

638

Written by

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Inspired by true events

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SUPER:

"If a nation shows that it knows how to act with reasonable efficiency and decency... it need fear no interference from the United States." - Teddy Roosevelt, 1904

EXT. COLLEGE TRACK FIELD - DAY

A STARTER PISTOL GUNSHOT. Twelve runners sprint around the track, Harvard flags visible in the background. Onlookers CHEER from the stands.

The year is 1960, and JOHN CAHILL, 24, all-American, is stuck in the middle of the pack. He watches first place, way out in front, cross the finish line.

He pushes, and gains ground. From sixth to fifth. Fifth to fourth. Second place finishes. John goes from fourth to tied for third. A last minute push and he lands his bronze medal.

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS - DAY

John parades around campus with his medal. A RECRUITER, white, 40's, suit and tie, approaches him.

RECRUITER

Hell of a final push son.

JOHN

Gold would have been nice. Guess I just hate to give up, sir.

They walk together.

RECRUITER

John Cahill. Dean's List, Track and Field, Chess Tournaments, your name pops up quite a bit around here.

JOHN

Sir?

RECRUITER

Tell me John, you ever think about government work?

JOHN

My father fought in the war. Pitch in, help like he did? That's the dream, sir.

RECRUITER

These are needful times. The Red Menace, abroad in the world. Tell me John, how would you like to serve your government in a really interesting capacity?

John smiles.

EXT. CUBA - DAY

Energetic SALSA MUSIC

Montage

- FIDEL CASTRO gives an impassioned speech
- Revolutionaries firing guns in combat
- Trucks of men rolling into a plantation, tearing down a sign and putting up the Cuban flag
- Che Guevara posing for the Alberto Korda photo
- Fidel Castro shaking hands with the people as they cheer
- Six men die by firing squad

END MONTAGE

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

John fires a handgun down range, at a red cutout with the hammer and sickle printed on. A voice SHOUTS.

RIP (O.S.)

You know, you're probably never going to fire that thing.

ANOTHER ANGLE

RIP ROBERTS, early 30's, laid back in a suit and tie, leans against the wall. He walks to John, offers him a hand.

RIP (CONT'D)

Rip Roberts, Agent Rip Roberts. Here to show you the ropes.

JOHN

John Cahill. Appreciate it.

RIP
 Agent John Cahill. Come on, there's
 a car out front for us. Well done
 on the entrance exams, by the way.
 Welcome to Central Intelligence.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

An impressive government building, with an army of men in suits and secretaries in 50's style clothes hauling boxes of papers inside.

RIP (V.O.)
 You're one lucky bastard, you know
 that? Came just in time for the new
 HQ.
 (to another man)
 Shelby, what are those Guatemalans
 up to?

Rip claps SHELBY, mid 30's, on the shoulder as he hauls boxes, sweating through his button up.

SHELBY
 You want Sandino for that. But last
 I heard?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TROPICAL VOLCANO - DAY

A helicopter flies over the steaming mouth of a volcano. A man falls out SCREAMING into the volcano. A MAN calls out.

MAN
 Adios communista!

EXT. HEADQUARTERS

JOHN
 Good God.

RIP
 Those crazy sons of bitches. God
 bless them. Do me a favor when you
 can, see if you can't get a few of
 those commies over to Grant for
 questioning.

John and Rip continue on.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

MEN in suits walking up and down marble floored halls past bustling offices. Papers change hands, and in offices, AGENTS sort through papers, shredding some, keeping others. John and Rip weave their way through all of this.

JOHN

Say, did you catch the debate last night? Hell of a guy that Kennedy. You guys ever meet the President?

RIP

That's the bosses job. Word of warning, best to just steer clear of the Director. Brilliant man, bit of a sourpuss.

ANOTHER ANGLE

At the end of the wide hallway, in the only bit of shadow, stands ALLEN DULLES, 67, obscured, save his glowering eyes and oversized smoking pipe. He watches all like a hawk.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

A half filled, windowless office. One of the lights flickers and struggles.

RIP

Well, this is us. Still got to get that damn light fixed. Government budgets. Anyway, we'll be out of here soon enough.

JOHN

Where to?

DULLES (O.S.)

They haven't told you?

John whips around in surprise. Dulles, mustachioed and leering, steps from the shadows of the flickering light. Smoke billows from his pipe.

JOHN

Mr. Director, sir!

John salutes.

DULLES

Mr. Director? Yes, yes I like that. Agent Cahill, I expect one thing above all else at my agency. Loyalty. Loyalty to America, loyalty to my Agency. Loyalty breeds power. Power to destroy communism, wherever it might appear.

JOHN

Yes, sir.

DULLES

I'm putting you on Cuba. Señor Castro.

Dulles blows smoke into John's face, steps forward and puts a hand on his shoulder.

DULLES (CONT'D)

I will not allow communism to take root in my hemisphere. The Cuban situation needs strong, competent men to see that it doesn't get out of hand.

JOHN

Whatever it takes sir, I'm up for.

DULLES

Good. Good. Grant is the lead on this now, you'll be working under him. He'll have all the details you need. You boys go and see him now.

Dulles turns to leave, then stops.

DULLES (CONT'D)

Roberts, get this light fixed will you? Damn thing's going to give me a seizure.

INT. AIRPOT - SUNSET

John and Rip, suitcases in hand, walk through the airport. John spots a newspaper kiosk, one of the headlines reads "CASTRO RAVAGED MY DAUGHTER". He grabs a copy.

Sound of a PLANE TAKEOFF.

EXT. GUATEMALA - DAY

John and Rip pull up to a military camp on a wide open beach and field. PARAMILTARIES run back and forth, shouting in English and Spanish. Rip INHALES deeply.

RIP
God, it's good to back.

The duo approach a plain building, and GUNSHOTS ring out. John drops his suitcase and runs around the side of the building, gun drawn. Rip casually follows him, confused.

INT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

Another GUNSHOT and MUFFLED SHOUTING. John hurries through the building towards the source.

RIP
John?

John kicks a door in. GRAHAM GRANT, late 40's, neat hair with a paunch, holds the revolver. With him is ESTEBAN, late 20's, Cuban. John and Graham aim at each other.

JOHN
Drop the gun!

GRAHAM
You communist fuck, I swear to God
I'll blow your head off!

RIP
Hey, John!

Rip appears in the doorway. John and Graham both aim at him.

RIP (CONT'D)
Whoa hey, John, what the hell are
you doing.

JOHN
This man is shooting!

RIP
This is Graham, our lead. Graham,
how are you?

John lowers his gun.

GRAHAM
I'd be great if it weren't for this-

ESTEBAN

Aquí!

A TARANTULA scurries out from under a desk. Graham takes aim and FIRES twice. The Tarantula explodes. The two men CHEER.

GRAHAM

Tarantulas. Turn up in the damndest places.

(to John)

You ever point that thing at me again, I'll blow your brains out. Rip, how the hell are you?

RIP

Sweaty as a hog in hell. Glad to be back though. This is the new kid.

JOHN

Agent Cahill, sir.

Graham gives him a strange look, shakes his head.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What are your orders?

Esteban hands Graham a shot and he downs it.

GRAHAM

Orders? Lord, they didn't brief you on shit.

Graham and Esteban exit. Rip pats John on the shoulder.

RIP

You'll get used to him.

EXT. STATION - MOMENTS LATER

All five men look out over the field of Cubans performing military drills.

GRAHAM

A year ago, Fidel Castro was a dirty hobo living in the mountains with the rest of his gang of communists. Now, he's leading the most dangerous threat to democracy in the Western Hemisphere. Our little invasion force here is going to help him transition to his next position in life: A wooden casket under six feet of dirt.

JOHN

An invasion force? I thought we were just gathering intelligence.

GRAHAM

Oh, we do that too. But what's the point of intelligence if you don't use it to blow something up?

JOHN

That's not illegal?

GRAHAM

Not as long as you keep your mouth shut. John Cahill you said?

JOHN

Sir, shouldn't we be using code names in public?

GRAHAM

Oh, we had those for about a week, then we gave up. Everybody knows we're CIA.

JOHN

That's a breach of charter, the mission is compromised--

GRAHAM

Oh relax. Mission's only compromised if American citizens find out what we're doing. Everyone here knows to keep their mouths shut.

Graham pats Esteban on the shoulder.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Esteban why don't you go rally the troops while the boys and I talk shop? Cahill, at least tell me you can write propaganda?

INT. STATION - LATER

A map of Cuba lays out over the table, the three Americans sat around it. Rip and Graham pour and take shots at their leisure.

JOHN

"Communism, Enemy of Liberty." How does that sound?

GRAHAM
Unoriginal. Rip?

RIP
"Castro secret plot to use Cubans
as Soviet mercenaries".

GRAHAM
Eh. Print it, drop it, see what
happens.

JOHN
If we sent advance agents, we could
try and use them to commandeer
tanks, planes.

GRAHAM
Nobody here can drive a tank, let
alone fly, and I haven't got time
to teach them. We drop weapon
caches twice a week, hidden all
over the island. They have enough
firepower to fight for weeks by
now.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CUBAN SKY - NIGHT

A supply drop falls from the sky

PILOT (O.S.)
Fuck. Off by a bit. Probably fine.

EXT. CUBAN JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Two Cuban Soldiers look at the fallen supply drop.

SOLDIER
God I love Americans.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

Back at the roundtable.

GRAHAM
This is as good an invasion force
as we can put together.

JOHN

So then they're ready to go?

GRAHAM

If they were ready to go, we'd have sent them.

RIP

We're waiting to get air support. A couple bombing runs at least. Only way this thing is ever gonna work.

John stares at the table a moment, takes a shot. A pause as they shift through papers.

JOHN

What if we could get Castro ahead if time?

GRAHAM

Cuban security is tighter than bank vault. We could never get a man in. Look, kid, how about you just sit back and watch for a while?

JOHN

What about a woman? There's this gal, says she spent a year with Castro, had a baby forced on her. Just gave an interview in New York.

The room stops. All eyes slowly turn to John.

GRAHAM

Where are you getting this from?

JOHN

New York Times. Read it on the flight over.

Rip looks to Graham.

RIP

I can put the call in, pick her up.

Graham nods. Rip leaves. Beat.

GRAHAM

Cahill. You know a Howard Cahill?

JOHN

You knew my father?

GRAHAM

OSS. The good old days. Your father pulled some crazy stunts. Last I saw him, he'd run off with fifty thousand dollars, government cash. And he still owes me my damn forty dollars.

JOHN

We always wondered how he came by all that money. You might be S.O.L on that forty, sir. He passed, about two years ago.

GRAHAM

Typical Howard.

(beat)

Enough with the sir stuff Cahill, call me Grant. And congratulations. Now you owe me forty dollars.

John CHUCKLES.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Go help Rip with the woman. I'll even let you take the lead on it. I've got to get this report to Dulles, tell him this invasion force is a bust.

CLACKING of Graham's typewriter. John exits.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Dulles sits at his desk, one large stack of paper on his right, and a shorter one on his left. He sorts the right stack, either putting reports into the left pile, or handing them to a secretary, MARGARET, late 20's. She pushes files into a shredder.

DULLES

Sixty pages. Shred. Twelve pages. Keep. Thirty-six. Shred. Ninety-one?

He hits a button on his desk. Pauses while the shredder GRINDS.

DULLES (CONT'D)

Nathaniel, get in here--

NATHANIEL, mid twenties, suited, enters with a stack of papers. Dulles looks up, shocked.

NATHANIEL
Mr. Dulles, I have a--

DULLES
Nathaniel. That was remarkably
fast. Some might say too fast.

Dulles narrows his eyes. Nathaniel presses forward.

NATHANIEL
Sir, I've got a--

Pause, while the shredder GRINDS.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
--a meeting request from the
president elect, he wants to --

DULLES
Nevermind that. Look at this
monstrosity. Ninety-six pages. Take
it, tell whoever wrote it to write
it again shorter, then transfer--

Pause, while the shredder GRINDS.

DULLES (CONT'D)
--transfer him to Saigon. See how
he likes getting car bombed every
month.

Nathaniel takes the heavy report from Dulles, and hands him a
sheet.

NATHANIEL
Sir, the president elect had a list
of national security topics to--

Pause, while the shredder GRINDS.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
--to go over, primarily Cuba --

DULLES
Margaret darling pause that would
you?
(to Nathaniel)
Schedule it for the last minute.
Kennedy's not President yet, don't
want him getting a swollen head.

NATHANIEL
Sir, don't you think it would be
better to--

DULLES
 Last minute, Nathaniel. This
 insubordinate tone in very
 concerning. Run along now.

NATHANIEL
 Yes, sir.

He exits. Dulles combs through the unread pile while dialing
 a number on his rotary.

DULLES
 Cuba, Cuba. Graham's got to be in
 here somewhere.
 (to phone)
 Angleton, it's me. Have
 counterintelligence run a
 background on Nathaniel for me
 would you. Slip him some pills from
 the lab too, see what he says. Ah,
 here you are.

He pulls out Graham's thick report.

DULLES (CONT'D)
 No, not you, mind your business.
 Oh, and do a sweep of my office for
 bugs too. Alright. What? No,
 Friday's no good, better make it
 Wednesday. Yes, Italian is fine.

He hangs up the phone, combs through the report.

DULLES (CONT'D)
 Forty pages. Christ. Skip. Skip.
 End of report summary. Yada, yada.
 Advise abandon project, failure
 almost certain. Margaret, what do I
 always say?

MARGARET
 The CIA never fails.

DULLES
 We'll make a proper politician of
 you yet.

He hands her Graham's report and she shreds it.

EXT. MIAMI CAFE - DAY

John, sits across a café table from MARINA Lorraine, white,
 21, youthful, sulking, smoking, speechifying.

MARINA

He deserves to die. He took my baby. Did you know that? It was going to be perfect, a perfect life. Then they whisk me off to some hospital and knock me out and say my baby didn't make it.

JOHN

Miss Lorraine--

MARINA

They called it a miscarriage. Yeah right. And he never showed his face, not once. That was my baby, our baby. Rotten bastard. How could he ever say he loved me?

JOHN

Marina!

(beat)

Wait, love? What does that mean, love?

MARINA

Fidel and I, we--

JOHN

You're saying you had an actual relationship with him? Please don't use his name by the way. You have this whole article talking about how he ravaged you.

MARINA

My mother said it would help spread our story. You know, grab the reader's attention.

JOHN

Your mother. Miss Lorraine, you do realize what it is we're asking you to do here?

