

HEMINGWAY AND FUENTES

Original Screenplay

by

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WGAW Registered

FADE IN:

EXT. HEMINGWAY'S HOUSE, FINCA VIGIA, CUBA - AFTERNOON

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF TWO EYES LOOKING DIRECTLY AT US.

They have seen more and longer than most. CUBAN MUSIC is playing in the distance.

WE pull back to reveal an OLD MAN in the wheel chair. He has a wrinkled tan face that is scarred with blotches of sun cancer. Despite his age, his eyes reflect that his mind is still sharp. He has a cigar in his mouth, and a tattered Panama Hat.

A YOUNG MAN continues pushing the wheel chair of his grandfather down the garden path from Hemingway's main house.

The Old Man smiles at the Happy Birthday balloons waving in the bushes. We see the number #100 on them. They come to the pool area, where the BAND is playing.

The Old Man nods to the band members who smile and acknowledge him. The Old Man and grandson then continue towards the CROWD that has gathered around the base of Hemingway's fishing boat, the PILAR.

The CROWD consists of Cuban Dignitaries, American & Cuban scholars as well as journalists and TV CREWS.

The Old Man indicates a new heading towards the bow of the Pilar, which is up on blocks in what was once Ernest Hemingway's tennis court. The Young Man pushing the wheel chair obliges.

A large B&W portrait of Ernest Hemingway is setup on an easel. As the Old Man approaches it, we see he is deeply moved by the image.

The Band ends their song. MUSIC OUT.

Standing on the catwalk is a gray haired woman, GLADYS RODRIGUEZ FERRERO, Director of Cuba's Hemingway Studies. She speaks to the Crowd.

SUPER IN/OUT:

JULY 21, 1999

GLADYS FERRERO
Thank you all for coming to Cuba's
Hemingway Centennial birthday
celebration.

The CROWD APPLAUDS.

Now the Old Man's wheel chair moves through the crowd,
which parts as they realize who he is -- Captain GREGORIO
FUENTES.

GLADYS FERRERO (cont'd) (CONT'D)
We are especially pleased to have
Ernest Hemingway's Captain,
Gregorio Fuentes, joining us.

Old Gregorio raises his hand and waves. The crowd CHEERS
and APPLAUDS for him. He then continues slowly through
the CROWD, towards the boat.

Gregorio has friends here. Some reach out to shake his
hand, pat his back, they are older now, but we will later
recognize them as SINSKY, PAXTICHI and FERNANDO from
Hemingway's Crook Factory Crew.

Gregorio looks up as an attractive Cuban WOMAN stops to
gives him a kiss on both cheeks. Old Gregorio smiles.

Coming up on the boat's bow, Gregorio in wheelchair
passes by two American JOURNALISTS.

JOURNALIST WOMAN
Wow. He looks just like I pictured
Santiago.

JOURNALIST MAN:
Amazing.

Gregorio instructs the young man to continue on closer to
Pilar's bow.

The Journalists follow after Fuentes, but they pause as
they see Gregorio now beside the bow, make the effort to
slowly stand.

The crowd is silent. Mesmerized.

He caresses the boat's bow, like a long lost love.

CU. OF GREGORIO AS WE...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. THE GULF STREAM (LA CORRIENTE) - DAY - MAIN MUSIC THEME.

THE BOW OF THE PILAR CLOSE UP, AS IT PROUDLY HEADS OUT TO SEA.

PILAR, Hemingway's famous fishing boat, with a black glossy hull made out of solid American black oak planks. With pristine mahogany decks, salon and cockpit.

The camera pans up to reveal ERNEST "PAPA" HEMINGWAY (52). Although robust he looks much older with his salt and pepper beard and hair. His fair skin has taken its toll from the sun.

GREGORIO FUENTES(42) tanned from years at sea, stands next to him on the boat's bridge. They both stare out, taking in their beloved Gulf Stream.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

The Gulf Stream like other great ocean currents is the last wild country left. Once you are out of sight of land and other boats, you are truly alone and the sea is the same as it has been since men first went on it.

MAIN TITLES - MUSIC UNDERSCORES THE FOLLOWING IMAGES BOTH IN SLOW MOTION AND REAL TIME.

The deep blue waters of the Gulf Stream are illuminated by shafts of the Atlantic sun creating a fluorescent dance of light.

We begin to introduce the elements of the food chain.

First the bait fish; ballyhoo, flying fish, goggle-eyes, traveling in schools. They seem to be choreographed. An aquatic ballet, but with an ominous undertone.

Then the larger, quicker strikers appear. Dolphin, kingfish, yellowfin tuna, the stealthy wahoo and the graceful and fanciful sailfish. They begin to feed in a calculated frenzy upon the bait fish.

As the MUSIC INTENSIFIES, we begin to feel the presence of a pelagic predator that has not yet appeared. But our instinct tells us that it's going to be big, strong, and majestic. The King of the ocean, the Big Dog.

Suddenly out of the deep blue we get a glimpse of our hero.

The BLUE MARLIN, graceful in its approach, yet terrifying with its lit up colors, excited by its eminent attack.

It strikes, not the bait fish, but the larger dolphins and kingfish, with its deadly bill.

The attacks continue as more marlins appear from the abyss to feed upon the unfortunate, and we are there to witness this poetic massacre, made with precision and prowess.

We are now looking upward from the deep towards the sun, as a rigged Spanish mackerel is lowered and trolled through the Gulf Stream.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (cont'd)

Trolling the deep blue river for large fish is in itself magical, even when nothing happens. But there is always a chance that a great fish will rise and when the river is right, that moment that all hunters cherish will unfold.

Moments later we see the great blue marlin approach it, with its arched back, wild fire in its eyes, and a desperate quality in its demeanor.

He never hesitates as he hits the trolled bait hard and with great conviction. He immediately feels the painful sting of the Mustad hooks as they tear into his mouth and instigate his first ferocious run for freedom.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (cont'd)

A great fish will rise and strike then fly out of the water and land with a great splash. Like the splash a horse might make when dropped from a cliff and your adrenalin will flow and you will experience the greatest epiphany...

We follow the enraged marlin as it sounds deeper and deeper, then suddenly turning upward, reaching for the sun as it propels itself out of the water.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (cont'd)

...and you will want to repeat this sensation as many times as you can.

The great Blue is now tail-dancing across the majestic Atlantic in an attempt to throw the hook. By the sheer size and intensity, it looks to be close to 1000 lbs.

As it continues its run on the white caps we hear...

GREGORIO (V.O.)
Great fish, Papa! Great fish!

EXT. THE PILAR, THE GULF STREAM - EARLY MORNING

Gregorio is yelling out instructions and commanding the boat into its optimum position. The master of his domain.

GREGORIO
Let him run! Let him run!

The marlin continues its run. As Hemingway fights him from the fighting chair in the cockpit below.

GREGORIO (cont'd)
No slack in the line Papa! No
slack!

The great fish jumps again as an exuberant Hemingway reacts.

HEMINGWAY
Cono Gregorio!...I want him! He's
mine!

GREGORIO
Not for a long while Papa, play
him smart! *Paciencia!*

Hemingway laughs.

HEMINGWAY
What do I know of patience? That's
your specialty. (Beat) You're my
hero, Gregorine!

He lets out an exuberant yell as we...

EXT. COJIMAR, CUBA - DOCKS - DUSK LATER

Hemingway and Gregorio stand beside their impressive catch which hangs between them. A.E. HOTCHNER, the photographer and writer friend of Hemingway's, fills the early night with the phosphorous flash of his Leica, as the locals applaud and the children of the village celebrate.

Hemingway puts his arm around Gregorio.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)
My hero and my brother...

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. HEMINGWAY'S HOUSE, FINCA VIGIA, 7/21/99 - AFTERNOON

Old Gregorio still in a trance.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)
...Mi Hermano. (My brother)

Fuentes is snapped out of his reverie by the Journalists who approach him again.

JOURNALIST MAN:
Forgive me Captain Fuentes, we didn't mean any disrespect. But, well, you've certainly enjoyed your later years. Can you tell us why? (Beat) Why you do think Hemingway killed himself?

Old Gregorio is angered by the question. He looks up again at the Pilar, then at the Journalist and declares...

OLD GREGORIO
A man can be destroyed, but never defeated.

The depth of this statement is dismissed by the journalist.

JOURNALIST WOMAN
But it was heartbreak, right? I mean, Hemingway had many great loves?

Gregorio stares at her.

OLD GREGORIO
Yes, many.

JOURNALIST WOMAN
Mary?

Gregorio nods respectfully.

JOURNALIST MAN
Adriana Ivancich?

Gregorio stares at them, then carefully.

OLD GREGORIO
Yes, a great inspiration.

JOURNALIST WOMAN
Fishing?

OLD GREGORIO
Fishing, writing, women and Cuba.
For him it was all the same.

JOURNALIST MAN
But Adriana was perhaps his last
great love.

Gregorio's mood darkens.

OLD GREGORIO
What happens to a man who loses
everything he loves.

Off Gregorio we...

INT. HEMINGWAY HOUSE, SUN VALLEY, IDAHO - MORNING

A fatigued Ernest Hemingway, 62, is standing by a table in his study looking over two piles of manuscript pages. One face up and one face down.

SUPER IN/OUT:

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO - April 1961.

Ernest is editing the manuscript and draws a line through a couple of paragraphs, then starts to write something in the margin, but loses his train of thought.

He pauses, rereads the paragraph and seems even more confused, mouthing the words, then shaking his head, no. Now his edit makes no sense at all.

He starts to erase his edit lines and the manuscript page rips. Frustrated, he shoves the manuscript pages aside.

His eyes drift over to a B&W photo on his desk.

It is a photo of himself as a YOUNG BOY, with a large straw hat, cane fly rod and wicker basket on his hip. He sighs.

TIME CUT:

INSERT: A LETTER ADDRESSED TO CHARLES SCRIBNER & SONS PUBLISHERS.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)
 Dear Charlie, Since getting out of the Mayo - everything I have done to the Paris sketches has made it worse. I have never emptied the well of my writing, always stopping so the spring will refill. I am afraid my well has now run dry. There is nothing left for me to do, but admit failure.

A TEAR LANDS ON THE PAGE AS WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL HEMINGWAY'S ANGUISHED FACE.

Mary 50, has been standing at the doorway. Their eyes lock; then suddenly ashamed, Ernest slowly slips the letter in an envelope, seals it and walks off.

Mary's emotions get the best of her.

EXT. HEMINGWAY HOUSE. SUN VALLEY, IDAHO. - MORNING

Dr. SAVIER, a middle aged man, gets out of his car and carries a small leather doctor's bag towards the wood-beamed two story cabin.

INT. HEMINGWAY HOUSE. SUN VALLEY, IDAHO - MORNING

Mary receives Dr. Savier into their home.

MARY
 Dr. Savier, thanks for coming on such short notice.

DR. SAVIER
 No problem. How's my favorite patient?

MARY
 I'm worried. He's not eating. He sleeps maybe two hours a night.(a beat) He's not able to write.

Savier enters the living room where Ernest greets him as both friend and doctor.

HEMINGWAY
 Doc, don't believe a word she says.

(MORE)

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 She just doesn't like the new
 thinner me. But no worries, there
 are things I miss more than food,
 only Mary won't let me take a new
 wife. (Laughs)

Dr. Savier pulls out the blood pressure kit from his
 doctor bag and sets up his equipment on the couch.

DR. SAVIER
 (laughs) Yes I can see where that
 might be a problem. Well, let's
 start with your blood pressure.

Dr. Savier places the pressure sleeve on Hemingway's arm.
 He notices skin hanging loose on Ernest's left bicep. He
 pumps up the sleeve.

DR. SAVIER (cont'd)
 I see you've lost the weight in
 muscle.

HEMINGWAY
 Thank God, not where it counts.

Dr. Savier forces a smile. We can see concern in the
 doctor's eyes, as he begins to understand this is not
 good weight loss. Then looking at his watch Dr. Savier
 takes Hemingway's pressure. After a moment, his eyebrows
 raise.

DR. SAVIER
 Oh. 250 over 125. That's high.

HEMINGWAY
 Must be the altitude.

Ernest pulls the sleeve off and stands up.

DR. SAVIER
 Where is your urine sample.

HEMINGWAY
 Most people usually ask me for my
 autograph.

He offers a jar to the doctor and chimes in.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 I thought it looked cloudy.

Savier takes the glass jar and holds it up so the sun
 light can come through it. It's a little milky.

DR. SAVIER
I'll take it back to the hospital
and get it tested. Last thing we
need is for your kidneys to fail.

HEMINGWAY
Easy doc.

Ernest raises his finger to his lips

DR. SAVIER
(whispers) What is it? You don't
want to worry Mary?

HEMINGWAY
Hell no. It's the house. (Softer)
It's bugged. I don't want the Feds
to know how sick I am.

Dr. Savier looks a little surprised by Ernest's
suspicions.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
Come on. Let's go for a walk
outside.

The Doctor puts his pressure kit down and leaves with
Ernest out the back door.

EXT. HEMINGWAY HOUSE, SUN VALLEY, IDAHO - MORNING

Along a stream that flows behind Hemingway's Sun Valley
home, Ernest walks with Dr. Savier.

HEMINGWAY
I heard clicks on the phone line
after I'd picked up. You know what
I am talking about. The clicks.
And my mail. I can show you the
envelopes where they're reglued.
Doc, they're reading my fucking
mail.

DR. SAVIER
Okay, okay. Say the FBI really was
doing all this; why? They would
have to have a reason. You've done
nothing wrong.

HEMINGWAY
I know. But they think I have.

Ernest grabs Dr. Savier's shoulders, looking wild eyed.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 They think I'm a communist, Doc.
 It's that whole McCarthy thing all
 over again. I think they wanted
 me to denounce Fidel. But if I did
 my friends in Cuba would suffer.
 They're not going to rest until
 they find some way to get to me.

Savier looks hard at Ernest, not really buying into the
 paranoia.

DR. SAVIER
 Ernest, I really want to believe
 you. (beat) But it seems pretty
 far fetched.

Ernest shakes his head no.

HEMINGWAY
 Doc, I am not crazy.

Ernest hears a car in the distance.

INT. HEMINGWAY HOUSE, SUN VALLEY, IDAHO - MORNING

Ernest and Savier return to the house, and enter through
 the back door.

HEMINGWAY
 (suspicious) Mary, who is there?

DON ANDERSON (O.S.)
 It's me, Papa.

MARY (O.S.)
 Don Anderson. He's returning your
 guns from the turkey shoot last
 week.

Ernest looks relieved and he and Dr. Savier continue
 through the back door hallway and into the living room.

DON ANDERSON, 40, greets Ernest with a hand shake and
 then gives nod to Dr. Savier. Don waves over to the two
 shot guns leaning against a coffee table, beside them a
 canvas ammo bag holding shot gun shells.

DON ANDERSON
 Papa, Doctor. (Beat) I thought I'd
 return these to you. I cleaned
 them up good.

MARY
I'll get some coffee brewing.

Mary heads for the kitchen.

DON ANDERSON
Papa, I was wondering. Well,
(beat) how are you doing with that
Bay of Pigs fiasco?

This stops Mary in her tracks.

HEMINGWAY
What? (Beat) What are you talking
about?

Don is as surprised as Dr. Savier that Ernest hasn't
heard the news.

DR. SAVIER
It's all over the news. The Cuban
exiles tried to invade Cuba, but
failed. Kennedy pulled his air
support at the last minute. Left
them stranded on the beach.

The look on Hemingway's face is clearly one of surprise,
and then anger. He abruptly storms over to a small TV in
the corner of the living room and turns it on.

DON ANDERSON
Guess he didn't know.

MARY
May God help us.

TIME CUT:

C/U on TV: A reporter is doing a story on a couple of
widows who lost their husbands and sons in the failed
invasion. Hemingway is stunned.

HEMINGWAY
When? When did this happen?

DON ANDERSON
Two days ago. I'm sorry. I didn't
realize...

Ernest becomes increasingly upset as it starts to sink in
how this affects him.

HEMINGWAY
 I've lost the Finca. (Beat) The
 Pilar... My library...
 paintings... manuscripts....
 GONE!...ALL GONE!

Ernest suddenly focuses all of his anger towards Mary.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 You knew about this Cuba thing!
 You read the fucking newspapers
 everyday!

MARY
 Ah (beat) Yes I knew. But you have
 been so distressed lately, I
 didn't want...

Ernest blows into a full tirade on Mary as if Dr. Xavier
 and Don Anderson are not even in the room.

HEMINGWAY
 You lying back-stabbing bitch! You
 wanted me to lose everything. You
 could have shipped my manuscripts.
 You did it to get even with me for
 Adriana!

MARY
 What are you talking about? How
 could I...

HEMINGWAY
 Hadley lost that suitcase of
 manuscripts by accident, but you!
 (Beat) You had to know this kind
 of bloody thing could happen!

MARY
 Me? YOU were the one who refused
 to entertain the idea of sending
 our things here. Said it would
 look like we had abandoned the
 Finca, and our friends.

Mary looks between Anderson and Dr. Xavier trying to get
 them to help her.

MARY (cont'd)
 Oh, You know this is NOT my fault.

Ernest throws a urine jar at Mary. She steps out of the
 way, and the glass shatters and sprays the hallway floor.

HEMINGWAY

Lying Bitch!

Mary turns to Dr. Xavier and screams.

MARY

You see! He is CRAZY! Get him back
to the Mayo Clinic. He's crazy!

Hemingway now furious.

HEMINGWAY

Never again. You're not going to
railroad me to that nut house
again!

Ernest moves to pick up one of the two shot guns leaning
against the coffee table.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

You're like that bitch mother of
mine driving father to suicide.
(Beat) Only HE shot the wrong one.

Ernest loads two shotgun shells, we are not sure if he
means to shoot Mary, or himself – but when the chamber
clicks closed...

Don Anderson tackles Ernest to the floor as the shotgun
goes off. The ceiling above Ernest explodes.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL AIRPORT, RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA - DAY

A four seater Cessna plane is coming in for a landing.

HEMINGWAY (O.S.)

(Groggy) Where are we?

DON ANDERSON

South Dakota. We are refueling.

The plane's wheels touch down on the tarmac.

INT. CESSNA PLANE - DAY

On board the small plane and seated in back are Ernest,
Don Anderson, in the front are pilot LARRY JOHNSON and
Dr. Xavier.

DON ANDERSON
Doc. Papa is awake.

DR. SAVIER
Ah good. I was beginning to wonder
if you were going to sleep all the
way there.

