SOMEBODY IN AFRICA

EXT. GRASSY PLAINS - DUSK

BIRDS ARE FLUSHED FROM HIDING. A soldier carrying an automatic weapon rises up out of the grass and looks around. A mortar shell explodes nearby. There are no sound effects. He seems unperturbed.

Several more explosions in the field. The soldier motions with his arm and:

FIFTY MORE SOLDIERS RISE UP OUT OF THE GRASS More small explosions.

FREEZE FRAME

With a click-click of a camera -- still no fx.

THE SOLDIERS RUN THROUGH THE GRASS FOLLOWING THEIR LEADER As they do, the platoon leader waves his arms again.

FIVE ELEPHANTS CHARGE OUT OF THE SHRUBBERY Through a field of small mortar explosions.

FREEZE FRAME

With the click-click of a camera.

THE ELEPHANTS CHARGE OUT ACROSS THE PLAINS Each carries an
enormous load of supplies, and each is ridden by a soldier with a rifle.

A HELICOPTER GUNSHIP DIVES OUT OF THE SKY firing rockets at the soldiers and elephants. A tribal mask is painted on the nose of the chopper.

THE ELEPHANTS REAR UP IN TERROR

The soldiers on the elephants stand up and aim rifles at the chopper and begin firing.

THE CHOPPER ATTACKS THE ELEPHANTS against an African sunset.

FREEZE FRAME

DISSOLVE TO:

INT./EXT. LOBBY OF THE 'NEW PEOPLE'S HOTEL' - DAWN

A door slams o.s. and the figure of RUSSELL PRICE, 30, appears at the top of some stairs. Sleepy-eyed, he pulls on a multi-pocketed fishing vest over a baggy shirt. He carries a beat up canvas bag over his shoulder.

A BLACK WOMAN, 40, sleeps at the lobby switchboard desk. Another OLD BLACK MAN sweeps the floor. Price mumbles a 'good morning' and goes to two vintage WW II vending machines -- one for candy, one for Coca-Cola. He buys two candy bars and a coke, and begins eating his "breakfast" as he crosses the lobby.

EXT. THE HOTEL - DAWN

JIMMY, a cab driver, has been sleeping in a chair against the wall. Several street vendors have their wares laid out.
on the sidewalk against the hotel. Some are shaded by makeshift awnings, some are not. Jimmy rises as Price arrives; there is familiar ritual in their greeting.

They cross the street together toward Jimmy's waiting taxi, a hand-painted purple old American car with the words "New People's Taxi Company" and Jimmy's name in above it. Price hands a candy bar to Jimmy.

PRICE
'Morning, Jimmy, think you could squeeze me in?

JIMMY
Where is you would care to go at once, Mr. Price?

PRICE
Bang-bang.

JIMMY
Twenty dollar.

Price hands him a wad of bills.

PRICE
You're a thief, Jimmy.

Jimmy smiles broadly, nodding, then points to the sky.

JIMMY
Booteeful picture, huh, snap-snap?

PRICE
I don't do skies.

The two men get into the strange cab parked in front of an open marketplace just starting to come alive; the cab drives off.

EXT. A REMOTE AFRICAN VILLAGE - DAY

The taxi arrives, and Price gets out.

Price ambles over to stand in the early morning shade
an old building. A hand-painted image of Che Guevara - with an X painted over it -- is on one wall. Price pulls a joint from his pocket and lights up, taking a hit. The sounds of war machinery soon interrupt the stillness. Price hurries to the corner.

**P.O.V. A JEEP LEADING AN ARMY CONVOY**

Price pulls a handful of colored rags from his pocket and then picks out a yellow kerchief, tying it to his arm. Price steps boldly into the street in front of the approaching convoy. He exchanges shouts with an officer in a jeep, with a motion is given permission to join.

**PRICE CLIMBS INTO THE LAST OF THREE TROOP TRUCKS**

Each truck is filled with perhaps 25 African soldiers in khaki, each holding an automatic rifle. Another jeep follows, towing a World War II cannon.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE THE TROOP TRUCK – DAY**

**PRICE**

(cheerily)

Hi, guys.

The soldiers look over disinterestedly. Two dozen cases of Coca-Cola are tied to a stretcher among stacks of guns. As Price settles in for the ride, he begins pulling from his bag. Quickly and automatically, rarely switches lenses, loads film, and prepares his cameras. He has done this a thousand times.
A SINGLE WHITE SOLDIER -- OATES, rises from among the blacks, and shakily makes his way toward Price. A mercenary dressed in a ragged uniform of his own design, carries two machine guns and a .45. He smiles broadly, recognizing Price. HODGE slaps Price's hands as if they were teammates.

OATES
G'damn, Price, you tuna sucking piece of raw meat -- whatchyou goin' to Zambeze for?