MARINA

Of course I do. I told you, he deserves to die.

JOHN

And you're not going to falter at the last minute because he's the fairy tale man of your dreams?

Marina pulls from her cigarette.

MARINA

My mother says its easy to kill.
Especially men, because they
deserve it so often.

JOHN

Maybe I should be talking to her.

MARINA

I'm perfectly capable of killing
him. The man broke my heart and
stole my future for God's sake!

JOHN

Yeah, okay. Do you have a plan for
getting close to... our friend?

MARINA

Please. He could never stay away
from me. All I have to do is call.

JOHN

People are trying to kill this man
every single day, and you're just
going to ring him up for a casual
screw?

MARINA

Well, you don't have to be crass.

He stares at her, leans back, pinching and rubbing the bridge
of his nose. She fidgets nervously.

MARINA (CONT'D)

Well look, if you're going to run
me through all these hoops, why
call me out here in the first
place?

JOHN

I was hoping for something a little
more femme fatale, and a little
less heartbroken schoolgirl.

MARINA

Schoolgirl? Well, what about you? I
mean look at you, you're barely
older than me.

He SIGHS. Marina pouts. Beat.

John pulls out a small pill bottle.

JOHN

Look, you pour him a drink, slip two off these in. He'll be dead in minutes. Think you can do that?

MARINA

Will there be pain? I want him to suffer.

Marina reaches for the pills, but John pulls away.

JOHN

Well, the state wants this done as quicky and quietly as possible, and their wants kind of outweigh yours, so no. No pain.

MARINA

Oh.

JOHN

I'm sure it's heartbreaking, but in the end-
(looks her up and down)
-we all have to work with the hand we're dealt.

Marina nods, resolve steeled.

MARINA

I know just the place to hide them.

She reaches for the pills again, John pulls away again.

JOHN

I really shouldn't have to tell you this, but I feel like I need to. Discretion is vital here, so do not talk about this to anyone. Not even mother.

MARINA

Of course.

He runs his hands through his hair.

JOHN

There'll be a car to pick you up tomorrow morning at your hotel. Then, its a direct flight to Cuba.

Marina nods enthusiastically. John hands over the pill bottle, and she takes them.

MARINA

I can't wait to see the look on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Marina's panicked face. She looks down at a face cream container with three half melted pills.

MARINA

Oh my God. He said they only melted in liquid.

SUPER: HILTON HOTEL, HAVANA, CUBA

SUPER: ATTEMPT #7

She pulls out the pills and looks around frantically. Muffled TALKING and FOOTSTEPS from the hallway.

Marina rushes into the bathroom, dumps the pills in the toilet. They FIZZLE away and she FLUSHES.

MARINA (CONT'D)

I was just freshening up. It's fine.

She takes a few deep BREATHS, smiles, and exits the bathroom. Fidel and ESCALANTE, late 30's, mustache, stand by the door. Fidel looks at her, surprised and a little horny.

MARINA (CONT'D)

Hello Fidel.

FIDEL

Mi Marina.

ESCALANTE reaches for a gun and tries to whisper in Fidel's ear but is shooed out of the room. Fidel shuts the door, eyes never leaving hers.

FIDEL (CONT'D)

As beautiful as the setting sun.

MARINA

Charmer, you.

Fidel smiles. He brushes past her seductively, opens the closet, and moves all the clothes aside, looking around.

FIDEL
You disappeared so suddenly last
time, mi amor.

MARINA
You know why.

Fidel stops and stares at her. His gaze fills the screen.
Marina GULPS and smiles.

FIDEL
Marina, I'm very tired, I have a
speech to give tonight. You've been
fooling around with those
Americans, haven't you?

MARINA
Maybe. Why should I tell you. I
don't owe you anything. You owe me,
after the way you just threw me
away.

Fidel's gaze holds. Beat.

FIDEL
They sent you here to kill me,
didn't they?

MARINA
What if they did? What if I came by
myself? A woman can do crazy things
when the love of her life throws
her away without so much as a
goodbye.

Fidel's gaze holds strong. Marina trembles, tears welling.

FIDEL
They sent you here to kill me.

MARINA
(quietly)
Yes.

Fidel walks to the nightstand, opens the drawer, pulls out a
pistol. He walks to Marina and holds it out.

FIDEL
Then do it.

She stares at the gun a moment, then takes it. Fidel walks to
the bed and lies down, arms behind his head, staring at her.

Marina aims the gun at him, crying and shaking.

MARINA

I can't.

FIDEL

No one can.

The gun CLATTERS on the floor. She rushes into his arms, SOBBING.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

A small sailing boat sits at the docks. Rip suns himself on deck, scanning his surrounding underneath sunglasses.

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

John and Graham sit at a radio. Over the receiver, Marina's SOBBING quickly become MOANS of pleasure. Graham turns off the radio.

GRAHAM

Worth a shot, Cahill. Well, guess it's back to square one, no way the invasion force is going to work.

DULLES (V.O.)

Mr. President, I assure you, the plan is a guaranteed success.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Dulles sits in a meeting with the Kennedys, JFK, mid forties, and BOBBY, mid thirties.

JFK

Good, that's good.

DULLES

Yes. Though I feel it my solemn duty to urge you with all my being for a preliminary airstrike, targeting--

JFK winces in pain.

JFK

Allen, I am not going to have the most powerful nation on Earth be seen bombing a Third World Island to high hell just because its run by a damn communist.

DULLES

If you're worried about bad press for the nation, I can assure you, the media has always been a friend of the Agency.

JFK leans back, holding his head. He pulls out a pill bottle and downs a few.

JFK

Allen, we'd have the whole damn world bearing down on us. Think of the ammunition it'd give the Soviets. I mean, you can't control everybody Allen, you're not J. Edgar Hoover.

JFK winces in pain again.

JFK (CONT'D)

Christ. Excuse me gentlemen, I need to see my secretary about an aspirin.

JFK exits. Awkward silence. Dulles pulls out his pipe, lights it, takes a puff.

DULLES

Our efforts in Vietnam are going quite well. Should have it cleaned up in no time.

BOBBY

Great. Fantastic. Put that out will you? Its the Oval Office.

Dulles GRUNTS and snuffs the pipe.

JFK

Speaking of Hoover, I don't suppose you know any way to convince him to push harder on the mafia?

DULLES

The mafia? Who cares about the mafia, there are communists abound in the world.

JFK

A government can multitask, can't it? That's why we've got all these agencies. Mafia's been dug in too long, John and I both agree, they have to go.

DULLES

Right. Well, domestic affairs aren't really my purview. Robert, may I be frank? I feel like the President hasn't fully grasped the severity of the Cuban problem.

BOBBY

Allen, we are not sending the country to war.

DULLES

We're training these Cuban boys, aren't we? Same as we'd train our own troops.

BOBBY

They're not U.S. citizens.

DULLES

Foreign soldiers, foreign planes.

BOBBY

So these expats are wizards now, conjuring up an airforce from thin air?

DULLES

Call them Guatemalan, or private. Target military installations only. Airfields, tank depots.

Bobby SIGHS.

BOBBY

Fine. Fine. If only to shut you up.

JFK returns, straightening his hair.

JFK

Damn good aspirin, much better.

DULLES

Now that you've cleared your head--

BOBBY

Let's just send some planes in, John. We can scrub the flags off.

DULLES

Paint the Guatemalan flag on.

JFK

Oh my God, both of you now?

DULLES

Military targets only, for a guaranteed success.

JFK

Fine, fine! You get one run, take out their airfields. I see so much as a flake of red, white or blue on those planes and it's off. I swear to God Allen, you'd better not fuck me on this.

CUT TO:

EXT. CUBAN AIRFIELD - DAWN

Two planes fly overhead, and start BOMBING the airfield. A CUBAN LOOKOUT shouts into a radio. SIRENS wail, men rush about.

CUBAN LOOKOUT

We're under attack! Two planes at the North Airfield, they're-

He looks out, almost all the bombs have missed. All the plains are unharmed.

CUBAN LOOKOUT (CONT'D)

-missing mostly. So probably Americans. Still, send whoever you can over, before they actually hit something!

EXT. HAVANA CAPITOL - DAY

Fidel gives a speech before a large crowd.

FIDEL

This brazen attack has clearly been perpetrated by the American imperialists. Always, the counterrevolutionary dogs will seek to put their noses in business beyond the concern of their own yard. Soon they will come for our shores, and try to return us to the bondage of capitalism. But we will look down on them, and laugh!

EXT. GUATEMALA STATION - DAY

Men rush back and forth, loading equipment and trucks onto boats. Esteban commands them all through it.

Graham watches it all from the porch of the station, smoking a cigar. He steps inside.

INT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

Rip and John stand around looking at a series of maps and top down photographs, a radio communication set up in the corner. Graham enters.

GRAHAM

Four dollars says they don't make it till tomorrow night.

RIP

Four dollars? You going bankrupt?

GRAHAM

People never pay up. Cahill still owes me that forty.

JOHN

We really should've just cancelled this thing. We could be building up assets right now.

John takes some papers, organizes them into a file.

GRAHAM

Cancelled missions look bad to the folk up top. Can't have the agency looking incompetent. Rip, you in or what?

RIP

And waste my money? You know I hate to lose.

JOHN

President Kennedy's got a good head on his shoulders, surely he wouldn't fault us for canning something we knew was crap.

GRAHAM

You worship that man too much for your own good, you know that? President starts doubting we can do our job, we loose everything.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He's the only one that can put gas
in this car.

Graham takes a big puff of his cigar. John hesitates, then drinks.

EXT. CUBAN BEACH - NIGHT

SUPER: BAY OF PIGS, CUBA

SUPER: ATTEMPT #8

A trio of boats pulls up to a beach and GUERILLAS disembark. Almost immediately they are SHOT at. A boat EXPLODES

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The oval office is filled with GENERALS and CABINET MEMBERS. A cacophony of VOICES. Dulles looms across from JFK, sat in his chair and flanked by Bobby.

DULLES

Mr. President, unforeseen events
sometimes unfold like this. But
it's critical we not let the
operation fail. We need to commit
manpower and airpower to--

JFK downs a few pills as he shouts.

JFK

I already committed airpower! You
already had manpower! You assured
me you had all the manpower you
needed! What happened Allen?

JFK massages his temples.

DULLES

I can have a full brief for you
sent in from headquarters. What's
important now, Mr. President, is
that we commit to the invasion.

JFK

Absolutely not. No more planes, no
more guns, no more. If these Cuban
boys you put together can't cut it,
that's on them.

Dulles takes a long pull from his pipe and blows smoke towards JFK.

DULLES

Those are as much our boys as they are Cuba's, in the eyes of the world at least. Think of the press, the public outcry against an American invasion.

BOBBY

What happened to 'I control the media, they'll print whatever I tell them to', Allen?

DULLES

Control only goes so far. Mr. President, if this fails, it's going to become a black stain on your Presidency forever. Perhaps the only thing anyone remembers you for. A full invasion is the only way to save your legacy.

JFK

This whole thing has been nothing but an ill-conceived nightmare. I will not be backed into a corner by you, or anyone else in the room for that matter. The invasion failed. I don't care what the headlines read Allen, that's on you. And you are on thin fucking ice.

Bobby grabs Dulles' pipe out of his hands and puts it out. Dulles HARUMPHS.

INT. STATION - NIGHT

Rip nods as he talks on a rotary phone. Graham, and John listen to Esteban yell through the radio communicator.

ESTEBAN (V.O.)

Please, we need guns, planes anything! You said that the planes were gone, that the tanks were destroyed. Please!

The radio CRACKLES out.

JOHN

I can't help but feel like we just threw their lives away for nothing.

GRAHAM

Better dead than defected, that's what I always say.

JOHN

How many times have you had to say it?

GRAHAM

Think about it John, you really want a thousand disgruntled CIA trained Cubans running around? We're practically begging them to turn on us.

JOHN

Still doesn't seem right.

Rip hangs up the phone.

RIP

That was HQ.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Dulles paces back and forth behind his desk as Graham, Rip, and John stand before him.

DULLES

This soft skinned, pill popping Catholic whore thinks he can discard me? He thinks he knows foreign policy? I am foreign policy.

JOHN

Sir, foreign policy is the President's job.

DULLES

Shut up Cahill. Plenty of folk don't do everything their jobs entail. Plenty more are just bad at their jobs. Like you three. Why can I still turn on a radio and listen to Castro give a speech for nine damn hours?

GRAHAM

I did warn you about the invasion--

DULLES

You want to get shipped to Saigon?

GRAHAM

-and lone operatives have proven to be...less than equipped for actually killing him.

DULLES

So our assassins are no good at killing. That's your analysis?

GRAHAM

Among other factors. But I have faith that we're close to something.

Dulles turns and pulls on his pipe, letting out a large cloud of smoke. Beat.

DULLES

You know, the mafia had a great many casinos in Cuba. Among many other investments stolen by Castro.

GRAHAM

Well, if I were the mafia, I might be pretty upset about that.

Another big puff of smoke. Beat. John looks between the two men with increasing shock.

DULLES

I'll have the meeting arranged. You three just try not to fuck it up.

JOHN

Sir, this is criminal conspiracy.

DULLES

This is the CIA Cahill. Our whole purpose is to commit crimes.

JOHN

Well- but we're the government. These are just, crooks and thieves. We should be arresting them, not hiring them.

DULLES

Domestic crimes aren't our jurisdiction. We're not J. Edgar Hoover. Unfortunately.

Dulles walks to Cahill and puts a hand on his shoulder.

DULLES (CONT'D)

Presidents are important. We need their signatures, and they make very good scapegoats.

JOHN

Sir, he's the leader of the free world.

DULLES

He's the leader of sticking his dick into anything that moves is what he is. He's got the whole white house wired, did you know that? We're tapped into them too.

GRAHAM

We're tapped in to the White House?

DULLES

Take a listen sometime, see how things are really run. Later though. You boys have a dinner date.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Graham and John sit at the table of a fancy Italian restaurant. Across from them sits JOHN TRAFFICELLI, 40's, typical mafioso.

TRAFFICELLI

I have to admit, this is all very lavish, very nice.

GRAHAM

The organization always treats its friends well. Very well.

TRAFFICELLI

Well, my friends have been getting a very poor treatment. Your boss, Mr. Kennedy. He's been making life very difficult for us. All these crackdowns, it's a real detriment to the community.

JOHN

Your community the mafia? What is it you all do, exactly?

TRAFFICELLI

I don't like the mouth on this one.

