

INT. HALLWAY

Vernon is leading Jopo back to his room. Jopo is in front of Vernon, emphatically yelling Marxist doctrine. Vernon holds the shortwave radio.

JOPO  
Repression! Repression!  
Compañeros-in-arms, the  
reactionary forces are once again  
trying to quell us. ¡Muerta o  
gloria! Never will we stop so long  
as there is oppression! These  
strong-arm tactics by of the  
tyrant Gingham aren't even  
obstacles!

Vernon guides Jopo into his room and closes the door. He reopens the door to toss Jopo his shortwave radio.

JOPO (CONT'D)  
HISTORY WILL ABSOLVE ME!

Vernon turns and starts down the hallway. Jopo's door reopens and Jopo sticks his head out. He is now completely calm and at ease. He has - somehow - already lit another cohiba.

JOPO (CONT'D)  
Señor Wells.

Vernon is startled by Jopo's use of his name.

JOPO (CONT'D)  
Señor Wells, you are being used.

Vernon keeps walking.

JOPO (CONT'D)  
Keep your bones of effort and  
strength, don't sell them to  
Gingham.

Vernon freezes where he is, surprised.

JOPO (CONT'D)  
Claire Milhous Gingham is a  
bourgeois dictator whose reign of  
terror is in its demise. End your  
wage slavery. You have nothing to  
lose but your mop.

CUT TO:

INT. JOPO'S ROOM

Jopo's room is a capsule of Cuban revolutionary life. Everything is in disarray, piles of musty Spanish-language pamphlets and books by various Socialist intellectuals are heaped in piles around the room.

The room is very dim, slatted moonlight hitting the wall through venetian blinds. Afro-Cuban music blares from an old record player. On the wall are pictures of Jopo in old, yellowing photos. In one, he stands as a young man with Che Guevara and Camilo Cienfuegos. All three are in black berets, posing with machine guns in the Sierra Maestra. In another, he looks on with Ra'l Castro as a young Fidel gives a speech in 1950s Havana. A third photograph shows him playing baseball with Castro.

A small bed, low to the ground, is in the corner. It is unmade.

There are few affects in Jopo's room: an empty bird cage and an old-fashioned telephone.

Vernon and Jopo sit on wooden chairs at a wooden table, playing canasta. Also on the table is a box of cigars and an old-fashioned typewriter. A hand-cranked printing press sits on the table as well. A series of self-published pamphlets are stacked on the table between them: "JEOPARDY!: OPIATE OF THE MASSES", "BOURGEOIS OLIGARCHY HAS THE TRUMP: BRIDGE AND ITS COUNTERREVOLUTIONARY CONSEQUENCES", "GUERILLA WARFARE IN THE NURSING HOME JUNGLE".

**SIDES: JOPO ----START HERE**

Vernon and Jopo are smoking cohibas as they play. Jopo is in the middle of a funny story.

JOPO  
...and in the mountains, the  
mosquitoes are  
(holding up fist)  
like this, and Camilo was always  
getting it the worst, so he would  
just be cursing and cursing. Here  
we are, a rebel army fighting for  
the liberation of our people,  
moving through jungle and

dispatching mutineers, and our  
capit·n just going  
(smacking his arm on each curse)  
¡Culo! ¡Culo! ¡Culo! ¡Culo! ¡Culo!

Jopo can see that Vernon is skeptical.

JOPO (CONT'D)  
You are probably wondering about  
me. What am I doing here, in the  
Catskills, so far away from my  
homeland... I will tell you. Wrong  
boat.

Vernon is now intrigued, but still guarded.

JOPO (CONT'D)  
I was supposed to go to Nicaragua.  
I got on the wrong boat. I got  
confused. I probably should have  
known from all the gringos. There  
were all sorts of secret ports  
back then. I was trapped on a boat  
with all the landowners going to  
la Yuma... I was walking up to  
petit-bourgeoisie, thinking they  
were disguised fighters and we  
were on the *Granma*. 'Seòor, Seòor,  
do you have your gun?'

Vernon laughs.

JOPO (CONT'D)  
We landed and I never got to  
Nicaragua or back home.

Jopo sighs and shakes his head.

JOPO (CONT'D)  
But, you know, That kind of stuff  
happened a lot. Part of me thinks  
Camilo's in Winnipeg.

Jopo leans closer to Vernon, his voice becomes a whisper.

JOPO (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
There's something happening,  
hermano.

Jopo points at the ground. Vernon leans in and points to  
the ground as well, quizzically.

Jopo sits back in his chair and puffs on his cigar. He raises his eyebrows. Vernon ponders, wearing the implications of what Jopo says on his face.

JOPO (CONT'D)  
¡brase los ojos, muchacho.

Pause. Another puff.

JOPO (CONT'D)  
When it happens, not even Tsar  
Gingham can stop it.

Vernon looks as if he is beginning to fully absorb what Jopo is saying.

JOPO (CONT'D)  
Vernon, when it comes to the  
harbour, will you get on the right  
boat?

Vernon eyes Jopo, he looks at his watch and then back at Jopo.

JOPO (CONT'D)  
Muerta o gloria, comrade.

**SIDES: JOPO ----END HERE**