Hemingway is in deep thought now.

DR. SAVIER (cont'd)
Its going to be okay Papa. But you
need help.

Tight on Hemingway.

HEMINGWAY (O.S.)
Get the hell off me you son-of-a-
bitch!

FLASHBACK:

INT. MAYO CLINIC - DAY - 1st. TREATMENT.

TWO MALE ORDERLIES are having a wild-eyed struggle with
Hemingway for control.

CLOSE ON Hemingway's legs, arms and chest as heavy canvas
straps are tightened down to secure him in to a gurney.

HEMINGWAY
You can't do this to me!

A syringe filling with sedative. Then Hemingway's arm
receiving the injection.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I'm not crazy. For the love of
God, STOP!

Hemingway's eyes slowly glaze over as the sedative takes
effect.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CESSNA PLANE - DAY

HEMINGWAY
I'm NOT going back.

The pilot heads the plane for the gray hanger off to the
side of the runway.

DR. SAVIER

Ernest, the Mayo Clinic holds your
best chance at beating this thing.
We all want you to get well.

Ernest looks out the window, his eyes show the
desperation on his face. He says nothing for a long beat.
Then seeing the hanger he gets an idea.

HEMINGWAY

(beat) Right. Mind if I take a
piss when we stop?

DR. SAVIER

Of course not.

EXT. SMALL AIRPORT, SOUTH DAKOTA - DAY

The Cessna comes to a stop just outside the hanger. A
refueling truck drives out to meet them.

The plane doors opens and Ernest hops out followed by the
others who begin stretching their legs. CU. on Ernest.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MAYO CLINIC'S PSYCHIATRIC ROOM - 1ST TREATMENTS

We see a gloved hand go over the various tools laid out
on the table. The hand picks up a black mouth guard; CU.
on Hemingway's mouth as the guard is inserted.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. SMALL AIRPORT, SOUTH DAKOTA - DAY CONTINUED

Ernest heads towards the hanger with purpose. A second
small plane is now headed out. CU. on Ernest...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MAYO'S PSYCHIATRIC ROOM - DAY - 1st TREATMENTS.

Hemingway's eyes widen in fear; the finger paints his
temples with the grease.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. SMALL AIRPORT, SOUTH DAKOTA - DAY CONTINUED

Ernest makes a bee line for the small plane's spinning propeller.

DR. SAVIER

Oh sweet Jesus. (He points to Ernest) Don, stop him!

The pilot of the second plane looks in horror as Hemingway heads towards him.

PILOT:

What the hell is he doing?

CU. of Ernest...the sound of the propeller takes us too.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MAYO'S PSYCHIATRIC ROOM - DAY - 1st TREATMENT.

The Electroshock dials hum as they are turned on. a gloved hand picks up the electro-paddles.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. SMALL AIRPORT, SOUTH DAKOTA - DAY

Ernest continues towards the spinning propeller. The hum of the Electroshock machine is deafening.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MAYO'S PSYCHIATRIC ROOM - DAY - 1st TREATMENT.

As The paddles move closer and touch Hemingway's skin, an anguished scream.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. SMALL AIRPORT, SOUTH DAKOTA, DAY

Ernest a few feet from propeller impact, he is tackled again by Don Anderson.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAYO CLINIC - DAY - 2nd TREATMENTS.

Establishing shot of St. Mary's Hospital, Mayo Clinic.

HEMINGWAY (O.S.)
If I had wanted to kill myself, I
would be dead.

INT. MAYO CLINIC - DAY - 2nd TREATMENT.

Ernest is seated in a doctors office. In the room is Dr. Savier, and two other doctors. Dr. HUGH BUTTS, and Dr. HOWARD ROME.

Dr. Rome is in charge of Hemingway's electric shock therapy, while Dr. Butts oversees Ernest's physical condition.

DR. ROME
Ernest, this is not a debate of
what you did, or didn't do. We
need to establish your frame of
mind right now. (Beat) Do you
really think the FBI is watching
you?

Ernest looks over to Dr. Savier feeling betrayed.

HEMINGWAY
Doc, (beat) you consider me
paranoid, and I consider you full
of shit. And it's just possible
we're both right.

Dr. Rome raises an eyebrow, and looks over to Dr. Butts who makes a note in his paper work.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
It's a hell of a nuisance to be
certified crazy. So, I'll admit I
am depressed, (beat) but crazy,
no. If you'd been through what I
have been through, you'd be crazy
not to be depressed.

DR. BUTTS
I'll have the blood work drawn in
the morning. See where your sugar
level is. With diabetes, or
sometimes with your blood pressure
medicine, we have seen elevated
anxiety, and even depression. Are
you drinking again?

HEMINGWAY

No, not like I used to --
(smiles)

DR. ROME

What's troubling is how quickly
your depression has returned. It's
only been three months since the
shock treatments. (beat) Are you
sleeping much?

DR. SAVIER

Mary said two hours tops.

Ernest looks over to Dr. Savier still feeling betrayal
from his friend for bringing him to the Mayo Clinic.

HEMINGWAY

Thanks, I can speak for myself. I
don't need as much sleep as I used
to, and honestly I've got good
reasons to stay awake.

DR. ROME

And why's that?

HEMINGWAY

Because the FBI is not only
watching me, but they are
poisoning me. How else can you
explain my weight drop in the last
three months.

DR. ROME

What's his weight? (Asking Dr.
Butts)

Dr. Butts flips a page on the file.

DR. BUTTS:

It's dropped. He's down from 180
to 164.

DR. ROME

I see. Well, I guess we'll have to
feed you better over the next few
months.

HEMINGWAY

Months?

Dr. Rome smiles friendly at Ernest.

DR. ROME

Ernest, because of the suicide attempts, we can't release you. (Beat) Not until we are sure you are not a threat to yourself, or others.

HEMINGWAY

Right.

He glares at Dr. Savier

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

So then I'll do my best to get better, and quickly.

INT. MAYO CLINIC HALLWAY - DAY - 2ND TREATMENT - LATER

Dr. Rome walks with Ernest down the hall to the psychiatric ward. He pushes a key in and turns it before the heavy door automatically opens.

DR. ROME

We got you the same room as last time, the one with the...

Ernest enters the room and looks out through the heavy bars on the window at the cherry trees below.

HEMINGWAY

... View of the cherry trees. A clean, well lighted jail cell. Thanks so much. What time is our first torture session?

DR. ROME

Your electroshock therapy will begin in the morning. Ernest, it has been proven successful in treating depression. Just your last stay was too short.

HEMINGWAY

Somehow I didn't see it that way.

INT. MAYO CLINIC HALLWAY - DAY

We are looking down a long, antiseptic, ice blue, stark hallway. The overhead lights reflect off the white marble floors.

In the distance Hemingway appears strapped in a wheelchair. He is being pushed towards us by a group of orderlies and the doctors, including Dr. Rome.

CU of Ernest. He looks upward.

Hemingway's POV of ceiling lights passing over head;

A small strain as the his hand tries to pull free from the leather strap;

C.U. Hemingway's eyes. The lights reflect in them.

DR. ROME

You know I was in Cuba during the war, in the Navy. I am sorry we never crossed paths. We heard about your exploits hunting the Nazi U-Boats.

He tries some levity.

DR. ROME (cont'd)

Now that was down right crazy.

This provokes a a thought in Ernest.

The overhead lights now begin to resemble a Zoetrope/Nickelodeon effect from a penny arcade. In between strobes we begin to see B&W images of WWII. Destroyers fighting against planes, U-Boat launched torpedoes blowing up targeted ships, Nazi U-Boats surfacing in the ocean.

The last image, is the face of a middle aged Cuban man in a Panama hat who appears and looks directly at him.

We recognize him, it is Gregorio. He is showing us the front page headlines of a Cuban newspaper.

CU. On Hemingway....

CUT TO:

INT. FINCA VIGIA, CUBA, DURING WWII - NIGHT

INSERT: B&W PHOTO OF A NAZI U-BOAT. NEWSPAPER HEADLINE -
NAZI U-BOATS SPOTTED OFF THE CUBAN COAST. JUNE 16, 1941

HEMINGWAY

This is WHY we have gathered here tonight.

Ernest, younger, with dark moustache and a stubble beard, stands over the newspaper and presides over the men who make up his CROOK FACTORY CREW. They go over their plans to capture a Nazi U-boat.

In the background we hear live MUSIC coming from rich neighbor Frank Steinhart's house.

Ernest closes the east windows to help quiet the noise.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
Stienhart! You bloody noisy
bastard!

A younger Gregorio enters with two kerosene lamps and British sportsman, WINSTON GUEST.

Ernest introduces the Crook Factory crew to Winston.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
Gentleman! And I use that term
loosely. Let me introduce you to
the last member of our historic
crew. The great British sportsman,
Mr. Winston Guest. Mr. Guest,
please meet in no particular order
of rank or preference, as they are
all disposable and will
predictably disappear once the
booze runs out.

The crew acknowledge this fact.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
First, a man who claims to be a
Basque merchant marine, and goes
by the name of Sinsky. He will
drink till he drops, and drop he
will. Mr. Guest, meet Maestro
Sinsky.

SINSKY raises a glass to Guest.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
Next, the best bartender in
Havana, and the man who owes all
his wealth and constant employment
to Sinsky. Meet simply, the great
FERNANDO!

FERNANDO hands him a cocktail and welcomes him.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 Also from the Basque country, and
 an artist with the Jai-Alai cesta.
 The man who cannot be bought but
 at times loaned, especially to his
 adoring female fans. Mr. Guest,
 meet PAAAAAX-TICHI! PAXTICHI!

Hemingway makes the sound of the crowd cheering Paxtichi.

PAXTICHI throws him an olive as if he had the cesta tied
 to his hand and it was a Jai-Alai pelota.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 Next our radioman on loan from the
 American Embassy who goes by a
 name he would like us to believe
 is God given. Meet Mr. John Saxon.

JOHN SAXON smiles as they shake hands.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 And speaking of God. My father who
 is not my father. But our
 spiritual leader or should I say
 healer. Meet Father Don.

FATHER DON dips his finger in his cocktail and sprinkles
 Mr. Guest with a blessing, they all laugh.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 And of course you have already met
 the Pillar of the Pilar! Our
 Captain courageous! Don Gregorio
 Fuentes.

Gregorio nods simply.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 OK, now that we are all familiar
 with each other we can get down to
 the business of landing and
 extinguishing the first of many
 Nazi U-Boats.

The crew gather around.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 I have named this mission,
Operation Friendless, after one of
 my cats, a lucky one. He beat the
 odds after getting roughed up by a
 pack of dogs.

(MORE)

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 As I see it, we are the lions
 prowling for German sea wolves.

Ernest unrolls a nautical chart.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 Gregorio, share with our crew what
 is happening to the Cuban
 fisherman on the north coast.

Gregorio takes over and indicates a stretch of small keys
 on the chart.

GREGORIO
 Here is where the German
 submarines have been seen. These
 are deserted keys along the
 nor'west coast. The bodies of
 fisherman, friends of mine, have
 washed up along here and here.

He turns and addresses the men.

GREGORIO (cont'd)
 The Germans, they come up next to
 the fishing boats, or turtle
 boats, and they demand their
 entire catch. Even after giving up
 their whole catch, the Germans
 sometimes kill them to keep them
 from talking.

HEMINGWAY
 This is how we will get the Kraut
 bastards. It will be their greed
 that will bring them to us. (Beat)
 We pose as scientists from the
 American Museum of Natural
 History. We are out fishing for
 specimens. When they surface to
 demand our catch, Paxtichi will
 fling grenades up and into the
 conning tower, disabling it so it
 cannot submerge

Sinsky and Father Don are in doubt and in drink.

FATHER DON
 We are putting much faith into his
 precision.

SINSKY
 Yes, a grenade is not a pelota.

Hemingway takes control.

HEMINGWAY

I will prove the expertise of the great Paxtichi and the ingenuity of my plan. But first! Fernando!

FERNANDO

Yes Papa.

Ernest raises his empty cocktail glass.

HEMINGWAY

Amo!

Everyone chimes in.

THE CREW

Amo!

EXT. FINCA VIGIA, CUBA - LATER

We see The Motley Crook Factory crew in formation dressed in makeshift World War I helmets, Army and Navy caps, Berets and even a Pershing helmet. Gregorio wears Napoleon's hat. They all have bamboo shoot or slingshots in one hand and cocktails in the other.

Paxtichi has his Jai-Alai cesta strapped to his hand and holds it formally in attention across his chest.

HEMINGWAY

All for one and one for all.

They all raise their glasses.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Follow me.

We follow them as they move off into and through the tropical foliage and under brush that surrounds the Finca.

Grown men playing war games.

As they come out of the foliage we see Hemingway's beret pop up, as we see what he sees.

FRANK STEINHART'S elegant party in progress.

The band plays an up tempo Cha Cha Cha. which underscores this moment.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
Prepare and load your weapons.

The crew obeys. Sling shots with stink bombs, bamboo shoots with bottle rockets, and Paxtichi with a large red cherry bomb in his cesta.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
Ready, Aim, Fire at will!

And they do, with Paxtichi's Jai-Alai Cesta being the most accurate.

Fireworks land in front of the Band and then in the pool creating a great water display. More rockets then crash into the party guests, followed by the stink bombs.

The guests scatter into the house. The band stops and also retreats.

FRANK STEINHART
Hemingway! You son-of-a-bitch!

Steinhart runs into the house.

The Hemingway crew celebrates.

Frank Steinhart comes out of the house with a shotgun and FIRES at them.

FRANK STEINHART (cont'd)
Lets see how tough you are now!
You piece of shit!

Hemingway and the gang retreat, laughing all the way.

Winston Guest screams as a spray of buckshot hits him on his British sportsman's ass.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEMINGWAY'S HOUSE, FINCA VIGIA, 7/21/99 - AFTERNOON

Old Gregorio smoking a cigar, looks at the Journalists.

OLD GREGORIO
I don't think we realized then,
how serious this U-Boat hunt would
become. We saw some things that
changed Papa forever. Like a
broken plate that is glued. It
still works, but the cracks will
always be there.

EXT. GULF STREAM - NIGHT

The Pilar and her crew motors over a glassy calm sea. Gregorio on the bridge points the spot light at something in the distance and calls out to Hemingway.

OLD GREGORIO

Papa! Two o'clock

Ernest joins him on the bridge. And we see what he begins to see.

Some scattered bananas float by along side the Pilar. Then more bananas, then broken crates, more bananas, more broken crates.

Then suddenly a dead body entangled on a crate, then another body, and another.

Hemingway is overwhelmed. Gregorio navigates slowly through the bizarre death scene.

Suddenly Gregorio points the spotlight at a feeding frenzy of sharks on the remains of a woman and child lodged on a banana crate. A horrific Madonna and child destroyed by evil.

HEMINGWAY

Fucking U-Boats. You cowards!
Sneaking up from behind! Never
showing your face!

Full of rage, Hemingway reaches down and pulls out his Thompson Sub Machine gun from the storage trunk beside them. And begins to FIRE at the sharks.

OLD GREGORIO (V/O)

He just snapped. We didn't know
those people. It didn't matter...
the sharks, the Nazi's, it's all
the same. This kind of anger comes
in the last fight... just before
all hope is lost.

From high above, the powerful spotlight illuminates the Pilar sitting in a sea of bananas and bodies as Hemingway continues his battle with the sharks. The blood stains the glassy waters.

JOURNALIST WOMAN: (V.O.)

So Hemingway never found the
German U-boat?

OLD GREGORIO (V.O.)

No. He did.

EXT. GULF STREAM OCEAN - NEXT DAY

The Pilar is again headed through sloppy seas, and off in the distance, they see what looks like a tug towing a large barge maybe two to three miles away.

Ernest looks through his binoculars and sees instead of the tug, the honeycombed superstructure of a submarine conning tower.

The hatch does not appear to be open, not yet.

Hemingway rallies his men to get their scientific hats on, the Tommie guns and other weapons stay down but ready.

The Pilar gives chase, at first closing in on the submarine, but when they get close enough to get weapons out...

The sub picks up speed and dives, heading in a north-northwest direction.

HEMINGWAY

If they keep going in that direction they will end up in New Orleans. John, radio it in and warn them.

JOHN SAXON

Roger, sir!

GREGORIO

You know they won't believe you.

HEMINGWAY

I am a writer Gregorio, I will make it sound important and dangerous.

BACK TO:

EXT. HEMINGWAY'S HOUSE, FINCA VIGIA, 7/21/99 - AFTERNOON

Old Gregorio smoking a cigar, looks at the Journalists.

OLD GREGORIO

Of course it was dismissed. But Papa was right.

(MORE)

OLD GREGORIO (cont'd)
Four Nazi spies were captured
rowing ashore off New Orleans. No
one gave Papa credit, but his
feelings were usually right.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYO'S PSYCHIATRIC ROOM - 2ND TREATMENT

Cu. Of Ernest is lying on the table, readied for his
shock treatment.

OLD GREGORIO (V.O.)
He had the instincts, the sense of
smell of a hunter. Just like
Santiago...

As Dr. Rome Greases his temples...

DR. ROME
Oh, I never did thank you for my
signed copy of *The Old Man And The
Sea*.

The mention of his novel provokes a distant thought in
Ernest. He whispers to himself.

HEMINGWAY
Santiago...

Dr. Rome puts electro-paddles to Hemingway's temples;
Then suddenly his body convulses. A blinding white flash.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE GULF STREAM OCEAN - **DREAM**

We are in Hemingway's mind, flying silently above the
calm deep blue of the Gulf Stream.

In the distance a small wooden skiff with a tattered sail
sits becalmed out on the endless sea. We are moving
closer and closer to it, and we see an old man sitting in
the boat.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)
He'd gone eighty-four days now
without taking a fish...

INT. THE OLD MAN'S SKIFF - DAY - **DREAM**

Suddenly we are in the sailing skiff.

HEMINGWAY IS NOW SANTIAGO FROM *THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA*

He looks at his weathered hands holding a fishing line and the sail sheet line.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)
The old man was now definitely
and finally *salao*; which is the
worst form of unlucky...

He reaches down into a small canvas bag and pulls out what seems to be a photograph...

CUT TO

EXT. CLUB NAUTICO DOCK. HAVANA HARBOR - AFTERNOON

CU. B&W PHOTO OF ADRIANA IVANCICH, A YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE ITALIAN WOMAN.

Hemingway, 50's, has a salt and pepper beard, considerably more weight and muscle. He is standing by the ship's helm, holding the photo, when Gregorio, 40's, steps up from the galley holding fresh drinks for both of them.

