't fire. Lucas holds up bullets.

LUCAS

No bullets. Oh dear.

With a fistful of bullets, he slugs her, knocking her out, ripping off her clothes... When she's buck naked, he tosses her into the shallow water, which wakes her, spluttering.

MARIA

I cannot swim -!

Ignoring this, he starts Lorraine's engine and takes off. Behind him, Maria clammers naked onto the little island...

CONTINUED:

MARIA (CONT'D)
There are sharks -!

LUCAS
...kindermörder...

Lorraine is speeding so fast, Lucas' eyes are watering...

SEVERAL DISSOLVES:

as the WATER RISES... and Cayo Perido disappears... and so does... "Maria"... REVEAL

EXT. PILAR - EVENING

Hemingway, Lucas and the crew peering at the empty horizon -

WOLFER
... did she drown?

PATCHI
Maybe that sub picked her up...

FUENTES
Naked - such a catch...

SINSKY
Too bad we couldn't question her.
Find out who Columbia is...

Hemingway observes Lucas staring, eyes clouded with pain.
He squeezes a large hand on Lucas' shoulder...

HEMINGWAY
No. Lucas did the right thing.

Hemingway guns the engines. *Pilar* peels off in a large u-turn, the sun setting... Lucas stays on the taffrail...

INT. PILAR, HEAD - NIGHT

Lucas, staring blankly, wearing headphones, when he's startled from his agony by a familiar signal -

LUCAS
Book code...

Grabbing the *Geopolitik* volume, a pencil between his teeth, Lucas goes to work deciphering...

CONTINUED:

LUCAS (CONT'D)
"Operation... Raven... shut down,
repeat... shut down..."

He sits, mulling this -

DELGADO'S VOICE OVER
THE RADIO BROKE??!!

INT. HAVANA SAFE HOUSE - DAY

LUCAS
What can I tell you?

DELGADO
(totally pissed)
Nothing! Not a fucking thing is
what you can tell me! Or what you
WILL tell me. Subs?

LUCAS
Not a one.

DELGADO
What about the little whore? I
didn't see her when you docked.

LUCAS
She was sleeping below...

DELGADO
Drive me to the airport. Lucas, you
have totally fucked up. I'm on the
next flight to Miami and Hoover's
gonna boot your sorry ass to
kingdom come. You're done, Lucas.

EXT. JOSE MARTI AIRPORT, HAVANA - DAY

as Lucas watches Delgado's plane take off into the blue...

CLOSE ON **ROOM 314** - WIDEN TO REVEAL

INT. HOTEL NACIONAL - DAY

Lucas knocking impatiently. The door is opened by -

LUCAS
I need to see-

A confused OLDER WOMAN in a nightgown. The OSS has pulled out.

CONTINUED:

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Sorry...

The door closed. HOLD ON LUCAS alone in the long hall.

EXT. COJIMAR HARBOR - NIGHT

Pilar lit up at anchor; *Lorraine* docked and tarped again...

LUCAS'S VOICE OVER
They warned me they wouldn't wait
around forever...

INT. *PILAR*, MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

low light. Gloom. The ditty bag on the table between them. Hemingway downs a whiskey; Lucas has a cigarette as they stare at the papers with Russian maps and tank data...

HEMINGWAY
What do we do with this Russian stuff?

LUCAS
I was supposed to hand it over to
Delgado who'd pass it on to Hoover.

HEMINGWAY
And what about these intercepts
with the dates and times of British
convoy sailings?

LUCAS
(finger snap)
That's what those couriers were
supposed to take back to the sub!
The trade!

HEMINGWAY
So the krauts can sink more ships.

LUCAS
Only Becker didn't want it coming
from the Abwehr and scoring points
with Hitler.

HEMINGWAY
Is Becker Columbia?

LUCAS
I don't think so...

CONTINUED:

LUCAS (CONT'D)

But either way, we still have to
give him the convoy schedules.

HEMINGWAY

You're crazy. Those ships will be
torpedoed. Thousands of men will die!

LUCAS

But if we don't the Gestapo will
figure out we've broken their
number code and many more thousands
will die.

HEMINGWAY

That's a hellova choice. Where do
you get the right to make it? Or
do you qualify on the basis of
"previous experience"?

LUCAS

(stung)

You want me to do the math for you?

With an effort, Hemingway chills. He hands Lucas another
INTERCEPT; quieter -

HEMINGWAY

This came over the radio while you
were seeing off your FBI friend -
it's in the number code...