John leans back, raises his hands.

JOHN

I'm just curious about what possible qualifications you might have.

TRAFFICELLI

Well, since we're being frank. My family enjoyed a very lucrative shipping business between Havana and the states for many years.

JOHN

The Trafficellis trafficked?

TRAFFICELLI

We also made rude and disrespectful punks disappear. Quite frequently. And since we're being frank, you two want help?

(looks around, leans in)

You get your little fed friends at the FBI off our back first.

GRAHAM

J. Edgar Hoover is no one's friend, and our agencies don't exactly speak the same language, capisce?

TRAFFICELLI

Then what use are you to me?

GRAHAM

Oh, the Agency has many uses. All of them in the universal language.

Graham slides a briefcase over to him. Trafficelli glances at him, puts the case on his lap, opens it. It's stuffed with money.

TRAFFICELLI

Right in public? Is this really how you people do things?

JOHN

Are you going to take it or not?

GRAHAM

It's the first of many.

Trafficelli palms through the cash.

TRAFFICELLI

Hey, who am I to argue. You boys
just sit back now and let my family
do what they do best.

EXT. HAVANA STREETS - DAY

SUPER: ATTEMPT # 12

A car with the silhouette of Fidel Castro idles on the street. Another car pulls up beside it, rolls its windows down, bullets fly out and pepper Castro's car. The door comes off, and out rolls a wax dummy of Fidel.

Escalante jumps out of the car ahead of them with two GUARDS and riddles the hitmen with holes.

INT. HOTEL CAFETERIA - DAY

SUPER: ATTEMPT #15

Fidel is handed a milkshake. Escalante, suspicious of the server, grabs it before he can drink. He SNIFFS it, then leaps over the counter. The two guards follow suit.

EXT. HAVANA STREETS - DAY

SUPER: ATTEMPT #21

Escalante leads Fidel to a car. He opens the door for him, then stops Fidel before he enters. Opens and closes it several times. SNIFFS. He signals for everyone to clear out.

MOMENTS LATER

A bomb squad arrives to defuse the car bomb hidden beneath the vehicle. Across the street, in a car, a HITMAN WHACKS his dashboard in frustration.

INT. HAVANA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

SUPER: ATTEMPT #28

A HITMAN sits at a restaurant table, watches as Fidel and the two guards enter. He gets up and leaves the table.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The hitman fishes a gun in a plastic bag from the back of the toilet. He takes out the gun, inspects it. A CREAK. He looks up, Escalante is peering over the stall next to him. The hitman panics as Escalante leaps over the divider at him.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Our trio once again stands before Dulles, now seated and smoking.

DULLES

The mafia kills people all the time. Why is he different, hm? What is he, Lazarus?

RIP

Technically, Lazarus was killed, he was just brought back.

DULLES

Roberts congratulations, you're never getting a promotion again. Anyone else have any analyses?

Silence.

DULLES (CONT'D)

We should have burned him out when we had the chance. Scorched the island. But America can't be too aggressive now, can it?

GRAHAM

Yes, image is very important to today's public sir.

DULLES

What we need is another Pearl Harbor. That got us into gear, didn't it? So, let's do another Pearl Harbor.

John looks horrified.

JOHN

Sir, what...how?

DULLES

Have the Cubans blow up a military installation.

(MORE)

DULLES (CONT'D)

Of course, they won't do it themselves, so you'll have to do it for them.

JOHN

No, absolutely--

GRAHAM

John, take a walk, we'll sort this out.

John looks at him with shock, then quickly paces out.

EXT. WATER COOLER - MOMENTS LATER

John downs a glass of water, lost in thought

DICK (O.S.)

You probably want something stronger than water.

ANOTHER ANGLE

DICK Helms, late 30's, superstar agent, stands on the other side of the water cooler. He holds out a hand.

DICK (CONT'D)

Dick, Dick Helms.

JOHN

John Cahill.

DICK

I know. With Graham on the Cuba gig. That's a tough break.

JOHN

They're all tough jobs.

DICK

True, everybody remembers what a shitshow Guatemala was. Still, running the show there is what got me my promotion. Of course, that only took me one try to get done. How long do you suppose before your promotion?

JOHN

I'm comfortable where I'm at. Graham's a good lead.

GRAHAM

True, he does have a certain ruthlessness. Not unlike your old man.

JOHN

You knew my dad? Hey, did he really--

DICK

Steal a boatload of cash from his country? Damn straight. Sharp as a knife, he was. Guess the apple does fall far from the tree.

John takes a moment.

JOHN

Was there something you wanted, Dick.

DICK

Just shopping around for some competition. Guess they're fresh out though.

Dick pats John on the shoulder, walks off.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - LATER

John paces around his shared office as Rip and Graham sit together.

JOHN

This is insane. You both realize that right? I mean, I joined the Agency because so I could protect my country. Protect it's citizens without having to go to war.

RIP

There was always the FBI.

JOHN

Somebody's got to stop this. If the public found out--

GRAHAM

John, shut up and sit down, now.

John stops and stares at him. Graham sighs.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Never, ever, tell the Director no.
Suggest an alternate course maybe.
Bring up some possible hazards. But
never tell him no. You keep talking
the way you are,
counterintelligence will vanish
you. Dead in a ditch somewhere no
one will find you.

John pales.

JOHN

Hey, hey, I'm all for the cause,
the Red Menace is a global threat.
But this? This is way off course,
we're practically doing their job
for them.

GRAHAM

Look, we can target infrastructure,
critical buildings and equipment.
Minimal casualties, if any. Best
way to ensure there aren't is to
make the plan yourself.

John stares at them a moment, then sits down with them.

JOHN

I can't believe the president would
ever sign off on this.

RIP

You'd be surprised what people will
do for the greater good. But if it
bothers you that much, Dulles
wasn't kidding about those wire
taps. Take a little listen in on
the meeting. Get this stick out of
your ass about the way things
should be done.

John stares and fiddles with a pen.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

JFK stares at the plan on his desk, then up at Dulles, Bobby,
MCNAMARA, 50's, MCCONE, 50's, CIA, and the dozen or so STAFF
in the room.

JFK

Raise your hand if you think this
is a good idea.

Almost all the hands go up. JFK scans the room incredulously. Most of the hands waver and go down.

JFK (CONT'D)
 If any one of you thinks for a second that I would authorize an attack on American soil--

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

John listens through the radio set up of the tapped White House. A smile of relief grows on his face.

JFK (O.S.)
 I mean have you all lost you minds?
 If even this plan leaked to the press, they'd hang every one of us!

John turns off the radio, satisfied.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JFK is standing now.

JFK
 That this was ever even brought to me--

MCNAMARA
 Sir, Cuba is a clear danger. If we don't act, how long before they're a launch site for Soviet missiles? They're right on our doorstep.

JFK
 Why the hell would Khrushchev do that? That'd be like if we put missiles in Turkey, it's practically a declaration of war.

Silence.

MCNAMARA
 Sir, we have missiles in Turkey.

JFK stares at him agape.

JFK
 What is with all these goddamn secrets?

(MORE)

JFK (CONT'D)

What the hell do we have missiles in Turkey for? Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ. McNamara, did you know about this plan?

MCNAMARA

Allen and I came up with it together. I'm completely for it.

ALLEN

Along with several other members of the Staff.

Beat.

JFK

Allen, your fired. I want your resignation tomorrow. McNamara, congratulations, you're our new UN Ambassador. Now get the hell out, both of you.

Silence. Dulles' pipe falls out of his mouth and CLATTERS.

DULLES

What? Why does he get a new position?

JFK

Because firing both of you would be bad press, and I hate you more. Now get out, before I have the Secret Service drag you out.

DULLES

John, this is outrageous! You cowardly little deviant, I'll ruin you for this!

JFK

Nice try, but you're no J.Edgar Hoover. Security!

Two SECRET SERVICE agents enter and try to escort Dulles. He resists, and eventually they lift him up and carry him away.

DULLES

This is preposterous! I'll see you dead for this Kennedy!

The doors close. JFK winces in pain and pops a few pills.

JFK

Bobby, you're on top of all this spy stuff, pick a new Director.

Bobby scans the room.

BOBBY

McCone, how'd you like to head the CIA?

MCCONE

I really feel like we should be looking for missiles in Cuba now.

BOBBY

Seems qualified to me.

JFK

Fuck it, he'll do for now. Congratulations McCone.

MCCONE

Could we maybe run some U2's over Cuba?

JFK

Shut up, ask me later. I need an aspirin. Oh, and fire whoever wrote up that Northwoods plan.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

AGENTS, including John Rip and Grant, pack the halls, CLAPPING for and saluting Dulles as he and all his things depart the building.

DULLES

I know you will all do your best in continuing to safeguard America, and the free world. Remember, you are America's foreign policy!

Loud CHEERS and CLAPPING. McCone approaches Grant, staring at a clipboard.

MCCONE

Graham Grant? You wrote up the details of Operation Northwood?

GRAHAM

(hesitant)
I did sir.

MCCONE

Were you the sole author?

Graham looks to Rip and John. He SIGHS.

GRAHAM

Yes sir, I was.

MCCONE

The president wants you fired, but I feel like that would be a bad first impression. So congratulations, you're now the Station Chief of Iran.

GRAHAM

Sir? I've been the lead on Castro for three years now.

MCCONE

And he's still not dead, so I guess it's good that we're getting some new leadership in on that. You, you're Rip Roberts?

RIP

Yes sir. I've been working with Graham almost since day one.

MCCONE

I have a note from former Director Dulles that says not to promote you in any capacity whatsoever.

(to John)

You're with them?

JOHN

Yes, sir. John Cahill, sir.

McCone shakes John's hand.

MCCONE

Congratulations Cahill, you're now the lead on Castro. Try to do better at killing him. Now, where's that U2 film development room?

McCone wanders off. John stands in shock, turns to Graham.

JOHN

Grant-

GRAHAM

Well, congratulations kid. You finally get to do things your way.

He pats John on the shoulder, SIGHS and walks away.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You still owe me that forty dollars by the way.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - LATER

John pins a big tack board up to the wall and starts pinning photos; Castro, Che, Escalante, buildings in Cuba.

JOHN

Right. We need to be unnoticeable, untraceable, completely unexpected. Random, and preferably something where we don't need to be there to get it done. Silent, distant, and deadly. How do we do that?

Rip smirks.

INT. LABS - DAY

Rip leads John down a long corridor of glass doors. Behind each one is a different SCIENTIST, each with their own mad experiment; mixing noxious chemicals, acid wigs, cigarette blow darts.

RIP

R&D labs. Most of this stuff went out of use a few years ago, but they still cook up some real wild stuff down here.

Rip stops at a door labelled DR. BLOME and knocks. Nothing. Rip looks at John, shrugs, and opens the door.

DR. BLOME, late 60's, a slight German accent, lies slumped on a workbench.

RIP (CONT'D)

Doctor, now a good time?

Blome shoots up.

BLOME

It was just for science!
(gets his bearings)
Ah, Agent Roberts, welcome. Coffee?

Blome walks over to a coffee machine sitting amongst various chemicals and starts brewing.

RIP

Thank you. Doctor, we were wondering if you boys had anything discreet we could borrow.

JOHN

Something domestic. Everyday. So mundane you wouldn't even notice it.

BLOME

Like a poison toothbrush? One of my classics. Unfortunately it's intended target was dissolved in a vat of acid before it could get to him.

JOHN

Vat of acid seems a little extreme for us, but a poison toothbrush sounds up our alley.

Blome perks up, looks Cahill up and down.

BLOME

I don't believe we've met. Dr. Kurt Blome, at your service.

JOHN

John Cahill. Funny, I've never been down this way.

BLOME

People tend to leave us to our own devices, get the creative juices flowing. It's really the same way they had us working back home.

JOHN

Where's that?

BLOME

Germany. I like it much better here though. Anyway, back to the death machines. This is going to be a lot of fun, I can already tell.

INT. CASTRO'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: ATTEMPT #49

Castro writes furiously on sheets of paper with a pen.

BLOME (V.O.)
Poisoned pen. Sophisticated,
untraceable.

A small needle shoots out from the clip of the pen, narrowly missing Castro's finger every time he writes. The pen runs dry, and Castro tosses it in a pile of dried pens.

INT. CASTRO'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: ATTEMPT #62

Castro lights a cigar.

BLOME
Exploding cigar. Poetic,
provocative.

The end of the cigars fizzles and sparks. Castro looks at it funny and tosses it away.

INT. CASTRO'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: ATTEMPT #81

Castro lounges in his chair.

BLOME
Suicide pigeons! Unexpected and
unstoppable.

A bird smack into the window and falls down dead.

JOHN (V.O.)
Stop, stop!

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

John stares at a much messier conspiracy board. Rip sits on a desk, Blome stands.

JOHN
This is getting us nowhere. What
are we missing?

RIP

Go back to basics. Try shooting him. All these fancy gadgets are getting us nowhere.

BLOME

Hey, don't go blaming the tools for user error.

John whirls on the doctor.

JOHN

Are you trying to say we can't do our jobs right?

DICK (O.S.)

That's exactly what I'd say.

John peers around Blome. Dick leans in the doorway.

RIP

Dick, you sonofabitch. I thought you were in Indonesia?

DICK

Indonesia's old news. Got everything settled over there.

JOHN

Wasn't Indonesia a total disaster?

DICK

Indonesia was a stunning success. Just like all my operations. In fact, the whole CIA record is nothing but successes, except for this team.

John sizes him up.

JOHN

Yeah? I heard Indonesia got fucked so badly we just labelled our own guys communists and knocked them off.

DICK

Exactly. A stunning success.

JOHN

But you didn't do anything.

DICK

Sure we did. We killed communists. You might try it sometimes. Earn your next promotion through talent instead of failure.

JOHN

Alright Mister Big Shot. How would you do it?

DICK

You work at the Central Intelligence Agency. Try collecting some intelligence, get some assets.

John is stumped for a retort for a moment.

JOHN

What are you doing here anyway? Don't you have your own operations to take care of?

DICK

Just checking in on the team that got Dulles fired. Best boss we'll ever have. Well, at least until they put me in charge. Rip, always a pleasure.

Dick leaves. Beat.

BLOME

I mean he wasn't wrong.

EXT. CUBAN BEACH - DAY

Fidel Castro emerges from the ocean in scuba gear, pulling off his mask. He reaches to his side and fingers a hole in his water suit. FLASH. A black and white photo of the image is captured.

