

BOBBY CARIBBEAN

Written by
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Based On True Events

FADE IN:

The voice of ROBERT LEE (BOBBY) VESCO, 60, over--

MONTAGE - DAY

- We soar over the blue rolling ocean and whitecapped waves.
- Glide over swimmers in the surf.
- Skim above Havana's Jaimanitas Beach.

BOBBY (V.O.)

I grew up poor and wanted to be rich. So I figured out how to become rich. Then I acquired a fleet of jets, yachts, mansions. A family. And like the famous Caribbean pirate, Black Bart, who at the height of his power had a fleet of ships and hundreds of pirates working for him, my success was due to organizational skill, charisma and daring. I had powerful friends and enemies. Some who helped me, and some who wanted to kidnap and kill me. Some people might say I went too far. But all I ever wanted was to achieve the American Dream. So I stole it. Then I disappeared. This is my story.

CONTINUE MONTAGE

- We veer along the shore toward--
- Sleek yachts docked at Marina Hemingway with--
- Wealthy American marlin fishermen puffing on Montecristo cigars and partying with prostitutes aboard million-dollar yachts that are adjacent to a-

EXT. WHITE MANSION - DAY

SUPER: MARINA HEMINGWAY, HAVANA CUBA 1995

Three Dirección General de Inteligencia government Agents in black suits armed with machineguns idly chat while smoking cigarettes.

INT. MANSION STUDY - TELEVISION - DAY

The television screen shows American flags adorning the White House press room as Washington D.C. Press Corps ask White House Press Secretary MIKE MCCURRY questions:

SUPER: June 9, 1995: U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT BRIEFING

QUESTIONER (O.S.)

Can you say anything more on Robert Vesco, Mike? Are there any negotiations underway for his return?

MCCURRY

Not that I'm aware of.

Same television screen now shows CHRISTINE SHELLY, U.S. State Department Spokeswoman, standing behind the briefing room's podium, speaking to the Press Corps:

SHELLY

We have told the Government of Cuba that we are interested in getting Mr. Vesco back in the United States as there are pending charges against him here. We are always interested in the return of fugitives from United States justice, from anywhere in the world.

TELEVISION SCREEN - PRESS BRIEFING ROOM

Short and rotund, MYRON MUEHLER, early-60s, stands at the rear of the room with his eyes fixed on Shelly. He has close-cropped hair and is impeccably dressed in a navy blue suit. His I.D. badge reads: "Judge Myron Muehler, U.S. District Court, District of Columbia."

QUESTIONER (O.S.)

Isn't there a treaty involving extradition between the United States and Cuba?

SHELLY

There is a U.S.-Cuba Treaty providing for the mutual extradition of fugitives that was signed in 1904.

QUESTIONER (O.S.)

Well, why don't we get him back?

On Muehler's face: he sneers.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME STUDY - OLDER FURNITURE AND TELEVISION

**SUPER: U.S. SENATE HEARING ON NARCOTICS & TERRORISM
MAY 27, 1987**

Elegant. Sunlight streams into the room. The television screen shows a U.S. Senate hearing. SENATOR JOHN F. KERRY, 40s, questions GORMAN BANNISTER, 30s, of Miami sitting in the witness seat wearing a black hood to protect his identity:

BANNISTER

(reading statement)

My name is Gorman Bannister. My father is Everett Bannister. At one time my father was the top influence peddler in the Bahamas.

KERRY

What did your father do for Vesco?

BANNISTER

My father was a conduit for Robert Vesco to the Prime Minister of the Bahamas, Mr. Lynden Pindling.

KERRY

Did Robert Vesco use his money to buy protection from extradition?

BANNISTER

As a matter of fact, he did. The law was rewritten specifically to protect Robert Lee Vesco from extradition.

Same television now shows an Independent Counsel hearing. ALAN FIERS, 40s, sits in the witness seat being questioned:

SUPER: INDEPENDENT COUNSEL HEARING ON IRAN-CONTRA

FIERS

My name is Alan D. Fiers, Chief of CIA's Central American Task Force.

QUESTIONER #1 (O.S.)

Mr. Fiers, tell us what you know about CIA Director Casey's role in handing off to Oliver North, the CIA's Contra support operations?

FIERS

Director Casey told the President: "I'll take care of Central America, Mr. Reagan; don't worry about it." And I was stunned, thinking: if this ever blows up it'll be worse than Watergate.

Television now shows COLONEL OLIVER NORTH, 40s, in the witness seat testifying:

COLONEL OLIVER NORTH

I'm absolutely certain, that I believed, when we put in place the concept of using Iranian arms sales money to aid the Nicaraguan Contras, and to do those other things, that I had the authority of the President to do it.

QUESTIONER #2 (O.S.)

Colonel North, who was the operative that controlled this money?

POV from behind the chair of seated, bearded Bobby Vesco, 60, facing the televised hearing. The TV remote is in his hand. A thick gold bracelet adorns his wrist. A Montecristo cigar rests between his fingers. He exhales a cloud of smoke.

BOBBY

The tangled webs we weave.

Close outside the study's window a Giant Kingbird perched on a branch stares in at Bobby.

The telephone in the study RINGS... RINGS... RINGS...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VESCO BUNGALOW - NIGHT

SUPER: EAST DETROIT, 1951

A single light is on in the ramshackle five-room house.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

YOUNG BOBBY VESCO, 16, and his father, DONALD VESCO, 40s, sit at the table constructing a plastic model airplane.

Books on the table: "Engineering Supersonic Aerodynamics," "Aerodynamics of Supersonic Flight," and a Fortune Magazine titled "Fourteen Methods of Operating in the Stock Market."

DONALD (O.S.)

A simple system is like the components in a ballpoint pen-

YOUNG BOBBY

Boring Pop-

DONALD

-to more complex systems with millions of components, assembled in hundreds of subsystems, such as a commercial jet.

Bobby ponders the concept.

YOUNG BOBBY

I want my own jet. How do I-
(picks up Fortune magazine)
What about financial systems?

DONALD

Financial systems?

YOUNG BOBBY

(points to magazine)
Yeah, Pop. The stock market.

DONALD

That's a scheme, not a system! An *attrazione* for charlatans and *ebetes* -- for fools! You have to build something, Bobby, for people, that has value, to make their life easier. Making money from money, is heartless.

Young Bobby smiles.

The clock on the wall indicates: 1:40 A.M.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Young Bobby sits in the front passenger seat staring contemptuously out the window at Kids playing ball next to a school. The Kids spot Bobby, point at him, and laugh derisively. Bobby looks away, then at his mother, BARBARA, 30s, who is driving:

BARBARA

I know it was the best technical school, and you were making good grades. It just costs too much. For your Father.

BOBBY

(turns; glares at Kids)
I'm getting a job.

Barbara looks at Bobby and smiles warmly.

EXT. CITY OF DETROIT - DAYBREAK

The muted red sun floats above the Detroit River. Red rays filter through the hanging haze. Sounds of the city crank to life like an old Model A Ford.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAYBREAK

Young Bobby, 17, contemplates a huge pile of discarded bricks while talking to the intimidating project FOREMAN, 30s:

FOREMAN

You're fuckin' estimating?

YOUNG BOBBY

Five- to six-hundred unused half-bricks. Breaking new bricks to fit, over and over instead of using perfectly good half-bricks is wasting the builder, Mr. Stefano, time and money.

FOREMAN

Who the fuck are-

YOUNG BOBBY

-Mr. Stefano is my father's friend.

FOREMAN

Ugh. Fuck me. Whattya want?

YOUNG BOBBY

To be a bricklayer. You should have your best bricklayers working at the corners. And you should screen your sand for pebbles to save time. Then maybe you'll get your Crew up to six-hundred bricks a day per man. That's what you're after.

FOREMAN

You finished?

YOUNG BOBBY

Sure.

FOREMAN

Then move those fuckin' bricks!
(walks away)
Goddam smart ass.

Young Bobby studies the bulky brick pile.

Foreman stops, turns and looks at Bobby:

FOREMAN

What's a matter, Einstein? It's a simple pile of broken bricks.
(points)
From there, to there.

BOBBY

I know. I'm planning the system design in order to execute the easiest mode of transfer. The complex-

FOREMAN

-Just move the fuckin' bricks!

Young Bobby shakes his head, bends down while staring at Foreman with disdain and starts moving the broken half-bricks, slowly, one at a time... Foreman turns, and walks away.

EXT. MELZER HOUSE - DAY

The old Detroit tract house sits on a quiet street with similar shabby houses in this poor inner-city neighborhood.

Young Bobby stands on the street looking toward the house.

THREE MELZER BOYS, all in their TEENS, stand together in the yard staring at Young Bobby with hostility.

Plain but sweet PATRICIA (PAT) MELZER, 17, appears behind the screened front door. She secretly looks out at Young Bobby.

Young Bobby stares at the Boys, and suddenly from behind his back flashes a new white baseball. He tosses it up and down in his hand. Then tosses it to the OLDEST BOY, 18, in the yard.

Oldest Boy catches the ball, looks at it closely and then looks back at Young Bobby. He smirks at him.

Now Young Bobby takes a baseball bat from behind his back. He tosses it underhand to the two Younger Boys who catch it together and fight over it. Oldest Boy grabs the bat, yanks it away from them and drops the ball on them.

OLDEST BOY
(runs to end of yard)
C'mon, pitch me the ball!

Young Bobby watches the Boys for a moment. Then he looks at Pat in the doorway. He walks across the yard to her. She slowly opens the screen door to him as he arrives.

YOUNG BOBBY
Hi Patricia.

PAT
(bashful)
Hi Bobby.

YOUNG BOBBY
Want to take a walk with me?

PAT
Um... okay, sure. But not too far.

Young Bobby smiles and extends his hand to her. She looks down at it, blushes, then takes his hand. She lights up. Young Bobby grasps her hand while gazing into her eyes.

EXT. DETROIT - WAYNE COUNTY COURT HOUSE - DAY

Dressed in their finest clothes, Young Bobby, 17, in a dark suit and Pat, 17, in a white dress run excitedly up the steps to the front doors. Young Bobby gallantly opens the door for smiling Pat, and gently guides her inside.

INT. WAYNE COUNTY COURT HOUSE - DAY

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, 40s, finishes reading marriage vows M.O.S., closes his bible, and smiles at Pat and Young Bobby. They slide plain silver rings onto each other's fingers, embrace and kiss. They smile and beam joy into each other's eyes.

EXT. MELTZER HOUSE - PORCH SWING - NIGHT

Young Bobby, 21, and Pat, 21, sit on the swing holding hands. They whisper to each other. Their silver wedding bands are visible on their ring fingers. Pat giggles and snuggles against him. Young Bobby puts his arm around her. He looks up at the night sky.

YOUNG BOBBY

Four years of bricklaying and I'm nowhere. I built myself my own goddamn dungeon. I'm a prisoner.

PAT

It's a good job, Bobby. Good money. It's enough for us.

YOUNG BOBBY

I envision bricks of gold, Pat, not clay and shale.

(frustrated)

We gotta get out of Detroit.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - MORNING

SUPER: ROWAYTON, CONNECTICUT 1961

Bobby, 25, stands at the rear of the platform reading the Wall Street Journal amid a crowd of older commuter Businessmen.

Train's BELLS are heard. Bobby folds the paper, walks toward the tracks.

Train pulls in as Bobby smoothly navigates his way in front of the Businessmen. He stops and stands at the exact spot on the platform where the train's doors stop and slide open. Bobby is first to climb aboard.

EXT. BACKYARDS - DUSK

Bobby walks across his lawn to his neighbor's small patio. Groovy neighbor FLOYD, early-30s, drinks a gin & tonic while tending to the hamburgers on his flaming barbeque:

FLOYD

Bobby boy! How goes it?

BOBBY

I did it, Floyd. I quit Olin. I'm starting my own show.

FLOYD

Quit? But you're just a kid, and you told me that you're broke!

BOBBY

I'm borrowing the bread. Going to be a millionaire in five years.

FLOYD

(laughs at Bobby)

But you can't-

BOBBY

-You're right! You can't make big money when you're broke. My new company's called Aluminum Services Inc. I'm going to buy and sell things for small and mid-size machine and metal shops. It's what I do best. I'm going to be rich, Floyd. If you have any money, give it to me now, and you'll get rich with me.

FLOYD

Thanks for the invite, Kid but that kind of risk scares the shit out of me. Good luck, man, you're going to need it.

BOBBY

Big mistake, Floyd. You gotta have vision, and a strategy to succeed these days. You need drive and determination. The whole nine yards.

FLOYD

(flipping burgers)

I know, I know... Hey, my brother-in-law works for this technological company out in Caldwell, in Jersey. I think it's called Capture Seal or Captive Seals, something like that.

BOBBY

Captive Seal?

FLOYD

Yeah. Tell 'em I sent you.

INT. ROWAYTON HOUSE - DAY

Pat holds infant baby, DAWN and gazes out the back window. Bobby enters with a bouquet of flowers. Startled, Pat turns from the window and faces Bobby.

PAT

Bobby, flowers? We can't afford-

-Bobby walks rapidly to her and Dawn and throws his arms around them. He gives them a big hug and kisses them both. Pat looks at him suspiciously.

BOBBY

Get packed. We're headed to Jersey!

PAT

What are you talking about? We just got settled here. I'm not-

BOBBY

-Olin made me quit my job. So I'm going into business, for myself. We're moving to Denville.

PAT

What does that mean? They made you quit? You're out of work? And we're moving, again?!

BOBBY

I'm going to be my own boss. We're going to be wealthy, Pat.

Baby Dawn cries in Pat's arms. Pat gets teary and angry.

PAT

This doesn't make sense! We have
no money, and you, quit your job?
This is nuts! God, Bob, you've gone
crazy!

Pat enters bedroom and SLAMS the door. Bobby lights a Kool
menthol cigarette and walks to the window. He peers outside.

INT. 1957 PLYMOUTH AUTOMOBILE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Bobby drives a gravel road. He passes a sign with an arrow on
it indicating-- "Jersey City Reservoir."

He turns, drives a little further, stops. Gravel dust swirls
in front of the dim headlights. The car is engulfed in
billowing dust.

Appearing amid the dust cloud in front of the car is dark
hulking GANGSTER #1, 40s, wearing a black Fedora hat, black
coat, and black gloves. Deadly serious, Gangster #1 makes a
cutting motion across his throat with his hand.

EXT. PLYMOUTH - NIGHT

Bobby quickly cuts the car's lights and turns the car off.

GANGSTER #1 (O.S.)
Get outta the fuckin' car.

Bobby opens the door and gets out.

GANGSTER #1 (CONT'D)
Come 'ere, now.

Bobby walks toward Gangster #1 obscured in dust and darkness.

GANGSTER #1 (CONT'D)
(turns and walks)
Folla.

Bobby follows Gangster #1 to the reservoir's edge. They stop.

GANGSTER #2 (O.S.)
This is Vesco?

GANGSTER #1
(turns to Bobby)
Dunno. You Vesco?

BOBBY

Yes.

GANGSTER #1

Good. You see this poor schmuck here?

Dead Man, 30s, lies half on the bank, half in the water with half his head blown off.

GANGSTER #1 (CONT'D)

He wasn't Vesco.

Bobby stiffens.

With his foot, GANGSTER #2, tall and dressed like Gangster #1, rolls Dead Man into the water. He submerges. Gangster #2 picks up a suitcase from the ground behind him.

GANGSTER #2

Mr. Faccetti's impressed with you.
Been lookin' to diversify, legit.

Gangster #2 stares at Bobby. He passes the suitcase to him.

GANGSTER #2 (CONT'D)

Good luck to you, Mr. Vesco.

BOBBY

(takes heavy case)
Thank you. Sir.

The Gangsters' dead cold shark eyes stare at Bobby.

GANGSTER #2

Curious. How old're you, Mr. Vesco?

BOBBY

Twenty-five, Sir.

GANGSTER #2

Must be pretty sharp.

BOBBY

I might be.

GANGSTER #1

Either you is, or you ain't.

BOBBY

I am. Always was. Always will be.

GANGSTER #2

(smirks)

I guess we'll see. Listen, Kid, I hope you don't see us again. It won't be nearly as pleasant.

Bobby nods at them. He lugs the suitcase to the Plymouth, opens the trunk, hoists the suitcase into it and closes the lid. He slowly turns his head, to look slyly at the Gangsters.

The road is dark, empty, dusty, silent.

EXT. CAPTIVE SEAL CORPORATION - DAY

The small, run-down one-story factory shed has a sign above the front door indicating-- "CAPTIVE SEAL CORPORATION."

Bobby's old 1957 Plymouth is parked near the front door.