Clearly Ernest has already had a few,

HEMINGWAY
I love only Adriana. If I can't
have her....I will kill myself.

Gregorio has heard these threats before.

GREGORIO
Yes, yes. Then you will have eight
more lives, for eight more women.
You old cat.

HEMINGWAY
Yeah. But a man should be allowed
to have more than one wife. (Beat)
Especially when that wife cannot
bear children. You are a lucky
man, you have five daughters,
Gregorio.

GREGORIO

Ah, but it is a fisherman's luck
to have only daughters.

HEMINGWAY

But I want a daughter. Adriana is
young, healthy, she could give me
many daughters. She would be a
good wife.

Ernest takes a long drink.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

It is easier in Africa. There, it
doesn't seem so bad to have four
wives; that is, if you can afford
them. Instead I have one wife at a
time and pay alimony to each after
I find a new one. I think I might
be more faithful if I had all four
at the same time.

GREGORIO

It is because you do not have, as
I do, six women that want your
attention, affection and money,
that you think this is good. But I
have five daughters and one wife
and that is why I spend so much
time on this boat.

Ernest laughs.

HEMINGWAY

But you of all people should know
why I have always wanted a
daughter.

Gregorio takes a sip of his drink as he sits next to
Ernest.

GREGORIO

Why?

HEMINGWAY

That day we met down in the Dry
Tortugas. We were all storm bound
with that Nor'easter, but it was
you that took me thru three miles
of fifteen foot seas to that
little lighthouse, just so I could
call my family in Key West.

(MORE)

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
You said then, no one worried as
much as a wife, except maybe a
daughter. Because...

Ernest looks to Gregorio to finish the line.

GREGORIO
Because... (smiles remembering) A
father's love for his daughter is
unlike that of a wife, mother, or
sister. It is pure, with no
desire, expectation, or
competition.

HEMINGWAY
Beautiful! (Beat) I have always
wanted a daughter ever since.

GREGORIO
That was a long time ago, my
friend.

Ernest passes the photo to Gregorio.

GREGORIO (cont'd)
She looks too young. How old is
she?

HEMINGWAY
In her twenties.

GREGORIO
No, no, too young! Too young. And
you are too old. It is bad luck.

HEMINGWAY
Adriana, bad luck?

He gets lost for a moment in a memory.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
Never!

GREGORIO
Where did you catch her?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. HARRY'S BAR. VENICE, ITALY - DAY - 1 YR. EARLIER.

Establishing shot of the bar alongside the waterway.

INT. HARRY'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

We move in on Ernest and Mary who are seated at a table towards the back of the room. Joining them are a handsome dark haired man and woman. They are GIANFRANCO IVANCHICH 24, and ADRIANA IVANCHICH 19.

Gianfranco stands and raises a glass to Ernest.

GIANFRANCO
*To Across The River and Into The
 Trees, Papa.*

They all toast.

Hemingway turns to Mary and winks.

HEMINGWAY
 We have arrived, Pickle. The niece
 and nephew of the grand Duke Aosta
 are toasting us.

MARY
 Count, Countess, Cheers!

They all laugh and clink glasses again.

Ernest leans in.

HEMINGWAY
 Tell me Gianfranco, have you given
 any more thought to coming over to
 Cuba? There is money to be made.

Gianfranco smiles.

GIANFRANCO
 I might be persuaded.

HEMINGWAY
 Good, good. You'll bring your
 lovely sister, of course.

Ernest now smiles and looks at Adriana with a boyish crush.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 Adriana, you inspire me with your
 every breath.

Adriana is charmed.

Mary, trying to conceal her anger and jealousy, has seen this behavior before.

She too has been the object of Ernest's attention, and also too often the witness of his flattery towards others.

She rubs her champagne glass methodically between her fingers.

ADRIANA

Thank you, but Mama would never let me leave Italy.

HEMINGWAY

Even if I give my word, I would promise to protect both - you and your virtue.

He leans forward and takes her hand.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Though clearly, I would rather uphold the first, than the latter.

Adriana is graciously polite at his gentleness and attraction towards her.

Mary plays it cool, but now leans in and runs her hand thru Gianfranco's hair, in retaliation.

MARY

Nobility and looks. The Ivanchich family seems to have it all.

Ernest is amused by Mary's attempt to make him jealous.

GIANFRANCO

Well, let me say that before the war, my family was in far better shape. Now with father dead, Mama needs Adriana to marry well, and me to remake our father's fortune.

HEMINGWAY

Fortunes are made and lost in Cuba. I hope you will visit us. We can repay you for the inspiration I found in Adriana for *Across The River And Into The Trees*. It is really the best book I've ever written. Maybe now I can retire.

MARY

If you don't stop your flirting, I will make certain that there will be nothing left to retire.

Ernest's deep laughter is overtaken by sounds of Centennial Birthday party ending...

BACK TO:

EXT. HEMINGWAY'S HOUSE, FINCA VIGIA, 7/21/99 - AFTERNOON

The Crowd from Ernest's 100th birthday celebration has dwindling down to a dozen people talking. We find Old Gregorio still being interviewed by the two Journalist.

JOURNALIST MALE

Why do you think Hemingway wrote
The Old Man and the Sea?

OLD GREGORIO

He had to.

JOURNALIST MALE

What do you mean?

Gregorio is growing impatient.

OLD GREGORIO

Did you read the book?

JOURNALIST MALE

Yes.

OLD GREGORIO

Read it again...Like Santiago he
needed one last great triumph.

CUT TO:

EXT. COJIMAR BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON - **DREAM**

We see Santiago/Hemingway walking along the beach with a young boy of seven, named MANOLIN.

MANOLIN

Why do we fish?

SANTIAGO/HEMINGWAY

It is to live.

Manolin smiles and nods in agreement.

They pass the other fishermen unloading billfish catch along the shore by La Terraza Cafe.

FISHERMAN #1

Ay Boy, don't waste your time
fishing with that old man. My bait
is bigger than any fish he can
catch.

The other FISHERMAN laugh. The boy turns away, angry at
the insult to the old man.

INT. LA TERRAZA RESTAURANT - EVENING - **DREAM**

Entering the restaurant, Santiago/Hemingway passes other
older fishermen leaning against the bar. They look at him
sadly.

The boy and Ernest sit at a far table near the windows
that over look the Cojimar harbor.

MANOLIN

Why do you allow the others to
tease you?

HEMINGWAY

Because they are right.

MANOLIN

There are many good fisherman and
some great ones - But there is
only one of you.

HEMINGWAY

Until I prove myself again, the
thousand times I have done it in
the past mean nothing. Each time
is a new time.

Ernest looks over to a man reading at another table. CU.
of the book's title *ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES*,
BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY...

CUT TO:

INT. FINCA VIGIA, CUBA -DAY

Hemingway, 50's, sits inside his living room reading the
morning newspaper.

HEMINGWAY

(to self) Ah, good. (To Mary) The
Times finally got around to
reviewing *Across The River And
Into the Trees*.

Mary in the kitchen reacts in anticipation.

After reading a little, Ernest grows angry, balls up the section and throws the NY Times book review across the room.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Bloody Hell.

Mary comes in from kitchen to see what is bothering Ernest.

MARY

What is it?

HEMINGWAY

The Bastards say I am finished, washed up. An embarrassment. Said this book gives readers little to cheer about. What the fuck do they know?

There is a KNOCK at the front door. Mary goes to open it.

Gregorio 40's, enters the house holding some new linen line for two empty reels standing by the front door.

GREGORIO

Buenos Dias.

HEMINGWAY

Ah Don Gregorio. Come in.

Mary picks up the balled up newspaper section and looks at the book review.

MARY

Well, it's just one review.

HEMINGWAY

No. It's the fucking *Times*. If they say it's shit - everyone will say it's shit. I'm ruined.

Mary tries to calm Ernest as Gregorio observes.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh come on, they just don't understand the complex structure of this book. It's really a very lovely romantic story.

HEMINGWAY

Oh Balls. Look at that last paragraph!

MARY

(beat) Like Colonel Cantwell, a middle aged man attracted to a nineteen year old girl, Hemingway seems unable to satisfy his readers, or the girl.

Ernest is now livid.

HEMINGWAY

Not able! Not God Damn Able!

He looks to Gregorio.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Gregorio what did you think of that book?

Gregorio looks between Mary who wants him to praise it, and Ernest who wants an honest opinion.

He answers carefully.

GREGORIO

I like it better, when you write fishing stories. You write good about love, and war, but I am a fisherman. And no one has ever written as great as you about fishing. I wish you would write one more on this. A fishing story.

Ernest calmly looks at his captain then walks to his bar, pours a drink and then turns to his friend and raises his glass in a silent toast, embracing the idea.

Then Ernest turns to his wife.

HEMINGWAY

Mary, arrange for Adriana to come to Cuba. I need my lovely muse.

MARY

(under her breath) Oh for the love of God.

HEMINGWAY

What, you don't trust me?

MARY

With her? No!

HEMINGWAY

The best way to find out if you
can trust someone, is to trust
them.

Mary, upset by Ernest's desire to see Adriana again,
shoots Gregorio an angry look, and then storms back into
her bedroom.

Ernest, knowing his lovely Adriana is coming back,
smiles; he raises his drink towards Gregorio and whispers
a toast.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

To Adriana.

The sound of storm clouds takes us...

BACK TO:

INT. MAYO'S PSYCHIATRIC ROOM - DAY

A flash of lightning. A dark, powerful storm is seen and
heard through the window as Ernest, 62, is exhausted from
the shock treatment.

Dr. Rome cuts the power and motions the ORDERLY, who
leans over Ernest and takes the mouth piece out.

HEMINGWAY

(whispers) Adriana.

His mind blurs from reality as the storm's lightning
causes the overhead lights to flicker on and off then
completely dark, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT./EXT. COJIMAR FISHING SHACK/BEACH - DARK DAWN - **DREAM**

Out of the darkness a kerosene lantern is lit,
illuminating the room. A young boy MANOLIN wakes
Santiago/Hemingway

MANOLIN

I have come to help you.

Santiago/Hemingway; and Manolin are now leaving his small
shack carrying his sail, lantern, harpoon and tackle.

From a distance we see a procession of Cojimar fishermen off to work, their lanterns illuminating their paths down to their skiffs by the shoreline.

It is a poetic subtle dance of lights as they move almost in rhythm with each other towards the Sea.

MANOLIN (cont'd)

I brought you fresh bait.

Manolin holding up two good size bait fish.

HEMINGWAY

Thank you.

Hemingway puts his gear in the fishing boat on the beach.

MANOLIN

I could go with you again. We've made some money.

HEMINGWAY

No. You're with a lucky boat. Stay with them.

MANOLIN

But I believe in you. Today your luck will change.

HEMINGWAY

It's pretty to think so.

Ernest smiles and he and the boy push the skiff off the beach.

MANOLIN

I know so.

Ernest climbs aboard and places the two oars into their locks.

MANOLIN (cont'd)

Good luck old man.

Ernest smiles again and gives the first strong pull on the oars.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him...

The boy waves as the little skiff heads silently out into the harbor.

Further out, Hemingway sees the silhouette of a young woman who dives into the water towards him...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. FINCA VIGIA SWIMMING POOL - MORNING

ADRIANA'S GRACEFUL BODY PENETRATES THE WATER.

WE SEE WHAT ERNEST IMAGINES, WHICH IS A NAKED ADRIANA UNDERWATER.

She surfaces at the edge of the pool, now back to reality in her bathing suit.

She sees Ernest, 50, sitting in one of the four Adirondack chairs seated around a white picnic table. He is reading through a worn looking notebook.

ADRIANA (O.S.)

Papa, what are you working on?

Ernest looks up and smiles as he sees the lovely Adriana Ivancich step out of the pool and move towards him.

HEMINGWAY

Nothing as lovely as you.

Adriana smiles as she dries off and sits in one of the oversize white chairs beside Ernest.

ADRIANA

What is that?

Ernest flips through the old note pad and smiles shyly.

HEMINGWAY

An old journal from years ago. It has an idea for a book. One that I always meant to write, but never got around to, (beat) 'til now.

ADRIANA

Why not?

He thumbs through the pages, feeling a little like a boy with a crush.

HEMINGWAY

I got side tracked by history. The Spanish Civil War, World War II, and then well, there was you...The damn critics did not understand the book I wrote for you.

ADRIANA

I did.

HEMINGWAY

I know, my love. (BEAT) This is a new story. I will make it simple enough for them, and yet strong enough for you. You deserve that, daughter. I write this story for you.

Adriana is moved.

MARY (O.S.)

It is lovely, isn't it?

Ernest and Adriana turn to see Mary walking into the pool area followed by Adriana's handsome brother GIANFRANCO IVANCICH 25, and her mother DORA IVANCICH 45.

ADRIANA

Thank you Papa.

Adriana waves to her mother, then turning back to Ernest, blushes a little.

ADRIANA (cont'd)

I have always believed in you. I know your new story will be wonderful.

Ernest reaches to put his hand on top of hers.

HEMINGWAY

Oh what I would give to be twenty years younger.

Adriana smiles.

ADRIANA

Tell me this new story.

He looks into her eyes.

HEMINGWAY

How can I resist. (Beat) This was when I was first learning about marlin and how to catch them. I was fishing off El Morro, in the Gulfstream....

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. GULF STREAM OCEAN, CUBA - EARLY MORNING

Ernest, 40, very tan, muscular, sporting a dark moustache, and no beard, is at the lower helm of the Pilar, which is looking nearly new.

HEMINGWAY (O.S.)

...it was me and Gregorio Fuentes, we were all much younger then.

Standing beside him is tan and lean, Gregorio Fuentes, 32, whose head turns to the SNAP of a line freeing from one of the tall outriggers.

Ernest runs to grab the rod while Gregorio takes control of the helm. Ernest drops back the line and then jerks back the rod to set the hook.

A small white marlin suddenly breaks clear of the water and makes a series of long jumps before diving under again.

Ernest works his way over to the large fighting chair and starts to bring in the fish, when suddenly something else hits the line. The reel screams as line is pulled off.

GREGORIO

What is this?! Let him run!

Fuentes throttles back and steps towards the fighting chair.

GREGORIO (cont'd)

That fish is too small and too full of air to dive deep!

HEMINGWAY

This is not a small fish - not anymore!

Ernest struggles with the odd sudden power behind the pull.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
Shark! Gregorine, Tiburon!

Gregorio studies the action.

GREGORIO
No, it is not shaking the line
like a shark would. (Beat) Maybe
a giant squid.

Then just as suddenly the line goes slack.

GREGORIO (cont'd)
Is it off?

Ernest reels in - then...

HEMINGWAY
Hell no. Something is still on.

Hemingway brings up a very dead white marlin. Fuentes
gauffs it, and pulls it on board. Ernest examines it.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
The skin is smooth and intact. Not
a shark attack.

GREGORIO
No sucker marks. Not a squid.

Gregorio looks closer and sees the mid-section of the
marlin has been crushed.

GREGORIO (cont'd)
This is the work of a very, very
large Marlin.

As Gregorio attends to the marlin. Hemingway studies the
fish.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)
Just how big can a marlin grow?
What size fish can grab an eighty
pound white marlin and squeeze it
till every part of his insides
have been crushed like a bait?

EXT. PILAR HELM - LATER

Gregorio at the helm navigating the Pilar back into
Havana harbor as Hemingway listens to his captivating
story.

GREGORIO

...They said he was very old, and had very bad luck for many months. But one day he hooked a giant marlin and was pulled out to sea. The old man stayed with that fish two days and two nights, on a braided hand line. But the fish was very large and very strong and pulled him out, way out past the Gulf Stream.

Hemingway is completely engrossed.

HEMINGWAY

Was he able to land the great fish?

GREGORIO

Yes, after a great fight. His hands and back were cut by the braided line.

HEMINGWAY

His back?

GREGORIO

Yes, we run the line around our back and use it as a drag on a big fish, it helps to save our hands.

ADRIANA (O.S.)

How did he land it?

BACK TO:

INT. FINCA VIGIA'S LIVING ROOM, CUBA - DAY

Ernest is sitting in his big easy chair. Adriana Ivancich sits beside him with her head leaning on folded hands, her eyes looking up at Papa, while he continues the story.

HEMINGWAY

...When the fish finally came up, the old man harpooned him, then lashed the great fish along side his small boat. Sharks came to feed on the fish and the old man fought them, clubbing them, stabbing at them, until he was exhausted. Then sharks ate their fill.

(MORE)

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 By the time other fishermen found
 that old man, he was half crazed
 from his loss, and what was left
 of his fish, less than half, still
 weighed nearly eight hundred
 pounds.

A genuinely moved Adriana reaches out to hold Ernest's
 hands and then brings them towards her heart.

ADRIANA
 Papa, that is a great story.

Ernest is thrilled at her affection.

HEMINGWAY
 It will be. If I can get it right.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. THE PILAR, CLUB NAUTICO DOCKS - NIGHT

There is a full-blown party going on. Ernest is
 entertaining Mary and Adriana at the same time.

Adriana's family and a fairly large group of Havana
 socialites are also on board. They all have had too much
 to drink and are out of control.

Gregorio approaches from a distance carrying the next
 morning's bait wrapped neatly in newspaper.

Upon seeing the party aboard the Pilar, he stops and
 watches from behind a column near the dock.

The more he watches the party the more upset he gets.

A guest spills a bottle of booze which shatters on the
 deck.

Gregorio has had enough. He makes a move towards the
 Pilar.

GREGORIO
 Off my boat! Off of my Boat!

The party stops suddenly.

GREGORIO (cont'd)
 You disrespect her, off my Boat!

Ernest steps forward.

HEMINGWAY

Gregorio relax. It is only a bottle of yesterday's gin. Come, please join us.

GREGORIO

No. This is not a party boat. This is a fishing boat!

He steps on board and heads toward the ice box.

GREGORIO (cont'd)

This ice is for keeping the bait fresh, not for drinks!

HEMINGWAY

Gregorio, you are over-reacting. These are my guests, and this is my boat.

GREGORIO

She is your boat, but I am her captain! And the captain says, *party is over!*

Ernest confronts him.

HEMINGWAY

Gregorio, I say when the party is over.

Gregorio looks at him dead in the eye.

GREGORIO

OK, and I say when the captain is finished. Ya yo acabe! (*I am finished!*)

And he turns and walks off.

Ernest watches his friend walk away.

Mary, Adriana and the party members have observed this break up in dead silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. FUENTES HOME - COJIMAR, CUBA - AFTERNOON - NEXT DAY

Ernest is walking up to Gregorio's modest, small house.