LATER

Fidel walks along the beach, a woman wrapped around him and a guard a few paces behind, holding a bucket. Fidel stops, picks up a large seashell, tosses it in the bucket. FLASH. Another photo.

SUNSET

Fidel sits in a beach chair while two women run their hands through his beard. He talks and gesticulates at great length. FLASH.

A few dozen yards away, a YOUNG GUARD patrols, Rip appears behind him and pulls a black bag over his head, dragging him around a corner. FLASH.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

The conspiracy board is overwhelmed with photos and red string. John holds the photo of the kidnapping.

JOHN
Why did we take this? Christ.

John tosses the photo in a shredder, which WHIRS to life.

JOHN (CONT'D)
The rest of this though- Alright.
Ok. Look at this, we can work with
this.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick leans in the doorway.

DICK
You boys killed Castro yet? Because
the President's come to visit.

John perks up immediately and sticks his head out past Dick. He rushes back in and starts tidying up the office.

RIP
Wouldn't a messy office imply we
were hard at work?

JOHN
Just, Shut up and help me clean.

DICK
Best of luck.

Dick LAUGHS as he walks away.

MCCONE (O.S.)
Sir, I really would like to get
more U2's going before--

JFK (O.S.)

This isn't a meeting McCone, I'm
just here to rally the boys.

JFK stops in John's doorway, flanked by McCone and LBJ, 50's,
surly. JFK KNOCKS on the doorframe. John drops what he's
doing, stands up ramrod and salutes.

JOHN

John Cahill, sir. Honor to meet
you. At your service. Whatever you
need Mr. President.

He glances at Rip, lost in thought. John kicks his shin. Rip
stands and salutes.

RIP

Rip Robertson. Sir.

MCCONE

These are the new heads of our
Cuban Taskforce.

JFK

Ah, well boys, how are we looking?

JOHN

Well, sir, we have a series of
plans right now, mainly targeting
Castro during his leisure periods.
We know he likes to scuba, collect
seashells. His speeches, diction,
charisma, they seem to be the--

LBJ

What's with the list of hobbies,
why can't you just shoot him?

JFK

Lyndon, if I wanted your opinion
I'd shove a nickel in your ass.
You're here for morale, not policy.

LBJ GRUMBLES. JFK pulls out a pill bottle and pops a few
pills.

JFK (CONT'D)

Well, keep up the work boys. Your
countrymen and I look forward to
your progress.

JOHN

Thank you sir. And may I just say, I truly appreciate all that you're doing to protect and serve this country. You're an inspiration to each of us.

JFK

Oh, well, thank you son.

The two shake hands. John just about explodes.

LBJ

Bootlicker.

JFK

Shut the fuck up Lyndon. Alright McCone, where to next?

MCCONE

I'd really like you to take a look at some U2 photos. I'm starting to lose sleep over these Cuban missiles.

JFK

The missiles that don't exist? Christ man, you really need to take that honeymoon.

The trio leave. John stays beaming.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

John holds his head in his hands. Rip examines the board.

SUPER: ATTEMPT # 110

A RED LINE runs through the super.

RIP

Okay, okay. So those didn't work--

JOHN

How is someone going to send him a scuba suit the day before we send him a poison one?

RIP

And seashells are too big for C4. This is a learning process.

(MORE)

RIP (CONT'D)

What if we tried discrediting him?
Get his own people to oust him.

JOHN

Do you think we're being spied on?

RIP

What? No, that's what
counterintelligence is for. Focus.

John gets up and stands at the board.

JOHN

I'm serious. It's not just the
scuba suit. Think of everything
we've tried. Nothing has worked?
It's improbable. There has to be a
reason.

RIP

John, Intelligence work is just
like this sometimes--

JOHN

Is it? Is it?

RIP

Okay. This case is a little
strange.

JOHN

Where's that Cuban we picked up
being held? I want to talk to this
guy.

INT. LABS - LATER

John Rip and Blome peer into an old school interrogation
room. The Young Guard sits strapped to a chair, bloody, and
nervously glancing about the room.

JOHN

Has he said anything?

BLOME

What would he be saying?

JOHN

Haven't you been interrogating him?

BLOME

Why would I do that, I'm not an
interrogator.

JOHN

Christ, then what the hell are you torturing him for?

BLOME

Science? I'm a scientist. You guys weren't using him.

JOHN

Christ. Rip, have you ever interrogated someone?

RIP

No. But, come on, how hard could it be?

They glance at Blome, he gives them two thumbs up.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

John and Rip stand at the sink, arms and shirts splattered with blood. Rip scrubs his shirt, while John stares into the mirror.

RIP

It's not going to wash itself you know. And red's not really your color.

JOHN

How did we end up at this? We're supposed to be professionals. Why does it feel like this whole Agency is just an oversized mess.

RIP

There was never a time when it was any different. Look, John, if we had a spy, counter intelligence would be all over it. I mean those guys run on a hair trigger.

JOHN

So we spent the whole day on this guy and got nothing.

RIP

Not nothing. We know he's got a cousin, works as a military toll booth operator.

INT. CUBAN HOUSE - DAY

The TOLL OPERATOR, late 20's, sits on the phone nervously.

RIP (V.O.)
Figure we tell him our guy escaped,
made a better life for himself--

JOHN
Tell him he can do the same if he
plays ball.

EXT. CUBAN TOLL BOOTH - DAY

Toll Operator watches as vehicles move past the tolls, makes note of them on a notepad.

RIP (V.O.)
It's another set of eyes at least.
Keep track of who's moving where.

LATER

At a payphone outside the Toll Booth, Toll Worker reads off his list into the phone.

JOHN (V.O.)
Hopefully it can keep McCone's
blood pressure down.

EXT. CUBAN TOLL BOOTH - DAY

The Toll Worker exits his booth and stares as military trucks loaded with missile parts drive by. He sprints off.

RIP (V.O.)
Ha. Him and his damn missiles. Like
that'll ever happen.

MONTAGE

- A CIA agents hangs up the telephone and dials a new number
- A U2 spy plane takes off
- SNAP. A series of black and white aerials of the missile site.
- McCone in the red room. Looks at the photos and passes out
- The photos are sealed in an envelope and sent off

- Bobby Kennedy opens the envelope, his eyes go wide.

END MONTAGE

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

JFK kicks his desk and punches the air. Staff fill the room, SHOUTING over each other. McCone stares into the distance.

JFK

Shit. Shit. Goddam Shit. How the Hell did this happen. What are we doing? How are we responding?

BOBBY

John this is a damn provocation for war!

LBJ

We should be blowing those missiles to high hell.

STAFFER #1

Make Nagasaki look like a picnic.

STAFFER #2

Nothing short of a full invasion of Cuba is going to rectify this.

JFK sits, collects himself, pops a few pills.

JFK

Right. Right. Get the Airforce on the line. I want that site gone yesterday. How soon can we land in Havana?

MCCONE

Sir, I would like to not end the world.

JFK

McCone?

MCCONE

Let's all just relax, maybe call up Nikita, see how we can resolve this.

JFK

Well, we have to do something, those materials cannot reach Cuba.

MCCONE

I have every confidence in your diplomatic skills sir.

JFK

Ok. Ok. A blockade maybe. A firm warning with the firepower to back it up. What do we think.

A room full of GRUMBLING. McCone thinks it over.

MCCONE

Could work. We'd have to get on it now.

JFK

Right, right.

(beat)

Well, fucking get to it everybody. Get the ships moving, get me Khrushchev on the phone, McCone let's hammer out details, fucking move!

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE

John pins a newspaper clipping to the board. It reads MISSILE CRISIS AVERTED.

JOHN

Tell me we have something?

Rip leans back, dragging on a cigarette. He shrugs.

ANGLETON (O.S.)

Seems you boys have hit one hell of a dead end.

ANGLETON, late 40's, chubby, narrow eyes, looms in the doorway. Rip shoots up.

RIP

Angleton. Surprised to see you up here.

ANGLETON

Good. Means I'm doing my job.

John holds out his hand.

JOHN

I don't think we've met. John--

ANGLETON
Cahill. I know who you are.

He brushes past John and walks up to the conspiracy board.

RIP
John, this is Jim Angleton. Head of
counterintelligence.

Realization dawns on John.

JOHN
Spycatchers.

ANGLETON
That is what we do, yes. Tell me
John, how long have you been with
us?

JOHN
About two and a half years.

ANGLETON
And Rip, your coming up on eight
soon, aren't you? All that time,
dominated by one mission. One man.

Angleton pulls down a photo of Castro.

JOHN
It's been quite the slog.

ANGLETON
Some might call it a cakewalk.
After a while, people just start
assuming you'll fail every time.

JOHN
Haven't noticed anything like that.
I certainly don't plan to stop
trying.

ANGLETON
How's the home life John? Job like
this can take it's toll on a man.

John considers a moment.

JOHN
Don't suppose I really have one.

ANGLETON
Rip, you were passed up for
promotion recently, right?

RIP
Me and a whole bunch of other
people.

JOHN
Look, I'll tell you now, neither
one of us are double agents.

Angleton tosses the photo aside.

ANGLETON
Then why isn't Castro dead yet,
hmm? I've seen agents work through
three operations in the time it's
taken you to fail to do one. So
what's the delay? You two just
lacking in the brains depart.

JOHN
I got a degree from Harvard, Jim.
There's no lack of brains in here.

ANGLETON
The Harvard degree paid for with
the money your father stole from
his country during his time in OSS?

John bolts up, gets in Angleton's face.

JOHN
My father was a veteran and a damn
hero. He killed Nazis. I could tell
you a million stories about his
patriotism, but my partner and I
have a job to do, if you'll excuse
us.

ANGLETON
Another time then. Be seeing you.

Angleton exits.

JOHN
If you've got anything Rip...

Rip considers.

INT. LABS - DAY

Blome unveils a canister of gas.

BLOME

A gaseous agent designed to cause rapid hair loss.

John looks at Rip in disbelief.

RIP

Hey, the beard is a powerful symbol. If he loses it suddenly, what are his people going to think. That he's dying! Chaos in the streets, total panic.

John SIGHS, acquiesces.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: ATTEMPT # 117

A RED LINE runs through the super.

John teas down posts from the conspiracy board.

RIP

We don't know that it wouldn't have worked. Not the gas's fault our guy's boat sunk.

JOHN

I'm just gonna take it as a sign that it wouldn't have worked.

Rip chews on his pen.

RIP

Hey, what if we blasted him with LSD. During a speech or something. A televised event. Whole world might think he's going crazy.

Dick passes by the doorway.

DICK

Or maybe he'll find the secret to world peace. Christ, you guys really are desperate. It'd be funny if the spycatchers weren't thinking of pulling your nails out.

JOHN

Don't you have anything better to do?

DICK

I could give your job a shot. Knock that off my to do list. Your boy's on TV by the way. Giving another one of his rants.

Dick leaves. John shuts the door, Rip turns on their tiny television, finds a broadcast of Castro giving a speech.

FIDEL

For years now, the American government have tried to see me killed. Always, they hide in the shadows with their guns and their poison. Always, their President Kennedy seeks to destroy me, for the crime of loving my people and my homeland. I tell you now, those who deal in death and shadows, shall have death and shadows visited upon them! Death will come for you, President Kennedy!

Rip turns the TV off.

RIP

What a bunch of bullshit.

JOHN

You ever wonder if he's serious? I mean, how easily do you think he could get a man inside the US?

RIP

Past us and J. Edgar Hoover? Not in a million years.

INSERT: Footage of the JFK Assassination

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

LBJ stands in his hotel room, with a SECRET SERVICE AGENT and an AIDE. He listens attentively on the phone.

LBJ

And your absolutely sure? Brains all over the backseat, well damn. Yes, yes it's a very sad day.

(MORE)

LBJ (CONT'D)

Have them wrap all this up as quickly as possible, we don't want the country thrown into the panic. Alright, much appreciated.

He hangs up, turns to the others.

LBJ (CONT'D)

It appears there's been an attempt on the President's life. Very likely a successful one.

AIDE

My God.

LBJ

Yes, its very shocking. If you would both just, I need a moment.

The Aide and Agent leave. LBJ waits a moment, cracks a smile, does a little dance.

LBJ (CONT'D)

Rest in piss you smarmy rat bastard. Where's my damn bible, I got oaths to take.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

John is absorbed in the paper, full coverage of Kennedy's death and the ongoing investigation. Rip bounces a ball off the wall, staring at the conspiracy board.

John puts down the paper and takes a tired, shaky breath.

JOHN

Christ. I can barely believe he's gone.

RIP

If he was behind it, does that put this on us? I'm not aiming to get fired.

JOHN

What else could we have done?

RIP

Been better at our jobs for starters.

McCone rushes into the office.

MCCONE

Cahill, Roberts, how much do you have that ties directly to Kennedy?

John and Rip both stand.

JOHN

Um, most everything sir.

MCCONE

Get rid of it. Shred it, burn it, doesn't matter just get it gone.

JOHN

Sir, all of this is vital intelligence, we can't operate without it.

MCCONE

You can't operate out of a federal prison either. Congress is on a goddamn warpath.

RIP

Prison? Sir, the President would never allow--

MCCONE

Johnson couldn't give two shits about us. Also, best not to bring up any ties we might have to Kennedy. Don't want to raise suspicions.

RIP

Suspicious?

JOHN

They can't put us in prison, I mean everything we do for this country--

MCCONE

Is deeply illegal and also never happened. Get to burning. Also for god sake, find somebody to kill Castro. It's embarrassing. I was never here!

McCone rushes out. John follows him, looks out into the hall. Dozens of AGENTS are rushing around with trashcans full of shredded papers. Fires glow from the open doors of offices. John closes the door, looks at Rip.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

LBJ sits at the president's desk. McCone and Dick stand across from him, confused at his monologuing.

LBJ

You know, I had a cow named Bessie. I'd milk that cow every day, made the most delicious milk. But sometimes, I'd milk a whole bucket, and right before I'd finished, she would shit on her tail and swing that shit tail right through the milk. Shit milk. That's what you are.

MCCONE

Sir?

LBJ stands, walks to McCone, gets uncomfortably close.

LBJ

Shit milk. Your whole damn Agency. Bunch of hoo-ha nonsense. That's what ya'll do. Well guess what. You're fired.

MCCONE

Sir, the CIA provides vital intelligence directives--

LBJ

Bullshit, that's what it provides. Castro ain't dead, Vietnam's a mess, and I know jack shit about what the Soviets are up to. You're being replaced McCone.