INT. CAPTIVE SEAL SHOP - DAY

Shop factory is NOISY. Bobby talks M.O.S. with OWNER, 50s.

Ten Assemblers, 20s, stand on both sides of a table assembling tiny components of small metal valves.

Five Machinists, 30s, operate advanced technology manufacturing machines that produce precise miniature valve components that are passed in small boxes to the Assemblers. A large box filled with completed valves sits at the end of the table.

Bobby and Owner smile and shake hands. Bobby pats Owner on the arm and exits. Owner claps his hands to motivate his workers.

EXT. METAL WORKS FACTORY - DAY

Bobby drives the old Plymouth and parks near the entrance of the decrepit old plant with a sign above the door that indicates-- "METAL WORKS."

BOBBY (V.O.)

In my business of buying & selling machine shop parts I had this problem of accounts receivable.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Some went bad, which was actually good, because it led me into acquisition strategies that accelerated my business plan. But it was bad because I still had negative cash flow. And I needed capital to grow.

Bobby exits the car with his briefcase and enters the plant.

INT. METAL WORKS OFFICE - DAY

The office desktop is littered with invoices, unpaid bills, collection notices. Bobby sits in the Owner's chair behind the desk. OWNER, 60s, stands in front of his own desk defiantly, glaring down at Bobby:

BOBBY

In consideration of your unpaid debt to me, for sales commissions owed, in the amount of nineteen-thousand, two-hundred-dollars, you will transfer to me, today, a sixty-percent equity position in your company, in the form of preferred stock. You follow me?

OWNER

(angry)
Is this legal?

BOBBY

(rises from chair)
Yes, of course. I'll buy you lunch while my attorney writes it up. This is a very good deal for you.

OWNER

Fuck you very much. I ain't hungry. I've heard all about you and your flim-flam stock for debt deals.

(picks up phone)
I might make a call to the S.E.C. to see what they think about your obviously brazen thievery.

BOBBY

S.E.C.? If you put the S.E.C. on me I will put your fucking lights out.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Got it, Pal? I fucking know people.
I-talians. Know what I mean?

Owner glares, slowly puts phone down.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Don't be stupid. I'm back in an
hour for your signature.
(exits)
Fucking deadbeat.

INT. PLANT OFFICE - DAY

PLANT OWNER, 60's, aims a double-barrel sawed-off shotgun at Bobby standing a few feet away from him with his hands raised.

BOBBY
(calmly)
Listen asshole, you owe me sixteen-
thousand dollars. I'm not leaving
without the money or an ownership
stake in your plant.

PLANT OWNER
I said git! Now!

Plant Owner FIRES the shotgun--rock salt in the shotgun shell LOUDLY PELTS the office wall just above Bobby's head.

BOBBY
(ducking)
You crazy fuck!

Bobby instinctively lunges forward, grabs the barrel of the gun and rips it out of Plant Owner's hands. He swings it and CRACKS it HARD against Plant Owner's face, who falls to the floor. Bobby aims the gun down at Plant Owner writhing in pain and fear on the floor holding his bloody face.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I'm tired of this bullshit! I sell
you fuckers my products and you
don't pay? That is not how this
works! This is fucking America for
christ's sake!

Bobby FIRES the other barrel's load of rock salt into the floor next to Plant Owner's head. He whimpers in fear.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I need capital goddammit!

Bobby takes his briefcase and exits with the shotgun.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DUSK

Bobby's old Plymouth is parked in the driveway.

SUPER: DENVILLE, NEW JERSEY

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

Exhausted, Pat sits at the table sipping a cup of tea. She stares at unpaid bills for the telephone, gas and electric service. Bobby, beer bottle in hand, walks to her.

BOBBY
(gives her cash)
Pay the phone and electric. I
should be getting a check soon.

PAT
From who? You're working for these
skeevy companies that can't pay
you. Where's it going to come-

BOBBY
-But now we have ownership stakes
in these companies. The potential
upside when their stock rises will
be enormous. We'll be rich.

PAT
(stands)
Stop saying that! We're fucking
broke! I can't live like this. We
have children, Bob. They need
clothes, and school supplies. Food
for christ sake! What you're doing
is, irresponsible. Say it, Bob.
You don't know what you're doing!

BOBBY
I know exactly what I'm doing, Pat.
You're too impatient. In a few
months we'll be through this, this
brief predicament. You'll have to
trust me. My plan will work.

PAT

You have to do something, now. A real job, with regular pay. We're just regular people, Bob!

BOBBY

We are not regular people, Pat! At least I'm not. I'm too smart to be a fucking reg.

Bobby goes to her, puts his arms around her, speaks softly:

BOBBY

There's a company, a small company, called Captive Seal. I'm going to take it over.

PAT

Oh God, Bobby. Really? Captive Seal? It sounds like a goddamn circus act.

BOBBY

It is.

EXT. CAPTIVE SEAL SHOP - DAY

Bobby's new 1965 Cadillac gleams in the sunlight. He stands next to it with the OWNER of Captive Seal. His briefcase is open on the hood of the car. They smoke. Owner is distraught.

APPRAISER, 30s, exits the shop, walks to Bobby and shows him two separate appraisal documents. Bobby looks at them:

Appraisal document #1 shows an asset value of \$52,000. Bobby separates the two documents slightly, revealing document #2 (under #1) with an appraisal value of \$190,000. Bobby takes that document, folds it and slides it into his pocket as he covertly slips the Appraiser a folded hundred-dollar bill. Appraiser walks to his car, tips his hat, and leaves.

Bobby hands appraisal document #1 to the Owner.

OWNER

(looks at appraisal)
Fifty-two?! That can't be right.

BOBBY

That's from your appraiser. Mine will derive a much lower value.

OWNER

How did I get here?

(beat)

What's your fucking offer?

BOBBY

I'll pay forty-five thousand, in personal promissory notes, over five years. This is a solid and predictable income stream for you.

OWNER

Forty-five, for the whole company? Are you fucking kidding me?!

BOBBY

No. You owe me, and others, over one hundred and twenty-thousand. You're fucked. If you don't accept it, I'm taking my claim to the court house and file an involuntary bankruptcy petition against you. Either way, you're out.

OWNER

(turns; walks to shop)

Fuck!

BOBBY

My attorney will bring the papers for your signature tonight. You made the right decision. You got something for nothing.

Owner glares at Bobby, flips him the bird, enters his shop. Bobby smirks, gets into the brand new Caddy, drives away.

EXT. DENVILLE STATE BANK - DAY

Bobby's new Cadillac is parked near the front doors. Bobby is visible inside the bank through the large front glass windows. He sits in front of the desk of BANKER, 50s; he points out the window at the Caddy. Banker turns around and looks at it; he smiles and nods his head to Bobby.

INT. BANK - DAY

Bobby and Banker sit facing each other at Banker's desk.

BOBBY

We're strategically positioned for rapid growth. You see, we're at an inflection point now with several large new aerospace contracts rolling in. We're launching, so to speak, like a Gemini rocket.

BANKER

(chuckles)

The NASA of New Jersey, huh?

(looks over appraisal)

These assets look sufficient, Mr. Vesco. I'll get the loan paperwork processed immediately. I look forward to a long and prosperous relationship.

They stand and shake hands.

BOBBY

Bet on me. I'm a rocket.

EXT. CADILLAC DEALERSHIP - DUSK

Bobby drives the Cadillac up the driveway, parks and exits. Dealership SALESMAN, 40s, approaches quickly:

SALESMAN

How was your test drive, Mr. Vesco?

(smiles)

I was wondering if you were coming back!

BOBBY

It's a very nice automobile, very nice. But, I just don't love it. I must be a Lincoln man.

Bobby tosses the car keys to Salesman and walks to his old Plymouth. He gets in, starts it.

SALESMAN

(at Bobby's window)

Hey! I thought we had a deal?!

Bobby waves him off and drives away.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

The Plymouth is parked in the driveway.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bobby and Pat stare at each other. We are unsure of their current demeanor. Pat steps forward... And hugs Bobby. She releases a breathy combination of joy and relief. He smiles.

We see the signed loan documents for the Captive Seal acquisition on the table.

EXT. ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT

A gleaming black Cadillac is parked side-by-side in the opposite direction of Bobby's Plymouth. The lowered drivers' side windows are in close proximity. Gangster #1, (same as before) is in the Caddy's driver's seat. Bobby passes Gangster #1 a large thick envelope.

GANGSTER #1

(looks in envelope)

What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs who falls into the Jersey reservoir?

BOBBY

(concerned)

Uh, dead?

GANGSTER #1

No. Bob! Like you. Don't worry, Bobby. We like you. Keep it up.

Gangster #1 drives off. Bobby smiles, puts the Plymouth in gear.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

SUPER: BETHESDA, MARYLAND 1965

A brand new 1965 Lincoln Continental is parked in front. Chauffeur, 30s, leans against the car smoking.

A large sign in front indicates-- "MARTIN MARIETTA AEROSPACE."

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bobby's in a navy blue suit, white shirt, red tie. He stands near an "over-head" machine that projects on a screen in the front of the room a detailed image of the engineering diagrams and specifications for several Captive Seal valves.

The room is filled with Engineers, Military Officers and Businessmen listening in rapt attention as Bobby speaks:

BOBBY

To be completely transparent, I do not know all the specs for your particular systems but ours persist in many pressurized feed systems consisting of high-pressure gas tanks, pressure regulators, propellant tanks, propellant valves, and most feed lines. I believe with some minor customization, we have the solution that you require.

LEAD ENGINEER

Very interesting, Mr. Vesco. You are leading your competitors in solving most of our cryovalve project needs.

BOBBY

Good to hear but not surprising. Our teams are led by innovators and aerospace visionaries. Like me, they dream of the future of space exploration and execute flawlessly against our product development strategy to deliver breakthrough solutions.

ARMY COLONEL

Very impressive, Mr. Vesco. Thank you for coming in today. Do you have an engineering degree? Not many salesmen in our industry do.

BOBBY

Yes, from Wayne State University.
(modestly)
Summa cum laude.

ARMY COLONEL

A real go-getter! And, more importantly, someone I can trust.

(extends hand)

We look forward to partnering with you and your team, Mr. Vesco.

BOBBY

(shakes his hand)

I am very pleased to hear that, Colonel. It will be our pleasure to be in business with you and the United States government.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Colonel and Bobby walk to the doorway; the doors open automatically. They shake hands, wave good-bye. Bobby walks to the Lincoln Continental parked nearby. Colonel watches Bobby intently as Chauffeur opens the rear door for him. Bobby slides into the rear seat, immediately picks up the car's phone, makes a call, waves to Colonel. Colonel smiles, waves and re-enters the building. Chauffeur gets in, starts the car.

BOBBY

(on phone)

We won the contract... yes, I know they need cryogenic valves. I re-wrote the presentation. So, as of today, we now produce technologically advanced, cryogenic valves... Yes we do! As of today. There's a company in Florida that's a perfect fit for us, exactly at this moment in time... I'll tell you precisely how when I get back... Yeah, Ralph, I fucking did it.

(hangs up phone)

CHAUFFEUR

Mr. Vesco, the car has to be back now to avoid the late fee. You'll have to pay twenty dollars extra for that phone call. Okay?

BOBBY

(puts on sunglasses)

Chicken feed for the props, Kid.

Bobby lights a Kool cigarette, exhales a cloud of smoke.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You have to think big. And always
stay a step ahead of the assholes...
They're everywhere.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. VESCO'S NEW ESTATE - DAY

SUPER: BOONTON, NEW JERSEY 1968

Bobby, 33, and Pat, 33, stand with a Realtor in the backyard.
Realtor points to a grassy area of adjacent vacant property:

BOBBY (V.O.)

I bought companies and merged them
together into one huge conglomerate
called: International Controls Cor-
poration. ICC for short. I also
added acreage to our Jersey estate.

BACKYARD SWIMMING POOL

Vesco children: DANNY, 15, DAWN, 8, TONY, 12, ROBERT JR., 5,
and Pat are all under water, sitting still on the pool bottom
with eyes wide open, arms out, like lifeless bodies.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We were drowning in debt, and had
to grow fast by adding new compa-
nies and revenue.

HORSE BARN

Dawn leads a black Quarter horse past the pool toward the
entrance of a huge new horse barn-

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I took ICC public through a merger
with the Florida company I told
Ralph about called Cryogenics, that
was already listed on the stock ex-
change. That way I avoided the
onerous S.E.C. filing and registra-
tion process. It was fast and slick.

INT. HORSE BARN

Dawn leads the Quarter horse into the stable with eighteen stalls and two riding rings:

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Then I issued more ICC stock that
 I used to acquire more companies.
 I was always on the hunt for vulner-
 able companies and easy money. I
 was like a great white shark that
 never slept, requiring a never-end-
 ing flow of revenue-rich companies,
 or I would drown. Like Ahab said:
 Sleep isn't for me. The bed is a
 coffin.

INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Candles light the dinner table. Empty martini glasses. Bobby smiles at beaming Pat. The Waiter brings two more martinis. Pat's new diamond and ruby ring glitters in the candlelight.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Within a year, my equity stake in
 ICC made me a millionaire.

Bobby and Pat lean into each other and kiss. They both swig deeply from their martini glasses. Their drunken smiles slowly fade as a little M.O.S. bicker erupts into an escalating argument. Pat becomes angry, slams her fist down on the table top like THUNDER! Her diamond ring flashes like LIGHTNING! Bobby stares at her with contempt. He wipes his mouth with his napkin, rises, and leaves her at the table.

EXT. ICC BUILDING - DAY

SUPER: FAIRFIELD, NEW JERSEY

Sign in front indicates-- "INTERNATIONAL CONTROLS CORPORATION." Plant Manager RALPH DODD, early-30s, and Bobby stand near the sign smoking cigarettes.

BOBBY
 Bank of America is going to give me
 six-and-a-half million to acquire a
 few more glorified machine shops...
 And then...

DODD

Yeah. And then? What?

Bobby flicks his cigarette, puts his arm around Dodd's shoulders as they walk to front door of ICC.

BOBBY

Then Ralph, we're going to hunt us down a fucking whale.

DODD

Who?

BOBBY

(stops walking)

I-O-S.

(beat)

Meyer Lansky and Bernie Cornfeld's IOS. The largest money laundering network in the world.

DODD

(stunned)

Fuckin' Moby Dick.

(worried)

But that's Mafia money, right?

BOBBY

It is, Ralph. Until it isn't.

EXT. NASSAU AIRPORT - DAY

THE BEGINNING OF THE END'S "FUNKY NASSAU" PLAYS OVER:

SUPER: NASSAU, BAHAMAS 1968

A gleaming Learjet rolls across the tarmac to a private hangar, stops. "IOS" is inscribed on its tail. The side door opens and the stairway unfolds to the tarmac.

Short, plump, balding, superbly dressed BERNIE CORNFELD, 40, CEO of IOS, emerges in the doorway with a smile on his face and two hot, miniskirted Hookers, early-20s, on each arm. He descends the stairway like a king; the Hookers follow.

Another Learjet with "IOS" on the tail rolls up to the hangar. The third Learjet with "IOS" on the tail rolls up; then the fourth jet; the fifth jet; and still another jet until there are six Learjets parked side-by-side at the hangar.

An army of IOS employees descend the jets' stairs in simultaneous harmony.

Bernie marches arm-in-arm with the Hookers, leading his IOS employee army toward the entrance of the hangar.

EXT. PORCUPINE CLUB - NIGHT

CREAM'S "SUNSHINE OF YOUR LOVE" PLAYS OVER:

SUPER: PARADISE ISLAND

Valets run to luxury cars arriving at the exclusive club.

Men and women dressed in black-tie enter the club.

A sign posted at the entrance-- "PORCUPINE CLUB HOSTS WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY DANCE."

INT. PORCUPINE CLUB - NIGHT

Bernie Cornfeld sits at a table surrounded by beautiful young Hookers, 20s. He tells them humorous stories M.O.S. The women drink and laugh facetiously.

Bobby, thirty-three-years-old now, stands nearby chatting M.O.S. with ALLAN BUTLER, 30s, a resident of Nassau who co-owns Butler's Bank with his wife, SHIRLEY (OAKES) BUTLER, 30s, who sits at the table next to Bernie. Los Angeles stockbroker, TOMMY RICHARDSON, 30s, chats with Bobby and Allan:

Bobby stares cynically at Bernie.

ALLAN

(to Bobby)

My wife Shirley's father, Sir Harry Oakes, was a gold prospector who became one of the world's richest men.

TOMMY

I'm making a killing in the market right now and would be happy to consult with Sir Harry on a strategy. No charge of course.