On the porch sits Gregorio winding new line on his Cuban fishing Yo-Yo's. He watches as Hemingway approaches.

HEMINGWAY (O.S.)
Good morning, captain.

Gregorio barely nods and keeps winding.

From the look on Ernest's face, Gregorio can tell that he has not slept and is saddened by something.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
I have come to tell you I was out
of line last night.

Gregorio stops winding to look at his lost friend.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
Pilar...she is yours, Captain, and
she is lost without you.

Gregorio looks at his saddened friend for a long beat.

GREGORIO
The women, they make you crazy.

HEMINGWAY
What do you mean?

GREGORIO
You are like a Dorado around them,
changing colors according to your
sensations. Anger, hunger,
fear,...

HEMINGWAY
Fear!? Nobody calls me yellow!

GREGORIO
...and sex.

HEMINGWAY
Sex, yes. Yellow, no!

GREGORIO
And when you change colors so
fast, you don't think straight.
You make mistakes.

Ernest contemplates.

HEMINGWAY
Which women?

GREGORIO
Both! You should only have one
woman.

HEMINGWAY

But you have two women in your life.

Gregorio is now confused.

GREGORIO

Who?

HEMINGWAY

Your wife and Pilar.

Gregorio takes this in.

GREGORIO

Yes, but I never put them together. (Beat) That is why you are changing colors all the time.

HEMINGWAY

OK, OK Captain. Are we going to fish or talk about my women?

GREGORIO

With you, as always...both!

HEMINGWAY

You really think I can let you quit? You quit on me and I am finished. (Beat) You have to come back.

They stare at each other, two stubborn men.

Gregorio continues winding. Ernest turns and leaves.

EXT. FINCA VIGIA, CUBA - DAWN - NEXT DAY

It's very early morning at the Finca, sounds of ROOSTERS CROWING in the distance; much closer, the sounds of a TYPEWRITER pecking out words.

INT. FINCA VIGIA'S WRITING ROOM, CUBA - EARLY MORNING

Hemingway is standing barefoot on a kudu skin rug, typing on his trusted portable typewriter that is oddly not on a table, but resting on top of a book case.

Hemingway finishes the last sentence of a manuscript page and pulls it out, then puts in a clean page and begins typing again to fill it.

He then glances beside his typewriter at the old note book. He thinks for a moment and then continues typing.

Then suddenly a knock is at his window. He turns.

It is Gregorio.

GREGORIO

The tuna are running. You want to fish?

Hemingway smiles.

HEMINGWAY

Si mi Capitan! (*Yes my captain*)

EXT. FINCA VIGIA'S, CUBA - EARLY MORNING

Ernest and Gregorio run into Mary as they head off to the Pilar.

HEMINGWAY

Kitten, we're off . The tuna are running. I'll be home for supper.

MARY

Bring back some yellowfin, but only yellowfin.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GULF STREAM - DAY

A large flock of sea birds hover over a large boil of bait fish. As they dive into the action, they compete with the school of yellowfin Tunas hitting from below. The sea is alive with a feeding frenzy.

On the Pilar, Hemingway and Gregorio are both hooked up. It is a glorious day.

EXT. COJIMAR BEACH - SUNSET

Ernest and Gregorio stand in front of a couple of dozen large tunas hanging head down, strung along a long wooden pole. They are beaming as a photo is taken.

OLD GREGORIO (V.O.)

With us, the fight did not last.
With his women, it never ended.

Sounds of many CATS coming together for breakfast.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FINCA VIGIA'S WHITE TOWER, CUBA - MORNING

Mary is in her bath robe just outside Ernest's writing room, on the patio between the main house and the three story white tower.

MARY (O.S.) (Cont'd)
Boise, over here. Leave Princessa
alone. Look there's plenty of food
for everyone.

There are fifty-seven cats that live on the second floor of the tower and she is feeding them.

ADRIANA (O.S.)
(In Italian) No, carissima mia.
Non lasciarmi. Ho bisogno di te.
(*No, my beautiful kitten. Don't
leave me. I need you.*)
(Beat) Come here cat.

Mary looks up to see Adriana's long white arm motion to a cat on the stairs of the third floor. The cat turns and reenters the room.

ADRIANA (O.S.) (cont'd)
Thank you. Now I can finish.

Partly from curiosity, Mary climbs the stairs and enters the small office study that is on the third floor.

INT. FINCA'S WHITE TOWER 3RD FLOOR STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Mary finds Adriana standing before an art easel, painting a water color of the view from the Finca tower with a cat on the stairs. It's surprisingly good.

MARY
You're a modest girl of many
talents.

Mary runs her fingers thru Adriana's hair.

MARY (cont'd)
Come to the roof, dear girl.

Adriana growing uncomfortable steps away. Mary smiles, and drops her robe from one shoulder, exposing her breast.

MARY (cont'd)

A day like this is perfect for the full body tan.

Adriana, embarrassed turns away.

ADRIANA

No. No thank you.

MARY

Your loss.

Mary smugly leaves for the roof top.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOF OF FINCA'S WHITE TOWER - LATER

A CAR HORN wakes Mary from her tanning slumber. She stands up to see over the tower's chest high wall and spots RENE VILLAREAL, Ernest's driver, a black Cuban who opens the back door on the convertible.

EXT. FINCA VIGIA, CUBA - DAY

Ernest and Adriana come down the steps like high school kids sneaking out. They climb into the car's back seat while Adriana's brother Gianfranco runs over to the front passenger seat.

EXT. ROOF OF FINCA'S WHITE TOWER - SAME TIME

Mary is visibly upset...then a sound of a SHOT GUN BLAST.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB DE CAZADORES - DAY

At the Club de Cazadores, a hunting club, Ernest proves he is still a crack shot and downs several doves with his SHOT GUN.

Adriana and Gianfranco watch and applaud.

ADRIANA

Ah Papa, (In Italian) Sei cosi
buono. (*You are so very good.*)

Gianfranco, along with a young Cuban boy, run out to the field and pick up the prize birds.

HEMINGWAY

It is nothing, Daughter.

CUBAN JOURNALIST:

Excuse me Senior Hemingway, but I
was hoping I might get a photo?
Please.

HEMINGWAY

I'd be delighted.

Ernest takes off his glasses to look younger, then almost an after thought calls Adriana to join him in the photograph.

Ernest puts his arm around her as she tosses her head back and in that moment you can see he is in love with her.

The Camera clicks capturing that moment. The photographer bows to thank him, and leaves. Ernest turns to Adriana.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Would you ever consider marrying
an old guy like me?

Adriana is surprised, both touched and sorry for her answer.

ADRIANA

I (beat) can not. My mother and
brother need me, (looking for the
right words) I must do what's good
for my family...

Ernest smiles and puts an arm around her and starts to walk towards his car.

HEMINGWAY

I understand. Preserve the old
nobility thing. You need to marry
money with title.

Ernest pauses to look at Adriana on his arm, then teases.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
So could I talk you into an
affair?

Adriana giggles and tosses her hair back.

ADRIANA
Ah, Papa. You are so funny. That
is why I love you.

Ernest grins, not sure how to take her answer.

CUT TO:

EXT. FINCA VIGIA, CUBA - EVENING

Hemingway's car pulls up into the Finca's drive way.
Ernest steps out the back seat, then holds out a hand for
Adriana.

Behind them, we see Mary and Adriana's mother Dora come
out of the Finca and down the stairs. They are not
pleased by Ernest's affection towards this young woman.

MARY:
You're old enough to be her
grandfather.

Ernest looks coldly at Mary.

HEMINGWAY
And you Mary, have lovely green
eyes.

Mary's confidence deflates as Ernest storms by her.

CUT TO:

INT. FINCA VIGIA KITCHEN, CUBA - AFTERNOON

Gregorio sips on some rum. As Mary engages him.

MARY
Why does he persist in humiliating
me? Has he lost respect for me?

GREGORIO
No, it is just his way. He is like
a child at times. Not rational.
Even with me.

MARY

Does he truly love her?

GREGORIO

Yes, like a fish is driven to *la sensacion*, the sensation of eating. But he also needs you. He is lost without his Mary.

MARY

Does he still love me?

GREGORIO

Yes. But he loves, love. For him as a writer, as a man, there is a certain value to being *in love*. If we love him we must understand his needs.

MARY

What about my needs?

INT. FINCA DINNING ROOM, CUBA - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ernest seated at the head of the table, while Adriana is to his right, her brother to his left. Mary sits at the far end with only Dora who speaks no English. Hemingway is enjoying being the jolly host and raconteur to the Ivancich family.

HEMINGWAY

You have to write as true as you can. To create scenes that allow the reader to feel a part of the experience. That meant, I had to become that OLD fisherman. But only from the waist UP.

Adriana giggles, her brother laughs. The mother looks between them not knowing what was said.

Mary, already jealous, and now drunk, lashes out at Ernest for sharing his latest writing with this girl.

MARY

Ah, giving the good straight stuff to one who knows nothing of writing? Nothing! She's pretty, and young, and it ends there.

Ernest gives Mary a disgusted look.

HEMINGWAY

You're drunk. So I'll make this easy. You will respect Adriana. Not for me, not for us, but simply because without her, I can not write. Do you understand?

MARY

Completely. (Simply) I hate you.

She looks around at everyone, then...

MARY (cont'd)

Good night.

Mary gets up and leaves the table, Ernest waits a beat then turns back to Adriana.

HEMINGWAY

So in order to become that old fisherman, I had to first find that fisherman.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PILAR, CLUB NAUTICO DOCK - LATE AFTERNOON

Ernest, 50's, and Gregorio are tying up the Pilar. As Gregorio says to Ernest.

GREGORIO

There are many old fisherman in Cojimar. But I can think of only one who might have been crazy enough, (beat)- and good enough, to have caught such a large fish.

HEMINGWAY

What is his name?

GREGORIO

Anselmo Hernandez. He is the oldest and greatest fisherman of our town, maybe all of Cuba.

HEMINGWAY

I would like to meet Anselmo. Is he alive?

GREGORIO

Oh yes, very much alive.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. LA TERRAZA RESTAURANT, COJIMAR - MAGIC HOUR

Ernest from his table glances out the corner windows facing the mouth of the harbor.

The sky is filled with the fiery orange of sunset and there are several fishing boats making their way into the harbor.

Gregorio enters the restaurant with an old man, ANSELMO HERNANDEZ, 78. He introduces Ernest.

GREGORIO

Anselmo this is Papa Hemingway.
Papa, this is Anselmo Hernandez.

They shake hands.

ANSELMO HERNANDEZ

Mucho gusto.

HEMINGWAY

The pleasure is mine maestro.

Anselmo nods in appreciation.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF CAMERA ANGLES AS WE EXPLORE THEIR CONVERSATION.

We do not hear him as we are inside of Hemingway's thoughts and observations, taking notes.

As Anselmo gestures and smokes his cigar, we can imagine the stories as he recounts several great fish that were close to 1000 pounds. The smoke envelopes Anselmo and his story as Hemingway studies him.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (cont'd)

He was not the fisherman who lost
his prize to the sharks. But when
I looked in his eyes for me it was
him....Face thin...deeply
wrinkled...brown blotches on
skin...everything about him was
old. Except his eyes and they were
the same color as the sea and were
cheerful and undefeated.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FINCA'S STUDY, CUBA - DAY

A SHOT OF ERNEST STANDING IN HIS STUDY TYPING FURIOUSLY.

BACK TO:

INT. LA TERRAZA RESTAURANT, COJIMAR - SAME TIME

HEMINGWAY

Maestro, do you still fish for the great fish?

Anselmo for a moment is lost in thought, then...

ANSELMO HERNANDEZ

There are certain things that get much harder when you get old...my nephew helps me not only by catching the bait, but honestly...he was the only one who believed I could still do it. I didn't want to let him down. (Suddenly moved) So...I taught him how to fish and he loves me for it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FINCA'S STUDY, CUBA - ANOTHER DAY

ERNEST STILL STANDING, ENGROSSED IN HIS MANUSCRIPT.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FINCA'S LIVING ROOM, CUBA - DAY

Ernest, 50, stands inside the living room holding a drink, petting his cat Boise who sits on the window sill. Ernest glances from Boise to the two women in the room.

Mary and Adriana are sitting in the over size chairs reading through the last dozen typed pages of *The Old Man and The Sea*.

Mary finishes her pages first and hands them over to Adriana to read.

HEMINGWAY

Well?

Mary walks over to Ernest.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
Your opinion is the one I truly
value. Even if at times I'm an
ass.

MARY
A royal ass.

He smiles.

HEMINGWAY
Well then.

MARY
I'll be honest. This is your best
work yet. It gave me goose bumps.

HEMINGWAY
Thank you.

MARY
And I know it's wonderful, because
of her and how she inspires you. I
wanted to hate it.

Ernest smiles and kisses her, then looks over to Adriana
waiting for her approval, but the young woman doesn't
look up. She is engrossed in the story and reads much
slower than Mary.

HEMINGWAY
Walk with me.

Ernest takes Mary's hand and leads her out the front
door.

EXT. FINCA'S FRONT STEPS, CUBA - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ernest leads Mary down the front steps.

HEMINGWAY
I had a good feeling about this
one. It came so easy. I felt like
an old cook working with his
favorite recipe.

MARY
(In French) A ton plat du succes.
(To your dish of success)

Ernest smiles and crosses to the huge Ceiba tree at the
foot of the front steps. He pats the huge gray trunk.

HEMINGWAY

Thank you, but it wasn't all me.
 (Softly in Spanish) Gracias
 Orishas por averme dado la
 inspiracion y el exito. (*Thank you*
Orisha gods for giving me the
inspiration and success.)

Ernest then pours the rest of his dark rum on the roots of the Ceiba Tree.

MARY

Enough of that old silly
 superstition. This is *your* success
 and it's going to put you back on
 top!

Mary embraces Ernest and looks in his eyes.

MARY (cont'd)

In fact, it's so good, I may
 forgive you for all the
 disagreeable things you have done
 to me.

Ernest is moved, he kisses Mary. But their quiet moment is short lived as Adriana steps into the door way.

ADRIANA

Papa? (Beat) Ah Papa!

Adriana skips down the stairs and gives Ernest a hug.

ADRIANA (cont'd)

It is magnificent. (Beat) I love
 it. Please Papa, please, can you
 teach me to fish?

Ernest smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./INT. THE PILAR, THE GULF STREAM - DAY

On board the Pilar are Ernest, Mary, Gregorio, as well as Adriana, her mother Dora, and brother Gianfranco.

Gregorio and Mary stand on the make shift flying bridge watching Ernest below coaching Adriana in the fighting chair. He leans over her side and helps with the pulling on the rod, while she reels.

HEMINGWAY

You're doing well daughter. Don't stop. You must keep the pressure on the line. Reel. Okay now lift the rod again and -- reel on the way down. Good. You're a natural.

Suddenly the reel screams as the fish pulls line off. Then fifty feet off the stern, a three foot Barracuda jumps from the wave and takes several more leaps like a rock skipping across the surface.

ADRIANA

(laughs) Papa, look at my fish!

Gianfranco and Dora, under shade of the open aft cabin, cheer for Adriana's fish.

GIANFRANCO

Bravo Adriana!

DORA

Bravo!

MARY

(dismissive) My what a charming little 'cuda.

HEMINGWAY

Don Gregorio, I need a hand down here.

Gregorio puts the boat in neutral and jumps down to gaff the fish.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Adriana, you don't slow down.

ADRIANA

But I am tired, Papa.

HEMINGWAY

Okay, I will help - but only a little. This is your fish. You must stay with it till the end.

Ernest helps Adriana lift the rod so she can reel again and finally together they bring the barracuda to the boat.

Gregorio gaffs the fish and then clubs it before bringing it into the cockpit.

GREGORIO
Here's your trophy!

HEMINGWAY
Gianfranco, the camera please. (To
Adriana) I told you, you could do
it. A beauty.

Mary has come down to stand next to Dora. They watch
Ernest lift the big Barracuda up by its gill so he and
Adriana can have a photo together.

GIANFRANCO
(In Italian) Sorridi come il tuo
pesce. (*Smile, like your fish*)

Adriana grins for the camera, then reaches out to touch
the fish, but jerks her hand back after her finger gets
cut by the dorsal fin.

ADRIANA
Ayy. (In Italian scolds the fish)
Cattivo pesce. (*Bad fish*)

Ernest throws the fish overboard, and quickly takes
Adriana's hand to inspect the wound.

HEMINGWAY
My dear, I'm so sorry.

Seeing the cut he puts her finger to his lips and kisses
it and finds himself caressing her hand a little too
tenderly.

Mary shoots Ernest an angry look before turning away.

Adriana and Dora exchange looks of embarrassment.

Mary takes a breath, then turns to Dora.

MARY
Your daughter may have helped Papa
recover his ability to write, but
nothing will ever happen between
them. (Beat) Understand?

Dora is not sure of the English, but understands the
intent.

She goes to Adriana's side and whispers in Italian, then
moves her daughter away from Ernest and into the cabin at
her side.

Ernest is slightly embarrassed being caught by both Adriana's mother and his wife.

HEMINGWAY

I did nothing wrong. (Beat)
Gregorio get us out of here!

Gregorio nods and jumps up to the bridge and heads the Pilar back towards the coast line.

EXT. HEMINGWAY'S HOUSE, FINCA VIGIA, 7/21/99 - AFTERNOON

The Woman Journalist nods taking in the story.

JOURNALIST WOMAN:

Clearly you understood his
problems with this woman. But did
he ever take your advice?

OLD GREGORIO

On women? No. Fishing? (smiles)
Si, siempre. (Always)

EXT. THE PILAR, HAVANA HARBOR - LATER

The Pilar underway slows down as they pass beside the cliffs of El Morro, the famous Spanish Fort at the mouth of Havana Harbor.

Ernest climbs up on the make shift flying bridge where Gregorio is at the helm. He leans close to talk to his friend; clearly he has been drinking again.

Mary sits on the bow getting sun.

HEMINGWAY

Tell me again, why do I keep THIS
wife?

GREGORIO

Because you would be lost without
her.

Hemingway gestures towards Adriana, who is now joining Mary

HEMINGWAY

I would like to lose myself in
her.

GREGORIO

It would not be moral.

HEMINGWAY

I know what's moral - It's when you feel good after. Immoral you don't.

GREGORIO

That's God's way.

HEMINGWAY

Yes, but even in the bible, the old king can take a young bride - to feel young one last time.