McCone looks crestfallen. Dick straightens his tie, smooths his hair.

LBJ (CONT'D)

Going to put some military boys in charge over there, whip you all into shape. You, what do you do?

DICK

Richard Helms, Mr. President. Head of Covert Operations sir.

LBJ

Head of bullshit. Show my boys around, yeah? Get them up to speed.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Agents once again line the halls as McCone departs. A smattering of CLAPS for him, John and Rip among them.

LATER

Dick sees off two GENERALS. John exits his office to grab his attention.

JOHN
Dick, Dick!

DICK
Cahill? As if my day wasn't bad enough.

JOHN
Do you know if they're still going after Castro?

DICK
You serious? I figure you'd want off that operation like nobody's business.

JOHN
The man's not dead, the jobs not done.

DICK
Castro's low priority now. President wants eyes on Vietnam, South America. Target nations at risk.

JOHN
I want to stay on Castro.

Dick walks away.

DICK
Orders are orders, sport, dumb as they are. Put your feet up, install a few dictators, do a coup. It'll be good for you.

John pursues him.

JOHN
I've been on Castro three years now, he's as much of a threat as he ever was.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Take him out, communism in the whole region disappears, I guarantee.

DICK

It's out of my hands.

JOHN

Dick, you're the superstar agent here. Look, we nail Castro, the credit's all yours, I swear.

John gets in front of him, stops their movement.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Besides, why should we have to listen to all these military types? Hell, Dulles barely ever listened to the President and look what he accomplished. We're the CIA.

Dick CHUCKLES.

DICK

America's foreign policy. I do hate to see these crayon eating jarheads sink us like the fucking titanic.

(sighs)

I never agreed to this. But none of these pigeons ever actually checks where the budget goes. Just, maybe disappear down to Miami for a bit.

John beams.

JOHN

Thank you. I mean. Look forward to seeing you actually in charge.

DICK

Yeah, well. Can't let some two-bit beach bum get one over on the CIA. The is America. We run shit.

Dick walks away.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

John and Rip pack their things into boxes. John glances out the door. Angleton is standing across the hall, smoking. He waves. John walks up and SLAMS the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI OFFICE - DAY

John and Rip bring boxes to their new Miami station, unpacking papers, typewriters, and guns.

RIP

Lot of Cubans out here. You think any of them are feeling murderous?

JOHN

They'd better be, the amount of bending over for Dick I had to do to get us out here.

John peers through the blinds of their window.

RIP

Well, go see what the sentiment is.

EXT. MIAMI STREETS - DAY

John walks down a crowded street heavily populated with CUBANS, listening in on their conversations. Snippets of CASUAL CONVERSATION, until.

CUBAN

--swear to god we were this close, but the grenade fell down a sewer drain. Fucker drove right past me ten seconds later.

CUBAN #2

--strangle him to death if I could. He locked up both my uncles, they probably starved to death.

CUBAN #3

--smuggled some guns in on my fishing boat. Hoping Carlos can blow the beard right off his face.

A smile spreads across John's face, wider and wider. Oblivious, he walks right into MARIA, early 20's, carrying a basket of produce. Fruit and vegetables spill out.

JOHN

Oh God, my apologies, head in the clouds.

MARIA

If you help pick it up, I might just forgive you.

John CHUCKLES, swiftly gathers up the spilled produce. Stares at Maria a moment, hands her back the produce.

JOHN

Here, let me walk you back.

MARIA

If you want to carry all this, by all means.

She hands him the full basket. He accepts it and the walk off.

LATER

John and Maria walk together.

JOHN

I'm still trying to get my bearings out here. How long have you been here?

MARIA

Three years, just the same as almost everybody else in the neighborhood.

JOHN

I noticed. Seems like Castro is all anybody talks about.

MARIA

Yeah well, everybody wants him dead. We all just want to go home. Though I'd e more than happy to talk about anything else.

She bumps his shoulder.

JOHN

Careful, we don't want a spill part two.

MARIA

I trust you. Besides, this is me anyways.

They stop in front of an apartment building. She takes the basket of food from him.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Well, I think this has made for a pretty good apology. Thank you.

JOHN

My pleasure. Say, you wouldn't happen to know where in the neighborhood a guy like me might get some drinks and make some friends, would you?

MARIA

Castello's, two blocks over is nice. It's my favorite at least. Drinks, dancing, lots of sour old Cubans to make friends with.

JOHN

I'll be sure to check it out. Maybe I'll see you there.

MARIA

Maybe.

She smiles, turns to leave.

MARIA (CONT'D)

If not, you at least know my building now!

John smiles.

INT. COSTELLO'S - EVENING

A Cuban themed bar with a dance floor, several couples out on it. The bar is busy but not packed, with a BARTENDER, late 40's, Cuban, working.

John sits by himself, nursing a drink, watching it all.

CUBAN

-And my cousin Arturo, he smuggled a whole crate of grenades into Cuba, I don't even know where you get those.

John writes in a notepad ARTURO, SMUGGLING, WEAPONS DEALING. There is a list of other names and character descriptions. John thumbs through them all and smiles. He looks up, scanning the room, his smile turns to a frown.

BARTENDER

Looking for someone?

JOHN
 Hmm? No- I just. Someone
 recommended this place. I was
 hoping they'd be here.

John gives one last look around, then returns to his notepad.

INT. MIAMI OFFICE - DAY

John and Rip sort through a large stack of files. There is a box between them labelled EXPATRIATE ASSETS. The pile of files creeps over the edge of the box. Both men are smiling.

LATER

The conspiracy board has returned. A new section labelled USABLE ASSETS now hangs, with photos of Cuban expatriates. Rip holds up another one, FRANCISCO, late 40's.

RIP
 Intelligence has this one trying to
 blow up Fidel with an RPG. Get
 this; they couldn't fit the damn
 missile out the window.

JOHN
 Exactly the sort of problems we can
 fix for them. Put him up.

Rip pins Francisco's photo to the board.

EXT. MIAMI CAFE - DAY

John and Rip sit at a table with Francisco and ARTURO, Cuban, late 20's.

FRANCISCO
 I had him, right after he got to
 power. Gun to his head. What do I
 do, I hesitate.

Rip and John nod sympathetically.

JOHN
 Terrible.

RIP
 Tragic.

FRANCISCO

Four years later, where are we? No more hesitations. I'd blow his whole house sky high if I could.

JOHN

What a sight that'd be.

ARTURO

I think about him in my dreams a lot. Where I strangle him, shoot him, explode him, stab him. One time it was poison but that's not as fun.

JOHN

That shows true commitment, that does. The heart of a killer.

ARTURO

That's exactly what I say. If you are going to be a killer, be a killer. No soft hearts.

Arturo smacks Francisco's arm.

FRANCISCO

The only soft thing here is your gut, lard ass.

ARTURO

Hey, you all want Castro dead, but what about Che? Two sides of the same shitty coin those two.

RIP

He's off playing revolutionary in Africa, no one gives a shit about him right now.

FRANCISCO

Guns and money. That's all we need. We're already broke enough as is.

JOHN

Well, your new Uncle Sam has some very deep pockets, I assure you. We will need access to all your sources. Contacts, co-conspirators, etcetera.

FRANCISCO

Guns first. I have things I need to get moving now.

JOHN

They'll take a day or two to get here, make me a list in the meanwhile.

John stands, and the others follow suit. The two halves of the table exchange handshakes.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh, and don't tell anybody about this yeah?

EXT. MIAMI DOCKS - DAY

Francisco and Arturo load weapons parts and ammunition cases into bait and tackle boxes. They close up the last boxes. A CUBAN MAN passes them by.

CUBAN MAN

Good fishing today!

FRANCISCO

Oh, no. We're off to kill Castro!

CUBAN MAN

Oh, good luck!

MONTAGE

- SUPER: ATTEMPT #129 Arturo aims at Castro out of a moving car. It hits a pothole and he misses his shot, and speeds off.

-John pulls down a 1963 calendar, and looks at a messy sleeping cot in the Miami office

- SUPER: ATTEMPT #166 Francisco waits at the Cuban docks with a detonator, staring at a white boat with GAURDS. CASTRO arrives, spots a boat with red stripes, points at it. All the guards move with him to that one.

- John shakes hands with a REAL ESTATE AGENT outside a modest home in Miami.

- SUPER: ATTEMPT #209 Arturo follows Castro as he walks down the street. Escalante notices him, pulls out a little book full of photos, finds Arturo's, and chases him.

- SUPER: ATTEMPT #245 Francisco hands out guns to a group of CUBAN MEN. Escalante and several SOLDIERS burst through the door, guns drawn. Francisco dives out a window.

-John pins up a 1966 calendar.

-SUPER: ATTEMPT #281 Arturo aims a rifle through a ninth story window at Castro, giving a speech. The rifle jams. Arturo fiddles with it as Castro ends the speech and walks away.

END MONTAGE

INT. MIAMI OFFICE - DAY

John puts two red X's through the photos of two assets. Rip, feet on his desk, sips coffee. John stares at photo of Escalante.

JOHN

What kind of drugs do you have to take to be this good of a security chief.

RIP

You ever hear that story about the Swedish soldier on skis, took a platoons worth of amphetamines and went on a week long rampage?

JOHN

No. Hey, did the new batch of files come in from headquarters yet?

RIP

Should be here by now. Must be a mail problem. Anyway, this Swedish guy--

The office door opens. An AGENT, 40's, suit and tie, enters, and examines the room. Rip and John both stand.

JOHN

Whoa, hey, who the hell are you?

RIP

This is a private establishment chief, I think you're looking for somewhere else.

AGENT

We're good in here.

A moment. Angleton enters the office, and a SECOND AGENT, this one with a box.

ANGLETON

This is a nice space you have here. I like these floors.

JOHN
Angleton. Shouldn't you be at
headquarters running a whole
division?

ANGLETON
Did you boys know that Dick is
Director now?

John perks up, looks at Rip, who shrugs.

JOHN
Finally got that promotion, huh?

ANGLETON
You both missed the swearing in.
Strange, considering the favors
he's done for you.

JOHN
Guess we've just been buried in our
work. We'll send him a letter.

ANGLETON
Buried in work. How goes the
mission? Senor Castro is still
kicking, last I heard.

JOHN
Yes, well, as you know, killing him
is unnaturally hard. But we've had
some good attempts, we have
promising projects, and we have a
healthy group of capable assets.

Angleton gets closer to John.

ANGLETON
Capable of what, hmm? Tripping over
a goat maybe. But if they were
capable of killing Castro, he'd be
dead. If any of you were capable,
he'd be dead.

Angleton walks over to the conspiracy board.

ANGLETON (CONT'D)
So why are you still in charge of
it? What do you have on him? Why
won't Dick take you off the case?

JOHN

Because Castro needs to die.
Because we're the right men for the
job. Because we're not going to
stop until it's finished.

ANGLETON

Or because you're not actually
trying to kill him. Because you're
being paid not to. Or you just
don't want to. Doesn't matter. So
we're going test all this now.

Angleton nods to the Second Agent, who sets the box on their
desk and takes the lid off.

JOHN

Angleton, we have a lot going on,
we don't have time for tests.

ANGLETON

I'm sure you can make time. The
President is concerned about
growing agitations. We have some
taps for you, we want you to
monitor the Cuban community here.

JOHN

Absolutely not, these are the
people we're working with. Plus,
the time it would take--

ANGLETON

Oh yes, because I suddenly care so
much about what you think. You'll
do it because the president told
you to.

Angleton circles his hand in the air. The Agents move to the
door.

ANGLETON (CONT'D)

Oh, and Roberts, it was a four day
rampage, not a week, get it right.

(to the Agent)

Remind me to ask my carpenter about
getting this flooring put in, this
is really nice flooring.

Rip and John stare as Angleton and the Agents leave.

EXT. MIAMI STREETS - DAY

John and Rip stand over an ELECTRICIAN, applying a wire tap to a telephone line. Rip parses through a stack of papers.

JOHN

Is there some kind of dirt we can get on Angleton? Keep him off our backs?

RIP

Blackmail the spycatchers? That's the dumbest plan we've come up with yet.

JOHN

How else are we supposed to do our jobs? We're never going to get anywhere in regard to Ca--

He stops, glances down at the Electrician.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The big guy.

RIP

We just need something to show we're getting somewhere.

JOHN

Yeah, well, we're not going to get anywhere if we're stuck doing this all day.

ELECTRICIAN

You think you guys have it rough? I'm the one doing all the work!

JOHN

You shut up, mind your business.

John and Rip step away from the Electrician.

ELECTRICIAN

Alright. I got whatever this thing is installed.

JOHN

Yeah, great thanks buddy. That's all we needed. See ya.

ELECTRICIAN

Jackass.

The Electrician leaves. John waits a moment

JOHN
Hey do you think we should...you
know

He points a thumb in the electrician's direction, then runs
it across his neck. Rip considers it.

RIP
Probably just keep an eye on him.

JOHN
Yeah that sounds good.

EXT. HAVANA STREETS

SUPER: ATTEMPT #325 A sniper in a window targets Fidel
Castro. Escalante steps in his view and points him out. He
flees.

INT. MIAMI OFFICE - EVENING

John sorts through a mess of papers on his desk while Rip
lounges and smokes.

JOHN
At this point my coffin's going to
be made out of wiretap records.

Rip gets up, takes the folder from John, sets it down.

RIP
Did you go home last night? When's
the last time you went out for a
drink?

JOHN
I've got stuff that has to get
done. I mean look, just this
morning we got an order for more
wiretaps!

RIP
Take a night off. Stretch your
legs. Meet a nice gal maybe. I'll
take care of all this.

JOHN
There's a mountain of paperwork. At
this rate we'll never get back on
track with Castro.

RIP
 It'll get done when it gets done.
 Forget about Castro for a minute.
 Go.

INT. COSTELLO'S - NIGHT

A crowded bar full of bodies, enjoying the night. John sits at the edge of everything, nursing a drink, lost in thought.

A CHEER jostles him out of it. He looks around the bar, spots Maria at the other end, catches her eye. She smiles, he raises his glass and winks, She LAUGHS. He looks back down at his drink, fiddles with it, then get up and walks over.

JOHN
 Buy you a drink?

MARIA
 How about a dance first?

JOHN
 Oh, I don't really--

MARIA
 I'll teach you then, come on.