BOBBY

Sir Harry was murdered, Tommy. He won't be needing a strategy.

Tommy's embarrassed by his faux pas.

ALLAN

(grabs bottle of Champagne
from passing Waiter)

The case was never solved but one
story is that Meyer Lansky sent men
to rough Harry up.

(swigs Champagne)

Because of his opposition to Lansky
building a casino here. And they
accidentally went too far.

BOBBY

Mr. Lansky, the Mob's Accountant.
The undefeated and reigning champ
of the world's dirty money.

ALLAN

(stares at Bernie)

Look at that pretentious fuck. The
snake charmer has Shirley under
his spell.

Allan walks to entranced Shirley seated next to Bernie. Allan
whispers to Shirley; no response. Allan pours Champagne over
Bernie's head. Bernie rises and throws wild punches at Allan,
whom he can't see due to the Champagne in his eyes. Allan
laughs at flailing Bernie. Bobby stares at pathetic Bernie.

EXT. BUTLER HOUSE TERRACE - MORNING

Bobby, Allan and Tommy are seated on the terrace of the
magnificent estate with a spectacular view across the channel
of Paradise Island. The House Man serves them coffee.

BOBBY

Too much jet-set, not enough drive.
He's fat, lazy and sloppy. IOS is a
wide open target. The jackpot.

TOMMY

Bernie hates you. Sees you as a cor-
porate raider. An I-talian gangster.

BOBBY

Funny, I see myself more like Steve
McQueen in the Thomas Crown Affair.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Allan, your merger with Warburg Bank failed. And you and Shirley are overextended. It's time to reconsider my IOS proposal.

ALLAN

Sure, Bobby. I can provide you with whatever credit support you need.

BOBBY

Good. Tommy, prep your jet. We're heading back to Jersey.

TOMMY

You got it, Steve.

Bobby stares at smiling Tommy... Tommy stops smiling.

INT. BOBBY'S ICC OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: FAIRFIELD, NEW JERSEY 1969

A photo of "ALFRED E. SMITH MEMORIAL DINNER" hangs on the wall featuring Bobby standing between President Lyndon Johnson and President-elect Richard Nixon dressed in tuxedos. Inscribed on the photo-- "Would you believe the U.S. Government is the next ICC investment? (signed) Richard M. Nixon."

Ralph Dodd paces past Bobby's desk. Bobby stands at the desk with his phone held in place between his cheek and shoulder while constructing a model of the ten-gun pirate sloop-- "FORTUNE." He speaks with President Richard Nixon:

BOBBY

Yes, Dick, I can work with Rebozo... at Key Biscayne Bank, delivered to Bebe personally. ...I know Crosby, too, he's an associate of Lansky's. ...yes, Mr. President, I'm about to acquire Paradise Island; the casino, hotel, all of it. ...yes Sir, I can add you on as a silent partner. ...you're welcome, Dick. ...please call me Bobby. ...I look forward to working with you too. ...yes, I will contact your nephew, Donald, right away. ...good-bye, Sir.
(ends call)

DODD

The President sounds like a crook!

BOBBY

(adds parts to ship)

Not a crook, Ralph. A businessman,
just like us.

DODD

Bob, we're in deep debt! Our stock
is at its fifty-two-week low. You
shouldn't have donated the fifty-
thousand to Nixon. Fifty-thousand
bucks for a goddamn dinner?!

BOBBY

(unperturbed)

Building goodwill, Ralph. Planning
for the future.

DODD

We're not going to have a future!
Except maybe in a Federal Pen!

BOBBY

Have you seen "Easy Rider" yet?

DODD

What?! Easy rider? What's that?

BOBBY

Not sure. Seems to be about freedom.

DODD

A movie?

BOBBY

(works on ship)

Yeah, a road film. About a man, a
cool rogue named Captain America.
His rootlessness and ride for easy
money, turns into an apocalyptic
journey.

(affixes the mainsail)

The guy went looking for America.
And couldn't find it anywhere...
And, in the end, he blew it.

FADE TO BLACK:

**SUPER: NEW YORK TIMES HEADLINE: "U.S. SECURITIES AND
EXCHANGE COMMISSION INVESTIGATES ROBERT L.
VESCO AND INTERNATIONAL CONTROLS CORPORATION"**

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

CHEECH & CHONG'S SONG "EARACHE MY EYE" PLAYS OVER:

Man's scuffed leather sandals as he swaggers down the sidewalk. His frayed blue jean bell-bottoms, numerous cloth patches sewn on them: War Is Organized Murder, Peace Sign, Black Panther Party, Freak Party, Never Trust The Man, etc.

This is DONALD (DON-DON) NIXON, JR., early-20s, the nephew of President Richard Nixon, in full hippie attire. Don-Don bops along nonchalantly smoking a joint. He slows down as he approaches a black limousine with blacked-out windows parked at the curb. He stops near the rear window and looks at it. He looks around, flicks the roach, bends over and puts his face and hands against the window to look inside-- abruptly, the electric window opens downward, scaring Don-Don who, stoned and off balance, almost falls inside through the open window:

DON-DON

Fuck man! What the fuck?!

Don-Don straightens up quickly and pushes away from the car.

Bobby's voice from inside the limo:

BOBBY (O.S.)

Hello Donald. Get in, please.

The rear door swings open. Don-Don looks around and climbs into the car. The door closes.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Bobby, wearing black sunglasses, sits in the rear seat smoking a Kool menthol cigarette facing Don-Don.

BOBBY

My name, is Bobby Vesco.

DON-DON

Uh, okay... Did my Dad pay you to kidnap me? So I don't become an embarrassment to my Uncle? You know my uncle is the President, right? Just so you know, man.

BOBBY

I do. We're very good friends.
Donald, I'd like you to come work
for me.

DON-DON

Call me Don-Don, man. Look, Mr.
Vesco, I'm a freak, man. What
could I possibly do for you?

BOBBY

You'd be my consultant. I travel
a lot. Private plane and yacht. My
wife and I could use your help.
How does that sound?

DON-DON

Not sure I have a choice, but okay.
I'm running kinda low on bread, if
you catch my drift?

BOBBY

Yes. I'll have one of my men take
you to get some new clothes and a
haircut. That okay with you?

DON-DON

Sure. I survived Vietnam, I can
survive a haircut. I haven't show-
ered in a week, man.

BOBBY

Yes. I can tell.
(electric windows go down)
Ok, Don-Don. I'll be in touch.

DON-DON

Hey man, you wouldn't happen to
have any of that new kickass super
grass going around. It's called,
Toledo Window Box?

Bobby stares at Don-Don... shakes his head, no.

EXT. VESCO'S JERSEY HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The house, swimming pool, horse barn and trees are lit with
floodlights--

--a strobe light from above flashes across the yard. Grass, tree limbs--leaves are hit with a huge gust of wind as a helicopter descends into frame with "R.L.V." scripted on its door. It lands gently in the grass; the door opens, Bobby climbs out, ducks and walks toward Pat, Danny, Tony, Dawn, Robert Jr. and Don-Don standing together waiting for him.

Bobby hugs his Kids, gives Pat a kiss, the Kids gather around them and hug them all together. Don-Don hesitates, then joins the group while awkwardly trying to hug them all. In the b.g., the helicopter rises and veers away swiftly.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby and Pat lie in bed, apart. Bobby smokes a cigarette.

PAT

IOS is run by organized crime? The Mafia!? Oh my god. No, Bobby. No!

BOBBY

It's disorganized crime, actually. It'll be like taking candy from a bunch of babies.

PAT

I don't understand why you want to get involved in a mess like that!

BOBBY

It's where the money is, Pat. I want you and the kids to have the best of everything. It's my gift, to all of you.

PAT

But all we really want is you. And you're never here!

BOBBY

I know, Pat.

Bobby stubs out cigarette butt in ashtray on bedside table.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I'm working on it.

He tries to kiss her goodnight. She rolls away from him.

EXT. BERMUDA (AERIAL SHOT) - DAYBREAK

The island is encased in a bluish-green watery membrane.

INT. BOEING 707 PLANE - BOBBY'S OFFICE (FLYING) - DAYBREAK

The top edge of the rising sun is visible through the oval window. Bobby sits at his desk reading various legal documents. A topless Stewardess, 20s, in a miniskirt and heels enters, hands him a cup of coffee and gives him a kiss. Bobby smiles at her as she struts out of the office.

INT. CASTLE HARBOUR HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

SUPER: BERMUDA

Smoky room, in disorder. Opened briefcases, tangled phone lines. The seated, haggard IOS Directors: HENRY BUHL, ED COWETT, DR. PIERRE RINFRET, PAT BROWN, AMBASSADOR JAMES ROOSEVELT, WILSON WYATT, SIR ERIC WYNDHAM-WHITE, and ALAN CONWILL, all in their 50s/60s, stare at Bobby in mid-speech:

BOBBY

You're all self-dealing criminals.
The S.E.C. is going to throw you
all in federal prison!

RINFRET

(stands abruptly)
Who the hell do you think you are
threatening this Board of Directors?

WYATT

I vote against jail. Let him talk.

BROWN

I second it. Continue Mr. Vesco.

Stunned, Rinfret looks around the table and sits down.

BOBBY

You've violated your fiduciary responsibilities. Misappropriated funds. Abused your power. And if this tragic excuse for a company isn't straightened out soon, I will personally bring criminal charges against each and every one of you!

The Directors' eyes are riveted on Bobby.

BUHL

Tell us about your offer, Bob.

BOBBY

Thank you, Henry.

Bobby passes out proposals to the Directors and presents M.O.S. his terms to purchase IOS during his voice over:

BOBBY (V.O.)

They admired my speedy mind and ability to sort through complex financial problems. I was forceful and persuasive. I was very slick. My offer was accepted by the Board and I was elected Chairman of IOS.

Several Directors smile and nod to Bobby while he speaks.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To those who distrusted me, opinion ranged from cunning financial adventurer, to out-and-out thief, to a figure of real evil. Like a vampire leaning-in to suck IOS's blood.

Bobby wipes his sleeve across his mouth and continues M.O.S. Several Directors stare at Bobby with utter contempt.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Tommy warned me that these people would fight me until there was no mathematical chance of their winning the final vote of the stockholders. I didn't believe him.

INT. BOEING 707 PLANE - BOBBY'S OFFICE (FLYING) - DAY

BOBBY

(on phone)

We need the IOS voting shares held at Overseas Development Bank in Geneva before Cornfeld can get his hands on them to stop my election. Our Swiss attorneys say they can be legally sold to us and voted for me at the IOS shareholders meeting.

EXT. OVERSEAS DEVELOPMENT BANK (ODB) - DAY

A plaque indicates-- "OVERSEAS DEVELOPMENT BANK - GENEVA."

SUPER: NOVEMBER 30, 1971

INT. ODB VAULT ROOM - DAY

Bobby and TWO BANK MANAGERS face the locked vault.

BANK MANAGER #1

(French accent)

It is not possible. The vault is locked. And the voting share certificates are in a lock-box, and the key is in another cabinet which cannot be opened since the man with the key is gone for the weekend.

BOBBY

That's a fucking typical French response. And completely unacceptable. Do we have access to explosives?

BANK MANAGER #2

Mr. Vesco, this may not be legal.

BOBBY

Of course it's legal. If it wasn't legal I wouldn't be here. Get the goddamn securities out. Now!

INT. CORNFELD'S OFFICE - DAY

Bernie Cornfeld sits behind a highly polished antique desk speaking on his phone:

BERNIE

Geneva Federal Police? ...I'm reporting a bank robbery. ...the Overseas Development Bank, Boulevard du Théâtre 10. ...yes, in progress as we speak! The thief is an American. A dangerous and crazy man named, Robert Vesco. You had better arm yourselves. He is a psychopath!

Bernie hangs up and starts laughing.

EXT. SAINT-ANTOINE PRISON - DAY

SUPER: GENEVA

High on a hill, the 150-year-old prison is a block square and visible from everywhere in the ancient part of Geneva.

INT. SAINT-ANTOINE PRISON - JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

JUDGE, 60s, sits behind his desk looking down at a thick case file. Bobby, irritated, stands before him.

JUDGE

Monsieur Vesco, I am ordering you held for bail on the charge of disloyal conduct.

BOBBY

Disloyal conduct? What exactly is disloyal conduct? My attorneys said that taking those shares from the bank is perfectly legal. I have it in writing! Did you look at-

JUDGE

-Take the prisoner.

Beefy Bailiff takes Bobby roughly by the arm and leads him out of the Judge's chambers:

BOBBY

(getting shoved out
the door)

Prisoner? This is a huge mistake, on your part! I didn't do anything illegal! I want my phone call!

Judge smirks as he watches Bobby get pushed out the door.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

The heavy wooden DOOR SLAMS shut. The SOUND of a metal BAR SCRAPING across the door and into the stone wall LOCKS it. The darkened cell, very small. Its interior stone walls dank, streaked with claw marks. Its limestone floor gouged, stained with decades of urine, sweat, feces, blood. A small barred window in the wooden cell door. Pale light floats through the window onto Bobby hunkered down in a crouch in the corner facing the door. The other Prisoners can be heard chattering:

PRISONER #1 (O.S.)
 Là une célébrité avec nous cette
 nuit. Bon soir, Monsieur Vesco!

Bobby looks up at cell door window.

PRISONER #2 (O.S.)
 He steals from our grandmothers!
 Millions! He is evil!

PRISONER #1 (O.S.)
 Grand-mères? Tonight Mister Vesco,
 we slit you troat! We come soon.

Bobby rises. He takes a cautious step toward the cell door.

PRISONER #2 (O.S.)
 Later, le garde, will open zee door.
 No sleep Monsieur Vesco. You dead!

Bobby steps to the cell door, speaks through the small window:

BOBBY
 (calmly; clearly)
 When the Guard opens the door, mes-
 sieurs, I will rip your bellies
 open with my fingers. From your
 assholes, to your eyelids. I shit
 on your fucking grandmothers. Come
 on in boys. I am waiting for you
 fuckers with my razor sharp nails.

CHATTERING stops. Bobby listens. Silence. He goes to the corner; sits on the floor. Trembling, gripped with fear, he takes out a Kool cigarette with shaky hands, lights it, inhales, exhales a cloud of smoke, and stares at the door.

EXT. U.S. MISSION TO SWITZERLAND AND LIECHTENSTEIN - NIGHT

SUPER: BERN, SWITZERLAND

An American flag hangs above the entrance to the U.S. Ambassador's villa, "BLUMENRAIN" that sits on grounds framed by the mountain peaks of the Alps, Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau.

INT. OFFICE OF THE DEPUTY CHIEF OF THE U.S. MISSION - NIGHT

Deputy Chief, RICHARD VINE, 40s, wearing silk pajamas and a robe speaks with CIA AGENT, 30s:

VINE

This is ludicrous. Why is the CIA getting involved? He's just a low-level charlatan, a swindler.

CIA AGENT

There's unusual interest at the top in Vesco's case, by U.S. Attorney General Mitchell. He wants him released, Mr. Vine. Today.

VINE

I'll make a few calls. No guarantee.
(picks up phone)
We don't own everyone.

CIA AGENT

We do... Good night, Mr. Vine.

EXT. WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL - DAY

SUPER: NEW YORK CITY

Bobby exits a cab in front of the hotel and enters.

INT. WALDORF-ASTORIA - PEACOCK ALLEY RESTAURANT - DAY

Bobby and Tommy Richardson eat lunch.

BOBBY

I tried to play fair with them. And look what it's gotten me. You warned me about those assholes and I never took you seriously. I'll tell you one thing, Tommy: one night in Saint-Antoine's Prison is enough. I'm never going to jail. Ever. And now I'm going to take it all.

EXT. ICC HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Building's sign indicates-- "INTERNATIONAL CONTROLS CORPORATION - FAIRFIELD, NEW JERSEY."

Limousine pulls up fast to the ICC building and stops quickly. Hurriedly, Bobby, attorney RAY MERRITT, 30s, and Tommy exit the car and follow Bobby to the front door. They all enter.

INT. ICC LOBBY - NIGHT

Bobby, Merritt and Tommy walk through toward the hallway--

BOBBY
 (walks quickly
 to his office)
 We're going to shut down all of
 the IOS funds.

MERRITT
 (follows)
 IOS shareholders will need time to
 redeem their shares, Bobby. Morally
 and legally, they're entitled to
 have that chance!

Bobby looks over his shoulder at Merritt, and keeps walking.

TOMMY
 Morally? Are you kidding, Ray?
 They're fucking criminals.