PRICE
Thought I'd get some great shots of your head gettin' blown to smithereens.

OATES
Smithereens?! Be a great fuckin' picture, eh?

PRICE
Be a prize winner.

OATES
(proudly)
Ya think so?
(beat; changing tone)
Trade ya some greenies for a joint.
(beat)
I gotta have a joint.

PRICE
I'm on the wagon, man, sorry.

OATES
(shrugs)
Ahh. Dope-wise, this place sucks.
(looks around, leans in confidentially)
Lotta fuckin' coons around here, eh?

They nod. He laughs obscenely and deeply.

PRICE
I thought you were fighting for the Government?

OATES
I am. This is the Government.

PRICE
These are the Rebels.

OATES
Fuck they are. This is a Government convoy to Calunda.

PRICE
This is the Abou-Deian Revolutionary Front.

Pause.

OATES
You're shitting me.

Pause. Finally Oates starts laughing uncontrollably.

OATES
These guys be pissed if they knew, eh?

(Price nods in agreement; Oates suddenly gets serious)
This is the dumbest motherfucker I ever signed up for. Don't pay shit either.

(Price nods in agreement)
Nicaragua. That's the spot. Cheap shrimp, lotta rays -- real thin in the spook department too, dig?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE REBEL'S AIRFIELD - DAY

The convoy rumbles past a check-point into a small airfield containing a motley collection of DC-3's and old planes. TWO RUSSIAN ADVISORS and THREE CUBAN ADVISORS watch.

OATES
Well hell... I wonder where the fuckin' Guvmint is?

As he speaks, the cab of the truck is rocked with a mortar
shell and explodes. Soldiers scramble to safety. Some grab the guns being transported.

TWO SOLDIERS GRAB THE STRETCHER OF COKE and start running for safety. Smoke and explosions are everywhere -- they abandon their cargo and run for cover.

OATES SCRAMBLES TO SAFE GROUND quickly and instinctively, looking around wildly to "read" the situation. Price dives next to him.

A SOLDIER IS HIT AND GOES DOWN NEARBY, staggering towards Price and Oates.

A DC-3 GOES UP IN FLAMES IN THE BACKGROUND quickly

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER REACHES FOR OATES who darts out and drags the injured Rebel to safety.

PRICE HAS HIS CAMERAS OUT AT ONCE and is firing away.

TWO REBEL SOLDIERS POINT TO THE STRETCHER OF COCA-COLA start moving toward it through the smoke. They want to rescue the soft drinks.

PRICE LEAPS FROM HIS BUNKER AND RACES TOWARD THEM dangerously, waving and shouting as he does.

PRICE
Hold it! Hold it!

They don't speak English but stop at his craziness.

PRICE STOPS AND AIMS HIS CAMERA, and as he does he motions for the soldiers to continue.

P.O.V. THE FRAMED IMAGE -- SOLDIERS, SMOKE AND COKE IN B.G.

As the soldiers move toward the Coke, Price snaps picture after picture.
A MORTAR EXPLOSION BLOWS THE COCA-COLA TO A MILLION BITS. The two soldiers stop short -- several more steps and they would have been killed. Price's intrusion has accidentally saved them. The two soldiers run toward safety, bewildered and scared.

ON THE AIRFIELD - THE SMOKE CLEARS AND ALL IS CALM

Gradually the airfield comes back to life. Several teams of medics run with stretchers from the hut and begin gathering bodies. Rebel soldiers appear from every conceivable shelter and move across the field. Oates emerges and meets Price on the torn up runway amidst the rubble. They look around at the devastation.

OATES
Well, I guess we know where the Guvmint is.

PRICE
(cynically)
You can walk to work from here.

OATES
Convenient, ain't it?

Oates starts to walk away, then stops and speaks earnestly, as if trying to connect to a real world that doesn't exist.

OATES
My brother just got married.

PRICE
I don't know your brother.

Suddenly, the distant roar of a jet. All the soldiers on the field scan the horizon; Price looks up. The air raid siren goes off.
A JET DIVES OUT OF THE SKY TOWARD THE AIRFIELD OATES
AND THE
SOLDIERS DIVE TO COVER

JET STREAKS OVERHEAD and, instead of rockets and bombs, it drops something else:

THE SKY IS FILLED WITH A MILLION PIECES OF PAPER The jet pulls out and disappears. All is quiet again as the papers flutter in the sky above the airfield. Out of frustration a single soldier fires a couple of shots at the paper.

Price grabs a piece of paper out of the air. It is:

A PICTURE OF A SWIMMING POOL IN FRONT OF A CALIFORNIA HOUSE

HE STARES AT THE IMAGE and turns it over. There is writing on the backside in Spanish and Russian. He looks around.