Lucas' reaction, squinting through smoke...

INT. *PILAR*, HEAD - NIGHT

as Hemingway watches... Lucas reads his decoding:

LUCAS

"Good work Columbia. Part One
Operation Raven complete. Now kill
Shakespeare." Shakespeare, that's
you: you're the target.Hemingway is taken aback. Out of reflex, Lucas turns on the
radio. The usual stuff faintly HEARD through the phones...

HEMINGWAY

You said Raven was shut down.

LUCAS

That was book code - the one we're
meant to read.

CONTINUED:

LUCAS (CONT'D)
 This is the real deal. Tag, you're it.

Before Hemingway can speak, Lucas reacts, grabs one phone to his ear, holding up a hand, then seizing a pencil...

LUCAS (CONT'D)
 ...book code... signal very strong
 - must be someplace close...

He listens, writing, then drops the headphones. Hemingway watches as *Geopolitik*'s key is applied and Lucas rapidly deciphers. (There are no spaces until he reads them) -

LUCAS (CONT'D)
"Panama ordered to rendezvous with Columbia at 0240 hours where pale death enters the palace of kings under the shadow of justice."
 What the hell...

HEMINGWAY
 It's a sculpture, part of the biggest mausoleum at the Cementario de Cristobal Colon! Columbia's going to show!

LUCAS
 A cemetary in the middle of the night?
 It's a set-up. Columbia knows Panama's dead. This is in book code to lure you there.

HEMINGWAY
 Then we can bring him down!

LUCAS
 Not "we".

HEMINGWAY
 But-

LUCAS
 Let's not take chances. These people want to kill you.

HEMINGWAY
 After Santiago, I wouldn't be any great loss...

From behind the stacked radio gear, Lucas pulls out his torn half of *FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS* -

CONTINUED:

LUCAS

Yes you would. You take *Pilar* back
 to Cayo Confites with the boys
 tonight, before Columbia can dope out
 where you are. I'll take the cemetery
 and join you on Wolfer's baby.

Hemingway sits there, hesitating... Lucas notices -

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Come on, let's gas up these boats -

HEMINGWAY

I've got a bad feeling about this.
 One of us isn't going to make it.

LUCAS

That's a hellova thing to say.

THUNDER OVER -

EXT. CEMENTERIO DE CRISTOBAL COLON - NIGHT

Lucas, carrying ROPE and a crude MAP drawn by Hemingway,
 leaves the parked Lincoln and enters the fabled necropolis.

LIGHTNING FLASHES as he makes his way through avenues and
 boulevards of grotesque mausoleums, with gargoyles, winged
 angels with skulls, the Gothic and the goth...

A sprawling city of the dead, until...

Lucas arrives beneath the enormous crypt with its mansard
 roof and bizarre sculpture: "pale death" a grim reaper with
 scythe, faces a "palace" under the "shadow of justice" with
 her familiar scales...

Checking his watch by another LIGHTNING FLASH, Lucas tosses a
 loop of rope over the shadow of "justice" with its scales...
 He tests the thing for strength and then rapidly ascends to
 the roof, intending to hide there...

EXT. MAUSOLEUM ROOF, CEMETERY - NIGHT

as Lucas gains the roof A HUGE FOOT crushes his grasping HAND.
 He looks up as LIGHTNING FLASHES, backlighting the grinning -

MALDONADO

The early bird... he gets the worm.

CLAP OF THUNDER as he yanks Lucas up like a toy -

CONTINUED:

MALDONADO (CONT'D)
Sit on your hands.

Flinging Lucas slewing onto the gravel roof, obeying...

LUCAS
So you are Columbia...

Ignoring this, Maldonado frisks Lucas from behind, tosses away the .357 and checks his watch by lightning -

MALDONADO
Who? We are both early...

LUCAS
Are you waiting for Panama? She's dead. I drowned her.

LIGHTNING CLOSER followed at once by a horrific THUNDER clap. Maldonado grins, his gold tooth, glinting in the darkness -

MALDONADO
Senor Lucas, what do you say?

CLOSE - Lucas' FISTS grabbing handfuls of gravel...

LUCAS
Maria. Maybe you know her as
Maria? She's dead.

MALDONADO
That murdering little *puta*. I told Becker he should pour gasoline and light a match on her.

He's oblivious to the huge black clouds closing in behind...

LUCAS
Why did you kill the boy? Why?