INT. BOBBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Pirate ship "FORTUNE" sits behind Bobby's desk. Bobby, his
 financial advisor, BUD MEISSNER, 60s, and Tommy are talking:

MEISSNER
 IOS salesmen took dirty money
 investments from people in cash,
 and deposited it into IOS funds
 under false names so their custom-
 ers could avoid paying taxes.

BOBBY
 Money made illegally to begin with.

TOMMY
 If a customer wanted to redeem his
 shares, he'd call his local sales-
 man for payment. If you get rid of
 all the salesmen, you cut all ties
 to the share redemption payments.

BOBBY
 None of these crooks will step into
 the light to reclaim their dirty
 money. So, in effect, it becomes
 our pot of gold. A treasure chest.

TOMMY

The money records are kept in numbered Swiss accounts.

BOBBY

And?

MEISSNER

I did a computer run on all the Swiss accounts this week from the IOS data center in Nyon.

BOBBY

How much?

MEISSNER

Over six-hundred-million. In U.S. dollars.

BOBBY

That's a good start.

EXT. NEW JERSEY CITY STREET - DAY

Bundled in overcoats, hats, and gloves, Bobby, smoking a Kool cigarette walks with his new attorney, ARTHUR GORMAN, 30s.

BOBBY

I hate this fucking weather. What do you think, Arthur?

GORMAN

A single page? Really?
(reads one-page document)
You're forming a single closed-end corporation, the ABC Company, to which you will invest in it the substantial dollar assets from the IOS funds. Then you want ABC Company to issue one-hundred million dollars in bonds to be purchased by the IOS entities. And it will offer to buy IOS shares with the new ABC stock?

BOBBY

In a nutshell, Arthur, yeah. I'm going to set it up offshore. We're going to do a lot of these deals. Through shell companies.

GORMAN

Bob, this could be construed as a scheme to frustrate the redemption rights of the IOS shareholders.

BOBBY

It's a gray area, Arthur. But it's not illegal.

GORMAN

What are you going to tell the shareholders?

Bobby walks away, toward his black limousine.

EXT. U.S. SECURITIES & EXCHANGE COMMISSION BUILDING - NIGHT

SUPER: WASHINGTON, D.C.

INT. S.E.C. CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

S.E.C. Chairman, WILLIAM CASEY, stands near a flow-chart on a white board listing bank names and cities. Myron Muehler, 41, (same as before) enters:

CASEY

He's tapped into the network.

MUEHLER

Close him down, Bill. He could expose the Complex.

CASEY

We could use someone like him.

MUEHLER

He's not like us. He's a common crook! We need to send him a message, so he realizes that we know what he's doing.

CASEY

Myron, get Mr. Vesco on a leash.

EXT. U.S. SECURITIES & EXCHANGE COMMISSION BUILDING - DAY

Bobby's limousine is parked in front. His Bodyguard/Chauffeur, 30s, leans against it smoking.

INT. S.E.C. CONFERENCE ROOM - ENFORCEMENT DIVISION - DAY

Cigarette smoke hangs in the air. Case files and documents overflow their boxes on the floor. The conference table is covered with stacks of documents and files.

Muehler sits in the middle on one side of the table with his S.E.C. STAFF Attorneys seated on each side.

Bobby sits directly across from Muehler with his Attorneys seated on each side.

Female Stenographer, 20s, sits at head of the table typing on her steno machine. Bobby's deposition is in progress:

MUEHLER

I'll remind you that you are still under oath, Mr. Vesco.

BOBBY

You are saying it is a fact! My answer to the question would be the same as whatever it was at the time you asked the identical question the last time.

MUEHLER

What is your recollection at this time?

BOBBY

I have no recollection at variance with what I said the last time.

MUEHLER

I am asking you what your recollection is.

BOBBY

Myron, you asked over a year ago. I do not sit up all night trying to memorize facts for you.

MUEHLER

We have facts now that we did not have at that time.

BOBBY

I don't think you presented any facts. You say you have facts. You have not shown me any facts! You've questioned me under oath on eight separate occasions. You've subpoenaed hundreds of boxes of documents. It's like a goddamn Jersey landfill in here! Myron, you're the best of the worst here, but you don't have squat!

Stenographer stifles a smile. Muehler picks up a thick stack of documents, places it before him, and picks up the top page.

MUEHLER

Let's start again, Mr. Vesco, from the top.

BOBBY

(stands, leans across table at Muehler)
I'm dying in here of old age!

MUEHLER

(stands, leans across table at Bobby)
Mr. Vesco, it is more probable that you will die in a federal prison!

BOBBY

(sits; calmly)
Maybe so, Myron, maybe so. But at this rate you'll never get me there.
(lights a cigarette)
You can't close the deal.

Bobby blows smoke across the table at Muehler. Muehler glares at him.

EXT. ICC PARKING LOT - MORNING

SUPER: NOVEMBER 1972

The lot is filled with news vans from network and local news organizations: TV Reporters, Press, Photographers crowd in front of the ICC building.

NEWSWOMAN, 30s, gives an on-camera report:

NEWSWOMAN

(holds thick document)

The S.E.C. just dumped a massive bombshell, fifty-page lawsuit on Robert Lee Vesco today that goes way beyond charges of fraud and deceit. Mr. Vesco has been charged with draining IOS and diverting two-hundred and twenty-four-million dollars from its offshore funds for his personal purposes and interest.

INT. VESCO HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Danny, 19, enters as Pat, 37, stares in shock at the TV set on the counter. The newscast (same as above) is on:

NEWSWOMAN (CONT'D)

The S.E.C. apparently does not know where Mr. Vesco hid the hundreds-of-millions of dollars. This is the biggest lawsuit filed by the S.E.C. in its thirty-five-year history.

DANNY

Did Dad do something wrong?

INT. LIMOUSINE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Attorney Arthur Gorman and Bobby are seated in back.

BOBBY

I can't tell you the details. I'm not in a position to comment.

GORMAN

Of course you are, Bob! Talk to me.

BOBBY

I've been advised not to discuss it.

GORMAN

I'm your fucking attorney, Bob! Put the goddamn money back!

BOBBY

I can't... And I wouldn't. Even if I could.

EXT. FEDERAL COURT HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: FOLEY SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is overcrowded with spectators as Bobby's attorney, Arthur Gorman speaks:

GORMAN

Mr. Vesco never received a kickback
and has never pocketed a single penny
from IOS.

Muehler sits at S.E.C.'s Prosecution table with an Attorney.

GORMAN (CONT'D)

(stands)

This action represents a veiled attempt
by the Securities & Exchange Commission
to obtain judicial extension of its
jurisdiction to transactions which the
U.S. Congress has not extended to it!

Two Attorneys sit at Gorman's Defense table listening and writing. (Bobby is not present.)

GORMAN (CONT'D)

At most, Mr. Vesco and his executive team
might be guilty of poor judgment. That they
made improvident, imprudent investments.
But who, may I ask, in this complicated
world of ours can conduct business without
a few little mistakes?

Federal JUDGE CHARLES STEWART, 50s, sits on the bench.

JUDGE STEWART

What about his clandestine two hundred
thousand-dollar cash contribution to the
Nixon re-election campaign? Is this too,
a little mistake, Mr. Gorman? I would be
very curious about whether a quid pro quo
was expected by Mr. Vesco?

GORMAN

A quid pro quo? Of course not.

PRE-LAP - DR. JOHN'S SONG "RIGHT PLACE WRONG TIME" PLAYS OVER:

EXT. BOEING 707 (FLYING) - NIGHT

Inscribed on the plane's nose cone-- "SILVER PHYLLIS."

Moving from the nose cone to Bobby's office window we see naked Tommy having sex with a hooker on the office couch and Bobby's having sex with a hooker on his desk... moving to the rear windows we see multicolored strobe lights flashing maniacally on an orgy of naked Party People, 20s/30s, dancing and having sex in the plane's smoky rear discotheque.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Gorman and attorney JUSTIN FELDMAN, 30s, sit at the Defense table.

FELDMAN

(scans courtroom)

Is he going to be here or not?

He needs to testify this morning!

GORMAN

(writing notes)

He will not accept the terms of the S.E.C.'s settlement offer.

FELDMAN

If Bob doesn't testify he's going to lose this case by default, Arthur.

Gorman writes.

FELDMAN (CONT'D)

Well, he'd better be ready for jail.

Muehler sits at the S.E.C. Prosecution table.

BAILIFF

All rise for the Honorable Justice Charles E. Stewart.

MUEHLER

(stands; scans courtroom)

He's not going to show. It's over!

Muehler smiles smugly for a few moments. His smile fades. He glances anxiously around the courtroom. His demeanor transforms into anger. Knowing that he's just been conned.

EXT. U.S. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Justice Department SPOKESWOMAN, 30s, stands on the building's front steps surrounded by news microphones, Press and TV People crowd around Spokeswoman as she speaks:

SPOKESWOMAN

An arrest warrant for Robert Lee Vesco was issued today by a Federal Magistrate due to repeated non-appearance in federal court to answer the criminal charges pending against him. The United States considers Mr. Vesco a fugitive, and will do everything in its power to apprehend him and bring him to justice.

EXT. JUAN SANTAMARÍA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAWN

SUPER: SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA

The sun's golden rays laser through the misty valley from behind the Irazú Volcano percolating in the east.

Bobby's Boeing 707 lands, taxis and stops near private hangar. Two Ground Crewmen push rolling stairs to the plane's door. The door opens: Bobby, 37, Pat, 37, Danny, 20, Tony, 17, Dawn, 12, Bobby Jr., 9, and Don-Don, 25 descend the stairs.

EXT. SAN JOSÉ ROAD - DAY

A Range Rover loaded with armed security men drive through a dust cloud. Ahead of the Range Rover is another Range Rover driving through more dust. Ahead of that Range Rover, a limousine contains the Vesco Family.

The motorcade is led by a single plain sedan in which--

--The diminutive JOSÉ "DON PEPE" FIGUERES, 60s, President of Costa Rica, sits in the front passenger seat.

EXT. SAN JOSÉ - DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

The motorcade drives through the city. TICOS (native Costa Ricans) lining the sidewalks gape at the motorcade as it passes them.

INT. LIMOUSINE (MOVING) - DAY

Vesco family: Bobby, Pat, Danny, Tony, Dawn, Bobby Jr., and Don-Don, sit in the back and stare out the windows at the Ticos lining the street.

PAT

How long will we live here?

BOBBY

Presidente Don Pepe says we can stay forever.

DANNY

Forever? Ugh, this is going to suck.

TONY

I can't speak Spanish!

BOBBY

Don't worry, Tony, we'll have everything we could want.

DAWN

Horses?

BOBBY

Of course. Everything.

DANNY

Everything will never be enough!

TONY

Can we have a pool, Dad?

BOBBY

Yes. We're going to have fun here.

DON-DON

(smiling broadly)

We'll be diggin on it, Daddio!

They all stare at Don-Don.

EXT. VESCO'S COSTA RICAN VILLA - MORNING

SUPER:

APRIL 1974

The sun rises over the misty valley. Ten-foot walls enclose the sprawling hillside estate. Closed-circuit security cameras mounted on the walls track passing people and vehicles. Armed Guards with walkie-talkies are stationed at the gate.

EXT. VILLA POOL - MORNING

An armed Guard stands near the pool. A portable short-wave radio sits on the patio table broadcasting news. Bobby sits at the table talking on the phone:

BOBBY

Fucking right, Tommy. New boss, same as the old boss. Our new operating base will be here in the Caribbean. ...the S.E.C. is breaking my balls. I won't stand for their motherfucking bullshit.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

In New York yesterday, a Federal jury acquitted President Nixon's former Attorney General John Mitchell and Maurice Stans. The Government alleged that the defendants attempted to impede a Securities and Exchange Commission investigation of Robert L. Vesco, the fugitive financier, in return for a secret two hundred-thousand dollar cash contribution that Mr. Vesco made to Mr. Nixon's re-election campaign... In other news, Bernard Cornfeld, a former associate of Mr. Vesco's, has been arrested for fraud and is being held without bail in Saint-Antoine prison in Geneva, Switzerland.

BOBBY

Yes! Payback's a bitch, Bernie! Did you hear that Tommy? Fire up the Lear, I'm going to Nassau.

INT. S.E.C. OFFICE - DIRECTOR OF ENFORCEMENT - DAY

Muehler is on his feet, livid. He stares at the newscast on his TV set. He turns up the volume:

NEWSMAN

The thrust of the Government case was an abuse of power, involving a call from Mr. Mitchell at Nixon campaign headquarters to Mr. Dean at the White House; who in turn called William J. Casey, then chairman of the S.E.C. and now Director of the CIA, asking Mr. Casey the status of the S.E.C.-Vesco case. These were allegedly attempts to impede the S.E.C. investigation. It showed the White House was involved in helping Mr. Vesco, the fugitive financier-

Muehler abruptly kicks TV set over. It CRASHES to the floor, flashes flames, and starts smoking.

MUEHLER

Goddam Nixon motherfuckers!

Muehler's SECRETARY sticks her head inside Muehler's office.

SECRETARY

Everything okay, Mr. Muehler?

MUEHLER

Yeah. The TV just fell.

EXT. BAHAMAS COMMONWEALTH BANK - DAY

SUPER: NASSAU

A new Mercedes drives to the front of the bank and parks. Bobby's armed Bodyguard exits and opens the rear door. Bobby exits, glances around, and enters the bank.

INT. BAHAMAS COMMONWEALTH BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Bobby enters and is immediately met by bank owner, Allan Butler.

ALLAN

Hey Bobby, there's a couple men here from the Police Commissioner's office. They're waiting in your office.

BOBBY

Did we pay them this month?

Bobby walks to his office at the rear of the bank.

ALLAN

Prime Minister Pindling is getting
the U.S. government squeeze.

INT. BOBBY'S OFFICE - DAY

The door opens, Bobby enters. TWO POLICEMEN stand.

POLICEMAN #1

Hello Mr. Vesco.

(shows him document)

I am very sorry, Sir, but we have
an arrest warrant.

Bobby ignores him, walks behind his desk, and sits.

POLICEMAN #2

It's the Americans, Sir. They want
to extradite you.

BOBBY

Could you wait outside while I
make a phone call?

POLICEMAN #1

Yes, Mr. Vesco. We'll wait in the
lobby. Thank you.

Policemen exit, close the door.

BOBBY

(presses phone buttons)

It's Vesco. I thought we had a deal.
...no, it did not include my arrest!
...this is going to cost you.

EXT. ROYAL BAHAMAS POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Bobby and his Bodyguard exit the station.

BOBBY

Get the car.

The Bodyguard trots away... Bobby pulls out a pack of Kool's, taps one out, is about to light it when his Mercedes pulls up quickly and SQUEALS to a stop next to him. He opens the rear door and is pulled roughly by his arms into the car. The unlit cigarette falls to the street. The car door SLAMS shut as the Mercedes speeds away.

INT. MERCEDES (MOVING) - NIGHT

Bobby uneasy, glances at the large thuggish man, SAL, 30s, crowding him in the back seat. Sal and the Driver, 30s, both wear dark clothes and black leather gloves.

BOBBY

Seventy-five degrees outside and you're wearing gloves? That must be uncomfortable.

(beat)

Can I smoke?

SAL

Sure. We all gotta die some time.

BOBBY

God only kills us when we get boring.

(lights cigarette)

Where are we going?

SAL

To see the man that will tell you, if you have become boring.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The Mercedes pulls up to the iron gate entrance of a sprawling, well-lit tropical estate. An armed Guard at the gate looks in at Driver and Sal in back and opens the gate. The car drives the long driveway toward the seaside mansion.

INT. MANSION TERRACE - NIGHT

The surf is heard as Bobby stands near the terrace railing facing the interior of the house. Sal sits in a chair at the table smoking, watching Bobby closely. Sal stands up as SANTO TRAFFICANTE, 60, walks from the house out to the terrace. (Trafficante was among the most powerful Mafia bosses in the United States, controlling all organized criminal operations in Florida and Cuba.) Bobby nervously straightens.

TRAFFICANTE

(low voice)

Mr. Vesco. Please, sit down.

Bobby nods to Trafficante and sits down. Trafficante sits next to him. Sal stands behind Bobby. Bobby glances back at Sal.

TRAFFICANTE

How are you tonight?

BOBBY

I'm good, Mr. Trafficante. So far.

TRAFFICANTE

That's good, real good. You look good. Young, healthy, sharp. A real bright kid. So, maybe a future.

(beat)

Kid, you have six-hundred million dollars that belongs to me.

BOBBY

Yes, I do, Mr. Trafficante.

TRAFFICANTE

It's mine and Meyer Lansky's money.

(beat)

Meyer set up the IOS network to launder our casino and narcotics profits through offshore mutual funds... You stole it from Cornfeld.

