

218 CONTINUED:

218

MICHAEL

I've arranged for a plane; we're going to Miami in an hour. Try not to make a big thing of it.

He kisses his brother once again.

MICHAEL (Sicilian)

I know it was you, Fredo. You've broken my heart.

Slowly, understanding, Fredo backs away from his brother, taking the kiss another way.

A little distance away, Major Leon notices an old woman, one of the President's maids, moving across the alcove, carrying her suitcases.

LEON

What a pity; she's crying. Must have been fired, and she's been with the President's family for twenty years.

219 EXT. HAVANA STREETS - NIGHT

219

The gathered crowd joyously welcomes the New Year. We notice the continual military movement.

MED. VIEW