MALDONADO
What boy? (grins) I think we will not wait to kill you any longer-

A HUGE LIGHTNING STRIKE on the very next mausoleum -!

Startles both but Lucas moves faster, flinging GRAVEL in his face as Maldonado shoots, blasting off part of Lucas' ear as he rolls away and comes up, kicking Maldonado in the balls...

Doubling over, Maldonado's gun goes flying and the fight on the rooftop begins. The cop is huge but he wasn't trained at Camp X like Lucas...

CONTINUED:

Who finally trips him, hard enough to *snap* Maldonado's WRIST in a scream -

Lucas rolls on top, his gravity KNIFE tip on one eyeball as LIGHTNING dances around them and deafening THUNDER...

LUCAS

Who is Columbia?

Maldonado in agony... the blade touching his eyeball...

MALDONADO

Columbia? What is Co-

LUCAS

This will go into your brain. Who will kill Hemingway?

MALDONADO

I do not know who kills him but he dies today!

Lucas is shocked long enough for Maldonado to heave him off, trying to escape down Lucas' rope with his one good hand... as RAIN BEGINS... Lucas recovers the magnum, then -

Uses his knife on the rope... The cop falls screaming to the flagstones, where he lies motionless, blood spreading, diluted by the rain, at the foot of "Pale Death"...

EXT. CEMENTERIO DEL CRISTOBAL COLON, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

running through rain, Lucas regains the Lincoln and peels out-

EXT./INT. ROADS - NIGHT

SEVERAL ANGLES in the lightning and increasing downpour: the Lincoln skids perilously, Lucas, one ear bleeding, intent at the wheel, windshield wipers frantic, as the car heads to -

EXT. COJIMAR HARBOR - NIGHT

RAIN pelting, Lucas gets out to see *PILAR* long gone... But so is *LORRAINE* -!

LUCAS

Oh, God.

He scrambles back into the Lincoln and squeals out...

INT. LINCOLN, TRAVELING - NIGHT

Lucas, trying desperately to think...

LUCAS
Columbia, you sonovabitch.

EXT. LINCOLN, TRAVELING - NIGHT

passes a sign for HAVANA. The Lincoln backs up, mud spattering off the tires, and chooses the Havana road...

EXT. HAVANA HARBOR - NIGHT

featuring the anchored *Southern Cross* and the eternally circling Chris Craft... the wind now picking up...

EXT. CHRIS CRAFT, HAVANA HARBOR - NIGHT

TWO GOONS, miserable and wet, passing a bottle... when one sees something...

GOON #1
What the fuck...

A ROWBOAT approaching in the storm -

GOON #1 (CONT'D)
Hey... HEY, YOU -!

MAN IN ROWBOAT
Help...! Help me!

The goons look at each other as the rowboat approaches -

GOON #1
Go fuck yours-

Lucas' magnum in his face -

LUCAS
Jump in the water.

EXT. OUTSIDE HAVANA HARBOR - 4 AM

looking in past imposing El Morro fortress at the entrance as the Chris Craft, her HEADLIGHT jouncing all over the water, tears out in wind, rain and rising seas...

INT. CHRIS CRAFT - 4 AM

Lucas steering almost blind into the increasing tempest.

INT./EXT CHRIS CRAFT - DAYBREAK

LIGHTNING enabling us to see - SEVERAL ANGLES

the speedboat riding up and down gigantic swells. She isn't as flexible as *Lorraine* but her bigger size helps as Lucas struggles not to capsize...

He eyes the GAS GAUGE... there wasn't time to fill the tanks.

SUDDENLY A WALL of SEA dead ahead...

CRASHING DOWN on the small boat... which disappears...

Before coming out the other side, slewing about, the propellers spinning out of the water as Lucas struggles, drenched and almost blind from salt water...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAYO CONFITES - DAY

the storm has abated here into merely grey skies as Sinsky, Wolfer, Patchi and Fuentes breakfast over a small fire on the beach, down a few hundred feet from the coast guard shack...

They HEAR a sputtering and look up to see the Chris Craft limp into view around one side of the cove...

They frown until -

SINSKY
It's Lucas -!

He runs down the beach, followed by Patchi and Fuentes, but Wolfer hangs behind, uneasy at the sight: not his boat...

CLOSER - the guys wade into the water where Lucas is more dead than alive at the wheel... He looks like a drowned rat. Down the beach, the Coast Guard contingent straggles out...