OATES WANDERS OVER with a handful of the leaflets.

PRICE
What's this?

OATES
Great shit, eh?

Price tries to read the writing on the back as Oates looks at a leaflet familiarly.

OATES
U.S. Gummint offers this house to any Cuban pilot flying Migs for the Rebels who chooses to defect to America with a Russian jet. We know they ain't gonna run off with no planes -- but the Rebs don't -- They're scared. They start thinking about that swimming pool. Damn near smell that chlorine. Starts workin' on 'em, and pretty soon they don't let the Cubies near a Mig. Use their
own spook pilots and destroy their own air force in a week. Guaran-fuckin-teed.

PRICE
C.I.A.?

OATES
(proudly)
Smartest guys in the world.
(afterthought)
Hey, you gotta scoop here, eh? You'll be famous.

OATES shakes hands with Price who looks at the picture.

PRICE
(dispassionately)
Maybe.

OATES
(looking around)
I gotta run... have a good one.

Price looks up and speaks to himself.

Oates heads off across the runway as papers continue blowing down out of the sky; Price looks up and speaks to himself.

PRICE
I love Africa.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOMS AT THE NEW PEOPLE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

CLAUDE STRYDER, 40, reads a report over the telephone as she times the call with a stopwatch. A photograph of Claire's high-school-aged daughter sits on her dresser.

ALEX GRAZIER, 50, struggles with his tie and a drink at a dresser in the adjoining room. Their connected rooms are littered with hand washed laundry and the paraphernalia of their trade -- typewriters, tape decks, books, notes, pictures.
Their love affairs of three years is ending.

CLAIRE
(on the phone)
"...and so this strange war that features two provincial governments, three rival liberation fronts, and at least twenty-five tribal associations, grinds into its seventh year..."

Alex picks up a Melodica, a novelty wind instrument, and tries to court her with "Caravan" as she files her story. Though mildly put off, she maintains her cool throughout the call. He thinks he's Paul Desmond.

CLAIRE
"...The Battle for the Airfield at Abou Deia is just another chapter in this endless story. From Ndjamenah, Chad, this is Claire Stryder."
(beat)
No -- you didn't hear any music -- must be the connection. Okay? So long.

She hangs up and rises more irritated than angered.

CLAIRE
Alex, don't play that God damn thing when I'm filing.
(beat)
We're late.

Quickly expressed, her anger passes.

ALEX
It's my party -- we'll be late. You called it a "strange war" and an "endless story." If you filed that story for me, I'd say you were editorialishing.

CLAIRE
I like to editorialize. You drunk?

Alex loves to be melo-dramatic and is quite conscious of his
ability to charm. He's also aware that it's worn off with her.

ALEX
Drunk? Only with the memories of making love with you on the plains of Fianga as the first Army of Liberation marched in and opened fire.

CLAIRE
And freed the Proletariat.

Alex raises a drink.

ALEX
Right.

CLAIRE
I'm going to the party without you.

She leaves -- he quickly puts on his coat and follows her.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ELEVATOR GOING DOWN - NIGHT

ALEX
Christ, I don't want to go to this stupid party. I'm bad at false modesty.

CLAIRE
You're great at it.

She straightens his half-tied tie in an act of familiar affection rather than motherliness. Nervousness. She speaks calmly -- this is ground they have already covered.

CLAIRE
Alex, you're going to make a great anchorman in New York and undoubtedly I could be a Pulitzer Prize winning hostess -- but I'm not going with you.

ALEX
You can work out of the East Coast.
We'll get a place on Long Island and burn our suitcases.

CLAIRED
I still like suitcases.

ALEX
Every Saturday night we'll have a party... invite all our friends, sit out on the veranda and interview each other.

CLAIRED
I've done all that.

ALEX
I haven't.

(beat; changes tack)
Well, God dammit, I'm getting tired of memorizing who's the president of the... Republic of Maldives.

CLAIRED
Mamoon Abdul Gayoom.

ALEX
Yeah, he succeeded Mamoon Abdul Gayeem.

They both smile slightly as the elevator comes to a stop.

The door doesn't open, and the light flickers.

ALEX
And I'm tired of Third World elevators.

He bangs the door with his fist. It opens, and they enter a dismal hallway. The sounds of a party come from beyond.

ALEX
Don't leave me.

CLAIRED
I already have.

As they approach the door to the party, he speaks with new toughness.

ALEX
Fuck Abou Deia and New York. I'm going to Nicaragua with you.

CLAIRE

No.

ALEX

I've heard it's a neat little war with a nice hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROOM WITH THE PARTY - NIGHT

A cheer goes up for Alex as he and Claire enter. Party hats, booze, hand-made signs reading "Bon Voyage," etc. Fifteen journalists of varying nationalities cover this backwater war.