BOBBY

Mr. Trafficante, I can give it-

TRAFFICANTE

(raises finger for silence)

-Of course you will. If we thought we couldn't work with you, to gain an advantage over our competitors, you wouldn't be here.

(cynical)

You wouldn't be anywhere.

BOBBY

Right... Competitors?

TRAFFICANTE

We compete against, and at times partner with, the biggest and most profitable narcotics dealing and gunrunning operation in the world.

BOBBY

(thoughtful)

The CIA.

TRAFFICANTE

Bene. I need two things: get into a new bank called Bank of Credit and Commerce International. BCCI. And learn what they're funding for the CIA. And talk to a banker, Guillermo Cartaya. He has a hundred-million coming in from Cuba for the Colombia operation.

BOBBY

Castro, and Colombia?

TRAFFICANTE

The CIA is shifting from Asian poppies to Colombian coca; from smack to crack. We are too. It's smart. America's going to wake the fuck up.

BOBBY

Cocaine.

TRAFFICANTE

CIA is assembling a cartel, in Medellín.

BOBBY

And I do the laundry.

House Man enters, sets bottle of Grappa and two glasses on the table. Trafficante pours each of them a drink.

TRAFFICANTE

Precisely. It's going to be molto grande, Bobby. Fucking billions.

Trafficante hands a glass to Bobby.

TRAFFICANTE

We'll be watching. Closely.

BOBBY

Thank you for thinking of me.

TRAFFICANTE

(clinks Bobby's glass)

Salute.

BOBBY

Salute.

They drink.

INT. BOEING 707 - DISCOTHEQUE (FLYING) - NIGHT

RINGO STARR'S "BACK OFF BOOGALOO" PLAYS OVER:

A LOUD, wild party. Smoky, lights strobing, topless Party Girls in thongs and heels grind on Businessmen who drink and snort coke off their bodies. Don-Don smokes a joint alone.

INT. BOEING 707 - OFFICE (FLYING) - NIGHT

MUSIC MUTED. Bobby talks with CLARK CLIFFORD, 40s, former Counsel to the President and Secretary of Defense with connections into BCCI Bank:

BOBBY

Clark, I want to hook into BCCI.
Specifically, a Paki, named Agha
Abedi, who funds black ops for CIA.

CLIFFORD

Sure, Bob. I know Abedi.

BOBBY

I have nine-figures coming through.

CLIFFORD

(impressed)
I'll set it up.

BOBBY

Talk to Ted Kennedy and Ed Muskie.
(presses desk button)
Tell them to get those S.E.C. witch-
hunters off my back.

CLIFFORD

I'll see what I can do.

BOBBY

For christ sake, Clark, you were
Secretary of Defense. Get it done.

Topless Party Girl, 20s, enters the office.

BOBBY

Show Mr. Clifford the disco.

Party Girl giggles, flirts with Clifford, kisses his ear and
pulls him by the arm out of Bobby's office.

Tommy is revealed sitting on the couch near Bobby's desk.

BOBBY

Set up a new Swiss entity called:
"Compagnie de Services Fiduciares."
CSF-

(passes Tommy piece
of paper)

-to handle all of the financial and
hard goods services for our new
customers.

TOMMY

(jotting notes)
We're diversifying.

BOBBY

Yes we are Tommy. Into the big show.
Where the big money is.

TOMMY

And our new customers will be?

BOBBY

Those that make smoke and lightning.
And the heavy metal thunder.

TOMMY

Not following.

BOBBY

Global arms dealers. Sovereign
states. American agencies, and ba-
nana republics. The Lords of War.
I'm going to make it happen, Tommy.
We're going to fire all of our guns
at once, and then explode into
space... Got it?

TOMMY
 (smiles)
 Yeah, I got it... Born to be wild.

BOBBY
 We are not fucking regular people.

VOLUME of "BACK OFF BOOGALOO" RISES, PLAYS OVER:

EXT. BOEING 707 (FLYING) - NIGHT

We see Bobby through the office window talking on the phone.

We move toward the tail and see through the rear windows of the plane-- flashing strobe lights on Party People in full-on bacchanalia in the disco.

INT. S.E.C. OFFICE - DIRECTOR OF ENFORCEMENT - DAY

Muehler stands speaking to S.E.C. Enforcement Agents:

MUEHLER
 He's in open court in the Bahamas.
 If he loses the case, we'll be
 there to take him back to U.S. soil.
 Call the U.S. Marshal's office in
 Southeast Florida, get them moving.
 We're going down to Nassau, now!

EXT. PARLIAMENT SQUARE COURT HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: NEW PROVIDENCE, BAHAMAS

News organizations: TV, Press, Photography Crews swarm the white two-story building.

"Court Number 1" is chiseled into the building's stone façade.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

JUDGE OSADEBAY, 50s, dons his robes prior to trial. A KNOCK on his door. He walks to the door, opens it. An American CIA OFFICER, 30s, in a dark suit and tie stands in the doorway; he shows the Judge his badge.

CIA OFFICER
 Hello Judge. May I come in?

JUDGE OSADEBAY

Yes, only for a moment. I need to be in court. What is this about?

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

VOICE OVER - SERIES OF SHOTS

- The gallery is packed with Press and Spectators.
- Bobby sits calmly at the Defense table with Arthur Gorman.

BOBBY (V.O.)

If I lost the case, I would be shoved aboard a jet and taken to Miami where U.S. Marshals would be waiting to throw me in jail.

- Judge Osadebay presides from the bench.
- Bobby's Bahamian attorney, EUGENE DUPUCH, orates M.O.S. on his behalf.

BOBBY (V.O.)

My attorney easily outclassed the U.S. Attorneys at every turn in the case.

U.S. Justice Department Attorneys look uneasy as they listen to DuPuch's speech.

EUGENE DUPUCH

(loud, with flourish)

In my more than a quarter of a century of practice, this is only the third time that the case of the prosecution has been so pitifully and woefully, abysmally without virtue, that I had the audacity to submit no case to answer!

(to Prosecution Attorneys)

Did you, do this, on purpose?

The U.S. Attorneys stare at Dupuch, defeated.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Judge Osadebay had no choice but to throw the case out.

- Judge Osadebay SLAMS his gavel down.
- Bobby smirks. Gorman and his Attorneys pat him on the back.

BOBBY (V.O.)

They said about this aborted extradition attempt what they have said before. That the U.S. government didn't want me returned to testify in open court. Because I knew too much. About Nixon. And Reagan. And Bush. The CIA, Mena, Clinton, cocaine and arms smuggling. And, in the end, America herself.

EXT. PARLIAMENT SQUARE COURT HOUSE - DAY

Muehler and his Agents arrive in an SUV, quickly exit. They push their way through the crowd to the front doors. Large Bahamian POLICEMEN block them from going in.

MUEHLER

(displays S.E.C. badge)

I am a U.S. Agent! Let me enter!

POLICEMAN #1

You have no jurisdiction here, Sir.
Please back away from the entrance.

S.E.C. Agents and Deputy U.S. Marshals, behind Muehler, try to maintain their position as the larger Bahamian Policemen, along with Bodyguards, shove them back away from the entrance.

Arthur Gorman and Bobby's Attorneys and Bodyguards exit the court house. They push their way through the crowd toward the street.

Bobby, moving along effortlessly, spots Muehler nearby.

Muehler, blocked and unable to move, spots Bobby.

MUEHLER

Mr. Vesco! You are a criminal!

BOBBY

(moving)

Good to see you, Myron! It's been too long!

MUEHLER

(getting pushed around)

I'm not done with you!

BOBBY

(moving away)

I'm done with you, Myron! You are incompetent. And that's a fact!

(smiling)

Back to Costa Rica, boys!

Bobby and his Crew get to the street, pile into two black SUVs, and drive away fast.

Muehler stares at their trail of road dust.

EXT. U.S. MISSION TO COSTA RICA - NIGHT

SUPER: SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA

The walled Embassy mansion is protected by two armed Guards positioned at the gated entrance. Don Pepe's car is parked near the gate. His Driver waits by the car.

INT. OFFICE OF THE U.S. AMBASSADOR - STUDY - NIGHT

Don Pepe sits in the elegant study sipping brandy with U.S. Ambassador, VIRON VAKY, 40s.

VAKY

Don Pepe, we would like you to hold Mr. Vesco in preventative detention until we have executed his formal extradition.

DON PEPE

Señor Vaky, extradition is, complicated.

VAKY

I assure you, Don Pepe, that we will follow the laws of Costa Rica. And we will succeed in our mission.

DON PEPE

Señor Vaky, what is your mission?

VAKY

Mr. Vesco is a fugitive.

DON PEPE

And so much more.

EXT. VESCO'S COSTA RICAN VILLA - NIGHT

Two jeeps, headlights off, speed up the hill to Vesco's villa. They SKID to a stop at the villa's gate. The jeeps' doors open, five armed Agents exit and approach Vesco's GUARDS. COMMANDER, 30s, questions them through the gate.

COMMANDER
Dónde está, Señor Vesco?

GUARD #1
No se, Señor. No están aquí.

GUARD #2
El aeropuerto. Hace quince minutos.

Guard #1 glares at Guard #2.

COMMANDER
Let's go!

Agents enter their jeeps and drive off. Guard #2 smirks at Guard #1. Guard #1 SMACKS the butt of his machinegun across Guard #2's face; he hits the ground unconscious.

EXT. JUAN SANTAMARÍA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

PINK FLOYD'S "ECLIPSE" PLAYS OVER SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Bobby's Boeing 707 cruises the taxiway toward the runway.
- The Agents' jeeps speed along and SMASH through the airport security fence onto the grass and race toward Bobby's plane.
- The plane makes a quick turn in front of a commercial jet, rolls onto the main runway and stops. It FIRES its four engines.
- Agents tear across the tarmac toward the plane.
- The plane rolls then accelerates rapidly down the runway.
- Agents speed after the plane-- but they're too late, as the big jet, "Silver Phyllis," lifts its nose and takes off into the night.
- Agents' jeeps stop at the plane's lift-off point.
- The plane slowly eclipses the moon as the song ends...

INT. COMMANDER'S JEEP - NIGHT

The Commander and Agents watch the plane disappear into the night. The Commander speaks into his walkie-talkie:

COMMANDER

Mission success. Kingbird in the wind, over... Adiós, Señor Vesco.

PRE-LAP - SWEET'S "BALLROOM BLITZ" PLAYS OVER:

INT. BOEING 707 - DISCO (FLYING) - NIGHT

Danny, Tony and Don-Don raucously play side-by-side pinball machines.

TONY

That was so cool!

DANNY

No shit. We're like spies, man!

DON-DON

I'm like, "The Man from U.N.C.L.E." --my uncle... Dick Nixon... Don't ya get it, man?! Jesus.

Tony and Danny laugh at Don-Don.

DISCO BAR

Bobby and Pat drink cocktails.

PAT

That was really scary, Bobby. Police chasing us all over. All this crazy back and forth between Nassau and Costa Rica, I'm exhausted. Will we always be running away?

BOBBY

They'll never catch me, Pat.

PAT

They're angry, Bobby, especially that Muehler man. And crazy people like that, well, they never quit. I'm scared.

(beat)

Where are we going now?

BOBBY

No reason to be scared, Pat. We're going back to the Nassau house. You and the kids. Then I'm going on to Honduras.

PAT

(angry)

You never spend any time with us!

BOBBY

I'm trying to do better.

INT. S.E.C. OFFICE - DIRECTOR OF ENFORCEMENT - DAY

Muehler's on his feet talking on the phone:

MUEHLER

(agitated)

I'm asking you very politely to connect me, with Ambassador Viron Vaky, in Costa Rica... thank you, I'll hold... Ambassador Vaky? It's Myron Muehler, with the S.E.C. in D.C. ...yes, nice to meet you, too. Sir, this may seem abrupt, but... where is Robert Vesco? ...you have him under surveillance? Good! I'll...wait, you did, but now you don't? ...he escaped?! How is that possible? ...Ambassador, we have shared objectives, I mean, we're on the same side, right? ...No Sir, I did not mean to impugn your reputation or leadership in any way. I'm sorry, but I just don't understand how you-hello? hello?!

(slams phone down)

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: SAN PEDRO SULA, HONDURAS

Veiled from public view, the tan nondescript warehouse is enclosed by a ten-foot electrified fence topped with rolling razor wire, flood lights and security cameras.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bobby, with his Bodyguards, chats with Cuban JOHN MOLINA, 40s, who manages the arms supply network for the Nicaraguan Contra Rebels. His Commandos are positioned around him with machine-guns. Paramilitary COMMANDO #1, 20s, mans a jeep-mounted .50 caliber machinegun aimed at Bobby and his Bodyguards.

MOLINA

Welcome back to our world famous
"Arms Super Market."

Molina gestures toward hundreds of meticulously stacked, ordered, stencil-painted and labeled wooden gun crates.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

From our work with you and CIA,
there are now millions of dollars
in guns and ammunition earmarked
for the Contras.

BOBBY

(lights cigarette)

This is an amazing sight. It's hard
to believe, it's all sitting here.
Just, fucking, sitting here.

MOLINA

Thank you. You and Mr. Gómez
are true visionaries. Maybe drug
money can buy *la Contrarevolución!*

BOBBY

Why are these fucking crates here?
They should be en route to Nicar-
agua. Where are the goddamn trucks?
This isn't *Contrarevolución*, this
is fucking storage. Meanwhile the
Contras are on fucking life-support!
Get this product moving, Molina.
Clear it out. I'm back in a week.

Bobby flicks cigarette at Molina's feet.

Silence... Bobby and his Crew turn and walk toward the exit. COMMANDO #2 raises his rifle, aims it at Bobby's back. Commando #1 has a red laser dot from his .50 caliber machine-gun lit on the back of Bobby's head. Bobby senses the odd silence and stops... his Bodyguards stop; they look at him--

--Bobby turns around slowly. His Bodyguards turn slowly as they smoothly pull their slung MAC-10s from under their jackets and instantaneously aim them at Commando #1, Commando #2 and Molina. They're calm and ready to unleash hellfire.

BOBBY
 (calmly to Crew)
 Hold on, Boys.

The red laser dot flickers on Bobby's forehead.

Molina's Commandos raise their machineguns and aim at Bobby and his Crew.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Cut this macho Latin bullshit, and
 just do your fucking job, Molina.
La Contrarevolución is waiting, and
 it's waiting on you.

Molina glares at Bobby. He raises his hand, and lowers it. His Commandos slowly lower their weapons. Bobby's Bodyguards lower their weapons. They all turn and walk toward the exit.

BOBBY
 Fucking amateurs.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bobby and his Crew enter the limousine parked nearby. Bobby sits in the rear seat behind the driver as the limo idles.

Molina and his Bodyguard exit the warehouse and walk to a jeep parked across the street from Bobby's limo. Molina flips the finger at Bobby as they enter the jeep.

A bushy-haired ASSASSIN darts toward Molina in a low crouch, raises his pistol, aims it point-blank at Molina's head and fires rapidly: POP! POP! POP! Molina's blood and brains splatter the inside of the windshield as he falls forward and drapes the steering wheel--the jeep horn SOUNDS. His Bodyguard exits the vehicle and FIRES SHOTS at the fleeing Assassin-

INT. BOBBY'S LIMO - DAY

Bobby, the Driver and his Crew in the limo same as before.

BOBBY
 Go! Go!

The Driver puts the car in gear, floors it, tires SQUEAL--

BOBBY
 (on phone; calmly)
 Gómez? Vesco... Get your men to
 the Super Market. The Colombians
 just hit Molina.

EXT. XANADU BEACH RESORT & MARINA - DAY

SUPER: FREEPORT, BAHAMAS

Tommy sits with money launderer, drug dealer and jet pilot,
 FRANK PEROFF, mid-30s, having drinks at the marina café.

PEROFF
 He's coming, right?

TOMMY
 Relax, he's in the john taking a
 leak.
 (beat)
 He's got a bad urinary tract thing.
 Some kind of bug. It won't go away.

Bobby joins them, sits down.

BOBBY
 I hear you're a supersonic ghost.

PEROFF
 I fly in and out of the States and
 Canada, completely undetected.

BOBBY
 What's on your mind, Mr. Peroff?

PEROFF
 Connie Bouchard in Montréal wants
 me to fly my jet to Marseille and
 pick up a hundred keys of skag.

BOBBY
 Bouchard, and Pepe Cotroni?

PEROFF
 Yeah, they're partners. He said
 you agreed to put up the three-
 hundred for the deal.

BOBBY

Who do you know at the U.S. Bureau
of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs?

PEROFF

(subtly startled)

What?

TOMMY

You know, the BNDD.