LUCAS
Where's Pilar?

WOLFER
Papa took her after he got your telegram...

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
(blinks)
What telegram?

Patchi points to the shack -

PATCHI
To the Coast Guard. You said to
meet you at Point Roma and come
alone. What happened to your ear?

Lucas' face: it can't get any worse. Wolfer now there -

WOLFER
What's going on?

LUCAS
I need fuel and I need it NOW.

Tic of hesitation, then, pointing to the shack -

SINSKY
We will get it from the Coast Guard
and be off in no-

LUCAS
No - we can't have five guys in
this thing blasting away, we'll be
shooting each other. (before they
can object) I don't have time to
argue. Get the damn gasoline...

After another hesitation, they obey, taking off down the
beach towards the bewildered Coast Guard guys, shouting...

Lucas slumps to the deck...

Meanwhile another COAST GUARD OFFICER is running full tilt
out of the shack, yelling, subtitled -

COAST GUARD #1
*There's an alert out for this boat -
she was hijacked in Havana!*

SINSKY
Bullshit! FUENTES
Roberto, you know us-!

PATCHI
This is Jose's-! COAST GUARD #1
No, we-

Amid all the yelling amongst them...

A BURST OF SUBMACHINE GUN FIRE FROM -

CONTINUED:

Wolfer.

All hands reach for the sky.

EXT. CAYO CONFITES - DAY

The Chris Craft, on its way again, leaving the cove...

CLOSER - at the wheel, Lucas, exhausted, glugging WATER, now shouldering a SUBMACHINE GUN, A HAND GRENADE on his belt... The sea is calmer...

INT. COAST GUARD SHACK, CAYO CONFITES - DAY

Pilar's crew and the Coast Guard guys under guard, still yelling back and forth...

EXT. POINT ROMA - DAY

as the Chris Craft chugs into the low water maze of floating mangroves and Lucas tries to maneuver the bulkier vessel, keeping a wary eye for... he's not sure what...

SEVERAL ANGLES - everything looks like a sniper's haven...

Then, Lucas reacts... Swinging slowly at anchor, her stern towards him, the abandoned *Pilar*...

Lucas is too far and too low to see anything on her deck but the flying bridge is unoccupied...

He un-shoulders and readies the submachine gun, steering with one hand...

SUDDENLY A ROAR - !

And out of nowhere charges *LORRAINE*, heading right for him!

Lucas hits the throttle and the Chris Craft dodges into another channel... as -

LORRAINE slews around, spewing water... coming after...

Lucas can now see: *Lorraine* steered by the maniacal -

BECKER, his scarred face contorted with hatred. This is his rematch. Curiously, he's wearing a SHIRT we've seen on Lucas.

The speedboat duel is on, *Lorraine* vs the Chris Craft...As the two boats dodge and weave in the treacherously shallow salt bayous...

CONTINUED:

Becker is also armed... On one pass, he fires and BULLETS rip up the hull of the Chris Craft, splintering the windshield...

On another, the two boats race past each other and Lucas tosses a hand grenade, which EXPLODES but misses as the boats wheel again, like charging horses...

But *Lorraine*, built in the '20s for smuggling, is more adept at this sort of maneuvering than the -

Chris Craft, whose propellers are abruptly snagged, as Lucas looks down, reacting -

By MANGROVES.

Lucas' face. He tries frantically to free the prop, reversing engines, but to no avail... he's a sitting duck, which -

Becker now realizes, skidding *Lorraine* to make her charge...

Lucas still straining to yank free the damn mangroves as *Lorraine* races toward him...

At the last minute, when Becker has committed, machine gun blazing erratically because of the boat -

Lucas REVEALS his own submachine gun and FIRES -!

Becker hit and *Lorraine* suddenly veers out of control into and UP one of the sandy banks at 70 mph, exploding in an enormous fireball of debris...

BECKER'S CORPSE blown sky high, pieces raining down on -

Lucas and his boat...

MINUTES LATER - Lucas tugs free the last of the mangrove roots, climbs back aboard the Chris Craft and *put-puts* back through several channels to where -

Pilar sits motionless as before...

Cautiously, weapon ready, Lucas pulls alongside, such that he can see over the rail...

Hemingway is dead on the deck, BLOOD spreading from his head.

LUCAS

Papa...

The only time he's ever said it. Leaving the Chris Craft and the gun, Lucas climbs onto *Pilar* -

CONTINUED:

Only to be SHOT THREE TIMES, BAM-BAM-BAM, twice in the chest, once in the leg, sinking to the deck 10 feet from the author.