Though both upset, they act as if everything is normal. PRICE STANDS ON A CHAIR AT THE CENTER summoning Alex who moves through the group with ease, instantly at home. Price holds up a bottle of champagne in toast.

PRICE

Alex, get up here!

Alex climbs on a chair next to Price who puts his arm around him.

PRICE

To the man who gave me my first job, and fired me from my first job... and gave me my second job...

VOICE FROM CROWD

And fired you from your second job...

PRICE

Just a few words, Alex.

VOICES FROM CROWD

Impossible! Can't be done! etc.
However miserable, Alex shines in these situations. He raises his hand -- silence.

**ALEX**

You may be asking yourself what exactly are you doing here in this "strange war, just another chapter in an endless story... that grinds into its seventh year..."

Claire slips to the side bar and pours herself a drink, watching Alex and shaking her head with some affection.

JIMMY, THE CAB DRIVER, ENTERS WITH A CAKE covered with candles. The crowd parts for the cake shaped like the country of Chad. The crowd begins singing "Caravan" in a half-tribute to a man they like and respect.

PRICE MOVES AROUND THE ROOM TAKING PICTURES of the party; it is all casual, silly, fun.

THROUGH CAMERA P.O.V.'S OF ALEX IN A PARTY HAT, whip pan to CABBY WITH THE CAKE, whip pan to DRUNKEN JOURNALISTS.

THROUGH CAMERA P.O.V. OF CLAIRE -- FREEZE FRAME, pan follows her as she moves through the room -- FREEZE FRAME, she picks up another drink and leaves through a side door -- FREEZE FRAME.

ALEX GIVES IN AND JOINS THE SINGING, enjoying his own tribute once he has managed to give in to it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE DARKROOM - RED LIGHTS**

Claire's face is also covered with tears as she smokes, wandering idly among clothespinned photos. A part of her life is ending -- life with Alex -- but it's not ending neatly.
A row of hanging photographs catches her eye. She stops and looks closely — then laughs in spite of herself at a series of pictures: Photo of a tall African native with a cock so long it is tied in a knot; photo of a beautifully breasted African woman; photo of several posing soldiers; photo of a photograph -- the ranch house with pool; photo self-portrait of Price blowing smoke rings; photo of Claire and Alex in happier days.

Claire pulls the photo of Alex and her from the clip and looks at it.

The door opens, and Price enters.

Price
Oh. I didn't know you were here.

Claire
Sure you did. You were taking pictures of me all over the room.

Price
Well... yeah... you looked great. Why aren't you partying?

Claire
In a minute.

He notices the picture she's looking at.

Price
I printed that up for Alex.

Claire
It wouldn't be the greatest thing you could give him right now...

(beat)
We just split up.

Price
Jesus, I'm sorry. Who left who this time?

Claire
I'm the villain... I thought it could be a little cleaner this time -- me in Central America, him in New York.

**PRICE**
That's pretty clean.

**CLAIRE**
But he's decided to go to Nicaragua too.

**PRICE**
To cover you or the war?

**CLAIRE**
To cover everything.

Silence. Price moves behind her and gently kisses her on the ear. She smiles quickly and nervously.

**CLAIRE**
No.

He kisses her on the neck.

**CLAIRE**
For godsakes, Russell, listen.

The sounds of the party can be heard. He ignores them and moves around her, trying to kiss her on the lips. She puts her hand over his mouth.

Price reacts strongly, flaring slightly and withdrawing.

**PRICE**
I don't want to wait for you again. We've been circling each other since the Montreal Olympics.

**CLAIRE**
You're a genius of bad timing. (beat) I'm going back to the party.

She heads to the door; Price stays. She stops before getting there, hesitates, then pulls the PHOTO OF THE ELEPHANT.
the string and returns to Price, handing him the photo.

CLAIRE
This is a great shot.

PRICE
Thanks.

CLAIRE
I've heard the light in Nicaragua's even better.

He doesn't respond. They stand for several moments --
the
sounds of the party get louder. She turns and heads to
Alex's
celebration, leaving Price alone in the darkroom.

PRICE LOOKS AT CLAIRE AS SHE LEAVES, stares aimlessly
for
several moments, then focuses back on his PHOTO OF THE ELEPHANTS.