GREGORIO

Only the DYING king.

HEMINGWAY

I qualify, Miss Mary is killing me..

Ernest and Gregorio laugh as he turns to look at the grand old fort passing above them.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Ah, El Morro. You know, I caught my first blue right off this point. Speaking of fish - What the hell am I going to call this new book? They want me to cut it from the bigger Sea book. So I must find a new separate title.

GREGORIO

This is the one about the old man?

HEMINGWAY

Yes, the old man and the great blue.

GREGORIO

Blue sea, or blue marlin?

HEMINGWAY

Sea.

Gregorio takes it in.

GREGORIO

How about, The Old Man and the Sea.

Ernest pauses to think it over.

HEMINGWAY

Simple, but I like it. (Beat) You
be the Old Man and I'll be the
young captain who makes love to
the lovely Italian Countess.

Gregorio laughs out loud. It is infectious as Ernest
joins him. Mary and Adriana react to the laughter.

We now see the image of the two men and the Pilar framed
against the great fort. Their laughter carries us over
to...

EXT./INT. THE PILAR, CLUB NAUTICO DOCK - LATER

The Pilar is tied up at Club Nautico in Havana.

Gianfranco helps Dora and Adriana off the boat, then
Mary. The four of them head down the dock while Ernest
says good bye to Gregorio.

HEMINGWAY

Don Gregorio, many thanks on the
title. Now to deal with Mary.

Gregorio laughs.

GREGORIO

Watch yourself, Papa. Words are
easy compared to women.

HEMINGWAY

(grins) Will do.

Ernest leaves the boat. Gregorio watches him catch up to
the group now up by the Club House.

Just past Club Nautico is a newspaper VENDOR. On the
front page of the new edition is a large photo of Ernest
and Adriana at the hunting club.

Dora does a double take as she sees her daughter's face
on the front page. The headline reads "Hemingway's New
Love."

DORA

(In Italian) La tua reputazione!
Cosa hai fatto? (*Your reputation!*
What have you done?)

Dora is upset, her daughter's reputation has been
compromised. Adriana becomes distressed by her mother.

ADRIANA

(In Italian) Non ho fatto niente.
(*I have done nothing*)
(Looking to her brother) I did
nothing.

DORA

(In Italian) Ma cosi apparira'.
Samoa rovinati. (*But it will*
appear you have. We're ruined.)

Dora points at the photo of Ernest looking smitten with
Adriana who has her head tossed back looking much like a
girl in love.

ADRIANA

(looking to Ernest) But I did
nothing.

They head off.

Mary enjoying this moment turns to Ernest for the rub.

MARY

Only a fool hurts the ones who
love him.

HEMINGWAY

Then brand me a fool.

Ernest turns away from Mary and goes off after them.

Off Mary we hear...

JOURNALIST WOMAN: (O.S.)

Do think Hemingway was ever happy
with the women in this life?

CUT TO:

EXT. HEMINGWAY'S HOUSE, FINCA VIGIA, 7/21/99 - AFTERNOON

Old Gregorio looks dead into the journalist eyes.

OLD GREGORIO

He was searching. (beat) I think
...he maybe wanted what I had.

EXT/INT. FUENTES HOME - COJIMAR, CUBA - EVENING

Ernest gets out of his car, bottle of whiskey in hand,
and walks towards the front of Gregorio's house.

The lights are on inside. Ernest hears the sounds of MUSIC and a CHILD LAUGHING through the screen door.

Inside Gregorio's modest house, his GRANDDAUGHTER, 5, plays peek-a-boo with her grandfather, Gregorio, who sits in his rocking chair while granddaughter peeks and shrieks.

Gregorio laughs but as he turn quickly again to the other side, his neck twists, and he grabs it in pain.

GREGORIO

AY!.

ERNEST BY THE SCREEN FRONT DOOR.

He is about to knock on the door, but stops himself and instead stands watching Gregorio's family interact. All five of his daughters are there.

ERNEST POV - GREGORIO IN CHAIR.

Gregorio bends his neck left to right, we see a pair of little hands reach over the top of chair, and try to give Gregorio's neck a rub. Gregorio smiles and relaxes.

GREGORIO (cont'd)

Ah hija, eres un angel. (*You're an angel.*)

Gregorio's oldest DAUGHTER, 25, steps out from the kitchen wearing an apron.

DAUGHTER #1

Papi, te esta molestando? (*Is she bothering you?*)

GREGORIO:

No, no. Recuerdo cuando tu eras asi. Tan dulce. (*I remember when you were this little. So sweet.*)

Gregorio's daughter puts her hands on her hips.

DAUGHTER #1

Todavia soy. (*I'm still sweet.*)

Gregorio's wife appears.

WIFE

La comida esta lista, arreglen la mesa. (*Dinner is ready. Set the table girls!*)

She gives Gregorio a taste from her cooking spoon.

GREGORIO
Delicioso! Me malgrias.
(Delicious! *You spoil me.*)

WIFE
Siempre. (*Always.*)

She kisses him. Gregorio grabs her and sits her on his lap and reciprocates.

WIFE (cont'd)
Delicioso. (*Delicious.*)

They stand and dance close to this elegant *Cuban Son*.

C.U. ERNEST DEEPLY MOVED

He turns and goes, leaving the bottle on the porch.

MARY (O.S.)
Dr. Rome says you have been asking
for me.

BACK TO:

INT. MAYO CLINIC, DR. ROME'S OFFICE - DAY

A hostile Ernest, 62, is sitting, waiting, when Mary enters holding some books and flowers.

Ernest shakes his head.

HEMINGWAY
No, what I said was -- where's the
bitch that betrayed me.

MARY
What? How can you say that?

HEMINGWAY
You signed the papers that are
keeping me in here.

MARY
But you tried to commit suicide.

HEMINGWAY
These doctors, the treatments,
they're destroying my mind! You
demanded they lock me up.
(MORE)

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
This is about you keeping my money
and staying Mrs. Hemingway
forever.

Mary shaking her head NO in disagreement.

MARY
No, that's not true.

Mary flees the room in tears.

HEMINGWAY
Then get me out of here!

INT. MAYO CLINIC HALLWAY - LATER

Mary runs into Dr. Rome in the hallway. She speaks loud
enough for even Ernest to hear from outside his door.

MARY
I don't know who you think you're
kidding, but he's not getting
better! He still thinks everyone
is out to get him. Especially me!

DR. ROME
Why would he think that?

Mary turns to Ernest.

MARY
Yes! Why would you think that?

Off Ernest's look...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. FINCA VIGIA FRONT STEPS, CUBA - DAY

Adriana and Dora leaving the Finca, Gianfranco carries
their bags down steps to Rene, who is holding the rear
car door open for them. Gianfranco sits in the front.

MARY
Ciao, (waving) ciao. (Softer)
Good riddance. (Louder) Have a
nice trip.

Mary stands smiling and waving at the top of the steps.
Ernest is oddly absent, but before the car can drive off,
Ernest comes running around the side of the house.

He waves for Rene to stop the car in the circular drive, which he does.

HEMINGWAY

Wait. Stop.

Adriana rolls down her window. Ernest hands her a note.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Glad I caught you, I didn't want you to leave without this. (He pats Adriana's hand) I couldn't have done it without you.

Adriana smiles, then hands him a water color painting she made. It is of a fishing village.

ADRIANA

Thank you. My gift to you.
(Regarding painting) It's where Santiago lives. There and in my heart.

Ernest smiles, kisses Adriana's hand and looks to Dora and Gianfranco.

HEMINGWAY

Safe trip.

He pats the side of the car and Rene takes that cue to drive off.

Hemingway waves holding Adriana's art work close to his heart.

INT. HEMINGWAY'S CAR - DAY

Inside the moving car, Adriana opens Ernest's letter. As she reads silently, we hear

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

I apologize for any dishonor that I might have caused you with my words, or my actions. It probably would have been easier if I had never met you that rainy day in Italy. But I did, and my heart has been yours ever since. Love Papa.

As she turns back towards Ernest who is disappearing in the distance, a desperate voice is heard.

JOURNALIST MALE (O.S.)
What about the treatments at the
Mayo Clinic?

BACK TO:

EXT. HEMINGWAY'S HOUSE, FINCA VIGIA, 7/21/99 - AFTERNOON

JOURNALIST MALE
Do you think they helped
Hemingway?

OLD GREGORIO
For me no. He needed *La Mar*... the
sea, the sun. That is where his
true love is. Not somewhere where
they are trying to make him
forget, by killing his mind.

INT. MAYO CLINIC, DR. ROME'S OFFICE - DAY

An agitated Ernest is in Dr. Rome's office. As the Doctor
takes some notes.

HEMINGWAY
I can't tell you when! These
treatments are destroying my
memory! Everything is a blur. I
can't tell what's real and what's
not anymore!

DR. ROME
Mr. Hemingway, your mind is
struggling. It wants to feel in
control. Now I can assure you
there will be no permanent
neuronal damage from the shock
treatments. Your loss of memory
and your psychological fantasies
are only short term.

Hemingway is emotionally spent.

HEMINGWAY
I've done everything you've asked
of me, when can I leave?

DR. ROME

Ernest, even if you start to feel well, or tell me you are well, I can't discharge you until I know you are no longer a danger to yourself.

Ernest thinks this through.

HEMINGWAY

That suicide thing again? I suppose it's bad for business if I killed myself here, at your prestigious Mayo Clinic.

DR. ROME

You could say that.

HEMINGWAY

Then you have my word, Doc. I won't kill myself in this hospital. So how about a day pass?

DR. ROME

I can't do that. But, if you agree to be supervised, and stay on hospital property, I might be able to let you...

HEMINGWAY

Go outside? Breathe some fresh air.

Dr. Rome considers this...

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Don't worry Doc, the fear of death increases in direct proportion to a man's wealth. So why would I kill myself?

DR. ROME

We'll see where this new trust takes us.

EXT. MAYO CLINIC/GRASSY FIELD - DAY

A CLAY PIGEON FLIES ACROSS THE BLUE SKY

Ernest swings the shotgun up and takes his shot. The clay target shatters and falls to the ground.

The doctor and three ORDERLIES standing behind Hemingway applaud the shot. Ernest slowly grins. He's still got it.

As Ernest, Dr. Rome and Orderlies are leaving the field, Ernest sees two men dressed in dark suits standing by an unmarked car in the parking lot.

Hemingway points towards the men in suits.

HEMINGWAY

There! The FBI is watching..

Dr. Rome looks to where Ernest is pointing and sees no one. There are no men, or any cars.

Ernest is confused now, he was sure they were there. Maybe he is crazy.

DR. ROME

Do you really see them?

Ernest shakes his head.

HEMINGWAY

But they were...right...

He starts to point, but stops.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

This kind of thing is much more fun when you've been drinking.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYO CLINIC'S PSYCHIATRIC ROOM

EXTREME CU. ERNEST IN A SWEAT - EYES ONLY.

He closes his eyes. Rapid eye movement.

A blinding flash of light.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. GULF STREAM OCEAN - DUSK - **DREAM**

Santiago/Hemingway is sitting in the fishing skiff. He holds the long lines and drifts on a calm sea. No bites, no nibbles, he grows tired.

The skiff drifts closer to an island, on the sand something is moving. We drift closer, and we see there are two cats playing.

We are now on the beach and realize these are not house cats, but lions, full of life, power, youth.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

He only dreamed of places now and of the lions on the beach. They played like young cats in the dusk and he loved them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GULF STREAM OCEAN - DAY - **DREAM**

Santiago/Hemingway is still at sea. Checking his lines when suddenly one stick snaps, a fish has taken the bait.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

Come on...Don't be shy fish, eat them...Then he felt something hard and unbelievably heavy. It was the weight of the fish and he let the line slip...he knew what a huge fish this was..

He holds the line delicately in his hand waiting. In his right, he holds the broken stick rubbing it superstitiously...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FINCA VIGIA ERNEST'S STUDY, CUBA - DAY

CU. - ERNEST'S HAND RUBBING A PENCIL IN THE SAME MANNER.

Ernest, 50's, looking strong and handsome with full gray beard. He stands again bare foot on a kudu skin in his office study.

He draws a line through a word with a pencil and then retypes the line next to it.

MARY (O.S.)

I'm back. I have some marvelous news darling.

INT. FINCA VIGIA LIVING ROOM, CUBA - MOMENTS LATER

Mary and Rene are returning from a shopping trip to Havana. Mary waltzes across the living room towards Papa, holding up a *Life* Magazine with Ernest on the cover.

MARY

Of course the critics love you again, but better yet, Life Magazine's run of five million copies of *The Old Man and The Sea* has sold out. And Scribners says the entire first printing of the hard cover is also sold out.

Mary gives Ernest a long kiss. He then breaks their embrace to talk.

HEMINGWAY

You know the down side to all of this success, every friend and enemy will be stopping by for drinks and a bank loan. We're going to have to beef up security.

Mary is ticked by her husband's ba-hum-bug attitude.

MARY

Why is it every time you have some success you feel the need to punish yourself? You truly can't enjoy life?

HEMINGWAY

I'm a realist. Writers are meant to suffer.

Mary dismisses the comment.

MARY

You don't mean that. Writers write, mostly about the suffering of others. Not themselves!

HEMINGWAY

Any story carried far enough, always, and I mean always, ends in death.

MARY

Well then, there is a Hollywood producer *dying* to meet you. He and his wife are staying at the Hotel National. I told them we might meet up at La Floridita later. He wants to do *The Old Man* as a movie!

Ernest suddenly stunned then outraged.

HEMINGWAY

Hell NO. He'll just muck it up with a big rubber fish. If I ever let this story get made into a film, it better be authentic.

MARY

Then meet him. Tell him what you want.

Mary hands Ernest the producer's calling card.

MARY (cont'd)

Said he would bring his wife. I wonder what she's like?

CUT TO:

EXT. LA FLORIDITA - NIGHT

Shiny new 1950's style cars pull up to the La Floridita Restaurant and let out the rich and famous.

Ernest and Mary are dropped off out front by Rene, who drives off.

You can hear the beat of Cuban MUSIC coming from inside.

INT. LA FLORIDITA - NIGHT

CUBAN MUSIC is coming from a band on the stage in the main dinning room.

Ernest and Mary are recognized by ROBERTO HERRERA, 40, who works both for the Floridita and as Hemingway's personal secretary.

He leads the Hemingway's over to Ernest's favorite spot at the corner of the bar.

A moment later the BARTENDER brings Ernest and Mary each a double daiquiri. As they look around the crowd, Ernest immediately spies...

The beautiful SLIM HAYWARD, the gorgeous wife of the producer, LELAND HAYWARD, whom Mary then recognizes and waves over to join them.

Herrera brings over two more bar stools so Leland and Slim are seated next to the Hemingways at the bar.

MARY

Ernest, this is Leland Hayward,
the producer I was telling you
about.

Ernest can't seem to take his eyes off Slim, though he
reaches out and shakes hands with Leland.

LELAND HAYWARD

I see you've discovered my wife,
Slim.

SLIM

A pleasure.

Hemingway reaches out to shake her hand, but then kisses
it, as a gentleman.

HEMINGWAY

The pleasure is all mine.

SLIM

Don't you love this music. Makes
me want to dance. Do you dance,
Papa?

MARY

(laughs) Oh, he doesn't dance.

HEMINGWAY

(smiles) Again, it would be my
pleasure.

Slim giggles and leads Ernest off to the dance floor.

Leland smiles and then leans in close to Mary.

LELAND HAYWARD

Forgive Slim, but this should make
my negotiation with Ernest much
smoother. And I promise you, she's
no real threat.

Mary is skeptical.

MARY

Good to know.

Leland then takes his glass and holds it up to Mary in a
toast.

LELAND HAYWARD

To a great movie.

Mary and Leland clink glasses, take a sip and then turn to watch each other's spouses on the dance floor.

Mary is trying to keep her game face on.

Across the floor, Slim whispers in Ernest's ear seductively.

HEMINGWAY

(laughs) Spencer Tracy! (beat) To play Santiago?! A humble Cuban fisherman?! Oh Christ, you better be kidding?!

CUT TO:

INT. FINCA VIGIA ERNEST'S STUDY, CUBA - DAY

Ernest, 55, working in his office study, looks up from his typewriter on hearing strange voices coming up from his drive way.

AMERICAN MAN TOURIST #1(OS)

I can't wait to meet him.

AMERICAN WOMAN TOURIST #2(OS)

Look how big the house is.

AMERICAN MAN TOURIST #3(OS)

Is it true he sleeps with a different woman everyday?

Ernest chuckles at the stupidity of the comments as he walks over to the window that faces the front of the house.

AMERICAN WOMAN TOURIST #4(OS)

I heard he got two lions with a single shot. They were mating.

Ernest peers down at the driveway.

EXT. FINCA VIGIA DRIVEWAY, CUBA - DAY

A group of TOURISTS stand by their car in the circle driveway. On seeing Ernest at the window, an American woman starts waving her copies of *The Old Man and The Sea*. (The jacket cover art is the Adriana painting of the fishing village)

AMERICAN WOMAN TOURIST #2

Look there he is! I've got six
books to be signed. Does he charge
for the autographs?

INT. FINCA VIGIA ERNEST'S STUDY, CUBA - DAY

Hemingway turns away from the window looking as if they
are under attack, he runs through the house grabbing
books, pens, sunglasses, to take with him on the boat.

HEMINGWAY

(yells) Mary! Mary, meet me at
the boat. Get our stuff together.
Figure on at least a couple weeks.
Gregorio and I will get the
provisions.

Mary comes out of the kitchen wearing an apron and
looking concerned about her husband's sudden odd
behavior.

MARY

Ernest what's this all about?

HEMINGWAY

Do NOT answer that door !

Ernest points behind him, then kisses Mary quickly and
runs out the back door.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

To the Pilar!

As he goes he does his best Quasimodo.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Sanctuary! Sanctuary!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PILAR, LAGOON - SUNSET

Ernest stands on the bow of the Pilar staring out to the
horizon. The sun sets in front of him. The boat is just
off shore from an uninhabited island.

Hemingway is watching a silhouetted Gregorio fishing with
a hand line for snapper on the reef from there skiff.

Gregorio begins to pull in his catch.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)
The fish just moved away slowly
and the old man could not raise
him...This will kill him, the old
man thought. He can't do this
forever.

CU. ERNEST IN DEEP THOUGHT...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SKIFF ON OCEAN - SUNSET - **DREAM**

The line suddenly pulls hard and Santiago/Hemingway is
slammed against the planking of the bow.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (Cont'd)
His choice had been to stay in the
deep dark water far out beyond all
snare and traps and treacheries.
My choice was to go there to find
him... Now we are joined
together...And no one to help
either one of us.