Pause, and then from the cabin below, the killer appears: Delgado, with Hemingway's .22. He approaches Lucas...

DELGADO

Well, whaddaya know. Joe Lucas, the man who's neither here nor there. I knew that cemetary thing wasn't gonna work. Maldonado's big, but he's dumb.

LUCAS

Dumb and dead. Like Becker.

DELGADO

Like you. Figures. Once I told Becker you'd be coming, I knew he'd want another crack at you. (smiles) And how could I refuse? Now I'm the Gestapo's man in Havana. (grins) And Hoover's. You know, I almost had to kill you the night I shot the couriers. You were too close, amigo.

LUCAS

Did you really think we were gonna trade them the convoy sailing times?

DELGADO

Couldn't take the chance of you two idiots deciding to make the Abwehr look good.

Delgado smirking; Lucas breathing heavily -

LUCAS

So you're Columbia.

DELGADO

(shrugs)

Miami's only 90 miles... Just a round trip. Now we're back to plan B: FBI agent turns out to be Nazi spy, kills famous writer.

Delgado sticks the gun in his waistband, fishes out cigarettes from his pocket, then realizes -

DELGADO (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry; want one?

CONTINUED:

Delgado lights a second (like Paul Henreid in those Bette Davis movies), and obligingly sticks it in Lucas' mouth.

LUCAS

Thanks. Becker shoot Hemingway or was it you?

DELGADO

Nah, the big idiot put up a fight so I had to club him with the boat hook. Messy. (amused) How you doing Lucas? You look kinda dead.

LUCAS

Delgado...

DELGADO

That's not my real name, obviously. Oh and before you croak, where's that Russian tank intel? I thought Papa had it in this pouch but that turned out to be one of his bullshit stories of people fucking in France. So where is it?

LUCAS

Back at the finca -

Delgado slaps Lucas, knocking away the cigarette -

DELGADO

Don't fuck with me.

Slapped to the left, Lucas now sees: Hemingway on the deck behind Delgado... Moving... Time for Lucas to stall... make like he's at death's door...

LUCAS

How'd Papa let you guys get close?

DELGADO

(sighs)

Alright, tit for tat. Becker was wearing your shirt; Elsa swiped one from your cozy lovers' cabin... He thought it was you...

LUCAS

Elsa?

CONTINUED:

DELGADO

Elsa, Maria, Panama... Same difference. OK, your turn: where's the stuff? Hoover's waiting for it.

Hemingway lifting his head, shaking it...

LUCAS

Hoover...

DELGADO

That's why they picked you, Joey: smart - but not smart enough...

LUCAS

What is Operation Raven?

DELGADO

That's the Gestapo getting rid of those old, pre-Nazi pansies in the Abwehr. There's only room for one intelligence service in the Third Reich and the Gestapo's gonna be it.

Hemingway now realizing where he is, what's happening as Lucas tries to keep Delgado's attention...

LUCAS

I don't get it...

DELGADO

(laughs, blows smoke)

What, I gotta draw you a picture? Hoover hates the Commies; Gestapo hates the Abwehr. So they do a deal. Gestapo gives Hoover Russian intel and thanks to Miss Arvad and her US Navy boyfriends, Hoover can pass Brit convoy schedules to the Gestapo, helping them undercut the Abwehr.

Hemingway almost fainting again... Lucas must improvise -

LUCAS

Where did the Crook Factory figure?

DELGADO

You kidding? The Crook Factory was a godsend.

CONTINUED:

DELGADO (CONT'D)
 If the OSS ever caught Hoover
 passing British convoy schedules to
 the krauts he could always blame
 Hemingway and his bunch of amateurs.
 No way the head of the FBI would be
 selling out our Brit allies.

LUCAS
 (remembers, quoting)
 "Nazis are a sideshow; the real
 war's against the Commies..."

Hemingway is now on his knees...

DELGADO
 You got it, Joey...

LUCAS
 (fights for breath)
 And if the Abwehr ever caught the
 Gestapo passing stuff to Hoover,
 you could still blame The Crook
 Factory.

DELGADO
 Win-win for all sides. And then
 we'd kill Papa so there wouldn't
 be anyone to deny it. Which is
 just what we've done.

He stubs out his cigarette -

DELGADO (CONT'D)
 So - time's up. Let's have the
 Russian stuff.