DISSOLVE TO:

NICARAGUA 1979

EXT. THE STREETS OF MANAGUA – THE CAPITOL – AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON: TIME MAGAZINE WITH COVER PHOTO OF THE ELEPHANTS, 
cigars,
a
group of middle class Nicaraguan women carry a banner 
that reads "Our Revolution is in Christ" (in Spanish),
followed by three Catholic PRIESTS in bright robes, followed by 
a sound truck with P.A. system, followed by hundreds of 
townspeople carrying banana leaves and religious signs. 
All are singing a Catholic hymn in a swaying, hypnotic 
Small red and black flags are scattered throughout.
A cab driving through the streets runs into the parade and stops. Price sits in the front seat -- his luggage is tied precariously to the roof. The trunk of the cab has been smashed in beyond repair. Price hops out of the cab but camera bag -- he doesn't know what the parade is about it looks great. He hands the cabbie some money to stay near.

**Price**

Wait here.

He runs to join the procession.

Price hops onto the running board of the fire truck and almost by simultaneously his light meter is out. He is surrounded by images: Small girls dressed as angels line the street, townspeople hang from doorways and windows, ice cream carts among religious icons, soldiers with guns stand in small groups along the parade route.

Price is quickly taking pictures of everything, changing cameras, occasionally taking a quick light reading; his actions are instinctive and automatic. Suddenly:

Ten young teenagers burst into the parade. They wear red and black handkerchiefs, baseball caps, and strange masks. They are chanting:

**Teenage Boys**

Rafael, Rafael, Rafael... libre o muerte... Rafael....

A large painting of the face of Rafael is carried aloft on a stick, draped with red and black scarves.

Price photographs the boys and the painting.

National Guard soldiers shove into the parade up and down.
the street they spring into action, running for
with their guns.

An ice cream vendor is knocked down, a mother clutches
her
"angel" daughter, another child is whisked inside a
doors as
the Soldiers break into the procession.

THE "MUCHACHOS" WITH RAFAEL TURN TO RUN but realize
that the
soldiers have cut off their escape.

THREE SOLDIERS BREAK into the parade and are separated
from
the boys only by a group of Priests. Trapped, the boys
panic,
but as the SOLDIERS push towards them:

THE PRIESTS BLOCK THE SOLDIERS and intentionally
scuffle
into a
he
blocked
of
shreds

THE CROWD PUSHES FORWARD, the route to the door is
off, and the boys escape.

SOLDIERS FIND THE PORTRAIT OF RAFAEL and shoot it full
holes with their automatic weapons.

PRICE PHOTOGRAPHS "RAFAEL" as his image is ripped to
with bullets.

The singing and the parade march on.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL IN MANAGUA - LATER -

DAY

Overlooking Managua is a sub-tropical paradise that
seems
far removed from a brutal civil war, this one time
watering hole serves as home base to the international press. The cab pulls up, and Price gets out. The driver unties his luggage from the roof as TWO PRESS CORPS MEMBERS recognize Price and greet him as an old friend.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE HOTEL POOL AND OUTDOOR BAR - DAY (DUSK)**

ALEX SITS WITH A BEAUTIFUL NICARAGUAN WOMAN, 35, at a table as PRESS CORPS MEMBERS mingle. A man we will come to know as HUB KITTLE, 40, dressed New York casual, table hops in b.g.

PRICE SEES ALEX and sneaks over to drop the Time magazine over his shoulder onto the table in front of him. Without looking up, Alex knows Price has arrived. He smiles.

**ALEX**

Welcome to Managua.

They shake hands warmly, and Price sits down. Price points to the cover as a beer is served.

**PRICE**

You have something to do with this?

**ALEX**

Well... I thought of calling your photographs "Pictures from a Lost War"... I'm great at captions -- the New York editors loved it since none of them knew where the hell Chad was anyway -- it legitimized their ignorance, got you a cover, me a feature, and packaged a class struggle in two words. Nifty, eh?

**PRICE**

Nifty.

Russell acknowledges ISELA CRUZ sitting with Alex.
PRICE
I'm Russell Price.

ALEX
I'm sorry... this is Isela Cruz. She works for the hotel and helps out as a translator.

ISELA
My pleasure.

IN THE BACKGROUND CLAIRE WALKS INTO THE POOL-BAR AREA
She carries her handbag and some papers -- she stops short seeing them, the don't. broken,
Price sitting with Alex. She hesitates, starts toward stops, and sits down at the bar at the opposite end of pool.

Price sees her, and she sees Price. They pretend they

Price turns to Isela and launches into a stream of chauvinistic Spanish with his usual elegance.

PRICE
(in Spanish)
Looks like you guys have a lot of bang-bang down here, eh? Little misunderstanding between the poets and the government?

ISELA
"Misunderstanding?!" "Down here" it's called a war. It started in nineteen thirty. Before you were born.

ALEX
My Spanish is a little out of shape -- what'd he say?

ISELA
He said he considers it an honor to be able to photograph our war.

Price looks at each of them and decides not to push.

ALEX
Russell's got a way with words.

ISELA
I can tell.

PRICE
You're a helluva translator.

ISELA
I know. I'm much in demand around here. Will you excuse me? If you have any questions, just ask.