She pulls him onto the dance floor. Slowly but surely, she guides him through a salsa dance, both of them LAUGHING at his mistakes.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - MORNING

John wakes up, Maria in bed next to him. He smiles at her. He gets up gently, walks into the next room, tries out the light switches until he finds the right one. He looks back into the bedroom, smiles again.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Rip on the phone, growing more and more excited.

RIP
 Are you serious? Oh you beautiful son of a bitch. Thanks for the call Dick. What? Yeah no I'll keep an eye on it, he's fine with me.

Rip hangs up the phone and turns to John

RIP (CONT'D)
We got Che.

JOHN
Are you serious?

RIP
Dead as a doornail. They're sending
his hands in the mail.

John LAUGHS and CLAPS. Rip walks up to the conspiracy board,
tears down Che's photo. He SHOUTS.

INT. COSTELLO'S - NIGHT

Rip SHOUTING with a crowd. The bar is packed and in full
swing. Someone burns a newspaper with Che's photo on the
front page. Rip and John sit with Arturo and Maria,
celebrating.

ARTURO
His last words were all this noble
stuff about killing a man, but
after I pull the trigger, Che shits
himself! And he'll never even know!
I about fell over laughing.

JOHN
Riveting storytelling, truly.

MARIA
So hey, what is it you guys do
again?

RIP
Government accounting. Make sure
Uncle Sam's not losing any toys or
money.

JOHN
It's all boring stuff, to hell with
it! More drinks!

Another round of drinks come to them. SHOUTS and CHEERS from
the bar crowd.

CUBAN
Rot in hell, Che Guevara!

JOHN
And Fidel soon to join him!

Louder CHEERS. John turns back to Maria.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Having fun?

MARIA
Most fun I've had in years. A relief too. Che killed two of my cousins.

JOHN
They're in a better place than he is.

MARIA
You know, it's crazy, but I could count on my hand the number of people who haven't had a loved one killed by the revolution. Bastards.

John looks around the room across all the elated faces.

JOHN
With any luck, every one of them will get to go home soon.

MARIA
I don't know. I'm starting to kind of like it here.

She smiles at him. He smiles back.

EXT. CASTELLO'S - LATER

John, Rip, Maria, and a deeply drunk Arturo exit the bar. John stops Arturo.

JOHN
Hey, who tipped you off about Che anyway?

ARTURO
What do you mean? You guys did.

JOHN
What do you mean? We didn't send you anything, we didn't even find out until after he was dead.

ARTURO
Well, not you two, but your buddies. The ones at the other end of the neighborhood.

He brings a hand to his mouth, about to hurl.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
Oh, I have to go. But, hey,
tomorrow, we bag Castro!

He stumbles off. John watches him and looks around in confusion.

INT. MIAMI OFFICE - DAY

The calendar on the wall reads March 1970. Rip stands over a fax machine, inspecting it. John shifts photos and notes around the conspiracy board.

RIP
Are we sure this things isn't a
wire tap?

JOHN
It's called a fax machine. It sends
documents.

RIP
Like mail?

JOHN
It's also probably bugged, but hey,
so is most of the office.

Rip frowns at the machine, then walks back to his desk.

RIP
Alright, we had forty thousand in
arms and ammunition this month, and
another six thousand for gasoline
and vehicle maintenance.

JOHN
Less than last month. Should we
start with Escalante? If we get
him, does the system fall apart, or
is the whole force that good?

RIP
We can chalk up maybe half of this
to surveillance and equipment
maintenance but we have got to find
a reasonable excuse for the rest of
it.

JOHN
Maybe he is just that good. Better
than good.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Do we know if the Soviets ever succeeded in any super soldier programs. Or like, seeing the future? What's that called?

RIP

Precognition. I knew a guy who volunteered for an experiment in that. He got mad because he went colorblind and we had to lobotomize him.

Beat.

JOHN

Hey, do you know how many other agents are in Miami?

RIP

We're the only ones as far as I--

The fax machine WHIRS to life. Both men jump, and Rip pulls a gun.

JOHN

Put that away, Christ.

RIP

What's it doing? What's it printing?

John looks at the machine, its very slowly spitting out a list of names.

JOHN

What the hell is--

The telephone RINGS. Both men jump, guns drawn. They SIGH, and holster them. John picks up the phone.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hello?

DICK (V.O.)

John?

JOHN

Dick. What the hell are you calling us for?

Dick sounds deeply tired and distracted.

DICK

John, I've got some directives here from President Nixon. You, uhh, you should be getting a fax of names.

JOHN

That was you? Is this an assets list, because Rip and I are thinking of trying a different angle, pressure Castro in a new way.

DICK

Castro? Are you still on Castro?

JOHN

Dick, that's the whole reason we're down here.

DICK

Look, forget about Castro. I've got a list of two thousand - Christ where'd they hide the liquor- two thousand people living in Miami that the White House wants monthly reports on. Bi-weekly for the names that are starred.

RIP

(at them fax machine)

How the hell does it do that?

Rip starts fiddling with the machine.

JOHN

Rip, leave it alone - Dick, we have a full plate here already, you're going to have to send somebody else down for it.

Dick explodes in anger and frustration over the phone.

DICK

Cahill, this is an order from the President and from me, your goddamn boss. So you shovel everything off that plate and into the garbage. And if I don't see reports on all these names in thirty days, I'm flying down to Miami and I'm going to beat the two of you to death with a hammer. Get it done.

The line CLICKS. John hangs up. He and Rip stare at the sputtering fax machine, still issuing out the list of names.

RIP

So how long is this going to take?

INT. MIAMI OFFICE - NIGHT

Rip and John sit in their chairs, drinking coffee and eating takeout. The struggling fax machine spits out the last of the list. Both men watch it fall to the floor.

JOHN

This guy is going to live forever.

EXT. HAVANA STREETS

SUPER: ATTEMPT #369 A bird with a tiny blinking bomb vest flies overhead. It explodes in blood. Escalante sets down a rifle.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DAY

John and Maria lounge on beach chairs amidst a weekend crowd.

JOHN

God bless the sunshine.

MARIA

Coming from mister I need three layers of sunblock or I'll look like a lobster.

JOHN

I'd cook to a crisp if it meant I could stay here forever.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Thank you. For taking these days with me. I know my work schedule isn't the most amenable.

MARIA

You know, I spent so long waiting to go back, it felt like I'd be stranded here forever. And now, this place feels like home. I blame you.

They LAUGH. Beat.

John reaches into his pocket and pulls out a case for a ring, examines it. A beach ball THUDS into his lap.

JOHN
Whoa, easy there sport!

He shoves the ring back in his pocket and tosses the ball back, then winces in pain.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Fuck. Right in the Johnson.

Maria LAUGHS.

INT. MIAMI OFFICE - DAY

The calendar now reads June 1972. John and Rip sort through comically large stacks of paper.

RIP
I've got recordings on a sixty
three year old woman who made fun
of Nixon's nose.

JOHN
What about...a twenty eight year
old mechanic who thinks we should
just leave the Vietnamese alone.
That sounds anti-American, right?

RIP
Put it in the report. Can't wait to
go through all of his mail.

JOHN
If I have to put up with one more
year of this, I'm going to blow my
brains out.

They sort in silence for another moment.

RIP
You try that new Chinese restaurant
yet?

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - MORNING

John wakes up to the sound of COOKING from another room. He crawls out of bed, enters his kitchen in a robe. Maria is cooking at the stove, fully dressed.

JOHN

When did you get here? What time is it?

MARIA

Nine in the morning. I wanted to stop by before church. My mother bought too many--

The phone RINGS

MARIA (CONT'D)

Sorry, you can take that.

JOHN

Ignore it, keep going.

She smiles at him. He nods at her to continue, the phone still RINGING.

MARIA

Well, I've got that spare key you gave me, and my mother bought too many groceries, so I figured I'd come and - oh for God sake, just answer it.

His eyes not leaving hers, he picks up the phone and immediately hangs it up.

MARIA (CONT'D)

You're ridiculous. Here, it's almost done, ham and eggs on tortilla.

The phone RINGS. John stares at Maria, looks around the room, back at her. It's the picture of domesticity.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Are you going to answer that? Somebody might be dead.

John picks up the phone and hangs it up again. He leaves the room, sound of FUMBLING and JUMPING. Maria finishes cooking and plates his food. The phone RINGS again.

John returns, in clothes, but not quite buttoned up all the way. He picks up and hangs up the phone, and gets down on one knee.

JOHN

Maria.

She turns to look at him. He pulls out the ring and she nearly drops his plate.

JOHN (CONT'D)

In the past few years, you have been the only reason I've kept my sanity. You've been the greatest source of joy--

MARIA

Yes!

The phone RINGS.

JOHN

I didn't even finish.

MARIA

I don't care stand up and kiss me!

He stands and they kiss. His pants fall down. A moment, then they LAUGH.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Here, give me that ring, pull your pants up. And answer that damn telephone!

John fixes his pants, picks up the phone.

JOHN

Yes, hello, can I help you?

DICK (V.O.)

Cahill if you hang up this phone again I will have you drowned in the Gulf of Mexico.

JOHN

Dick? It's Sunday Dick, what do you need?

DICK

Your ass in my office now. He's fucked us John, he's put the nail in the coffin.

JOHN

Hold on, just hold on, what is it?

DICK

We need a lid on everything now, if Congress catches wind of this - Goddamnit.

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

You and Rip, first flight back to Washington. Anything you left in your office, burn it. I need to go save this Agency.

Dick hangs up.

JOHN

Dick? Hello?

John looks from the phone, to Maria, standing by the table. He SIGHS.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

RICHARD NIXON paces around the room GRUMBLING to himself. Dick sits across from the President's desk, looking haggard and far older than he should.

NIXON

This is bullshit. They can't pin this on me, it was just some burglars. Dick, you little rat, you did this didn't you!

DICK

I don't have a damn thing to do with any of this, and I've made that abundantly clear to the FBI already.

NIXON

You spoke to the FBI? You traitor, you- you- I'll have you hung for this!

DICK

Don't blame me, I told you, all of this was a bad idea. You called me a subversive and a cuck, I think.

NIXON

You are a subversive! Anti-American! The whole CIA! The FBI too!

DICK

I'll make sure to tell them that when they bust my doors down and discover we've been spying on half the country on your orders.

Nixon GROWLS and paces harder.

NIXON

It's fine. It's fine. I've got this. I'm the goddamn President. They can't stop me. No one can. Okay.

He sits down at his desk.

NIXON (CONT'D)

Dick, you're fired. You're a rat bastard and I've always hated you.

DICK

Yes, your disdain was never unclear Mister President.

NIXON

Good. Now that that's settled, Dick, I need you to take the fall for this.

Beat.

DICK

I'm sorry?

NIXON

Well none of this can reach me obviously, I'm the President. So look, you take the fall for me and my boys, we say the CIA got a little overzealous, and then I can get you pardoned and you'll have a nice little retirement somewhere.

Long moment of silence as Dick processes.

DICK

Bite me.

NIXON

What?

DICK

Eat shit. You made the bed now lie in it. I'm going to go burn a mountain of documents, not get charged with treason and espionage, and then enjoy my retirement anyway.

Dick gets up and walks away.

NIXON

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. You can't do that!

DICK

(going out the door)

I run the CIA I can do what I want!

The door shuts behind him.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

John and Rip stand shocked at Dick, who pours himself a drink, stops half way, and takes a long swig from the bottle. There's a fire burning in the fireplace.

DICK

If Congress pins Nixon's fuck up on us, the Agency is done. I'll be dead in the dirt before I become the man who oversaw the CIA's demise.

JOHN

So why are we here?

DICK

Your entire careers have been spent doing the exact thing we promised Congress we wouldn't do. Anything that incriminates us, start burning.

Dick sorts some papers on his desk, stands, and throws them into the fireplace.

JOHN

We're just supposed to have an empty office when they come through?

DICK

What? No, use your brain. Just, be judicious. Half your shit is in Miami anyway, so you have some time.

JOHN

Then what was the big rush to get us up here?

Dick takes another big swig of liquor.

DICK

John, everything we do from here on out is going to be under a congressional sized microscope.

JOHN

That's always been a threat, we're the CIA, we know how to be discreet.

DICK

Cahill, listen to me. I am ordering you to leave Castro alone.

JOHN

Absolutely not, with all the progress we've made--

DICK

You haven't made a goddamn inch of progress, and you never will. All you'll do is make enough noise to bring Congress down on us.

JOHN

He's a national security risk!

DICK

He's also a foreign head of state and killing him is still illegal! I am still Director of the CIA, and I am ordering you to shut it down.

JOHN

Sir, the people of Cuba deserve to be able to go home.

Dick walks to John, puts a hand on his shoulder.

DICK

I respect your stubbornness and dedication to the mission. Your obsession is a risk to the Agency. If you continue to pursue Castro, I'll have you killed. Rip?

RIP

I got it covered.

Dick goes back to burning papers in the fireplace. Rip puts his hand on John's shoulder and leads him away.

RIP (CONT'D)

All of this will blow over in a few years, and then it'll be back to business as usual. Come on John.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - LATER

Rip sorts papers into two big stacks, and John takes papers from one stack and shreds them.

JOHN

What are we supposed to tell all our assets, huh? Sorry boys, the President fucked up, no more guns for you.

RIP

Who cares what they think? Besides, maybe now we'll get to do something else. You know, Jenkins got stationed in Laos, he commandeered the royal palace and built a whorehouse next door. Even did a ride along to bomb some villages. God what I'd give for that gig.

JOHN

This isn't shit to you? Being forced to abandon the project we've spent the last twelve years on?

RIP

Yeah it sucks, but I mean, come on-

He opens one folder.

RIP (CONT'D)

Plans to use nerve gas to melt Castro's face? Kidnap his son and replace him with a doppelganger? This is bottom of the barrel stuff.

JOHN

Sometimes there's good things at the bottom of the barrel!

Rip tosses him the files, and John reluctantly shreds them.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I have a meeting with a new asset in two days. What am I going to do with that?

RIP
Just tell him the situation has
changed. We're the CIA, who cares
what he thinks?

JOHN
(bitterly)
America's foreign policy.

EXT. MIAMI CAFE - DAY

John sits across from GERONIMO, late 40's, glasses, combover.
John looks ready to wrap the meeting up.

GERONIMO
Really what I was looking for was
explosives. Like enough to blow up
a store? Or a hotel maybe, hotels
are nice too.

JOHN
Honestly Geronimo, I--

GERONIMO
Mr. Boesch, if you would.