Hemingway now on his feet... weaving but upright -

LUCAS
 In the Chris Craft. Delgado, lemme
 ask you something: did you ever
 read anything Hemingway ever wrote?

DELGADO
 Hell no, why the fuck should I?

LUCAS
 Cause I bet you pissed him off.

Hemingway's interlaced FISTS come down on Delgado's neck and
 the fight is on as Lucas watches, helpless...

CONTINUED:

Delgado tries to go for the gun in his belt, but Hemingway's huge arms have wrapped themselves around Delgado, pinning his arms and flinging him down, the gun sliding free on the deck towards Lucas...

But not close enough...

As Lucas watches, Hemingway, his head bloody, scrambles with Lucas to reach the gun...

Delgado gets there first, but Hemingway's big hand wraps around his, forcing the barrel closer and closer to Delgado's mouth, as Delgado desperately tries to get his lips out of the way...

Impossible. Delgado lets out a high-pitched scream as -

Hemingway, hands over Delgado's on the trigger, forces the barrel into Delgado's mouth - the soft palate - and blows his head off.

Lucas passes out. PULL BACK...

Three bodies lie on the aft deck of *Pilar* as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. *PILAR*, WHEELHOUSE - DAY

calm seas... Hemingway, grubby, head caked with dry blood, at the wheel. Abruptly, his hunter's eye catches something on the horizon ahead of him and he snatches up the BINOCs...

HIS POV - U238 on the surface. His Moby Dick.

The sub's just sitting there, re-charging her batteries..?

Then he remembers, looks over to where -

Lucas, now wrapped in tourniquets of torn shirts strapped around his chest and leg, lies on one of *Pilar*'s long, side cushions, aft...

Hemingway's face. In other circumstances, he'd be grinning. He reaches for SOMETHING in the cupboard below the wheel.

Now, with no choice, he heads for the waiting sub...

Using his belt to lash the wheel, Hemingway runs amidships and lowers the *Natural History Marine Research* signs...

Then yells to the nearing U-238 in (subtitled) Spanish -

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY
Hola! Auxilio! Auxilio!!

Before running back and freeing the wheel, gliding *Pilar* skillfully alongside the sub, where an OFFICER has appeared in the conning tower with a MEGAPHONE, calling out in German-accented, pigeon-Spanish -

SUB OFFICER
Hola, que passa, mien freund?

HEMINGWAY
Accident! My boss from the museum - he is hurt bad! I too am bleeding!

Hemingway can't see over the top of the conning tower. He'll just have to chance that the hatch is open - he starts up...

SUB OFFICER
Halt!

Good enough... Hemingway pulls the pin on the GRENADE hidden in his hand and lobs it over the top of the tower, where it goes right between the officer's legs and -

DOWN THE HATCH - ! (If the guy hadn't had his hands full with that megaphone...)

INT. U238 - DAY

stunned U-boat SAILORS clock the falling GRENADE..!

The **EXPLOSION** in the sub's confined space, blows it apart and practically lifts *Pilar* out of the water...

Hemingway, thrown backwards, regains the wheelhouse and guns the engine as behind him, CHAOS -

- the sub breaking apart with gigantic BUBBLES and muffled SCREAMS... DEBRIS and BODIES erupting above the surface...

WIDE ANGLE - *Pilar* flees the scene...

INT. *PILAR*, WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Hemingway, head full of dried blood, ties off the wheel again, then kneels heavily next to Lucas who is very pale, eyes shut.

HEMINGWAY
Lucas..? Lucas, you're not going to do anything foolish, are you?

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
Thought you were dead...

HEMINGWAY
I told you: my head's hard as a
brick. Nothing wrong with my
pitching arm, either. Lucas..?

LUCAS
(eyes still closed)
Why'd you call it The Crook
Factory?

Hemingway's face - THAT's what he wants to know? Now?

HEMINGWAY
... I thought it was funny...

Lucas says nothing...

WIDE ANGLE - as Hemingway guns the engines...

CROSS FADE THEIR ROAR WITH A DC 3's PROPELLERS as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JOSE MARTI AIRPORT, HAVANA - DAY

the Miami plane waiting, engines revving on the tarmac...

REVEAL - members of the Crook Factory watching as -

Hemingway, who now sports the start of a BEARD, and Dr. Sotolongo help Lucas out from the back of the Lincoln... Lucas uses a CANE. He's thinner, with one funny-looking ear, but alive. He sees the Crook Factory lined up. And Wolfer...