Alex stands to help Isela from her chair. Price presses on, instinctively and effortlessly.

PRICE
Who is Rafael?

ALEX
It depends who you ask.

Alex turns to Isela, who stops as she rises.

ISELA
Rafael? Comandante Rafael. He is either a Marxist dupe of Russia and Cuba...

(beat)

...or the most popular leader of a most popular democratic revolution.

(to Price cynically)
Take your pick.

PRICE
I don't really give a damn... but the guy's got a great face.

A beat, then Price asks his question almost sexually, as if he thinks he could seduce Isela, Rafael, the whole war.

PRICE
How would he like to be photographed?

ISELA
You'd never find him.

PRICE
Wanta lay odds?
**ISELA**
You would lose.
(beat)
You must excuse me.

She starts to leave again, and again he stops her.

**PRICE**
Just one more thing -- is Rafael owned by the C.I.A. or the K.G.B.? I'll figure out the rest.

Isela seems to welcome the question. Her tone is less flip, and she focuses hard on Price.

**ISELA**
Mr. Price... the world is not divided into East and West anymore. It is divided into North and South. By the time you people figure that out -- it will be too late.
(beat)
Congratulations on your cover.

She touches his Time magazine, kisses Alex on the cheek, and floats magically through the pool area.

Price frames her with his fingers as if composing a shot.

P.O.V. OF ISELA THROUGH PRICE'S FINGERS Isela kisses another journalist, grabs someone's hand, and lands gracefully at another table.

**PRICE**
So far this war's got it all over Africa.

**ALEX**
You're gonna have a ball.

ALEX PLACES HIS HAND OVER PRICE'S "FRAME" blocking out view of the sexy Isela. Though Alex's tone is gentle, threat is obvious.

**ALEX**
Hands off. I need an interpreter more than you do right now.

Price takes the hint.

PRICE
You still hanging in there with Claire?

Alex chooses his words carefully and speaks slowly.

ALEX
I'm hanging in there like an interim post-war government waiting for the palace to be overrun... by younger men.

Silence and an uneasiness that Alex intended. Price manages a smile.

PRICE
Younger men.

Alex smiles disarmingly.

CLAIRE RISES AT THE OPPOSITE BAR, picks up her papers, and heads straight for the two men with a bounce in her step.

BOTH MEN ARE A BIT SURPRISED AT HER ENTRANCE and she hands a stack of mail to Alex.

CLAIRE
Hi, Alex... Russell! When did you get in?

PRICE
Just now.

She shakes Price's hand in a friendly manner that comes out awkwardly, then races past the moment to address and entertain both men.

CLAIRE
You're not going to believe this -- I just beat you guys and everybody else here to a story...
(she teases them)
...exclusive... eat your heart out.

PRICE
What'd ya get?

CLAIRE
I've just been promised a private interview with Tacho.

ALEX
(impressed)
Congratulations. The bastard won't talk to me.

PRICE
Who's Tacho?

They turn to Price as if everyone knows who Tacho is.

CLAIRE
That's President Somoza's nickname.

PRICE
I don't know who the players are yet.

ALEX
Want me to order you a hot dog and a program?

A bit of tension and awkwardness -- Claire quickly takes control and changes the tone.

CLAIRE
Fellas! No fighting after six at night, all right? Curfew.
(beat)
C'mon, we've all got something to celebrate.

CUT TO:

INT. THE VIKING CLUB OF MANAGUA - NIGHT

Corrugated metal roofs, thatched hut booths, a strange combination of decorative and architectural devices.

DAISY WILLIAMS, a large black woman from Nicaragua, sings "I
My Heart in San Francisco" with a mediocre jazz group.
HUB KITTLE is present, and other journalists drop by the table to say hello.

A BOY PHOTOGRAPHER, 13, aims an ancient bellows type "polaroid" at a booth in which Claire sits between Alex and Price. They are holding a pose indefinitely while the boy struggles with the camera. They hold up the TIME COVER and a couple of beers in celebration, and when he finally snaps the picture — no flash.

The boy puts the camera down disappointedly.

**BOY PHOTOGRAPHER**
(in broken English)
Sometimes it doesn't work.

The three journalists relax their pose.

**PRICE**
Let me look.

ON THE BANDSTAND Daisy has just finished "San Francisco" and spots Alex, motioning to him.

**DAISY**
Ladeez and Gen'mun, hep me get Aaleex ov' here...

Daisy applauds lightly for Alex to join them. Alex is equally pleased and embarrassed.

**ALEX**
There's not many piano bars left where I'm still welcome.

**CLAIRe**
Go ahead.

**ALEX**
If she can't sing in the key of C I'm in trouble.
Alex excuses himself and joins Daisy on the bandstand. and Claire are left alone in the booth as Price hands repaired camera back to the boy.