He regains his balance and braces himself for another
hard pull.

BACK TO:

ERNEST ON THE PILAR. HIS FACE REVEALS A SLIGHT SMILE
LACED WITH AN AIR OF NOSTALGIA.

EXT. THE PILAR - NEXT DAY

Ernest and Mary are the only ones on board besides
Gregorio. Mary comes out of the cabin in her new swim
suit.

MARY
Time to christen my new swim suit.

After posing to show off the suit, Mary gives Ernest a
kiss, and he fondles her. Mary then moves to the stern
and stands up on the transom ready to dive...

HEMINGWAY
What happened to going au
natale?

MARY
(smiles) Later my love.

Mary dives off the boat, Ernest chuckles, then turns his attention to his drink and finding MUSIC on the ship's radio.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE PILAR AT ANCHOR - EVENING

Gregorio busies himself in the galley cooking dinner, when Mary steps out of the forward cabin, now dressed in dry clothes but still towel-drying her hair.

MARY
What are you cooking?

Gregorio pours her a glass of wine. He has his own glass going as he stands over a small, two-burner ship's stove.

In the pan he has butter melting as he puts in the fresh-cut garlic to simmer.

He starts cutting up an onion. Beside the stove are several nice cuts of fish filets and four small, yellow key limes.

GREGORIO
I am getting the sauce ready for the snapper. First, I get the butter and garlic ready, then I add the onion, and fish, and finally my secret flavor, a splash of fresh Key Lime.

MARY
Ahhh. Now how is key lime different from other lime juice?

GREGORIO
It's stronger, but also special in flavor. If you have a taste of both, there is no question which is better. It is like (beat) Papa's writing, even a taste leaves you wanting more.

Ernest grins as he listens to Mary and Gregorio talking.

MARY (O.S.)

(Laughs) Now it's clear how you've managed to stay friends for so long.

GREGORIO (O.S.)

He's my friend, and my brother.

Gregorio picks the onion slices and puts them in the pan to simmer. Mary sips her wine.

MARY

Do you have any brothers?

GREGORIO

No. I was born in La Palma in the Canary Islands. My father took me to sea when I was just four years old.

MARY

Oh come now. What can a boy of four do on a boat?

Gregorio stirs the onion in the pan.

GREGORIO

(laughs) He works as a helper for the cook. My father's boat fished the entire west coast of Africa.

HEMINGWAY (O.S.)

Tell her about the lions on the beach.

Gregorio smiles as he looks up from the galley at Ernest sitting up on the cockpit deck.

GREGORIO

It's true. I was ten. I'll never forget it. I heard these strange sounds over the crashing of waves on the beach. Our boat was just off shore, so I came out on deck and I couldn't believe my eyes. There in the moon light, I saw two young male lions playing, fighting, just like kittens. I remember thinking how much I would like to go on to the beach and be with them. But of course, they would have eaten me.

MARY
(laughs) That's beautiful.

To Ernest.

MARY (cont'd)
I see a little of Santiago in him.

HEMINGWAY (O.C.)
More than you know.

Gregorio slides the filets of snapper into the pan.

GREGORIO
Later, after my father died, I
came to Havana and started my life
here.

MARY
So how did you and Ernest meet?

Gregorio lifts the pan a little and motions with the
other hand to fan the aroma towards Mary.

GREGORIO
You smell the onions, butter,
garlic?

MARY
Of course.

Ernest comes down to the galley.

HEMINGWAY
Well I did too!

Gregorio talks while cooking the fish.

GREGORIO
He was like a yellowtail following
the chum slick.

Ernest smiles.

GREGORIO (cont'd (cont'd)
For three days we were storm bound
in the Dry Tortugas...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. DRY TORTUGAS MOORING DOCKS - OVERCAST/STORM - DUSK

Hemingway approaches Gregorio's boat, the tropical wind and rain envelopes him.

GREGORIO (V.O.)
 ...I had my own boat then, and
 Ernesto was fishing with some of
 his Key West friends - he did not
 have the Pilar yet. But after
 three days, everyone on the island
 was hungry and so I was cooking.

He salutes Gregorio which becomes a request to come aboard.

GREGORIO (V.O.) (cont'd)
 I look up and there standing on
 the dock was Papa.

Gregorio waves him in.

Hemingway introduces himself as he steps aboard.

TIME CUT:

INT. GREGORIO'S BOAT, DRY TORTUGAS - NIGHT

Ernest is finishing his fish and onions with a rum chaser.

HEMINGWAY
 That was delicious, thanks
 Captain.

Gregorio nods in appreciation.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 You've got to have the cleanest
 ship I've ever seen.

Gregorio again nods.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 Do you like painting and
 varnishing her more than fishing?

GREGORIO
 Yes, but I fish more than I eat or
 sleep.

HEMINGWAY

Me too. But not as much as I write.

GREGORIO

What do you write about?

HEMINGWAY

Bullfighting, women, sex, and war.

GREGORIO

(beat) That's a long book.

Ernest laughs. The rain has stopped and Gregorio looks up as a shooting star crosses the sky.

GREGORIO (cont'd)

Tomorrow will be our day to travel.

HEMINGWAY

How do you know?

GREGORIO

Whenever you see a falling star, that's the direction the wind will come from tomorrow. (Beat) And it will take the storm away.

Hemingway admires his future Captain.

BACK TO:

INT. PILAR AT ANCHOR - EVENING

Ernest steps down into the galley to pour himself a fresh drink.

HEMINGWAY

Come on, Gregorio had food and rum. Of course we became friends.

Gregorio slides the cooked fish on to a platter, and then starts squeezing key limes over the filets with a touch more salt.

Ernest turns and goes back up on deck.

GREGORIO

After a couple days, Papa said, someday I am going to buy a big fishing boat and I want you to be my captain.

Gregorio, glances to see if Ernest is listening, then whispers to Mary.

GREGORIO (cont'd)
I was surprised he called, but I
have never regretted it.

MARY
Well, we are the better for it.
Cheers.

Mary and Gregorio toast, and then sip their wine.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARAISO KEY - DAY

Ernest and Mary in their bathing suits walk along the deserted beach lined with coconut palms and casuarina pines.

They return to their beach blanket and picnic setting and sit down for another martini. Ernest shakes the mixer and pours the glasses.

MARY
It's so beautiful here.

Ernest raises an eyebrow to Mary. She laughs then strips off her swim suit and runs into the surf naked.

Ernest follows her lead, tossing his swim shorts and wades out to her. The two embrace in the shallow waters. Ernest brushes the hair from Mary's face.

HEMINGWAY
(softly) My pretty kitten. All
your worries have left your face.
(Beat) I'm sorry. I know it is not
easy living with me.

MARY
(laughs) I love you just the same.

Ernest smiles.

HEMINGWAY
And I love you too, Kitten. But
when two people love each other,
there can be no happy ending.

MARY

Then let's start from the beginning.

She initiates their love making, only to be interrupted by...

The sound of a CONCH SHELL HORN BLOWING.

They look around and see Rene bringing out Hemingway's personal secretary, Roberto Herrera in the bow of the small motor boat, *Tin Kid*.

ROBERTO HERRERA

Ernesto, I have tried to reach you on the radio for the last two days.

HEMINGWAY

What? What is it?

ROBERTO HERRERA

Your friends. Your friends from Hollywood have returned -- with El Senor Spencer Tracy.

Ernest and Mary exchange looks of surprise.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEMINGWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

A chauffeured car arrives carrying the great American actor SPENCER TRACY and the producer Leland Hayward and his wife Slim.

As they get out of their car. Mary approaches them from her front door. She seems uneasy.

HAYWARD

Good evening, Mary. (He kisses her) You remember my wife Slim?

She does and greets her.

HAYWARD (cont'd)

And this is Mr. Spencer Tracy.

MARY

Of course, no introduction necessary. What a great honor. Welcome to Cuba.

TRACY
The honor is mine.

HAYWARD
Where is Ernest? Spencer is so keen on meeting him.

Mary is uneasy.

MARY
I'm sorry but he is not here at the moment.

HAYWARD
But, we were to meet with him, in regards to the film. Spencer has come all the way from Hollywood.

MARY
Yes, but you see, Ernest, as you know can be... how should I say it? I guess, apprehensive with...

Tracy interrupts her.

TRACY
Where is he?

Mary hesitates.

HAYWARD
Please, Mary.

Tracy looks straight at her as if she was Katharine Hepburn in *Adam's Rib*. Mary melts.

MARY
On the Pilar I believe, Cojimar docks.

Tracy turns and as he heads to the car.

TRACY
Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. THE PILAR. COJIMAR DOCKS DUSK. LATER

Ernest sits in the fighting chair reading, cocktail in hand. Gregorio is in the galley.

Tracy's car pulls up to edge of the dock. Tracy exits the car and stands looking at Hemingway and the Pilar.

Hemingway sees him, but makes no gesture or greeting.

After a long beat, Tracy turns to Hayward in the car.

TRACY

Leave me alone with him.

HAYWARD

You sure?

Tracy doesn't answer, but begins to walk down the dock towards Hemingway and The Pilar.

Hemingway watches how he walks.

Tracy stops at the transom of the Pilar, looking down at Hemingway still sitting in his chair.

Gregorio observes the standoff from inside the cabin.

TRACY

Permission to come aboard,
Captain.

Hemingway stares him down.

HEMINGWAY

I am not the Captain.

Game on.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

He is.

Hemingway points to Gregorio

TRACY

Wise choice.

HEMINGWAY

Have you ever been on a boat
before?

A beat.

TRACY

Yes, have you seen a good one
around?

Another beat.

HEMINGWAY

You know anything about fishing?

TRACY

Not as much I know about drinking.

Ernest's eyes glimmer a bit.

TRACY (cont'd)

Is the bar open?

HEMINGWAY

I am not the Captain.

Tracy's eyes glimmer a bit. He addresses Gregorio.

TRACY

Captain -- permission to come
aboard and invite you for a drink.

Tracy magically produces a bottle of Gordon's Gin.

Gregorio stares at him for a moment. Then gestures to
Ernest, it's your call. Ernest eyes the Gin, then...

HEMINGWAY

Captain says yes. (Beat) Take your
shoes off.

Tracy does and steps down. Gregorio brings him a wicker
chair.

GREGORIO

Gregorio Fuentes.

TRACY

Spencer Tracy.

GREGORIO

Yes I know. Great actor!

He takes the Gin bottle.

GREGORIO (cont'd)

It is my honor to serve you.

TRACY

Thank you.

A beat.

HEMINGWAY

I take it you know that I am not
sold on the idea of you as
Santiago.

TRACY

It is why I am here.

HEMINGWAY

You're a great actor Mr. Tracy,
perhaps...

TRACY

Call me Spencer.

Hemingway nods.

HEMINGWAY

Perhaps the greatest there is in
Hollywood.

There is an air of bad taste in that.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

But this is not Hollywood, this is
Cuba. And Santiago is a man I
admire more than anyone, anything.
And love more than myself.

Tracy is moved by the simplicity, the purity of that.

Gregorio arrives with three cocktails.

TRACY

Thank you Captain. (He raises his
glass) To Santiago then.

They Toast. Then silence.

TRACY (cont'd)

I understand that it is difficult
for you to believe that I could
feel the same way. But I will
bring everything I feel,
everything in my life, to play
him. (Beat) I want to be him, to
honor him.

Silence. Ernest stares at Tracy as does Gregorio.

HEMINGWAY

Gregorio, what do you think of Mr.
Tracy as Santiago?

Gregorio reaches out to Tracy with both hands.

GREGORIO

May I?

Tracy extends his hands to Gregorio.

Gregorio studies them. As does Hemingway from a distance.

GREGORIO (cont'd)

He has good hands. Good strong
hands, for the braided line.

Silence. Then...

HEMINGWAY

Tomorrow we will meet Anselmo.

Gregorio nods.

TRACY

Who is Anselmo?

HEMINGWAY

Anselmo Hernandez. For me, he is
Santiago....He will decide.

CUT TO:

EXT. COJIMAR BEACH, CUBA - DAY

A glorious day as they walk along Cojimar beach. Ernest
dressed casually in khaki shorts, while Tracy, and
producer Hayward are dressed in suits.

Gregorio leads the way.

The men come up on the fishing shack of Anselmo
Hernandez.

TRACY

This is where he lives?

HEMINGWAY

All of his life.

TRACY

Mr. Hayward, your budget just got
a lot smaller.

They enter the shack.

INT. FISHING SHACK - COJIMAR, CUBA - MOMENTS LATER

Gregorio does the introductions.

GREGORIO

Anselmo, quiero presentarle al gran actor Americano Spencer Tracy y su productor Senor Hayward. Senor Tracy, Senor Hayward,... Anselmo Hernandez. (*Anselmo, let me introduce you to the great American actor, Mr. Spencer Tracy, and his producer, Mr. Hayward. Mr. Tracy, Mr. Hayward,... Anselmo Hernandez.*)

ANSELMO HERNANDEZ

Mucho gusto.

TRACY/HAYWARD

Mucho gusto.

He shakes hands with them, also with Hemingway. But his eyes focus on Tracy.

Hayward plays producer in his broken Spanish.

HAYWARD

El a hecho muchas *movies*, Father of the Bride, State Of The Union, Desk Set. Pat and Mike, Adam's Rib, Women of the year, A Guy Named Joe.... (*He has made many movies...*)

As Hayward rattles off titles, there is no reaction from Anselmo.

TRACY

He has no idea who I am.

Hemingway laughs.

Gregorio steps in and points to Tracy.

GREGORIO

Dr. Jekyll y Senor Hyde!

This gets Anselmo's attention. He smiles broadly.

ANSELMO HERNANDEZ

Ah, Si! Mucho gusto, mucho gusto Mr. Hyde!

Anselmo gets into a Mr. Hyde-like hunch and begins to growl at Tracy. He doesn't stop until Tracy does the same.

They all laugh...

EXT. COJIMAR BEACH - LATER

Luis Armstrong/Bing Crosby duet of "Gone Fishing" underscores the following:

Anselmo instructs Tracy how Santiago would work to cast nets.

Tracy attempts and fails miserably. He takes off his coat and tries again, this time with some basic results.

He turns towards Anselmo for approval and sees Anselmo is now wearing his coat.

Anselmo gives a nod of encouragement and tells him to try again.

Tracy rolls up his sleeves, trades hats with Anselmo, and casts again with some better results.

He turns to Anselmo again for approval.

Anselmo gestures so-so. Try again.

Hemingway and Gregorio watch with amusement.

Hayward is worried that his film is about to lose its leading man.

Tracy stares Anselmo down, then reaches and takes Anselmo's clenched cigar out of his mouth and puts it in his own, clenching it as he looks Anselmo right in the eye.

Anselmo returns the look. They hold on each other for a long beat.

Hemingway and Gregorio are fascinated.

Hayward is losing it.

Tracy turns, prepares the net, and casts it to near perfection.

He turns again to Anselmo.

Who nods in approval, takes his cigar back, puts it in his clenched teeth and gestures for Tracy to follow him.

Tracy to Hemingway and Hayward.

TRACY

This is harder than King Lear!

HEMINGWAY

Of course. Life is always harder for the peasant, than the king.

GREGORIO

But richer.

Off that thought, they all follow Anselmo.

MOMENTS LATER

We see Anselmo teaching Tracy how to carry the mast.

Tracy tries it, and Hemingway laughs...

HEMINGWAY

Try to be more relaxed, natural, yet weary.

TRACY

Excuse me Ernest, do I tell you how to write? Your beginning to sound like my Miss Hepburn..

Ernest laughs.

TRACY (cont'd)

Tell me, how do you see the fish?

HEMINGWAY

Real, and very, very big.

Ernest turns to Hayward.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

I want that in writing.

HAYWARD

Got it. Big and real.

HEMINGWAY

No, very, very big and real.

TRACY

Producers, they always claim to hear it differently. Get it in writing, Ernest.

Hayward laughs.

HEMINGWAY

This is no joke. This film is not a laughing matter.

Tracy nods in agreement as he lights a fresh small cigar, already looking very much the part.

Hemingway looks to Anselmo for his approval of Tracy.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Santiago?

ANSELMO HERNANDEZ

Si, Santiago.

Tracy tilts his head slightly in acknowledgement. The sun's rays penetrate his blue eyes as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. COJIMAR DOCKS - PILAR - LATE NIGHT.

Hemingway and Tracy are feeling no pain as they are now singing their duet of "Gone Fishing."

When they finish Tracy raises a glass to Hemingway.

TRACY

Santiago?

HEMINGWAY

Si, Santiago

They toast.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GULF STREAM OCEAN - **DREAM**

TRACY AS THE OLD MAN/SANTIAGO IS KNOWN IN THE SKIFF.

The great blue marlin rises out of a wave ahead of the boat.

Its entire body, like a slow launching missile, rising up from the water.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

The surface of the ocean bulged ahead of the boat and the fish came out. He came out unendingly and water poured from his sides...His sword was as long as a baseball bat...he rose his full length from the water and then re-entered it, smoothly, like a diver...

CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE BRAIDED LINE THAT IS AS TIGHT AS A PIANO WIRE AND UP TO REVEAL ERNEST WHO IS NOW SANTIAGO AGAIN.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (cont'd)

...I wonder why he jumped, the old man thought. He jumped almost as though to... show me how big he was.

The great marlin jumps again. The power of his surge pulls the skiff out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT. FINCA VIGIA, CUBA - MORNING

It's early morning at the Finca, sounds of ROOSTERS CROWING in the distance; much closer the sound of a TELEPHONE RINGING.

OLD GREGORIO (V.O.)

No one knew, not even Papa, how successful his fishing story was about to become.

Ernest, 55, standing in only a pair of boxer shorts, answers the phone on his desk.

HEMINGWAY

Hello? (Beat) No kidding. (He shakes his head and grins) Of course, come up for coffee. I will give an official comment when everyone gets here. (Beat) No, thank you.

Ernest hangs up the phone.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM. FINCA VIGIA, CUBA - MORNING

Ernest enters the room with a breakfast tray with toast and hot tea. He places it on the night stand, lifts the covers and slips in next to a sleeping Mary. He kisses her on the cheek until she stirs awake.

HEMINGWAY

Kitten, my lovely kitten. I got the thing.

Mary rolls over slowly waking up.

MARY

What thing have you got?

HEMINGWAY

The Swedish thing.

Mary suddenly growing more awake.