JOHN
I wouldn't. Geronimo, this meeting
is more of formality. The current
political climate means we can no
longer engage in efforts to target
Senor Castro. No more toys from
Uncle Sam. And, if I'm being
honest, blowing him up? Kind of
unoriginal. Been there, done that,
failed. So...

GERONIMO
Oh, the bombs aren't for him.

JOHN
I'm sorry?

GERONIMO
No, if we tried to blow him up
they'd just catch us. I don't know
if you know this, but Escalante is
really good at his job.

JOHN
Yes, I'm well aware.

GERONIMO

So I figure, why not just blow
stuff up until the Cuban people
kill him for us?

JOHN

Stuff?

GERONIMO

Yes. Cuban stuff. Stores, buses.

JOHN

You think we're going to send you
supplies to commit violence against
Cuban civilians?

GERONIMO

Yeah.

John sits back in shock.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)

My people and I are willing to do
anything if it gets Castro out.
That's all that matters.

John gives an acquiescing look.

JOHN

And you wouldn't be targeting
Castro at all?

GERONIMO

Not technically.

JOHN

Technically is good, we like
technicalities. We'd also prefer a
minimal body count, for peace of
mind. And the press. Just in case.

GERONIMO

Of course, absolutely.

John takes a moment to reconsider.

JOHN

You really think you can nab Castro
like this?

GERONIMO

Everything breaks if you squeeze
hard enough.

John looks around at the people on the street, many of them Cuban.

JOHN

If anyone asks, we hired you as a surveillance group.

He reaches out a hand. Geronimo smiles and shakes it.

GERONIMO

Relax. Put your feet up Senor, we'll take care of everything.

EXT. HAVANA STREETS - DAY

A calm and serene day, people walking the streets. A storefront EXPLODES. People scatter. Smoke and some fire. SCREAMS and MOANS of pain.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE

A much homelier kitchen than before, including a wedding photo of John and Maria. John is at the kitchen table, looking over paperwork. He is caught in thought, staring at a photo of Esteban, older and far more haggard.

MARIA (O.S.)

You know, you can't drink your coffee if you don't pour it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Maria, pregnant, takes coffee off a brewer and pours a cup.

MARIA (CONT'D)

What are you working on?

JOHN

Oh, just work stuff.

MARIA

More taxes and accounting? Or are you actually going to tell me the truth?

John is taken aback.

JOHN

I-, I've always-

MARIA

It takes you a week to do our taxes. I know the kind of people you hang around. Cubans love to talk, it's not our best quality, but it's true. And it must be rubbing off on you. Sometimes you mumble in your sleep.

JOHN

Maria, you're imagining things. I work in accounting, Miami IRS. Rip and I both.

Maria takes his hand, sits down next to him.

MARIA

John, I love you. I do. And I trust that you and Rip both have good jobs. Real jobs. But we're in this together now.

She rubs her stomach.

MARIA (CONT'D)

I don't need to know the whole truth. I just need you to stop lying to me.

Silence.

JOHN

I uh... I work with the Central Intelligence Agency, and I think it would be unwise, and illegal, for me to tell you anything more than that.

MARIA

Okay. Thank you.

(beat)

I kind of figured. Now, eat your breakfast, before it's cold.

She gets up. A long EXHALE from John.

EXT. HAVANA - DAY

A hotel room explodes, smoke and debris billowing out everywhere.

INT. MIAMI OFFICE - DAY

Rip and John sort through paperwork, the conspiracy board has been largely cleared, and there are several trashcans worth of shredded paper.

A KNOCK at the door. They look at each other, Rip goes for a gun, John gives him a halt gesture, answers the door. CAROLINE, early 30's, knee length skirt with a button up and blazer.

CAROLINE
John Cahill?

JOHN
Wrong address.

He tries to close the door, she blocks him.

CAROLINE
They sent me your photograph. Nice to confirm I can't trust you though. Caroline Beck, I'm with the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence.

She brushes past him inside, looking around.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Agent Roberts? You have some shit that I need, here's a list.

She hands him a stack of papers.

JOHN
Jesus Christ, what barn did they pull you out of.

RIP
How do we know you're legitimate?

CAROLINE
You can check my credentials if you like but I'm not leaving this office just to come back to six bins full of shredded paper.

John and Rip glance at each other. John slowly and casually makes his way over to the trash bins full of shredded paper.

RIP
I'll take a look at those credentials toots.

CAROLINE

I'm not your toots and if you call me that again I'll have you both sacked.

She hands him her credentials.

RIP

Easy there hot stuff
(checking credentials)
Yeah, she's legitimate.

John takes out a lighter and struggles to light it.

JOHN

Look, miss, I don't know what you hope to find, but this is just a surveillance outpost.

CAROLINE

I always hope to find nothing, but what I expect to find is thousands of pages of surveillance data on U.S. citizens, which is illegal for you to do, and, if I'm lucky, proof of attempts to assassinate a world leader, which is also illegal.

JOHN

Well, search away. As sworn agents of the United States government it is our solemn duty to uphold the laws and character of this great nation to the fullest extent.

The lighter catches. John tosses it behind himself and into the trashcans full of shredded paper, which catch fire. Caroline looks past him.

CAROLINE

Oh you son of a--

SMASH CUT TO:

LATER

Two FIREFIGHTERS pack up their gear. Rip rocks on his heels, hands in pockets. Caroline sits at his desk, arms crossed, box of files next to her.

JOHN

Thank you boys, really appreciate it. I'll be more careful with my smokes next time.

The firefighters brush past him.

FIREFIGHTER

Prick.

The firefighters exit. Caroline grabs the box and stands.

CAROLINE

Excellent waste of my time. Well done, bravo.

RIP

Most eventful day I've had in years.

JOHN

Well, Miss House Committee, it's been lovely, and you have all the files you need, so... bye.

CAROLINE

This isn't the old days anymore, gentlemen. You don't get to just do whatever you want. If I find anything in these files, so help me god, I will neuter you.

Caroline exits.

RIP

God. Wonder what crawled up her ass.

JOHN

Maybe its her time of the month. Think she'll be back?

RIP

Wy would she be? Not like anything interesting happens in our world anymore.

EXT. HAVANA AIRPORT - DAY

A line of people board an airplane, including twelve teenagers with duffle bags.

INT. PLANE - LATER

Everyone on the plane is in their seats, stewardesses moving up and down the aisle. Beneath the seat of one passenger, a box. TICKING grows louder and louder.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Maria stands in front of the Television, a news report about the plane bombing playing on the television.

REPORTER (V.O.)
 -this shocking and tragic
 development, and I'm being told now
 that there are expected to be no
 survivors.

Sound of a door OPENING and CLOSING. Maria walks out of the room, through the kitchen, rubbing a baby's head in a high chair as she passes, and meets John by the front door.

MARIA
 Did you do it? The plane?

JOHN
 Hello to you too.

He goes in to kiss her, she pushes him away.

MARIA
 Don't touch me, answer the
 question. Did you blow up the
 plane?

JOHN
 Plane? What plane? The Cuban
 Airliner? From today?

MARIA
 Yeah. Yeah. The plane with the kids
 on it, and the old people on it,
 and the people who didn't do
 nothing on it, did you do that?

JOHN
 Maria, that was a freak accident,
 I'm sure.

He moves past her, into the kitchen, kisses the Toddler on the head, pours himself a glass of bourbon.

Maria grabs his bourbon glass, dumps the bourbon onto the wall.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That was thirty dollar bourbon!

MARIA
You're doing it again. Don't lie to me John. I'm not an idiot, don't lie to me.

John stares at his wife. Silence.

JOHN
Fine. You want truth. Here. I did not blow up that plane

Maria stares into his eyes a moment.

MARIA
Did you know it was going to happen?

JOHN
No, of course not. I would have stopped it if I did.

Maria stares into his eyes again, then storms off.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Maria, you're being--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI OFFICE - DAY

John leans against his desk as Caroline and two SUITED MEN pulls files from their drawers. Rip lounges casually in the background.

JOHN
-- ridiculous!

CAROLINE
Yes, it is ridiculous for a CIA surveillance station to have no knowledge of a terror attack on the very country its meant to be surveilling.

JOHN
Information slips past all the time, there are only two of us out here. Maybe if Congress saw fit to increase our budget--

CAROLINE

Oh yes, yes, please do go on and feed me that bullshit line. The CIA dips from so many other budgets we don't even know how big your budget is.

John gestures around the room.

JOHN

As you can see, not very big.

CAROLINE

Funny, that's just what the other four Miami "surveillance stations" said.

JOHN

Excuse me?

SUITED MAN

That's everything we need Miss Beck.

CAROLINE

Great. Now for my favorite part. Finding out whether agencies of my own government have been funding and harboring terrorist cells to commit mass murder against civilians of a hostile foreign power.

JOHN

Did you say other surveillance stations?

Caroline rolls her eyes.

CAROLINE

Goodbye. Rot in hell.

She exits. John stands stunned for a moment, turns to Rip, who shrugs.

LATER

John pours over paperwork while Rip listens to recordings on headphones. The phone RINGS.

JOHN

Rip you want to get that?

No response.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Rip? Rat bastard.

John picks up the phone.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hello? Mr. Director- yes they were here just earlier today. I told them we run a surveillance operation. I know. I know what happens. No, we had nothing to do with that. But sir-

Rip notices the conversation, takes his headphones off.

JOHN (CONT'D)
- we're the most experienced people for the task. Yes, I know we- yes sir. I understand. Yes, sir. We'll get everything ready.

John SIGHS, looks to Rip.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Maria is going to hate me for this.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

John and Rip drop boxes of files onto their desks. John looks at Rip, who shrugs. The corner light starts to flicker.

MONTAGE

- Rip and John sorting through paperwork
- A new board up that says Humanitarian Espionage
- Fidel Castro dancing on a beach
- John arguing with Maria at home
- John sleeping in the office with a bottle of alcohol
- Fidel Castro dancing on a beach
- A section of the conspiracy board labelled 'Humanitarian Aid, What The Fuck is That?', Rip and John arguing on either side of it
- John eating alone at a kitchen table

- Fidel dancing on a beach LAUGHING

END MONTAGE

Fidel Castro's LAUGHTER fades as John bolts upright from the floor of his office. He rubs his eyes, SIGHS.

The door to his office SQUEAKS open slowly.

JOHN

Rip?

Angleton, disheveled, much grayer, gun in one hand, flashlight in another, bursts in.

ANGLETON

Cahill, you fucking communist! What are you doing hiding? Squirreling away secrets to the Soviets?

JOHN

Jesus Christ Angleton, put the gun down! I was asleep.

Angleton SNIFFS sharply and rubs his nose, eyes wide.

ANGLETON

And why are you sleeping here, eh? Hoping to get the drop on someone?

JOHN

Missus is ticked off again.

Angleton lowers the gun and flashlight.

ANGLETON

Oh. Been there before.

JOHN

Yeah.

(beat)

I may have put a hole in the wall thinking about Escalante. That was two days ago.

ANGLETON

I don't sleep right much anymore. Got too much work to do. But I get messy with time. Got caught up in an investigation, a good one too, nailed that bastard. But uh, I missed my granddaughter's birth. Guess I promised to be there. Don't really remember.

JOHN

Yeah. Life gets to be pretty sneaky. Sneakier than you are at least.

They both CHUCKLE. Silence.

Angleton's head darts in a different direction, out into the hall.

ANGLETON

You hear that?

JOHN

Angleton get some sleep. Try some different drugs maybe. Its-
(checks watch)
Three in the morning.

Angleton rubs his nose, gives another quick SNIFF.

ANGLETON

Can't. The communists, they're in here. In the walls. Shh, listen. Can you hear them?

Silence.

JOHN

Angleton, you're imagining things. Go sleep.

ANGLETON

Oh no, they're here. I know they are. Watching us.

Angleton backs out into the hallway, rubs his nose.

ANGLETON (CONT'D)

(to the halls)

I see you. I'm coming for you. I am the spycatcher. I'm the spycatcher.

Angleton's voice FADES down the hallway. John stands up halfway, clutches his back.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

Rip, grey around the temples, drops a box of files onto John's desk, waking him up from a nap?

RIP

Thought you might be dead.

JOHN

If only.

He pulls out a file form the box.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The Trafficeellis?

(pulls another file)

Bay of Pigs, what the hell is all this?

RIP

Memory lane. Found them down in storage while I was trying to figure out what Angola was.

JOHN

Isn't that like a poison?

RIP

That's what I thought, its a fucking country.

JOHN

We ought to install a dictator just to have him change the name.

Rip pulls out a file.

RIP

You remember the first time you met Grant?

JOHN

When he nearly took my head off?

The LAUGH.

JOHN (CONT'D)

He was right about those fucking tarantulas too, woke up two days later to one of them crawling down my pants.

RIP

Well, it's a good thing Grant wasn't there, he might have blown your balls off.

JOHN

Christ I wonder how he's doing?

Angleton, sobered, enters with a thin file.

RIP
 Angleton, you know all and see all.
 Hear anything from Grant recently?

Angleton stops.

ANGLETON
 Are you sure you two aren't spies?

JOHN
 Oh for God's sake Angleton, let it
 go already would you?

ANGLETON
 Just making sure. I thought I'd
 bring this over to you boys. Not
 many folk left who've been here as
 long as we have.

JOHN
 What is it?

John takes the file.

ANGLETON
 Grant is dead.

Both men look at Angleton in shock.

ANGLETON (CONT'D)
 Iranians shot him up. Whole
 country's gone to shit. Lost damn
 near everybody we had over there.
 That's the official dossier.
 Thought you two should have a copy.

RIP
 Is he still over there?

ANGLETON
 They're sending a team over to
 recover his body tomorrow. We'll
 get him home.

Angleton leaves.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

John, Rip, Dick, Angleton, and several others stand in a
 semicircle as Graham's coffin is lowered into the grave, a
 photo of him on display by the stone.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rip and John sit with drinks in their office.

RIP

He was less than a year out from retirement.

JOHN

Feels wrong. That he didn't live to see the mission finished.

RIP

At this point, Castro will outlive all of us.

JOHN

You know they made a TV show out of Escalante?

RIP

Surprised they even have TV's.

JOHN

I've got it on tape. I keep watching it, thinking it'll tell me something, anything.

RIP

It's a TV show. Christ man, take up golf or something.

JOHN

I see him in my dreams, Rip. He's laughing at me.

RIP

John, get ahold of yourself. Go out and find some nice young thing to keep you company.

JOHN

I'm still married.

RIP

Only legally. When was the last time you saw her?