ALEX AT THE PIANO begins a slow, easy cocktail version of "Stardust," the song of his generation perhaps, and he seems happy, seduced by his own chords.

PRICE AND CLAIRE RESUME THEIR POSE, and this time the camera FLASHES. Price pays for the picture from the boy.

At first there is a moment of awkwardness between them.

PRICE

Well...

CLAIRE

"Well"... you finished your assignment in Chad?

PRICE

Got Africa all wrapped up and pouched to my editor.

She smiles and relaxes a bit at the typical Price remark.

CLAIRE

You're going to love this war, Russell... there's good guys, bad guys, cheap shrimp...

(an afterthought)

And Alex is still singing in the background.

(beat)

I missed you.

PRICE

We gotta get alone somewhere to talk.

ALEX BEGINS SINGING as he plays. He sings like a trumpet player -- no voice but great phrasing. He half smiles as he sings, enjoying the song and enjoying making them uncomfortable.
ALEX AT THE PIANO

ALEX
Sometimes I wonder why I spend these lonely nights, Dreaming of a song...

BACK AT THE BOOTH

CLAIRE
Jesus... he's doing it on purpose.

PRICE
Alex is one of the world's leading experts on military strategy.

They don't really want to talk about Alex though his presence is unavoidable. Price changes gears, gets slightly goofy, and steers the conversation to more comfortable turf.

PRICE
Well, hell, I just got off the boat... gimme the scoop on Nicaragua...

CLAIRE
Well... about sixty years ago the U.S. Marines invaded to protect American business interests and put down a peasant revolt led by a little man who wore a giant cowboy hat -- his name was Augusto Sandino... In nineteen thirty-four he was murdered at a peace conference, and the Somoza family has ruled ever since...

PRICE
No, no, no... I don't mean the stuff about the peasants -- I mean the real stuff.

She knows what he means, but she wants to tease him a bit first.

CLAIRE
The "real" stuff?... you mean a history of class struggle in agrarian societies?

PRICE
No, c'mon!
CLAIRE
Oh. Okay... well...
(beat)
Just a couple things.
(beat)
One -- there's only two kinds of beer available -- Tona and Victoria. Victoria's better.
(beat)
And two -- if you see Miss Panama hanging around the hotel bar -- hot, hot, hot -- but don't touch. She belongs to Tacho, and if anybody gets caught with her then El Presidente has promised to personally cut off the guy's...
(unsure which word to use)

PRICE
Pecker?

CLAIRE
Yeah... and throw it into Lake Managua.

PRICE
Jesus.

CLAIRE
And the lake's already polluted.

Price is impressed, and yet another new face drops by the booth -- they both recognize and see him coming, a contemporary of Price, REGIS FLYNN, a scraggly British journalist who heads over to their table holding three beers.

PRICE
(mutters to Claire)
Is there anybody here we don't know?

CLAIRE
No.

Regis slides into their booth, happy to see them.

REGIS
G'damn, Price... kudos on the African snaps.
(shakes hands, a perfunctory kiss on her cheek)
Jeez, Claire, I haven't seen you since...

**CLAIRE**
Three Mile Island.

**REGIS**
Yeah... shit...
(wistfully)
Holiday Inn, right?

He nods; they all sip beers and watch Alex sing.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE NIGHT CLUB KITCHEN**

A teenage DISHWASHER looks around nervously, then pulls a paper sack from off the shelf, removing a strange mask from it. He pulls the mask over his head. Then from the bag he removes a hand-made zip gun, puts a bullet in it, and darts into the shadows of a nook, waiting.

BACK TO THE BOOTH where Regis softly croons a few bars of "Stardust" into Claire's mike. The three of them are having a good time, mildly drunk at best, and uninhibited.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE CLUB**

As we hear Alex's gentle rendition of the standard, a NECKING COUPLE moves back into the shadows of the club. Each pulls on a mask, as in the b.g.:

**ISELA AND AN ELEGANT MAN ARRIVE AT THE CLUB**

The man, somehow out of place, dresses with casual continental
style, not overdone but expensive and tasteful --
from another world. He wears a neat hat and moves
gracefully.
DOORMAN
Isela looks stunning, dressed for the evening. The
greets them familiarly.
Isela casually checks her watch as they enter the club.
The masked couple in the shadows check their watches.

CUT TO:

INT. THE VIKING CLUB

As Isela and the man enter, commanding attention
without trying. Isela stops at the piano long enough to kiss
Alex gently before sitting in the booth with the man.

IN PRICE'S BOOTH the new arrivals have caught their
attention --
Price and Alex still clown slightly, and Claire teases

CLAIRE
Jesus... Louis Jordan walks in, and
I'm sitting with the Everly Brothers.