PEROFF

Nobody. Why would you ask?

BOBBY

Why? Why not, Frank?

PEROFF

I don't know anybody there.

TOMMY

Really? I know a few guys.

PEROFF

You do?

TOMMY

Had them sweep Bobby's office and
house. For bugs.

BOBBY

Pest control. You never know who's
listening... Right Frank?

PEROFF

I guarantee you, I am not a pest.
Fuck the government. And the BNDD.

(agitated)

Are we good?

Bobby nods.

PEROFF (CONT'D)

I'll get back to Bouchard.

He gets up, exits.

Bobby stares at Peroff as he exits.

BOBBY

Mr. Peroff smells funny.

TOMMY

He's clean.

BOBBY

He better be, Tommy.

EXT. DIRKSEN SENATE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

SUPER: U.S. SENATE, PERMANENT SUBCOMMITTEE ON INVESTIGATIONS

SUPER: WASHINGTON, D.C.

INT. SENATE INVESTIGATION CHAMBER - DAY

Subcommittee Chairman SENATOR HENRY JACKSON (D-WA), 62, presides over the hearing. SENATOR CHARLES PERCY (R-IL), 55, is present along with other Committee Senators.

CHAIRMAN JACKSON

The subcommittee will examine allegations that highly sophisticated automatic and semiautomatic rifles and shotguns were purchased by Mr. Thomas P. --Tommy-- Richardson on behalf of Robert Vesco and smuggled to Mr. Vesco by Mr. Richardson on his private jet.

SENATOR PERCY

Extensive staff investigations point to a pervasive pattern of contact between DEA agents and Mr. Vesco's business associate, Mr. Thomas P. Richardson.

CHAIRMAN JACKSON

Thank you, Senator Percy. Our first witness this morning is Mr. Thomas P. Richardson.

(calling out)

Mr. Richardson? Mr. Thomas P. Richardson? Is his attorney here? The Chair will note for the record that we have asked twice for Mr. Richardson. He has not responded.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. STREET - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Tommy, desperate, is in the booth talking on the phone:

TOMMY

If I don't testify, they're going to jail me for contempt of Congress! ...I can't run! ...c'mon Bobby, what am I going to do? ...this is fucked up.

(defeated)

...Yeah, Bobby. Sure. I'll keep you out of it.

INT. SENATE INVESTIGATION CHAMBER - DAY

Chairman Jackson and previously noted Subcommittee Senators are seated. Tommy is seated at the witness table testifying:

CHAIRMAN JACKSON

Mr. Richardson, it is our understanding that many millions of dollars in mutual fund assets from Investors Overseas Services, IOS, were sold by or through your previous brokerage firm, T.P. Richardson & Co. What was your relationship with Robert Vesco at the time these transactions took place?

TOMMY

(sullen)

I was just a friend.

CHAIRMAN JACKSON

You were handling his securities?

TOMMY

I don't believe they were his securities. I believe he had divested himself from IOS.

CHAIRMAN JACKSON

What other services has Mr. Vesco requested that you perform for him or cause others to perform for him?

TOMMY

None, Sir.

EXT. BEACHFRONT HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: NASSAU, BAHAMAS

Three armed Bahamian Guards stand at the driveway entrance. A thick chain blocks entrance. A Mercedes drives up and stops. Guard #1 leans toward the car, talks to the Driver M.O.S., and waves his hand. The other two Guards unlock the heavy chain blocking driveway. The Mercedes drives through toward the house. A new red Ferrari Mondial is parked next to a Mercedes.

Abruptly--LOUD RAPID BURSTS of MACHINEGUN FIRE ECHO across the placid property. The Mercedes SQUEALS to a stop on the driveway. The Driver and Passenger dive downward within car.

EXT. BEACHFRONT HOUSE - REAR LAWN - DAY

Bobby, crouched and armed with an Uzi machinegun, RIDDLES the bushes with RAPID FIRE BURSTS.

CARLOS LEHDER, 30, head of cocaine transport for Colombia's Medellín Cartel crouches near Bobby with an Uzi FIRING BURSTS up into the palm trees.

Coconuts, like green heads, EXPLODE into wet, green milky fragments.

Bobby and Lehder alternate shooting and speaking:

BOBBY

It's goddamn bat country!

LEHDER

Buy the ticket. Take the ride!

BOBBY

The only crime is getting caught!

LEHDER

Fear and loathing. In Las Bahamas.

Bobby and Lehder are sweating. Their Uzi mags are empty. They raise their smoking machineguns toward each other in a salute.

Mutilated coconuts lie at their feet bleeding out their milk.

Bobby and Lehder chuckle. Their tense Bodyguards, standing behind them, relax a bit, and crack smiles.

EXT. BEACHFRONT HOUSE - POOL PATIO - DAY (A LITTLE LATER)

In the b.g., Dawn, Bobby Jr., and Pat play with a beach ball in the surf. Guards with machineguns scan the beach and sea.

Bobby and Lehder sit by the pool at a table talking. Lehder's armed Bodyguard stands behind him.

BOBBY

Norman's Cay is close to Miami. You'll have your own private clearing and refueling hub to transship the coke into the States. You can employ a private air force to service the market. Think big, Carlos.

LEHDER

And the government? Pindling?

BOBBY

On my payroll. He gets his cut and his wife, Lady Marguerite, is happy.

LEHDER

Our labs can produce five-tons a month, three-hundred million retail. Cash management on that scale is our primary concern. That's a massive constant flow of dirty cash.

BOBBY

Carlos, that's why you're here.
(rises; lights cigarette)
I'll run most of it through fictitious shell companies.

LEHDER

What else?

BOBBY

You're getting too granular. Let's-

LEHDER

-What else, Bob?

BOBBY

(irritated)
Ok. I'll make this a special, one-time exception... just for you.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I have unlimited access to aircraft, shipping facilities, and other equipment that operate in the seaports & airports throughout the Caribbean. I have a deep & broad network of associates that trade U.S. currency generated from drug traffickers, like you, for Colombian pesos, commercial goods, real estate and gold bars on the "Black Market Peso Exchange." I also execute fictitious sales of emeralds via my contacts in New York city's diamond district. Plus the illegal transportation of U.S. currency aboard commercial and military aircraft maintained in Panama and other Caribbean locales. Through my contacts at Las Vegas Casinos. My vast network of bank accounts in the Bahamas and Switzerland. By exchanging clean U.S. currency held in Panama banks for dirty U.S. currency stockpiled in Colombian warehouses... Get the picture?

LEHDER

You ever fucked up?

BOBBY

Of course not. I'm the bitchin'est dude at the beach. The guy creamed in Sea & Ski, hangin' ten, and getting shit done. Everyone is happy. We all get rich... Twenty-percent, Carlos, and the Cartel's cash will be as clean as the U.S. Treasury's.

LEHDER

You can hang ten points, Bob. I'll be in touch.

They shake hands, Lehder walks toward the pool area exit.

BOBBY

Carlos, you're going to be bigger than General Motors and IBM.

LEHDER

We should start our own country?

BOBBY

I'm working on that. The perfect island is Barbuda. I'm going to set up: "The Sovereign Order of Aragon." Let's talk!

Lehder smiles and walks away with his Bodyguard. Lehder nods to entering and passing Arthur Gorman, who carries a suitcase.

GORMAN

(hands Bobby suitcase)
Who was that?

BOBBY

Carlos Lehder, my new pool man.

GORMAN

(sits)
With a Rolex, armed bodyguard and new Mondial?

Bobby shrugs.

GORMAN (CONT'D)

I have news.

Bobby dials the combination lock numbers on the suitcase, opens it a crack, peeks inside-- racks of banded cash are revealed. Bobby SNAPS the case shut, rolls the lock numbers:

BOBBY

And?

GORMAN

My contacts in D.C. say there is going to be testimony to Jackson's Senate subcommittee that you provided three-hundred-thousand dollars for a heroin smuggling operation.

BOBBY

They're goddamn liars.

GORMAN

Do you know Frank Peroff?

BOBBY

No. Why do they keep making this shit up?

GORMAN

He says he knows you.

BOBBY

Take care of it, Arthur.

Bobby rises, walks to the seaside railing. He watches Pat and the Kids playing with the beach ball in the surf. In the b.g., Gorman exits. Bobby waves to Pat and the Kids. They don't see him. The beach ball blows away from them. They chase it for a while, but finally give up. And stop. Sadly, they watch it leave their presence... They wave good-bye to it. It blows farther and farther away... Bobby, dejected, lowers his hand.

INT. SENATE INVESTIGATION CHAMBER - DAY

Chairman Jackson and previously noted Subcommittee Senators are seated. Frank Peroff, seated at the witness table, testifies:

CHAIRMAN JACKSON

Mr. Peroff, you testified that while in the Bahamas you met Conrad Bouchard of Montréal?

PEROFF

Yes. I met Mr. Bouchard in Nassau.

CHAIRMAN JACKSON

Is it true that you are a confidential informant for several federal law enforcement agencies, including the U. S. Customs Service, Secret Service, Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs -- now the Drug Enforcement Administration, the DEA?

PEROFF

Yes. That's true, Chairman Jackson.

CHAIRMAN JACKSON

It was in this role as a confidential informant for the DEA that you came upon information that led you to report to your DEA handlers that Robert Vesco was going to finance a three hundred thousand-dollar heroin transaction with the Canadian racketeer, Conrad Bouchard?

PEROFF

Yes, that is correct, Sir.

EXT. ILOPANGO AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

SUPER: SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR

Civilian aircraft park, land, take off. We see Hangar Four.

INT. HANGAR FOUR - DAY

Planes-- Caravans, Pipers, Cessnas are parked within the hangar. Cargo men unload wooden crates from planes. Planes are reloaded with large white plastic coolers designated "MEDICAL SUPPLIES. Armed agents patrol the hangar. Painters on ladders with stencil cut-outs and spray paint re-number the planes' tail registration numbers.

A huge C-123 transport plane bathed in camouflage paint has "FAT LADY" scripted in black below the cockpit window.

Pilot BARRY SEAL, 30s, walks from the C-123 with two large metal suitcases to Cuban-American CIA agent FÉLIX GÓMEZ, 40s, standing at a table within the hangar. Seal hoists the heavy cases, one at a time, onto the table.

SEAL

Señor Gómez.

(opens first suitcase;
feigns surprise)

Oh no. What is this?

The suitcase is packed with stacks of cash wrapped in plastic.

SEAL (CONT'D)

Five-hundred kilos up to Mena.

Three-mil here-

(nods to other suitcase)

Three-mil, there. You CIA guys are funding a nice little war down here.

Gómez closes the suitcase, nods toward the second one.

GÓMEZ

You're paid very well, Mr. Seal.

SEAL

(opens it; shows cash)

CIA minimum wage. I need a raise.

GÓMEZ

Are you a communist, Mr. Seal?

SEAL

I'm just a good ol' boy from Louisiana that believes in free enterprise and a good time. Hey, is that Che Guevara's watch?

Seal nods toward gold Rolex on Gómez's wrist.

GÓMEZ

It is. I took it from him right before I had him executed in Bolivia. He cried. Wet himself like a child. Your plane is loaded, Mr. Seal. Have a shitty flight back to Mena.

Seal nods mockingly at Gómez and walks toward the C-123. Two armed Bodyguards pass Seal and approach Gómez; he doesn't acknowledge them as he tends to the suitcases and cash from Seal. Bobby is revealed as he emerges from behind the two Bodyguards.

BOBBY

The Arms Supermarket is loaded but there's no trucks or transport. What the fuck is going on?

GÓMEZ

Transport is online. Supply will move out soon. What about the deposit and payment transactions into and out of Colonel North's Enterprise accounts?

BOBBY

Richardson runs them through CSF. North and Bush get everything they Need. On time.

GÓMEZ

Keep North happy. He's got more power than he deserves, but he can push a button. Bush will back him.

BOBBY

A threat?

GÓMEZ

You bet.

BOBBY
I'm shitting my pants.

GÓMEZ
Keep your hands off Mena, Bobby.

BOBBY
Fuck off Félix.

EXT. PARADISE ISLAND CASINO - NIGHT

THE O'JAYS "FOR THE LOVE OF MONEY" PLAYS OVER:

A Mercedes pulls up to the dazzling casino. A Valet opens the door, Bobby exits, tips the Valet and enters the casino. Valet opens his hand revealing two hundred-dollar bills; he smiles.

INT. CASINO CRAPS TABLE - NIGHT

Bobby stands at the table rolling dice and winning. Gamblers cheer him on! Purple five-hundred dollar chips are stacked in front of him:

BOBBY (V.O)
There was a hundred-million a month flowing into Mena. The Governor was making so much in cocaine, that it created a problem in a little state like Arkansas. So I had them funnel the drug cash into the Arkansas Development Finance Authority, the ADFA, in exchange for bonds.

Bobby keeps rolling the dice, keeps winning. The STICKMAN pushes more stacks of purple chips in front of him:

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The cash for the bonds went into banks in Panama, Florida & Georgia that would connect later into BCCI. BCCI sent the money to Citicorp in New York, and they sent it overseas. The bonds were sold and the proceeds were transferred back to ADFA.
(beat)
It was real slick. I took my ten.

Stickman pushes more and more stacks of purple chips to Bobby.

The crowd cheers!

EXT. HOTEL EL OCOTAL - NIGHT

SUPER: COSTA RICA

A MEDEVAC helicopter lands near the hotel. American CIA agent/pilot, CHIP TATUM, 30s, shuts it down, climbs out.

INT. HOTEL MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Seated at the conference table: CIA Officers JOE FERNANDEZ, WILLIAM BARR, Félix Gómez; and Mossad Officer, DAVID SHILOAH, 50s. Chip Tatum enters and takes a seat.

FERNANDEZ

The Contra Enterprise accounts are being drained. Ten million is gone.

GÓMEZ

I've cleared Ohio and Colorado.

BARR

That leaves Arkansas. It's either someone on Clinton's team, or it's Barry Seal.

SHILOAH

What about Vesco?

GÓMEZ

He's too smart and wouldn't take the risk. I dug into his network. His accounts reconcile.

SHILOAH

You doubted him. But now you're certain?

GÓMEZ

Ten million is mice nuts to him. He makes that every month in fees.

SHILOAH

He silently moves & hides hundreds of millions of dollars on a weekly basis, like a goddamn IBM computer. He's pretty good at it. How good are you?

GÓMEZ

Soy muy buena, cabron.

SHILOAH

He has the planes and the yachts.
And you have what, Che Guevara's
crappy old watch. That's only cor-
rect twice a day?

Félix revolves his chair, plants his feet, launches an upward unexpected PUNCH into Shiloah's jaw that knocks him off his chair. Shiloah gets up, smiles and assumes a ready position facing Félix. Félix ready, faces Shiloah who lunges at Félix, and takes him down swiftly with a jiu-jitsu maneuver.

BARR/FERNANDEZ

(up out of chairs)

Stop it! David! Stop! Get off!

Shiloah's on Félix's back with his arm under Félix's throat, using one hand to brace his arm, he pulls Félix's head upward with his forearm choking Félix out. Félix reaches wildly with his hands. His desperate eyes bulge, he can't breathe. Shiloah isn't choking him out, he's strangling him.

A telephone CRASHES down on Shiloah's head. Chip Tatum towers over Shiloah, unconscious, lying next to Félix.

TATUM

CIA calling for David fuckhead
Shiloah.

Félix catches his breath, pulls himself up to a sitting position coughing. He regains his composure.

GÓMEZ

It's, gotta be Seal.

EXT. SALVATION ARMY HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

BUTTHOLE SURFERS' "COWBOY BOB" PLAYS OVER:

SUPER: BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA
FEBRUARY 19, 1986

A white 1986 Cadillac Fleetwood is parked near the metal donation bins. The car's windows are shattered. Tiny shards of glass, sparkling like diamonds, are scattered across the pavement in a semicircle around the driver's side. Smoke hangs in the air inside the car; it slowly wafts out through the shattered windows.

Bloody Barry Seal is slumped forward in the driver's seat hemorrhaging profusely; blood pumps out of bullet holes riddling his body in rhythm with his fading heartbeat. His hands are clasped over his ears.