JOHN

She'll be back.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John sits in a recliner, staring at the Television. It's playing a clip of a mustachioed man shooting at a trio of gunmen. A title flashes across: ESCALANTE!

John takes a sip from a beer.

FADE TO:

John in the same position, hair now fully gray, a slight gut.

He grabs the remote, and switches off 'Escalante!' Flipping the TV over to the news, a REPORTER comes on. His eyes go wide as the reporter talks.

REPORTER

Again folks, breaking news here,
the Soviet Union is no more.
Premier Gorbachev officially
resigning and dissolving his own
position--

John bolts up. The telephone RINGS.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

John rushes down the halls deeper into headquarters. Dozens of men in suits with multiple briefcases, pass him, a few tipping their hats. John looks at all of them in confusion.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

John walks in to Rip, also fully grey, packing a suitcase, two glasses and a bottle of liquor out on his desk.

RIP

John, good you got here, I wanted
to toast with you.

JOHN

Rip, what the hell's going on out
there, is everybody getting
stationed in Russia?

RIP

Russia? Hell would they go to
Russia for, they're going home.

JOHN

Home? What the hell are they going
home for?

RIP
We won! Here, toast me.

John takes the glass Rip hands him.

JOHN
Yeah, it's unbelievable, it's a whole new world, why is everybody going home?

RIP
What the hell else are they gonna do, stick their thumbs up their asses all day?

The two men toast, John does it reflexively.

JOHN
What about Iran, what about China, the War on Drugs. What about Castro?

RIP
Who cares? They can hire some new kids to take care of it. I signed up to fight commies, and the commies lost. I won.

JOHN
Wait a minute, Rip are you leaving?

RIP
Are you not?

JOHN
There are still commies to be fought, Castro is still-

RIP
John-

JOHN
-sitting, ninety miles--

RIP
John! Nobody cares about Castro anymore. What's he going to do? How is he a threat?

JOHN
Say he starts bombing planes, or storefronts--

RIP

To what end? So he can provoke us and get steamrolled? All of his backup is gone, we'd crush him like an ant.

JOHN

So why don't we?

RIP

Why would we? John, it's been a hell of a time working with you, but it's time to let it all go. You really should leave. This job is going to drive you mental. Hell, you're already kind of a wreck.

JOHN

The war's not done.

RIP

It is. Everybody knows it but you.

JOHN

I joined up to fight communists. Protect my country. We were assigned communists to fight. One communist above all others. We all stepped into the ring, and now you and everybody else are stepping out, and he's still standing. That's not what I call winning.

RIP

He's on an island a hundreds of miles away with now way to hurt us. Sounds like checkmate to me.

JOHN

My father had his war. He fought. He won. And now, the Nazi's don't even exist. We steamrolled right into Berlin and we got an unconditional surrender. That's winning. Hell, yesterday, the Austrian station chief drove right into Moscow. That's winning. That's what I'm after. I want to be stood in the middle of Havana surrounded by a crowd of Cubans returning home to celebrate Castro's violent and gruesome end.

RIP

It's a pipe dream John. It's never going happen. You're going to kill yourself trying to get this guy.

John start pulling out files, SLAPPING them down on the desk.

JOHN

We spent thirty years fighting him. We--

RIP

I spent fifteen years. You spent thirty.

JOHN

And I'll spend thirty more. I'll make the plan myself if I have to. Present it to the top brass.

Rip SIGHS, takes a swig from the liquor bottle and puts it back in his desk.

RIP

You owe me your pension for this.

JOHN

You're staying?

RIP

Somebody has to make sure they don't put you in a padded cell.

JOHN

I knew I could count on you. Let's get cracking, I have the perfect plan.

RIP

You get to work on that. I've got a quick meeting first.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

John walks toward the director's office, thick file in hand. Rip exits the office as John walks up.

JOHN

Your meeting was here?

RIP

Had to undo my resignation. Plus, I buttered him up for you. He's all yours.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Director CASEY, mid fifties, military cut, sits at the Director's desk looking over a file. John sits across from him.

CASEY

Well Cahill, this is certainly comprehensive.

JOHN

Thirty years of experience at work. Finely honed skills.

CASEY

I can send it up the line to the President, but, I'll be honest with you, I don't really think he'll go for it. I'm not really keen on it either.

JOHN

Sir? We have a real opportunity here to wrap up the Cold War top to bottom.

CASEY

I respect the commitment Cahill, but the Cold War is already wrapped. Castro is a non-threat.

JOHN

I think the possibility of threat, at least to our allies--

CASEY

You are Cold Warrior through and through. I get that. But the war is won soldier. I'd tell you to put your feet up, but honestly, I need all the senior staff I can get. So, you come back her with a plan this good to solve terrorism in the Mid-East, and shit, I'll let you fuck my wife.

Casey hands John back the file.

JOHN

Well that's...that's very kind of you, sir. I'll get right on that.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

John steps into the hallway where Rip is waiting. Rip raises a eyebrow. John SIGHS, crumples the file, and throws it in the trash.

RIP

You can always try again next week. Come on, I want some burgers.

They both walk off.

Beat.

John returns, reaches into the trashcan.

JOHN

Actually that's a classified document, I have to burn that.

He pulls the crumpled document out, a stain now on his sleeve.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shit. Jenkins and his goddamn mayonnaise.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

John sits at his desk pouring over files. A KNOCK at the door.

JOHN

Angleton if that's you I swear to God.

An ANALYST, mid 30's, pokes her head in.

ANALYST

Mr. Cahill? You wanted anything unusual that popped up coming from Cuba?

JOHN

Oh, yes, yes thank you sweetheart.

She hands off the documents and leaves. John sets them on his desk, eyes them for a long time without opening them.

He pulls out a glass and a bottle of liquor, pours himself a drink, and opens the file.

His eyes flow down it, then stop. He picks up the file, furrows his brow. He reads harder, closer.

He sets the file down, stares into the distance. Looks at his drink, downs the whole thing. Looks at the file again. He stands up, EXHALES, CHUCKLES, LAUGHS, then CHEERS.

DAY

Rip enters the office, the conspiracy board is back up and filled with notes and details.

RIP
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

JOHN
Just like the good old days, huh?

Rip jumps, steps into the room. John is standing in the corner with the flickering light, admiring the board.

RIP
I'm too old to get spooked like that, and you're too old to be spooking.

JOHN
He's coming here Rip. That rat bastard is actually coming to America. This is the best chance we've ever had.

RIP
Castro?

John steps up to the board.

JOHN
I've got everything planned out. We can pick up a couple of the old assets, fly them up here.

RIP
They'd kill you for this.

JOHN
Rip, it's Castro, they're not --

RIP

It is a foreign leader, who poses no threat, visiting the United States out of good will. And you are an agent of the CIA plotting to assassinate him.

JOHN

We're the CIA, they'd never even know we were involved.

RIP

They would. The world has gotten much better at this type of stuff than they used to be. And even if they didn't, we would know. And you'd be dead before anyone could even think to ask about you.

JOHN

You honestly think they'd kill me, thirty years of loyal service, to save Fidel Castro, who we've tried to kill what? A hundred? Two hundred times?

Rip walks up to him, puts his hand on his shoulder.

RIP

They absolutely would, without a second thought. I know they would.

Silence.

John starts pulling down notes from the board, throwing them into a small trashcan.

RIP (CONT'D)

If it's any condolence, it probably wouldn't have worked anyway.

NIGHT

Rip exits out the door, briefcase in hand.

RIP

Have a good night John.

JOHN

Night.

Beat.

John stoops down to the tiny garbage can, and starts shoveling the conspiracy board notes into his briefcase.

EXT. MIAMI CAFE - DAY

John sits with Arturo, now in his late forties, and Francisco, now in his early seventies.

JOHN

Bring some men you trust, young, capable, who know how to keep their mouths shut. An operation like this, especially on domestic soil, it's life or death.

ARTURO

It's been life or death on every soil.

FRANCISCO

I'm not the spry young guy I used to be, I've got grandkids now. I don't know that I'm cut out for this.

JOHN

You want your grandkids to be able to visit the home their grandfather grew up in?

FRANCISCO

Yes.

ARTURO

You want to do right by our people, finish what we started?

Francisco nods.

FRANCISCO

He has to die. The world needs to know he deserves it.

JOHN

Alright, pick your guys. Next stop, New York.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

Arturo and another CUBAN MAN, paint the side of a house.

JOHN (V.O.)

Castro will be here in two weeks,
so we need to be thorough, and take
every advantage. We'll rig a bomb
beneath the house he's staying in,
disguised as a paint bucket.

Another man, EDUARDO, 30's, crawls out from beneath the house.

JOHN (V.O.)

I can get you onto the renovations
crew, and you can do some touch
ups, as cover. The boys in the labs
cooked up a special brand of paint,
highly flammable.

Eduardo dips his finger in some of the paint, tastes it.
Arturo smack him upside the head.

INT. DIRTY ROOM - DAY

Francisco polishes and checks a handgun.

JOHN (V.O.)

We'll have a gunman on standby once
Castro finishes his speech, just in
case.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

John walks down the street, gripping a baseball.

FRANCISCO (V.O.)

Here, I also filled this baseball
with C4. Detonation on hard
contact.

JOHN (V.O.)

Wait, what? Jesus Christ give me
that, stop tossing it. Why do we
have this? Nevermind, I'll hold on
to it.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Castro and two GUARDS exit the plane.

JOHN (V.O.)
I want another gunman at the
airport, right when he gets off the
plane.

ARTURO (V.O.)
For what, to get shot at by
Escalante?

FRANCISCO (V.O.)
I'm not doing that shit, that
sounds like suicide.

Castro waves at a small crowd and enters a car in peace.

JOHN (V.O.)
Fine, fine goddammit, we'll skip
that part. Just the other stuff.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

SUPER: ATTEMPT #638

John stands outside on the city street. On display in a
television store window is live footage of Castro at the UN
building. John stares holes into the TV, then checks his
watch and walks away.

He steps into an alley, and pulls out a walkie talkie.

JOHN
Red-one, check, copy?

ARTURO (V.O.)
Red-one, copy.

JOHN
Red-two, check, copy?

FRANCISCO (V.O.)
Red-two, check, copy.

JOHN
Alright, let's get this show on the
road.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - LATER

John stands on the curb, baseball in hand. A line of four
black tinted sedans rolls past.

JOHN

Always the second car down the line. Here's hoping I don't pull something.

He winds up, and chucks the explosive baseball. It THUDS against the car and bounces off. The third sedan immediately peels over and heads toward him.

John sprints away

JOHN (CONT'D)

Goddamn dud, what the hell do we spend all that money training them for. Christ gonna have a heart attack!

EXT. NEW YORK SIDEWALK - NIGHT

John ducks into an alleyway, right by the rigged house. He checks around the corners, catches his breath, winded.

Castro arrives, exits the black sedan. John pulls out his gun, grips it tightly, watches as Castro enters the house. He pulls out a walkie talkie

JOHN

Red-one, light the cigar.

Silence.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Red-one, light the cigar. Red-one, how copy?

Silence.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shit. Red-two, are you there?

Nothing.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You are fucking me here, all of you.

He puts away the walkie-talkie.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay. We can still do this.

He steps out of the alley. A BUM approaches him.

BUM
Hey man, you got a light?

JOHN
What?

A figure rushes up from behind and tackles John.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

John sits, handcuffed in an interrogation room. He looks at the one-way mirror, SMIRKS.

JOHN
(softly, to himself)
CIA. I'm fucking CIA.

The door opens. Rip walks in.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Rip? Guess it's time to skedaddle.

John stands up.

RIP
John, sit the hell down.

John sits, and Rip joins him with a SIGH.

RIP (CONT'D)
What did I tell you they were going to do if you tried this?

JOHN
Rip, I was so close, I had him.

RIP
What did I tell you?

Beat.

JOHN
What are you doing here Rip.

RIP
Keeping you from ending up six feet under.

JOHN

So I guess that whole "what did I say'" bit kind of rings hollow then, huh?

RIP

You are such a prick. It would be true, if I hadn't been warning them for years that you'd do something like this.

Dawning realization crosses John's face.

JOHN

You're the reason they keep saying no.

RIP

They were always going to say no, John. I just made sure they knew how to handle you, gave them a heads up when you went off the beaten path. Like with Geronimo, or all this fucking hullabaloo.

JOHN

You knew about Geronimo?

RIP

Everybody at the Agency knew about Geronimo. Hell even Maria guessed it.

JOHN

You bugged my house? Where the hell do they get the right--

RIP

They bugged everything. All our houses, all our offices. And not without reason!

John stares at Rip, then looks down.

JOHN

We were supposed to be the people for the job.

RIP

You really think we were the only team assigned to Castro?

JOHN

Apparently we weren't even the only team in Miami. I tried not to think about it. About everyone getting luckier than us.

(beat)

How many others?

RIP

A dozen other teams. With this little fiasco, we're sitting at six hundred and thirty-eight attempts.

JOHN

And he's still alive.

The two men sit in silence. Rip pulls out a paper.

RIP

I called in every favor I had. Option one: sign here, resign effective immediately. Take your pension, go home to your wife, if she'll take you, watch your boy become a man, and stay out of government business. Forever.

JOHN

Option two?

RIP

I take you out to a very nice dinner, and tonight you have a stroke in your sleep.

JOHN

Liver failure would be more believable.

Rip takes out a pen.

RIP

I put my two weeks in. There's nobody left to protect you.

Silence.

John picks up the pen.

JOHN

We almost had him.

RIP
A lot of times. You've got a mayo
stain on your shirt.

John stares at a stain on his sleeve.

JOHN
Fucking Jenkins.

He takes a moment, then signs the paper.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DAY

John sits in a beach chair, grumpily reading a newspaper.
Maria soaks up the sun in a chair next to him. All over the
beach, people are LAUGHING and swimming.

MARIA
I'm glad you came back down here.
It's good for Hector to have his
father again. And this weather, the
sun is so much better for you than
the cold.

JOHN
Uh-huh.

She looks over at him, cranes her neck over. She can make out
Castro's name in the article title. She grabs the paper from
him, SMACKS him with it.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I was reading that.

MARIA
What do you have to be so grumpy
about. You got a good strong son, a
wife who's still married to you,
God only knows why, and a nice big
house by the beach.

John SIGHS. He cranes his neck to look behind him, scanning.
Tucked away, he sees a black sedan with tinted windows. He
SIGHS again, settles in his chair.

JOHN
Can I please have my paper back?

FADE TO BLACK.

END