MARY

You mean, the prize? The Nobel Prize?

HEMINGWAY

Yeah, the very same.

MARY

Oh my God. (Realizing what this means) Oh MY GOD!

HEMINGWAY

Now look, we've got reporters coming up here, so you better get ready.

Mary gets out bed and starts dancing to her closet as she sings the Gershwin song, "*Somebody loves me, I wonder who.*"

Ernest watches her mildly amused as she pulls on a dress and then returns to him.

MARY

Somebody loves you, I wonder who, I wonder who it can be; Somebody loves you, I wonder who, the Swedish Academy. That's who.

Mary sits on Ernest's lap and adds --

MARY (cont'd)

I'm so happy for you.

HEMINGWAY
(grins) I can see that.

EXT. FINCA VIGIA, CUBA - DAY - LATER

Cars are pulling up into the Finca's driveway. As Ernest's friends arrive to celebrate his Nobel win, we recognise a few, Gregorio, Anselmo, Sinsky, Fernanado, Paxtichi and Father Don.

The men approach the back of the Finca, they see Ernest is sitting out on the tiled porch taking interviews from three TV reporters.

Standing behind the cameras, a few more journalists copy down notes as Hemingway laughs and answers one of the reporters.

HEMINGWAY
Look, the money has yet to arrive.
But when it does, I plan to spend
it all on drinks for my friends at
La Floridita.

Hemingway nods to his friends then continues.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
As for the lovely medal, I am
going to give that to the Virgin
del Cobre, for her undying love
and guidance to all fishermen.
Today is a great day for Cuban
fishermen. And I consider myself
an honorary Cubano.

JOURNALIST MALE
Everyone says this is your
greatest work.

HEMINGWAY
Who am I to disagree.

JOURNALIST MALE
Life doesn't get much better than
this. So what's next Maestro? How
are you going to top this one?

Hold on Hemingway, that's a terrifying thought.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GULF STREAM OCEAN - DAY - **DREAM**

Santiago/Hemingway pulls the heavy line bringing the huge fish closer to his boat.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)
Fish you're going to have to die
anyway. Do you have to kill me,
too?...But I guess you have a
right to. Never have I seen a
greater, more beautiful, or...more
noble thing than you.

Santiago/Hemingway pulls the skiff closer to the fish. He drops the line and puts his foot on it while lifting the harpoon high.

He takes a deep breath, and drives the spear into the great fish's side.

The marlin springs from the water, and seems to hang a moment above the old man before crashing down into a wave of white spray.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (cont'd)
The fish came alive, with his
death in him, and rose high out of
the water showing all his great
length...power and beauty.

Ernest pulls on the harpoon line and drags the skiff over to the dying fish.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (cont'd)
The old man felt faint and
sick...when he saw the fish belly
up. The shaft of the harpoon was
projecting at an angle...the sea
was discoloring with the red of
the blood from his heart...It
spread like a cloud and floated
with the waves...

CUT TO:

INT. MAYO CLINIC - DAY

CLOSE UP OF BLOOD DRAINING INTO A TEST TUBE.

Dr. Butts and Dr. Rome are examining Ernest.

DR. ROME

When did you first see your health declining?

HEMINGWAY

I never really felt healed after those plane crashes in Africa.

DR. ROME

When was that?

CUT TO:

THE CAMERA TRACKS VERY FAST THRU THE TALL AFRICAN GRASS, LIKE A POV OF LARGE RUNNING CAT AND SETTLES ON THE BURNING WRECKAGE OF A CESSNA PLANE.

HEMINGWAY (O.S.)

1954. My hell year. I almost died if it wasn't for Mary's help. Then the Gods delivered me the Nobel prize.

DR. BUTTS (O.S.)

What were the physical problems again?

HEMINGWAY (O.S.)

I peed blood. Doctors in Italy diagnosed it as ruptured kidneys, liver and spleen.

A BLOODY HEMINGWAY CRAWLS OUT OF A CRASHED CESSNA. HE FALLS TO THE GROUND... MARY BY HIS SIDE IS NOT AS AFFECTED.

HEMINGWAY (O.S.) (cont'd)

I had a concussion, which might explain the blurry eye sight and loss of hearing. But honestly the only thing that really hurts is my back, I have two crushed vertebra.

CUT BACK TO:

Back at the Mayo Clinic. Ernest looks between his two doctors.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

The funny thing, at the time of the crash the only thing Mary worried about were burns I got on my face and arms. She was worried what the media would think.

(MORE)

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

I tend not to give a shit about my looks, when I know I'm dying inside.

DR. ROME

If you knew how sick you were, why did it take seven years before you came here?

HEMINGWAY

I had fine doctors in Cuba, and shit, I've been busy.

DR. BUTTS

To busy to see to your health?

Hemingway suddenly stands, lifts his robe back to show his ribs poking out the loose skin. His 6'2" frame at 164 lbs. He's anorexic and now visibly upset.

HEMINGWAY

Look at me! This is not healthy. For three years I kept a daily log. I did everything in my power to stop this weight loss, but what can you do when your body betrays you?

There is a tense pause in the room.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

There is only one thing you can do, and you bastards won't let me!

Nobody breaths.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

I'm dying. We all die. It's just a matter of the details that you can't stomach.

The Doctors start moving in on him.

DR. ROME

Ernest, this is your depression talking. In time the treatments will work.

Off Ernest we hear.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

Get the hell away...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GULF STREAM OCEAN - DAY - **DREAM**

Santiago/Hemingway standing in the skiff with a harpoon, spies the first shark moving in on the great fish.

HEMINGWAY

...leave me alone, leave me alone.

As the shark grabs a chunk of meat from the marlin, Ernest slams the harpoon into the attacking shark.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Nooo!...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MAYO CLINIC'S PSYCHIATRIC OPERATING ROOM

Ernest, 62, strapped down in his hospital bed.

A Doctor finger paints his temples with the grease, and the electro-paddles are brought to the sides of Ernest's head. Through his mouth guard Ernest yells...

HEMINGWAY

Nooo!...

BACK TO:

EXT. GULF STREAM OCEAN - DAY - **DREAM**

Santiago/Hemingway, standing in the skiff, watches the shark twist in its own blood. The wooden shaft of the harpoon splinters and breaks.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

When the fish had been hit it was
as though he himself were
hit...But man is not made for
defeat...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. GRASS FIELD, AFRICA - DAY

A BLOODY HEMINGWAY STANDS UP FROM HIS PREVIOUS FALL. HE
AND MARY WALK RIGHT AT US. THE BURNING PLANE FRAMES THEM.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)
....A man can be destroyed, but
never defeated.

CUT TO:

INT. FINCA'S LIVING ROOM, CUBA - DAY

A weary Ernest, 55, is sitting in his easy chair across
from Mary who is working on her NY Times crossword.

HEMINGWAY
No. I just don't feel up to it. If
you are so keen on going, GO.
(Beat) I'm sure the Nobel
Committee will welcome you just
fine.

MARY
Look, I'm not leaving you.
(Teasing) No matter how much you
ask me too.

HEMINGWAY
You know, they should give this
kind of thing to beginning
writers, let them know they're on
the right track. Not established
writers. They only gave it to me,
because of the plane crash. It was
a sympathy vote. Truth is, there
hasn't been a writer worth his
salt, after he wins this fucking
prize. It's not really much of an
award, more of a curse.

Mary looks angry as she stands and smacks her newspaper
crossword down on the drink table between them.

MARY
Your black-ass mood is NOT going
to ruin this for me.

HEMINGWAY
Happiness in intelligent people is
a rare thing.

MARY

Just because you didn't beat
anyone you know, you still need to
write an acceptance speech.
Whether you go, or not. So get
over it.

HEMINGWAY

I agree! A writer should write
what he has to say and not speak
it.

He grabs her crossword and scribbles in the boxes.

Mary takes it from him and then throws it across the
room, before storming off.

INSERT: CROSSWORD PUZZLE. ERNEST'S SCRIBBLE READS "FUCK
OFF"

Off Mary's reaction we hear...

JOURNALIST WOMAN: (O.S.)

So his depression began with the
plane crash injuries? Or the
success of his writing?

CUT TO:

EXT. HEMINGWAY'S HOUSE, FINCA VIGIA, 7/21/99- AFTERNOON

Gregorio answers.

OLD GREGORIO

Both happened at the same time.
But it never was his writing that
depressed him.

CUT TO:

EXT. GULF STREAM OCEAN - DAY - **DREAM**

Santiago/Hemingway now with the mutilated marlin tied
along side of the skiff, heads for the glow of Havana.

He leans over the side and pulls a piece of meat from the
marlin's side where the shark had chewed.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)

Fishing kills me exactly as it
keeps me alive, he thought.

As Santiago/Hemingway chews the meat, he pulls the photo of Adriana out and looks at her again.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 ...I must not deceive myself too much.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FINCA DINNING ROOM, CUBA - DAY

Ernest opens a letter from Adriana eagerly, it also contains a photo. As he reads it, he becomes more and more sad.

Finally throwing it on the dining table, he storms off to his study.

Mary peeking out from the kitchen, walks quickly over and opens the letter up. As she reads we hear Adriana.

ADRIANA (V.O.)
 Dear Papa. I am so happy for your success. I hope you will be happy for me. I have finally married. He is a fine man, whom my mother tells me will make a very good husband.

Mary tries to conceal her satisfaction.

CUT TO:

INT. FINCA'S LIVING ROOM, CUBA - EVENING

Ernest, 55, in the Finca's living room with several of the Hollywood film crew standing and seated around him watching the daily footage projected on to a small screen.

The b/w footage shows sharks chewing on a dead marlin that is smaller than the sharks.

HEMINGWAY
 That's enough! (Growing angry)
 Cut it OFF.

Ernest stands up, and the living room lights come on, projector off.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

You had twenty gallons of
slaughter house blood and four
barrels of fish heads and you
can't show me a God damn decent
looking shark?!

Ernest paces in front of the Director of photography.

Everyone looks scared, except Mary who agrees with her husband.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

And what the hell was that marlin
footage. You can't make a 120
pound fish look like a 1500 pound
great blue. That was bloody awful.

Leland Hayward, the producer, finally stands up to Ernest.

LELAND HAYWARD

What the hell do you want Ernest?
We've tried everything.

HEMINGWAY

You promised me an actual marlin
in an real ocean. I got that in
writing. Or does the written word
mean something else in Hollywood?

Hayward moves over to stand toe to toe with Ernest.

LELAND HAYWARD

Do you know how much fucking money
I have spent trying to keep this
film authentic? God is just not
cooperating. So unless you can
show me this fish yourself, right
now, I've no choice, but to finish
this film on the back lot.

Ernest puts down his drink, and clenches his fingers into a fist.

Mary intercedes.

MARY

Wait! Ernest, you know where the
big fish are.

HEMINGWAY

Hell yes! This time of year -- off
Cabo Blanco, Peru.

Hayward looks to his Director who thinks it over and gives a nod, he's willing to try.

LELAND HAYWARD

Okay... Then we agree this is the last chance.

Ernest nods, and starts out of the room, but turns to address Mary quietly. Instead of thanking her for defusing the conflict, he glares at her.

HEMINGWAY

Next time Kitten, don't get in my way.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. CABO BLANCO, PERU - FISHING BOAT - DAY

The seas are rough, wind blowing.

The Director and camera man are holding on for dear life, while the charter fishing boat rolls.

Ernest 55, is enjoying the fight of a 950 pound black marlin at the end of his rod.

Gregorio stands behind Ernest helping and coaching his friend, washing him down with salt water to keep him cool.

The film Director, sea sick suddenly leans over the side and throws up.

HEMINGWAY

Jump, you great beautiful Black!
Reveal your self in all your Noble
glory!

Ernest getting frustrated because his big fish refuses to jump for the cameras.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Jump you son of a bitch!

The film Director nods, then runs to throw-up again.

DIRECTOR

Papa, what do you need? A kick in the teeth, to realize the rest of us are only human?

The great black marlin finally shows itself with a great heroic tail dance over the swells.

HEMINGWAY

There she is Gregorine! Dancing
just for you!

The camera crew scrambles to get the shot.

GREGORIO

Let her run Papa! Let her have her
way!

HEMINGWAY

Never! She's mine!

The great fish explodes from the sea once again as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. HEMINGWAY'S HOUSE, FINCA VIGIA, 7/21/99 - AFTERNOON

Gregorio is annoyed at the memory.

OLD GREGORIO

He got his big marlin, but the
film crew failed. Everything was
blurry. Papa was right. In the end
Mr. Tracy fought a great rubber
fish.

JOURNALIST WOMAN:

Wow.

JOURNALIST MALE

Tell us about the revolution... I
mean, when did you know Ernest was
going to leave Cuba?

We move in on Gregorio's face, as he sorts out his
memories.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD, SAN FRANCISCO DE PAULA, CUBA - AFTERNOON

Hemingway, 60, and his driver, Rene, are in the tan
convertible Chrysler with the top down, driving back to
the Finca.

As they head through the small town, some kids playing in a nearby field recognize Papa and come running up along the side of the car.

They are wearing baseball uniforms with the lettering "Gigi All Stars"

They see the big brown box in the back seat of his car

GIGI BALL PLAYER

Papa! What's in the box? Que tienes en la caja?

Ernest laughs and tells the boys.

HEMINGWAY

The world!

On the side of the box, we see the letters, R. C. A.

EXT. FINCA VIGIA DRIVEWAY, CUBA - LATER

At the Finca, the staff come running out to the drive way to help Rene carry the TV into the house. In the B.G. we see the Gigi All Stars running up the driveway.

Mary joins Ernest on the steps and gives her husband a hug.

MARY

They are all so exited. You did a nice thing.

HEMINGWAY

Kitten, things are going to get a bit dicey now that Batista has fled the country.

MARY

You think we will still be safe here?

Ernest contemplates before answering.

HEMINGWAY

For the time being. (beat) As Fidel will have his hands full.

As they walk back into the Finca, we pre-lap the sound of TV static followed by Fidel Castro's voice...

CUT TO:

INT. FINCA LIVING ROOM, CUBA - EVENING

The living room now looks like a screening room as the entire staff, surrounded by the kids of the Gigi All Stars, are mesmerized by Castro who is still giving one of his early speeches on the new TV. The kids all suck on lollipops. (Pirulis)

Ernest, Mary and Gregorio watch from the back of the room.

MARY

This summer I'd really like to look for a property in Sun Valley.

HEMINGWAY

We will look, hell, we might even buy.

He looks to Gregorio.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

But I am not going to abandon the Finca, the Pilar or our friends. Don't forget I have lived through several of these kinds of revolutions. Not one has ever tried to take my home.

A beat.

GREGORIO

This can only be Hemingway's house. They try to take your house, or the Pilar, they have to take me first.

This is said very simply. Ernest is moved.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALECON HIGHWAY - HAVANA, CUBA - DAY

A large CROWD mix of youth, revolutionary soldiers, and Havana residents marching down Havana's Malecon, carrying signs and chanting.

CROWD

CUBA SI! YANQUI NO!

Hemingway's car turns down a street that runs into the Malecon.

Though Rene is driving, Ernest and Mary are also seated in the front.

Mary screams as several bearded soldiers suddenly charge the car just ahead of Hemingway's.

They pull the well dressed occupants out, and then light the car on fire.

At the same time protesters have started pounding fists and signs on the hood of Hemingway's car.

A knife suddenly rips into the canvas of the tan convertible, the blade only inches from Hemingway's head.

HEMINGWAY

Son of a bitch!

Rene yells at the men to stop, but Ernest has had enough and he shoves the car into reverse and bellows to Rene.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Get us the hell out of here!

Rene stomps on the gas, and several protesters are hit by the car as they free themselves from the mob.

CUT TO:

EXT. FINCA VIGIA, CUBA - DAWN

It's early morning at Finca Vigia.

SUPER IN/OUT:

JULY 25, 1960.

We HEAR the sounds of roosters crowing in the distance, and much closer the sounds of a typewriter pecking out a letter.

INT. FINCA VIGIA - ERNEST'S STUDY, CUBA - DAWN

Standing bare foot on a kudu skin and wearing only a pair of boxer shorts is Ernest, 61.

He pulls the page out to reread it, then signs under it, and folds the page and addresses it -

INSERT - FOR CAPTAIN GREGORIO FUENTES.

Ernest leaves his study and walks into his bathroom and steps on a tall white doctor's scale. Adjusting the counter weights, he lifts an eye brow as he sees his weight has now dropped under 200 pounds.

CU. - THE SCALE EVENS OUT AT 192 POUNDS.

He turns to the wall next to him, writes 7/25 - 192.

Moving back we see hundreds of notations by Ernest of daily weight. His weight has been dropping for several years now.

Ernest takes a quick glance towards the full-size mirror and sucks in his gut for a quick pose, but instead of making himself feel better, he realizes he looks too thin, almost sickly.

HEMINGWAY
(to self) You skinny son of a
bitch...

EXT. COJIMAR, CUBA. - LATER

Hemingway is driving his convertible Chrysler over a green hill and into the small fishing town of Cojimar.

He slows to beat the canvas top a couple of times to scare the stray dogs out of the street.

Hemingway parks the car and walks toward the long pier where the Pilar is docked.

Ernest calls to Gregorio.

HEMINGWAY
Capitan!

Gregorio sticks his head out from the cabin.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
Permission to come aboard.

Gregorio smiles.

GREGORIO
Always, Papa!

Ernest boards his boat.

Gregorio and Ernest hug.

GREGORIO (cont'd)
You promise me that you will see a
good doctor when you get to
America.

Ernest shrugs it off.

HEMINGWAY
Maybe the new "thinner" look will
attract more ladies.

GREGORIO
That has never been your problem.

HEMINGWAY
True. And the prettier they are,
the younger we feel.

GREGORIO
Just promise me you will see a
good doctor, the best.

He holds Ernest in his arms waiting for him to commit.

HEMINGWAY
I promise my friend, I promise.
(Beat) Now take this.

Ernest takes the letter from his pocket and hands it to
Gregorio.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
You know how I love my Pilar.

GREGORIO
Yes, your love for her has lasted
longer than any of your wives.

Hemingway smiles and agrees. Then...

HEMINGWAY
This is just in case something
happens. If they try to seize the
Pilar because I am an American,
show them this, it proves she is
yours - free and clear. And if
something really does happen to
me, I want you to fish her as much
as you can. ...feed your family.

Gregorio is overwhelmed.

GREGORIO

Thank you my friend, but I would
never fish her, not without you.

HEMINGWAY

Then keep her safe.