MONTAGE OF NEWSPAPER HEADLINES:

"IRS SAYS SMUGGLER SEAL OWED \$29 MILLION"

- Baton Rouge State Times

"AGENT SAYS SEAL TRAFFICKED DRUGS WHILE DEA INFORMANT"

- Baton Rouge Morning Advocate

"BOMBHELL IN ARKANSAS INVESTIGATIONS BRINGS BOTH POLITICAL PARTIES THE JITTERS" - New York Post

"MENA AIRPORT SCANDAL SET TO CRASH INTO WHITE HOUSE"

- Daily Telegraph

"GOVERNOR CLINTON INVOLVED IN CIA ARMS AND DRUGS RACKET"

- Sunday Telegraph

EXT. NICARAGUA JUNGLE - DAY

**SUPER: SOUTHERN NICARAGUA
 OCTOBER 5, 1986**

Sandinista Troops chop a path through the misty jungle with machetes. The DRONING SOUND of a plane is HEARD. Troops stop chopping, freeze, listen to the approaching low-pitch DRONING.

Sandinista CAPTAIN, 20s, points to SOLDIER, 18, then to the sky. Soldier unslings a Soviet SAM-7 missile launcher from his shoulder; he preps it to fire. Captain points above the trees behind Soldier as the approaching DRONING gets LOUDER. Soldier turns around, hoists the missile launcher onto his shoulder, aims it above the tree line just as the C-123 Cargo plane comes into view. Soldier tracks the plane, aims, and FIRES a missile that SWOOSHES upward in a smoke streak toward the C-123. It HITS the rear of the plane and EXPLODES the tail section to bits. The plane is forced sideways, then plummets in a BLARING smoky dive beyond the trees.

INT. C-123 CARGO PLANE (CRASHING) - DAY

Dark smoke fills the plane as the pilot, BILL COOPER struggles to control it. He speaks into his microphone:

COOPER
 (on radio)
 Fuckin' bent! Ditching! Fat Lady to
 base, Fat Lady down!
 (turns around)
 Eugene, jump the fuck out!

EUGENE HASENFUS, 45, in the rear cargo area wearing a parachute, looks down, grips the chute straps, and jumps.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Sandinista Captain points at the smoking plane and yells to his Troops:

CAPTAIN
 ¡Vamonos!

Troops run toward the diving plane. The horrific SOUND of CRACKING TREES is heard, then a HUGE RUMBLING EXPLOSION!

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

SUPER: CISTERN CAY, BAHAMAS

The CBS EVENING NEWS is on the television. Bobby walks into the room to watch as DAN RATHER, 54, reports:

RATHER
 Tragic news tonight as American pilot, Bill Cooper, was killed when his plane was shot down by the Nicaraguan government. The lone survivor, Eugene Hasenfus, was captured. The White House, State Department, and CIA have all disavowed links to a Contra resupply effort that would be in direct violation of the Boland Amendments prohibiting U.S. aid to the Contras.

BOBBY
 Holy shit.

INT. MERCEDES (MOVING) - NIGHT

Bobby's in the rear seat speaking on the car phone:

BOBBY

Call them at home. And Rappaport,
too. Wire it all to Antigua and
Luxembourg... the shell accounts,
ninety-one through one-hundred.
Meet me at the dock.

EXT. BOAT DOCK - NIGHT

Bobby stands near the sixty-foot yacht "Salud" secured to the dock. He talks with Tommy. A Guard with a submachine gun stands nearby.

TOMMY

I wired everything, like you said.
(anxious)
Bobby, I gotta tell you something-

BOBBY

-Sal called. Trafficante's dead.
Lay low. We're meeting with Félix.

EXT. SALUD (CRUISING) - NIGHT

Two armed Guards stand at the bow; another Guard is above in the flying bridge next to the Captain who scans the shoreline with night vision goggles.

Bobby's in the stern smoking a cigarette. Tommy stands near him. Félix Gómez sits in a chair near them with a drink.

GÓMEZ

President Noriega has a Mossad assassin advising him; the ghost you know as David Shiloah. He's the guy who really runs Panama.

BOBBY

That fucker's everywhere.

GÓMEZ

Shiloah was involved in the CIA's "Watch Tower" operations. Missions that set up a series of electronic beacon towers from Bogota Colombia to Panama. He was working on the authority of the U.S. Army's Southern Command. There were hundreds of these covert flights into Panama.

BOBBY

Noriega protected the deliveries of coke with the blessing of the U.S. Army?

GÓMEZ

He's been on CIA's payroll under former CIA Director Bush for years.

BOBBY

And Shiloah says I'm the one diverting cash from Enterprise accounts?

GÓMEZ

He says it, Bobby. And we looked into it. Shiloah is after you.

BOBBY

It's not me. There is no upside!

GÓMEZ

We're taking intense heat on the Contra mess. Some things are going to happen and then we'll be starting a new thing. So, stick around. If I have to go looking for you, Bobby, no one will ever see you or your family again.

BOBBY

You'll stop Shiloah?

GÓMEZ

Sixty-million. For your safety.

BOBBY

We're not worth that much.

GÓMEZ

(shrugs)

Pay or play.

EXT. PARK SIDEWALK - DAY

SUPER: WASHINGTON, D.C.

The Washington Monument rises in the b.g. as ELLIOTT ABRAMS, 30s, Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America and William Casey--now CIA Director--walk and talk:

ABRAMS

Contra's blown. I've been dancing all week at Senate hearings about the shoot-down. For chrissakes, Bill, you're Director of CIA now, can't you help me?

CASEY

It will all unfold as it will, Elliott.

ABRAMS

I have to testify tomorrow before the Committee on Foreign Affairs. They found a CIA Air America manual in the wreckage and the Vice President's phone number in the pilot's pocket! The first phone call Félix Gómez made was to Bush. Bill, I'm-

CASEY

-Just do what's right, Elliott.

ABRAMS

Yeah, what exactly is that, Bill?!

CASEY

You'll figure it out.

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

News trucks with satellites, TV News Reporters, Technicians, Producers, Newspaper Reporters, camp in front of the hospital. TV NEWSWOMAN, 40s, gives an on-air report:

NEWSWOMAN

CIA Director William Casey was rushed to Georgetown University Hospital today after suffering a brain seizure during a routine medical examination at his office in Langley. Director Casey was to testify tomorrow before the Committee investigating the Iran-Contra affair. Director Casey is said to be the key to exposing the chief players involved in this debacle, and whether it reaches into the Reagan White House.

EXT. TROPICAL VILLA - DAY

Bobby's Mercedes is parked near the front door of a small villa. His two armed Bodyguards stand nearby in the shade.

PRE-LAP - MUTED GRUNTS and MOANS are heard.

INT. VILLA BEDROOM - DAY

Sheer white curtains flap in the breeze blowing in through the open sliders off the terrace; the sea is visible beyond.

A beautiful young Cuban, LYDIA ALFONSO, 20s, is on the bed having sex with Bobby; she MOANS LOUDLY, Bobby GRUNTS, she SCREAMS in ecstasy. He GROANS, then collapses onto her.

SAME BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Bobby dresses. Naked Lydia lies in bed smoking a cigarette.

LYDIA
Will they kill you?

BOBBY
If they catch me.

LYDIA
How much did you steal?

BOBBY
I didn't steal anything, Lydia. My fees were all earned.

LYDIA
Fine. How much have you earned?

BOBBY
About three-point-six. Billion.
Depending on currency fluctuations.

LYDIA
Shit.

Bobby walks to the bed, and gives Lydia a kiss.

BOBBY
I'll see you tonight at the casino?
He exits.

LYDIA
Yes!

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Bobby and Tommy stand on the sand near the surf.

TOMMY

I'm flying to D.C. tonight. I'm not sure if I'll be back. The Marshals are going to take my passport tomorrow when I testify.

BOBBY

What are you going to say?

TOMMY

I'm taking the fifth.
(anguished)
My lawyers are skinning me alive.
I'm out of funds.

BOBBY

You didn't put anything away?

TOMMY

I did. But I've burned through it. I don't want to go to jail. And I don't want to bring you into it.

BOBBY

You're threatening me?

TOMMY

(tears)
No, Bobby, of course not. I'm desperate. I need your help... Are you going to help me or not?!

BOBBY

You should've been smarter. You got sloppy. That Peroff deal?! That was a major fuck up, Tommy. I told you to be sure about him.

TOMMY

You're not going to help me?

They stare at each other... Bobby walks away. Tommy stands there alone, angry and distraught.

INT. U.S. SENATE INVESTIGATION CHAMBER - DAY

Subcommittee Chairman, Senator Henry Jackson, presides over the hearing. The other Subcommittee Senators, same as before, are seated. Frank Peroff testifies at witness table:

PEROFF

Following my conversations with Nixon's White House attorneys, I lost my job and was forced into hiding to protect my life. There have been several attempts to kill me! Immediately after I mentioned Mr. Vesco's name and involvement in the heroin smuggling operation to my DEA handlers, they abruptly dropped their investigation.

(beat)

Then, after all of that adversity, the DEA lost the Robert Lee Vesco investigation file. Imagine that?

CHAIRMAN JACKSON

Mr. Peroff, we are well aware of that highly improbable event. Hopefully you will rehabilitate yourself. For the sake of your family.

EXT. ENGLISH HARBOUR - PATRICIA III YACHT (DOCKED) - DAY

SUPER: ANTIGUA

The stately white, one hundred and thirty seven foot triple-deck yacht with "PATRICIA III" inscribed on its stern is anchored in the harbor. Dawn and Bobby Jr. play tag around the center smokestack on the top deck.

INT. PATRICIA III - DAY

Bobby's seated in the lounge. His interview with FEMALE REPORTER, 40s, is in progress:

REPORTER

Are you afraid of being killed?

BOBBY

I worry about two things: publicity, and the shadow people that do crazy things. Like murder and kidnapping.

REPORTER

Shadow people?

BOBBY

Yeah. The people you never see.
They're everywhere. Hiding. In
plain sight. Waiting to strike.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Sign in the b.g. indicates-- "NELSON'S DOCKYARD." ANTIGUAN,
40s, stands outside the phone booth, talking on the phone:

ANTIGUAN

...Royal Police? ...He's here, the
most wanted fugitive in America!
Robert Vesco is in port now at Eng-
lish Harbour! I claim the reward!
...yes, on the Patricia III. ...yes,
Vesco! ... what do you mean nobody's
available?

INT. S.E.C. OFFICE - DIRECTOR OF ENFORCEMENT - DAY

Muehler sits at his desk, talks on the phone:

MUEHLER

He's in Antigua. Today?
...Does anyone else care about this
or is it just me who is trying to
do his job? ...Should I get on a
plane? ...No? Of course not. ...Ok,
right... yeah, and I'll pretend
that I accept and understand this
bullshit explanation. Thanks for
the call. And go fuck yourself.

Muehler gently hangs up the phone.

He closes a very thick document file on his desk with the
heading-- "U.S. SECURITIES AND EXCHANGE COMMISSION vs. ROBERT
LEE VESCO/OPEN."

He opens the bottom drawer of his desk, drops the file inside,
and brutally KICKS the drawer SHUT.

MUEHLER

Adiós motherfucker.

EXT. ENGLISH HARBOUR - DAY

ENNIO MORRICONE'S "CHEYENNE" PLAYS OVER:

The Patricia III slowly cruises out of harbor into the open sea.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOCK - DAY

SUPER: BARBUDA

The yacht Salud is secured to the dock. Bobby stands at the end of the dock talking with Arthur Gorman. A Guard with a submachine gun stands nearby.

GORMAN

Your security called me. A sinister
guy with a badge is looking for you.

Bobby looks out at the tranquil sea.

GORMAN, (CONT'D)

Can I do anything?

They walk the dock toward shore. The Guard follows.

BOBBY

I have new business coming in.

GORMAN

Don't do it, Bobby.

BOBBY

(stops; faces Arthur)
I'm the money, Arthur. What else
would I do? If I don't? I'll
drown.

Arthur stares at Bobby a few moments... Sadly, he leaves him and walks toward the house. Bobby lights a Kool cigarette and looks toward the sunset. He turns, and walks toward the house.

DARK BOAT - SUNSET

Slowly revealed under the glaring bright sunset is slow-cruising, dark, fifty-five foot Hatteras with black-clad, fully armed Agents aboard. An Agent peers through binoculars pointed at Bobby as he walks up the steps and enters his house.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN STYLE MANSION - DUSK

SUPER: LOWER PERUGIA WAY - BEL AIR, CALIFORNIA

Sprawling on a one acre promontory overlooking Bel Air Country Club, the estate is anchored within the exclusive Platinum Triangle enclave known as "Lower Perugia Way."

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY/OFFICE - DUSK

Semi dark library paneled in burl mahogany. Jasper Johns, Jeff Koons, Robert Rauschenberg paintings sit on the floor with "SOLD" tags hanging off their frames.

Gray dusky light is cast onto the antique desk. A bottle of Pappy Van Winkle's Family Reserve Bourbon and a half-filled Baccarat cut crystal rocks glass sit on the desk. Tommy leans on the desk talking on the phone:

TOMMY

We're like blood brothers, fucking family! ...okay, I know, but I just got sentenced to six years in federal prison, man! I won't do prison! ...killers are out there. You're not invincible. I know your soft spots. You're going down. Like they say, it'll happen to you gradually, then suddenly. ...fuck you! We are in the innermost Judecca zone of the ninth and final circle. ...yeah, it has been a ride, but in the end, you blew it! You bullshit fake Captain America motherfucker!
(hangs up)

Room almost completely dark. Weary Tommy takes a gulp of bourbon. He slides his hand over a chrome, pearl handled Colt .45 semiautomatic on his desk. He picks it up. Pulls back the slide. Stares at it. Considers it carefully. Raises it...

INT. BOBBY'S BARBUDA HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bobby stands still. He stares at the phone handset in his hand. And slowly hangs up the phone. Somewhat dazed, he stares at the stove and the pan of slowly frying Italian sausages.

SHILOAH (O.S.)

Don Roberto!

Bobby shocked, turns quickly-- and faces David Shiloah.

SHILOAH

How are you, my man? It's been a while.

BOBBY

What the fuck! Can't you knock?

SHILOAH

Not my nature. I'm the quiet type.

BOBBY

Jesus, I almost had a heart attack. Then you wouldn't get shit.

SHILOAH

I know C-P-R, Bob. So, this is your little hideout? It's very nice. But not much of a hideout. Is it?

(beat)

Account numbers and passcodes. All of them.

BOBBY

Get in line.

(turns to stove)

How about a sausage while you wait?

SHILOAH

Funny. Momo Giancana, head of the Chicago Mob offered his assassin, Johnny Roselli a sausage. Right before he took seven slugs into the back of his head.

BOBBY

(turns around)

Where is my fucking security?

SHILOAH

Sleeping. You should get a refund.

Shiloah edges closer to Bobby.

SHILOAH

The Patricia is wired with C-4. If I don't get the numbers and codes, you can say bye-bye to the Vesco family.

BOBBY

I was planning on leaving them.
 (picks up pan)
 They're all spoiled rotten brats.

SHILOAH

Cut the tough-guy shit, Bob. Let's
 get the numbers and codes. C'mon.

Bobby slides the sausages onto a plate, turns suddenly, and swings the pan at Shiloah's head--Shiloah easily grabs Bobby's wrist, takes the pan from him, and sets it on the counter.

SHILOAH

My Bubbeh has better moves than
 that.

BOBBY

Fuck your Bubbeh and all the-

-Shiloah punches Bobby in the gut. He drops down to his knees unable to breathe.

SHILOAH

You've been watching too much TV.

Shiloah grabs Bobby under the arm and lifts him to his feet. Bobby desperately gasps for air.

SHILOAH

Come on now. I've already had my
 workout today. Walk. Your office?
 Okay, let's go. C'mon. Walk.

Shiloah walks Bobby out of the kitchen into the living room.

SOUND of a THUD.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shiloah lies unconscious on the floor. Bobby, breathing raggedly, stares down at him in disbelief. He looks at Félix Gómez.

GÓMEZ

Just like TV, huh Bob?
 (grins at him)
 I owed him that. From our last
 little tussle at the El Ocotel.

BOBBY

You spooky fucks materialize out
of thin air. What do you want?

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - YACHT SALUD - NIGHT

The yacht motors slowly near the Barbuda shore.

INT. SALUD - NIGHT

Three new Bodyguards stand in the stern. Bobby stands above in
flying bridge peering through night vision binoculars. Félix
stands next to him.

GÓMEZ

You're our point man for Panama.

BOBBY

(lowers binoculars)
What war are you funding now?

GÓMEZ

Overthrowing Noriega and looting
his banks. Operation "Just Cause."

BOBBY

You mean: "Just 'Cuz." What about
Shiloah?

GÓMEZ

It's his plan.

Bobby, stunned, looks at him.

GÓMEZ

(points)
Drop me off at that pier. There.

BOBBY

And Shiloah? What about the C-4
wired to the Patricia? My family?

GÓMEZ

I've been following him. No C-4.
He was bluffing.

BOBBY

You're sure?