LUCAS
Sure am sorry about the *Lorraine*,
Wolfer...

WOLFER
Not to worry. I'm getting divorced.
I would've had to rename her...

PATCHI
Anything but Maria.

Lucas' face. Hemingway gently helps Lucas across the tarmac.

HEMINGWAY
She fooled all of us...

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
I fooled myself.

HEMINGWAY
Come on, you'll miss the plane.

LUCAS
They'll hold it for a cripple -

HEMINGWAY
A cripple who destroyed not one,
but two Nazi spy rings on Cuba...

LUCAS
(grim humor)
Alone and unaided.

HEMINGWAY
You worried the FBI will come after
you?

LUCAS
I don't see it. Braden says New
York cops arrested Inga Arvad when
the *Southern Cross* docked in
Manhattan and she's on ice if
Hoover tries making any more
foreign policy decisions. The genie
is back in his bottle. What about
you?

Hemingway laughs, points to his new beard.

HEMINGWAY
I'm in disguise.

LUCAS
Brilliant. Keep it.

They stop at the foot of the stairs... Lucas looks back at -
Sinsky, Wolfer, Patchi, Fuentes and other members of the
Crook Factory, watching... Wolfer hoists an invisible GLASS.

Lucas waves back at all of them, something between a
benediction and a salute - then turns to Hemingway.

A pause - neither sure what to say...

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Well. Here we are...

CONTINUED:

HEMINGWAY
 Lucas, I don't think I'll forget
 you in a hurry.

LUCAS
 I'm not so sure about you.

Hemingway's surprise, but then he grins as Lucas produces a complete copy of *FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS* from under his arm -

LUCAS (CONT'D)
 I swiped this from your library.
 Hope you don't mind.

Hemingway conceals his feelings with a smile -

HEMINGWAY
 Now you'll see how it comes out.

LUCAS
 Just my plan. So long... Papa.

Hemingway's reaction. Lucas starts up the steps, then turns -

LUCAS (CONT'D)
 Visit Santiago for me.

Hemingway nods, swallows, watches Lucas hobble up the stairs.

The rest watch him disappear inside -

INT. D.C. 3 - DAY

Holding the book, Lucas makes his way down the crowded plane and sits down in an aisle seat, opening the volume -

Lucas' surprise: it's already inscribed:

To Joe, the man I'd like to be. Ernest Hemingway

Lucas blinks, overcome, when the guy by the window turns: Commander Ian Fleming.

FLEMING
 Well, well, small world. Special Agent Lucas, is it?

LUCAS
 (closing the book)
 Not any more...

The plane starts moving...

CONTINUED:

FLEMING

Bad luck, old man. Sorry we
couldn't stay - war to wage and all
that. But on the bright side, your
navy just won a big victory at
Midway, did you know? Good show.
The tide is turning, Lucas. Oh,
before I forget, Mr. Phillips
thought you might enjoy this...

As the plane starts down the runway, Fleming produces a
manila folder pulls out a black & white PHOTOGRAPH:
"MARIA" in a bathing suit on a dais, with a trophy -

FLEMING (CONT'D)

I believe that's your friend
Panama, isn't it? Aka Elsa Von
Hoffmanstahl, taking a bronze in
long distance swimming at the 1936
Olympics. Maybe that island didn't
hold her, after all.

Lucas stares at the photo, a punch in the gut.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

You know, one of these days, I was
thinking of trying my hand at
writing, like your friend. Seems
easy enough: you stay home and make
things up. I say, what're your plans?

LUCAS

I don't have any.

FLEMING

Well, maybe you'd like to work for
Mr. Phillips (grins) - you know,
the dwarf? Take it from me, dear
boy, the OSS is the coming thing.

Lucas looks at him, realizing: why Fleming's on the plane.

LUCAS

Maybe. But first I think I'm going
to try being alive...

He smiles at the thought... and we've never seen that smile.

EXT. JOSE MARTI AIRPORT, HAVANA

LOW ANGLE, SHOOTING PAST HEMINGWAY, his back to us as he
watches the plane soar into the blue sky...

CONTINUED:

Then turns, smiling, before walking away, leaving the plane alone in our vision.

CRAWL:

Much of this story is true. The Crook Factory was Hemingway's counterespionage operation in Cuba.

In 1961, Ernest Hemingway shot himself. He was convinced the FBI was after him.

The OSS became the CIA.