GREGORIO

Like a fisherman's daughter.

HEMINGWAY

Yes, like a fisherman's daughter.

They embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FISHING SHACK - COJIMAR HARBOR, CUBA - DUSK - **DREAM**

Santiago/Hemingway sails his battered skiff into the
little harbor and heads for the lights of the La Terraza
restaurant.

MARY (O.S.)

What do you mean he's ready to go
home?

He ties the boat below the restaurant's windows and takes
down the tattered old sail.

Pausing to look down at all that is left of his once
great marlin, he shakes his head sadly and leaves.

DR. ROME (O.S.)

His treatment went very well.
About a week ago, the paranoia
ended and his depression seems to
have lifted.

Santiago/Hemingway carries the mast like a cross over his
shoulder and walks slowly back to the fishing shack he
calls home.

MARY (O.S.)

He's cured? Just like that?

Laying the mast and sail outside, Ernest finally enters
his...

FISHING SHACK - Ernest lays down on his tattered blanket
and cot and sleeps.

DR. ROME (O.S.)
It's time. I believe he's ready to
go home.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUICK CAR. FARM ROAD - DAY

A white, two-door Buick car drives along a straight two-lane road, marked US Route 63.

SUPER IN/OUT:

JULY 1961

The car passes fields of wheat and corn and occasionally farms and silos.

Before passing a sign that reads: CUSTER'S LAST STAND.

INT. BUICK CAR - AFTERNOON

Don Anderson, Ernest's Sun Valley friend, is driving.

Ernest is in the back seat with several maps on his lap. He is chief navigator, while Mary rides up front in the passenger seat.

DON ANDERSON
You want to make a stop? We can
stretch our legs, and take a look
around?

Hemingway looks back and sees a black car following in the distance.

HEMINGWAY
Sounds good. Next town 12.3 miles.
Stop there.

He looks back again. The black car is still there, following.

EXT. BUICK CAR DRIVING ALONG ROAD - EARLY EVENING

They enter a small town and finally pull into a diner for dinner.

INT. SMALL TOWN DINER - LATER

Don, Mary and Ernest are seated at a table.

Ernest spots TWO MEN in suits who come in shortly after they are seated.

Ernest turns to Don.

HEMINGWAY

See those men....Don't look at them.

Don starts to turn his head, but then stops so as NOT to look at the two men.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

They're FBI.

MARY

Oh God. (Softly)

Mary looks stricken, not at the men, but realizing her husband is still crazy, and now she is taking him home.

Don shrugs.

DON ANDERSON

They look like salesmen to me.

HEMINGWAY

Salesmen don't go out on weekends... they're home with their families.

MARY

Come on. They're not even looking at us. Please, let's order.

Don nods, and raises his hand to flag down a waitress.

LATER - Ernest sees one of the two men get up and go to the men's room.

Ernest excuses himself and also goes to the men's room.

Mary leans forward to talk with Don.

MARY (cont'd)

It's just like I told you, he's still sick.

(MORE)

MARY (cont'd)
 Watch, his paranoia will be
 followed by anger, and then he'll
 sink into a black-ass depression.
 Damn those doctors. I tried to
 tell them.

DON ANDERSON
 You think I should go check on
 him?

MARY
 Yeah. But, don't let on we're
 worried.

Don nods and goes to the men's room. Mary orders a drink.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Don enters the men's room and discovers Ernest standing
 over a knocked out FBI man sprawled out on the rest room
 floor.

DON ANDERSON
 Oh, Jesus Papa - what have you
 done?

Ernest has the man's wallet and bounds forcefully out of
 the bathroom.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Ernest throws the wallet on the table in front of Mary
 displaying the FBI badge.

HEMINGWAY
 I may be old - I maybe sick - and
 all broken inside - my thoughts
 drift away before they're finished
 - as if my memory is dotted with
 all these black holes. I can't
 write and that means I'm already
 dead. I'm all those things - but
 I'm not crazy!

Mary is stunned.

He picks up her drink and downs it in one gulp. And For
 this one moment he is like the Papa of old - strong and
 tough and the captain of his own life. He revels in it.
 He realizes it is his last.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Let's go.

Ernest heads out the door and Mary follows. The Second FBI agent heads off to check on his KO'd partner.

EXT. BUICK CAR - NEXT DAY.

The Buick travels through the winding roads that lead to Sun Valley.

The Oak groves reflect through the window onto Hemingway's face as he is lost in thought.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LA TERRAZA CAFE - COJIMAR, CUBA - DAY - **DREAM**

A group of FISHERMEN are gathered around the OLD MAN'S skiff.

Several fishermen are even standing in the shallow water measuring the great skeleton of the marlin.

The boy looks out the window of the restaurant, and laughs as the one who had teased the Santiago/Hemingway earlier, slips and falls into the water.

The men look up and wave to the boy. As one calls out.

CUBAN FISHERMAN

Eighteen feet from nose to tail!

The Proprietor hands the boy a large tin cup of Cuban Coffee.

PROPRIETOR

What a fish it was. There has never been such a fish.

EXT/INT. FISHING SHACK - COJIMAR, CUBA - DAY - **DREAM**

The boy carries the coffee into on old fishing shack.

As the boy enters, Santiago/Hemingway wakes up, and smiles at the boy who hands him the coffee. He takes a sip...

HEMINGWAY

They beat me, Manolin. They truly beat me.

The Boy shakes his head

MANOLIN

He didn't beat you. Not the fish.

HEMINGWAY

No. It was afterwards.

The Boy smiles and tries to cheer him up.

MANOLIN

Now we fish together again. I still have much to learn.

HEMINGWAY

No. I am not lucky. I am not lucky anymore.

MANOLIN

To hell with luck. I will bring the luck with me.

HEMINGWAY

What will your family say.

MANOLIN

I do not care.

Santiago/Hemingway takes this in....

CUT TO:

EXT. HEMINGWAY HOUSE, SUN VALLEY, IDAHO - DAY

The Buick drives into the driveway of the ranch style Hemingway house. The CAR HORN honks.

Mary at the wheel, honks the CAR HORN again.

HEMINGWAY

Just who the hell are you expecting?

To Ernest's surprise, Gianfranco Ivancich comes out of the house to greet them.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)

Gianfranco! (Grins) What a great surprise.

They exit their car and after many hugs Ernest and Mary enter their Sun Valley home.

Don and Gianfranco carry in the two small bags of luggage.

INT. HEMINGWAY HOUSE, SUN VALLEY, IDAHO - DAY

Putting the bags down, Don Anderson gives Mary a hug, then looks to Ernest.

DON ANDERSON
If you'll forgive me, I'm going
home now.

Ernest gives Don a bear hug.

Mary disappears to the kitchen with Gianfranco.

HEMINGWAY
Thank you, Don. You have no idea
what it meant for me to get back
home. Take care of yourself.

Ernest looks into Don's eyes -- we can see there is more being unsaid here. Don nods, and turns to leave.

At the door he looks back one last time at his old friend.

We follow Ernest as he takes a moment and walks around his house, looking at his books, animal trophies.

Gianfranco enters the living room, holding out two glasses of wine, one for Ernest and one for himself.

GIANFRANCO
To your good health, Papa.

They touch glasses and sip. Ernest sits down on the couch.

HEMINGWAY
Tell me of Italy, my friend.

Gianfranco smiles.

GIANFRANCO
Yes of course. (beat) But first
things first.

He pulls a letter from his pocket. He hands it to Ernest.

GIANFRANCO (cont'd)
From Adriana. Excuse me.

Gianfranco leaves, giving Hemingway his privacy.

Ernest pauses to smell the envelope before opening it.

He pulls from the envelope a simple drawing of a couple holding hands on a beach. The man is old and the woman young.

Mary watches him closely from a distance.

As Ernest reads Adriana's note, tears run down his cheek.

He senses Mary's presence and turns to her. They look at each other deeply. After a moment...

HEMINGWAY

She loves me.

Ernest gently folds the letter and puts it in his shirt pocket. He's dying and knows this is a love he will never have...

MARY

We all do.

EXT. KETCHUM IDAHO WOODS/STREAM. MAGIC HOUR

Hemingway walks alone in the woods. He carries a fly rod and a wicker basket on his hip.

He walks down to a pristine trout stream and wades out to his favorite spot. He takes in his sublime surroundings for a moment then begins to cast.

In the distance he sees himself as a YOUNG BOY from the B&W photo, with a large straw hat, cane fly rod and wicker basket on hip.

He watches the boy as he wades out to his favorite spot and begins to cast.

As Hemingway stares at him in deep nostalgia. A melancholic smile appears.

JOURNALIST MALE (O.S.)

So what happened in Idaho was a surprise?

CUT TO:

EXT. HEMINGWAY'S HOUSE, FINCA VIGIA, 7/21/99 - AFTERNOON

The journalist carefully finishes the question.

JOURNALIST MALE

Hemingway never talked about
suicide with you?

Old Gregorio's eyes tear up. No answer.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. COASTAL COVE. COJIMAR, CUBA - NIGHT

Moored off the tower of the old Spanish Colonial Fort is Hemingway's Pilar. A work light illuminates the cockpit, as a serene Gregorio, 51, sits rigging a Spanish mackerel as bait for the next morning's marlin run.

Hemingway, 61, joins him, carrying a long case.

HEMINGWAY

Gregorine, you prepare that bait
with the same concentration that a
Masai warrior devotes to his
spear.

GREGORIO

Papa, this has to be done with
much care. It cannot be done
quickly. The bait has to swim
properly through the water and
stay fresh.

Hemingway now sets his case down, opens it and pulls out his two famous boat guns. A beautiful Thompson machine gun and a Colt Woodsman .22 caliber pistol.

He begins to examine them as he shares a thought with Gregorio.

HEMINGWAY

Tomorrow, the marlin are going to
run strong and true.

GREGORIO

Yes, the nor'east wind will bring
us a great fish.

HEMINGWAY

And if the *galanos* come after her,
I'll be ready.

He sites his gun. Gregorio smiles.

GREGORIO
Those sharks are no match for you,
Papa.

Hemingway smiles. A simple toast as he sips his gin.

HEMINGWAY
God bless the Nor'easter. It's
what brought us together, hermano.

Hemingway wipes the Thompson with an oil rag.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Damm, that's a long time to be
friends.

GREGORIO
Yes, since 1928.

HEMINGWAY
I don't even keep my wives that
long.

They both laugh.

GREGORIO
It helps that we fish.

HEMINGWAY
Indeed it does. But what will
happen when we are too old to
fish?

GREGORIO
You are never too old to fish.

HEMINGWAY
I heard that. Hell I even wrote
it. But we both know that day will
come.

Hemingway admires his machine gun as he slips into a
darker mood.

Gregorio notices, says nothing, studies him.

Finally Hemingway looks up.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
My father committed suicide the
year we met.

(MORE)

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
I've never told you that. (Beat)
He shot himself. (Beat) You see
this.

He shows Gregorio the machine gun.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
He once told me that the most
efficient way for a man to commit
suicide is by shooting himself
through the soft pallet of his
mouth, like this.

He points his Thompson up into the roof of his mouth.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
It's the softest part of your body
and it goes straight through...
into your mind.

This angers Gregorio.

GREGORIO
No! A man should never, ever, give
up, always fight to the end. Like
a great fish.(Beat) It is silly
not to hope, and I believe it is a
sin.

HEMINGWAY
I used to think that was true.
Thought that my father had died a
coward...I was wrong. He picked
the day, the time, and then ended
it quickly.(Beat) Don't you see
Gregorio. Suicide is an act of
courage.... If it were easy,
everyone would do it...

Easy? This last thought resonates with Gregorio.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
...There is no dignity in a slow,
painful death.

Gregorio strongly disagrees.

GREGORIO
No. Suicide is an act of
madness.(Beat) When a great fish
comes up behind a bait that is
rigged badly, and the hooks are
showing and he sees them.
(MORE)

GREGORIO (cont'd)
 It is madness that makes him
 strike that bait. But he strikes
 it all the same. Why? Because the
 fish is desperate! It is
 desperation that leads to suicide,
 not courage. But his struggle for
 life, that has dignity.

Hemingway contemplates...then:

HEMINGWAY
 Yes, Gregorio. Despair can be a
 great motivator.

Gregorio ponders the fate of his friend.

HEMINGWAY (cont'd)
 It can even make the bravest of us
 look bad in the eyes of family and
 friends.

Silence now fills the space between them as we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HEMINGWAY HOUSE - SUN VALLEY, IDAHO - SUNRISE

MARY IS ASLEEP IN THE MASTER BEDROOM.

Ernest, in his checkered bathrobe, enters the room with a
 breakfast tray with the NY Times crossword folded back,
 her toast and hot tea.

Ernest places the tray on the bed. He looks at Mary for a
 moment, then pulls out a pen and fills in a couple boxes
 on the crossword and exits.

We move in on the crossword. It reads..A SEVERE MERCY.

HEMINGWAY (O.S.)
 But to let yourself die slowly
 with no hope of recovery, only
 more pain and suffering. We don't
 even do that to a fish.

ERNEST APPROACHES A LARGE PICTURE WINDOW IN THE LIVING
 ROOM.

Hemingway is holding his favorite BOSS shotgun. He stares
 out at the tall grass waving in the wind.

He loads in two shells.

GREGORIO (O.S.)
Then...It is as you say. A man can
be destroyed, but never defeated.

EXT/INT. HEMINGWAY HOUSE. SUN VALLEY, IDAHO - SUNRISE

The early rays of the sun illuminate the sky that
surrounds the house.

HEMINGWAY (O.S.)
At last we agree.

We hear TWO GUN SHOTS fired at nearly the same time.

A FLOCK OF QUAIL RISE UP FROM THE NEARBY BRUSH BY THE
STREAM.

MARY WAKES IN BED STARTLED, HER FEAR ALREADY BETRAYING
HER.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. GREGORIO/MARY MONTAGE - CUBA/KETCHUM, IDAHO

(A series of images follow as a Cuban Rumba is heard. It
is folkloric in nature but still soulful and rhythmic in
spirit.)

Gregorio looks on as the Pilar is pulled up a ramp and
out of the water, by a large gathering of fisherman
pulling on an elaborate pulley system. He is in deep
thought.

The camera reveals the Cojimar township choir as they
sing a slow and spiritual Rumba "Papa Murio" (*Papa Has
Died*) as the drummers play there hypnotic/soulful rhythm.

Gregorio Fuentes overseeing a collection of various
bronze marine hardware being donated by the fishermen of
Cojimar.

A taller mulatto man in his golden years, throws in a
large brass boxing trophy and feints a ceremonial left
jab at the stack of brass items in the truck.

We end the series on Gregorio himself taking one of the
heavy bronze propellers off the Pilar.

Gregorio walks over to the pickup truck where several
Cojimar fishermen are gathered and adds the propeller to
the other salvaged bronze parts.

A makeshift caravan of very old vehicles follows the pickup truck towards Havana.

EXT. KETCHUM CEMETERY - DAY

Mary, in black, presides over the private burial of Ernest Hemingway. It is a bleak overcast day in Ketchum. As the coffin is lowered the music takes us to...

INT. HAVANA FOUNDRY, CUBA - DAY

An intense fire as the brass parts are placed in the foundry's oven.

Gregorio and the fisherman of Cojimar watch as the liquid is poured into a mold.

EXT. KETCHUM CEMETERY - ANOTHER DAY

From a distance we see Mary sitting by Ernest's grave alone. She is reading to herself or perhaps to him. We cannot hear so we don't know. Only the wind hums as her scarf flutters.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)
Writing, at its best, is a lonely
life...

EXT. COJIMAR CUBA. - DAY

Kids are running across the street towards the plaza, where a large CROWD has gathered.

This crowd consists of local fishermen, their families, a few Havana dignitaries, also Sinsky, Fernando, Paxtichi and Father Don as well as reporters, photographers and a film crew from Associated Press.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.)
A writer grows in public stature
as he sheds his loneliness and
often his work deteriorates.

Captain Gregorio is standing on a small ladder in the rotunda. CAMERAS FLASH, as Gregorio pulls off the veil that covers the handsome bronze bust of Ernest Hemingway.

HEMINGWAY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 For he does his work alone and if
 he is a good enough writer, he
 must face eternity, or the lack of
 it, each day.

For a moment they now seem to be looking at each other.

SLOWLY THE CAMERA MOVES CLOSER, THEN AROUND ON HEMINGWAY.

As the sea welcomes him we...

JOURNALIST MALE (O.S.)
 One last question, Captain.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HEMINGWAY HOUSE, FINCA VIGIA, 7/21/99 - MAGIC HOUR.

Gregorio is emotionally exhausted.

JOURNALIST MALE
 Some people might think that
 Hemingway took the easy way out.
 What is your opinion?

A deep quiet anger stirs in Gregorio.

GREGORIO
 Easy? If it was easy everyone
 would do it.

After a beat, he shakes Gregorio's hand.

JOURNALIST MALE
 Thank You.

The woman journalist gives old Gregorio a kiss on the
 cheek before leaving.

As they walk away, old Gregorio stands up from his wheel
 chair and moves to the dry docked Pilar.

Alone, he reaches out and caresses the Pilar's bow.

GREGORIO
 Never defeated...never.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER IN/OUT:

GREGORIO FUENTES DRY DOCKED THE PILAR BEHIND THE FINCA VIGIA IN 1961, AND NEITHER HE NOR THE PILAR EVER FISHED AGAIN. HE REMAINED HAPPILY MARRIED FOR 70 YEARS AND BEFORE HIS DEATH AT AGE 104, HE WAS INDUCTED THE *CAPTAIN'S HALL OF FAME* BY THE INTERNATIONAL GAME FISH ASSOCIATION.

ADRIANA IVANCHICH WROTE HER MEMOIRS ABOUT HER TIME WITH HEMINGWAY, THEN SUFFERING FROM DEPRESSION COMMITTED SUICIDE, HANGING HERSELF FROM AN OLIVE TREE IN THE TUSCAN COUNTRYSIDE.

MARY WELSH HEMINGWAY WROTE HER OWN HEMINGWAY BIOGRAPHY AND ESTABLISHED THE ERNEST HEMINGWAY LETTER COLLECTION AT THE JOHN F. KENNEDY LIBRARY AND FOUNDED THE *PEN/HEMINGWAY AWARD* FOR BEST FIRST NOVEL BY AN AMERICAN AUTHOR. MARY DIED OF CIRRHOSIS OF THE LIVER AND IS BURIED BESIDE ERNEST IN KETCHUM, IDAHO.

THE END