

SCARFACE THE REMAKE

NARRATOR

In May 1900, Fidel Castro -- in an Effort to normalize relations with The Carter Administration -- opened The harbor at Mariel, Cuba with the Apparent intention of letting some Of his people join their relatives In the United States. Within seventy-Two hours, 3,000 U.S. boats were headed For Cuba. In the next few weeks, it Became evident that Castro was forcing The boat owners to carry back with Them not only their relatives but the Dregs of his jail population. By the Time the port was closed 125,000 'Marielitos' had landed in Florida. An estimated 25,000 had criminal Records. This is the story of that minority -- those they call 'Los Bandidos.'

The prologue is shredded diagonally by the blade of a Stiletto and in the empty black void us:

CUT TO

Opening Montage - Documentary Footage:

THE DISEMBARKATION

From the harbor in Mariel, Cuba. Vessels of every nature, Waving masses, demonstrations....

The music theme continuing in stately calm as we:

CUT TO

INT. OFFICE - PROCESSING HALL - AFTERNOON - A FULL CLOSEUP OF TONY MONTANA

The scar-faced one, in the young angry prime of his life. We dwell first on the scar which he likes to scratch now and then. We move to the eyes, pure in their fury. Finally we encompass the face -- the face of a man about to explode -- muscle, tissue, brain -- a man willing to live or die and on the increment of a moment, inflict or receive either one. He is clothed in rags crossed with holes, his shoes broken cardboard, his hair unkempt, his complexion sallow from prison.

VOICE #1 (0.8.)

Okay so what do you call yourself?

VOICE #2 (0.6.)

Corn0 se llama?

MONTANA

Tony Montana...you?

VOICE #1

Where'd you learn to speak the English?

Tony?

MONTANA

Sailor.

My old man -- he was American.

I always know, y'know,

I see all the

gonna come to America.

movies....

VOICE #1

So where's your old man now?

MONTANA

He's dead. He died. Somewhere....

VOICE #1

Mother?

MONTANA

She's dead too.

CONTINUED

VOICE #2

What kind of work you do in Cuba,

Tony?

MONTANA

This. That. The Army. Some construction work....

VOICE #2

Got any family in the States,

Tony? Cousins, brother-in-law?

MONTANA

(a beat)

Nobody. Everybody's dead.

MAN #I

Y'ever been in jail, Tony?

MONTANA

Me jail? No way.

We now reveal three men in civilian clothing in the
dark

afternoon light of the little room. Actually it's
a
plywood office somewhere in the processing hall and
we hear
the din from the hall over the question and answer.
Two of
the men sit around a desk, the Third Man stands in
a corner,
staring at Tony, the most authoritative-looking of
the
three.

MAN #1

(checking off a list)
You been in a mental hospital, Tony?

MONTANA

(grinning)
Yeah, in the boat coming over.

MAN #1

How 'bout homosexuality, Tony? You.
like men, y'like to dress up like a
woman?

MONTANA

(to Man #2)
Never tried it. What the
fuck's wrong
with this guy, what's he think I am?

MAN #2

Just answer the questions, Tony.

(The voices of the men remain cool and collected throughout.)

CONTINUED

MONTANA

(to Man #1)
Fuck no.

MAN #1

Arrested? Vagrancy? Marijuana?

TONY

Never. Nothing.

His eye movements are rapid (over shoulders, sides, doors)
and he does a lot of touching -- objects -- lightly with the
tips of the fingers. Man #3 is stepping forward out of the
shadows.

MAN #3

So where'd you get the beauty Tony?
Eating Pussy??!!

MONTANA

This?
(scratching the scar, shrugs)
I was a kid. You should see the
other kid.
(a grim chuckle)

MAN #3

And this?
He holds up Tony's hand and indicates the tattoo between the
thumb and second finger -- a heart with the word "Madre"
scaled through it.

MONTANA

Oh that was for my sweetheart.

MAN #3

Sweetheart?
(to the
other men)
We been seeing more and more of these.
It's some kinda code these guys used
in the can. Pitchfork means an assassin
or something. This one's new...You
want to tell us, Montana or you want to
take a little trip to the detention
center?

MONTANA

Hey, so I was in the can once for
buying dollars. Big deal.

MAN.#3

That's pretty funny, Tony.

MONTANA

Some Canadian tourist....

MAN #3

What'd you mug him first? Get him
outta here!
(starts to
walk out)

MONTANA

so I fuck Castro, what's it to
Hey, you? You a Communist or something?
How would you like it they tell you
all the time what to think, what to
do, you wanna be like a sheep, like
everybody else. Baa baa? Puta! You
want a stoolie on every block? You
wanna work eight hours a day and you
never own nothing? I ate octopus three
times a day, fucking octopus is coming
out my ears, fuckin' Russian shoes are
eating through my feet. Whaddaya want?

You want me to stay there? Hey, I'm
no little whore, I'm no stinking thief!
I'm Tony Montana and I'm a political
prisoner here from Cuba and I want my
fucking 'Human Rights' just like
President Jimmy Carter says, okay?...

Silence

There's a certain eloquence to the man's plea but
it falls on disbelieving ears. One of them chuckles.

MAN #1

Carter should see this human right.
He's good. He's very good. What do
you say Harry?

MAN #3

(walking out)
'Freedom town.' Let them take a
look at him. A long look.