GÓMEZ

I'm pretty sure.

Bobby stares at him. Félix climbs down to the deck. The yacht motors up alongside a vacant pier, and idles next to it.

GÓMEZ

I found the numbers and codes. You excel at many things, Bob. Like hiding stuff. You're almost the best there is... Then there's me.

Bobby stares at him.

GÓMEZ (CONT'D)

I figured you would've had more of your treasure secured. Must be your lifestyle. Don't worry, I left you with a mil. You're still the media's "millionaire fugitive."

Félix jumps down onto the pier, and runs quietly away. Bobby watches him go. Félix disappears into the darkness.

BOBBY

Decoy codes. You dumbshit clown.

Bobby pushes the throttles forward and cruises the yacht away from the pier. He glides the Salud into open water.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Félix Gómez is in the driver seat. The radio's on. A NEWSCASTER reports:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

David Shiloah, an Israeli reputed to be General Manuel Noriega's closest advisor, eluded capture when the United States invaded Panama this morning. He was apparently warned to flee the country hours before American troops swept into the capital. The location of Mr. Shiloah, who is said to have trained General Noriega's elite security forces, has been a mystery.

GÓMEZ

I just love a good mystery. Don't
you?

Shiloah sits in the front passenger seat.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - SALUD - NIGHT

VFX: Brutal storm rages-- THUNDER & LIGHTNING-- harrowing swells, driving rain...

Salud rides the swells and lurches into the deep troughs with speed and determination.

INT. SALUD CABIN - NIGHT

The three Bodyguards, scared, seasick and puking, clutch the galley table tightly. Pots, pans, cups, etc., fall, slide and bounce throughout the wet interior of the cabin.

EXT. SALUD BRIDGE - NIGHT

Bobby wears a harness secured with a cable to the bridge. He grasps the wheel, fights against the sea as he struggles to keep the Salud aimed into the rising and crashing swells. The yacht is swamping but continues its struggle against the sea.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAWN

The sea is calm. Shiny glass. It sparkles brightly as the sun rises over Pointe Blanche, St. Maarten.

EXT. SALUD - DAWN

The Salud has taken a beating from the storm. It's half-submerged, barely slogging forward as it sinks slowly in sight of Great Bay, Pointe Blanche.

Exhausted and bleary-eyed, Bobby grips the wheel. His three Bodyguards are soaked, sick, disheveled and huddled in dread on deck as rising sea water laps near them.

EXT. HATTERAS - DAWN

Closing quickly on the Salud from behind is a Hatteras resembling the one the Agents had been using to surveil Bobby at his Barbuda home.

Bobby takes a blistered hand off the wheel and points to the speeding Hatteras. The Bodyguards turn and stare anxiously as it motors up alongside the Salud. The Hatteras cuts its engines. The Bodyguards panic and pull their wet pistols from their holsters prepared for a fire fight. The three-man Hatteras Crew, 20s, raise their hands in fear.

BOBBY

Fools! Put them away!

The Bodyguards are confused... but holster their weapons.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(to Hatteras Crewmen)

Can you help us, please?

Hatteras Crewmen slowly lower their hands and throw Bodyguards lines to secure the two boats together.

The name on the stern of the Hatteras-- "RACHEL."

The Rachel cruises slowly, pulling the Salud into the harbor. A sign at the marina indicates-- "DOCK MAARTEN, ST. MAARTEN."

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby, in a weakened state, is hurried out of a ground floor motel room barely on his feet sandwiched and held up by two Bodyguards each carrying a suitcase. They run to a car with its trunk and doors open. Bobby gets into the rear seat of the car as the Bodyguards pitch the suitcases into the trunk, close it, climb into car, SLAM the doors and SQUEAL away.

INT. CAR (MOVING FAST) - NIGHT

A Bodyguard sits in back next to Bobby; he's very ill. His Bodyguard/Pilot drives.

BODYGUARD/PILOT

I have a Gulfstream waiting at
Juliana.

BOBBY

Where are we going?

BODYGUARD/PILOT

Managua.

BOBBY

Where is Pat?

BODYGUARD/PILOT

I sent for her. She's on her way.

BOBBY

I need a doctor. I'm pissing blood.

BODYGUARD/PILOT

I've radioed ahead. He'll meet us there.

BOBBY

Who's providing our jet?

BODYGUARD/PILOT

Pablo Escobar.

In severe pain, Bobby closes his eyes.

BOBBY

The King.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

SUPER: MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

Bobby, frail and pale, lies in bed. DOCTOR, 50s, completes his examination. Pat is near the bed. Bodyguard/Pilot stands by the door.

DOCTOR

You have acute uremic poisoning,
Mr. Vesco and a very high fever.
Your kidneys are failing. I'm sorry
but Nicaragua has no Urologist, nor
the medical facilities to treat you.

BOBBY

Where can I go?

DOCTOR

You have limited choices, consider-
ing your, political status.

BOBBY

Where?

DOCTOR

Moscow, Budapest, or Havana. Or
you will die. I will give you a
few minutes.

Doctor exits.

PAT

God, I wish I was back in Detroit!
I wish-

BOBBY

-Me too, sweetheart.

PAT

(appalled; steps close)
How could you?

BOBBY

I've had enough of this.

PAT

Do you know what I'm talking about?

BOBBY

You want to go home. I know. I've
been dragging you all over. I wish-

-Pat SLAPS him hard across the face.

PAT

No! You stupid fucking bastard! You
slept with that, that Cuban whore!

(cries)

I could barely manage this life,
with you, but I did, for my kids!
I hated it. Everyone always whisper-
ing about us. Calling us thieves.
Laughing at us behind our backs.
But I held it together. While you
stole and dealt drugs, and ruined
our lives! I must have been crazy.
And then you do this to me. With
that, that girl. A girl. You just,
you killed me Bobby. You're just
a bastard and a sleazy crook. I
can't take it anymore... I won't
take it anymore.

Pat wipes her eyes. She stares at Bobby, then looks away as he
looks up at her.

BOBBY

Patricia.

She turns and walks out. The door closes.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(beat; to Bodyguard/Pilot)

Have Lydia meet us at the airport.

EXT. AUGUSTO C. SANDINO AIRPORT - JET - DAY

A black sedan drives to the parked Air Cubana Ilyushin jet and stops. Bodyguard helps very ill Bobby exit the car. Lydia exits, walks to Bobby, and guides him up the plane's stairs.

INT. PLANE (FLYING) - DAY

Bobby sits next to Lydia in first class.

LYDIA

It may not have fancy supermarkets or restaurants, but you will find life in Cuba very tranquil, and safe for you. For us. We'll start a new life together.

BOBBY

Look, I'm nervous. I'm jumping over the wall here. And there's going to be no way I can ever get back to the other side.

(falling asleep)

This is, very, serious.

EXT. CIMEQ MILITARY HOSPITAL - DAY

SUPER: HAVANA, CUBA

People enter, exit. Guards stand in front. An ambulance with its SIREN SQUEALING races up to the emergency entrance-

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

-The ambulance siren is heard. Hazy sunlight filters through the open dirty window; a weak breeze blows the frayed curtains. Bobby lies in an old bed in the grimy room with old-fashioned equipment as DOCTOR, 60s, stands by the bed.

DOCTOR

Everything looks very good for a complete recovery. You should live a long life here.

Bobby stares at him.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Cheer up, Mr. Vesco. You could be dead... Or in jail.

Bobby stares despondently out the dirty window.

INT. S.E.C. OFFICE - DIRECTOR OF ENFORCEMENT - DAY

The SOUND of a telephone RINGING, RINGING, RINGING...

Muehler sits at his desk with his arms folded in utter contempt as he stares at the persistent RINGING phone. He leans over and yanks the phone cord from the wall.

EXT. WHITE MANSION - DAY

SUPER: MARINA HEMINGWAY, HAVANA CUBA 1995

INT. STUDY - DAY

We're now back to our story's opening scenes... with the telephone continuously RINGING, RINGING, RINGING--

Bearded Bobby, 60, clicks the TV's Senate Hearings off. He gets up from his chair, puffs his Montecristo cigar, walks to his desk and answers the RINGING telephone:

BOBBY

Vesco... Yes, Your Excellency.

EXT. YACHT YARAMA - DAY

El Presidente Fidel Castro's sleek white yacht, "YARAMA" cruises Havana Harbor.

INT. YARAMA - DAY

Bobby sits at an elegant table in the stern with the President of Cuba, FIDEL CASTRO, 60s. Crewmen serve lunch and drinks. Bobby and Castro eat, drink, and talk:

CASTRO

I gave you a very nice house, Bob. In the marina, so you can dock your yacht. Personal security Guards. You have freedom and enjoy a good life here.

BOBBY

Yes, Excellency, you have been very generous to me. Thank you again.

CASTRO

We made a lot of money together with our Colombian friends. But look now at Carlos Lehder. He is serving a life sentence plus one-hundred and thirty-five years. He'll die in jail. And Noriega, "Señor Pineapple"? He is serving forty-years. He will become rotten fruit. The King, Pablo Escobar, he was slaughtered. And George Bush became President, and Bill Clinton, he is now President. And Bill Casey is--where is Bill Casey? American politicians, Bobby, they were the real winners. They reaped the evil spoils of the wars they fought and financed with cocaine. We were clever to divert a small portion of their vast profits to assist poor Cuba's Revolución. To help her continue her valiant battle against the evil of imperialism... And you? You take refuge here with me. Mossad waits for you. The CIA stole your money. America the beautiful, your sweet Mother, has disowned you. You are an orphan. There is no honor among thieves, spies. Or politicians.

BOBBY

Yes. I am honored to dine with you, Excellency.

CASTRO

There is an impending mission of great importance awaiting us.

BOBBY

What would you like me to do?

CASTRO

(passes him a note)

Russia Prime Minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin, is expecting your call.

BOBBY

(looks at note)

The Prime Minister? What will we discuss?

CASTRO

You will talk about the strategy to reallocate billions of U.S. dollars in loans to Russia by the IMF, to Cuba. Call Viktor. The Revolución!

(clinks Bobby's glass)

Salud!

(drinks)

BOBBY

Salud!

(drinks)

They continue feasting, drinking and speaking M.O.S. during Bobby's Voice Over:

BOBBY (V.O.)

The International Monetary Fund-- the IMF--was established to provide financial aid to poor and debt-burdened countries. A noble mission. And on the surface, it is. But underneath it there is no system of accountability for the billions of dollars in aid they provide. Once they pass out the cash, it's in the wind. The do-gooders don't have a clue where it goes and no mechanism to track it. When Russia crumbled, the IMF stepped in to bail it out, under the direction of Vice President, Al Gore. It was an opportunity of enormous magnitude. Boris Yeltsin, Prime Minister Chernomyrdin, and ex-KGB hosted an invitation-only orgy for Russia.

(MORE)

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The world's finest financial thieves came to cut, quarter, loot, and launder one hundred and forty billion dollars out of Russia over the next few years. We gorged ourselves on all of her raw assets, and picked her carcass clean.

Bobby abruptly rises from the table, knocks over his glass of red wine. He grabs onto the yacht's railing, pukes overboard, and hangs his head in shame.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was depraved. Beyond all limits. We systematically fucked-over every Russian man, woman, and child. We stole their future. We condemned them to life-long poverty.

Bobby straightens, takes a napkin offered by a Crewman. He wipes his mouth and staggers toward the interior of the yacht.

Castro, bewildered, watches him from the table. Then resumes eating and drinking.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And my partner, Fidel? He made sure I never saw a dime. What I traded for my protection, would never be recovered.

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE'S "TESTIFY" PLAYS OVER MONTAGE OF HEADLINES:

"GORE REJECTED CIA EVIDENCE OF RUSSIAN CORRUPTION"

- New York Times

"WHERE DID RUSSIA'S MONEY GO?"

- Newsweek

"BORIS, BLONDES AND BIG, BIG BUCKS"

- New Statesman

"STATE DEPARTMENT DENIES GORE-RUSSIA DEAL"

- Associated Press

"THE STRANGE CASE OF RUSSIA, BIG OIL AND THE CIA"

- Washington Post

INT. MANSION STUDY - DAY

SUPER: MARINA HEMINGWAY, HAVANA 1995

Bobby sleeps on the couch... A KNOCK on the door. Door opens. Félix enters, closes the door, walks to Bobby, bends and tugs at his arm. Bobby wakes.

GÓMEZ
(whispers)
Buenos días, Bob.

BOBBY
Félix? How did you get in-

GÓMEZ
-C'mon, we gotta go now.

BOBBY
(groggy; sits up)
Go, where?

GÓMEZ
Detroit, Bob.

BOBBY
Detroit?
(stands)
How will we get there?

GÓMEZ
(takes Bobby's arm)
I have a big yacht waiting in the marina. But we have to go right now.

They walk to the door. Bobby's confused...

BOBBY
Yacht? But, we'll need a plane.

GÓMEZ
Pat and the kids are here, too.

BOBBY
Pat is here? With my kids? This is really great, Félix! How did you do it?

GÓMEZ
Magic, Bob. Shadow people magic.

VFX: Félix disappears as he floats through the closed door. Bobby follows him, HITS the door. Confused, he rubs his face. He looks at the door, and rubs his hand on its solid surface.

STUDY

Bobby on the couch, wakes abruptly. Stares at the ceiling. He wipes his mouth with his hand, gets up, walks to the window. The visage of his weary, 60-year-old bearded face reflects off the windowpane as he peers outside-

-Perched on a low branch right outside the window is a rare, Giant Kingbird, endemic to Cuba, yet very endangered after having disappeared from the Bahamas, Costa Rica, and Antigua. It gazes intently at Bobby.

A KNOCK on the door. Door opens.

SLOW MOTION: Bobby watches the Giant Kingbird fly away... He turns away from the window, and looks toward the study door.

TWO armed Cuban DGI AGENTS, 40s, enter the room and stop.

DGI #1

Señor Vesco, you are under arrest on charges of being an agent of Foreign Special Services. And of economic fraud.

BOBBY

(baffled)

Economic fraud? Are you fucking kidding?

DGI #2 walks to Bobby, puts handcuffs on his wrists. The DGI Agents take Bobby by the arms and lead him out of the study. Bobby stops in the doorway, turns and takes a last look into room. He turns again and walks out. DGI #2 CLOSES the door.

FADE TO BLACK:

BLACK SABBATH'S "KILLING YOURSELF TO LIVE" PLAYS OVER:

SUPER: Cuba's Foreign Ministry Spokesperson, Marianela Ferriol, reiterated that Cuba had not refused to extradite Vesco and called the U.S. State Department's spokesman a liar.

SUPER: Robert Vesco served 9 years in jail. Upon his release in 2005 he contracted lung cancer.

SERIES OF BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS:

- Bobby, 71, coughing and clearly in pain in a hospital bed.
- Bobby lies in a plain wooden casket with his Cuban wife, Lydia looking down and crying over him.
- A small group of people attending his burial.

EXT. CEMENTERIO DE CRISTÓBAL CÓLÓN - NIGHT

The endless succession of glossy white tombs eerily radiate under the dim moonlight. Empty tombs and desecrated family chapels disfigure the stately march of Cuban family memorials within the elegant and grand 150-year-old cemetery.

EXT. GRAVE - NIGHT

A shiny black marble gravestone is etched in white lettering:

Robert Lee Vesco
Born: December 4, 1935
Died: November 23, 2007

FADE TO BLACK:

CREDITS ROLL...

THE SONG AND CREDITS ABRUPTLY CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE DESK - DAY

Canadian Passport open. A visa page immediately INK-STAMPED!
 "SIERRA LEONE IMMIGRATION: 23 NOV 2007 -- DURATION: OPEN."

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

(smiles)

Mr. Thomas Adams. Welcome to Sierra Leone.

(slides passport to him)

We are very happy to have you as our guest.

ADAMS (O.S.)

(coughs)

Thank you. I've heard nice things.

POV from behind Adams as we see his hand, with a thick gold bracelet on his wrist, take his passport and slide it into his jacket pocket.

POV behind Adams as he walks away from the Immigration Desk toward the exit doors.

He stops, takes out a pack of cigarettes: Kool menthol. He taps one out, lights it, inhales deeply, and exhales a big cloud of smoke--

BLUR'S "SONG 2 (WAHOO)" PLAYS OVER:

VFX: Adams walks through the smoke cloud... and gradually disappears as he and the smoke simultaneously disintegrate. Bobby/Adams disappears completely as he reaches the exit.

FADE OUT.

RESUMPTION OF CREDITS

BLUR'S "SONG 2 (WAHOO)" ends.

CREAM'S "I FEEL FREE" PLAYS OVER CONTINUING CREDITS.

THE END