REGIS
Before you fall in love -- that's
Marcel Jazy... friend of wine, women,
and Somoza. They say he's a
businessman...

CLAIRE
(interrupting)
He's a businessman in search of a
business... he doesn't try very hard
to cover up his connections to the
C.I.A...

P.O.V. OF JAZY LIGHTING ISELA'S CIGARETTE

CLAIRE
But look at his moves -- can the
C.I.A. light cigarettes like that?

PRICE
What's wrong with the Everly Brothers?

THE WAITER ARRIVES AT PRICE'S BOOTH and sets down three shrimp cocktails and more champagne, as:

INT. THE BACK DOOR OF THE CLUB

It opens quickly, and three more MEN IN MASKS enter quickly.

BACK TO THE BOOTH as the waiter speaks with a firm coolness.

WAITER

Please stay at your table, and you won't be hurt.

A FACE IN A MASK MOVES QUICKLY PAST PRICE'S TABLE

ANOTHER MASKED FACE COMES OUT OF THE KITCHEN The dishwasher waves a gun.

TWO MASKED FACES -- THE COUPLE -- ENTER THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR The woman carries an automatic rifle and guards entrance.

THREE MASKED FACES APPEAR Almost materialize from thin air, moving silently and without commotion. The music winds down slowly. (Six Guerrillas total)

A GUERRILLA QUICKLY SPRAYS AN IMAGE ON THE WALL With a few deftly drawn strokes, the FACE OF RAFAEL magically appears. The name "RAFAEL" is written under the face, then other names and revolutionary slogans. As this takes place:

A WOMAN GUERRILLA HAS A GUN AT THE HEAD OF A NICARAGUAN BUSINESSMAN The middle-aged, well-dressed local sits with his wife and two other men. They freeze in fear, the nightclub freezes, as the GUERRILLAS take control of the room and smoothly.
ONE GUERRILLA FACES THE NICARAGUAN BUSINESSMAN at the table and speaks loudly but without panic. The masked Guerrillas around the room are serious but nervous.

GUERRILLA LEADER
(in Spanish)
We do not want to waste any ammunition on a head as empty as yours -- but we will.

BUSINESSMAN
(in Spanish)
What is this?!

GUERRILLA LEADER
(in Spanish)
Shut up! Get up!

The BUSINESSMAN refuses. The GUERRILLA LEADER takes a hand grenade from his pocket and pulls the pin without hesitation, then holds the grenade in front of him fearlessly, inches away from the Businessman's face.

The Businessman rises slowly. The LEADER motions toward the back door of the club.

GUERRILLA LEADER
(in Spanish)
You are coming with us -- you will not be hurt -- we will trade you for the release of some Nicaraguans who care about Nicaragua.

The woman with the gun shoves it into the man's head forcing him to move toward the kitchen door.

PRICE TAKES PICTURES QUICKLY WITH A TINY CAMERA that fits into the palm of his hand. Neatly, surreptitiously, and calmly -- Price is coolest in any crisis.

CLaire punches on her tiny tape recorder instinctively,
a tiny red light comes on.

THE BUSINESSMAN IS SHOVED TO THE DOOR He hesitates, to leave the room. The Guerrilla shoves the grenade in face; the woman sticks the gun into his neck even deeper.

HURRY

clanging

freezes:

EMERGES

see

ARM OF

singer,

it

musical

various

Guerrilla who

The

a Guerrilla guarding the side door rushes for it, picks up, and as he does:

THE GRENADEx EXPLODES IN THE GUERRILLA'S HAND A brutal explosion -- the ceiling caves in partially, the instruments explode, and:

THE SANINISTA GUERRILLAS DART FROM THE ROOM through various doors. The boy photographer lies bloodied. The picked up the grenade is a barely recognizable corpse.

Businessman is soiled but unhurt.
ONE HALF OF THE CLUB BREAKS OUT IN FLAME As a broken gas pipe feeds a sudden outburst of fire, the club's patrons panic -- screaming and shoving towards the door as the ROOM LIGHTS UP, and:

PRICE'S LIGHT METER IS OUT AT ONCE followed quickly by a 35mm camera, quickly clicking off picture after picture of the club amid the flames and panic. The new light makes his job easier.

PRICE TAKES A LIGHT READING near the body of the boy photographer. He sees the boy's camera lying nearby. He puts away his light meter and feels the boy's pulse, puts his ear to the boy's heart -- making sure he is still alive.

LA GUARDIA SOLDIERS AND FIREMEN FILL THE ROOM

CUT TO:

INT. THE PRESS ROOM AT THE INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - LATER

The chaos of a busy, cramped Telex room. A switchboard come to the several journalists trying to place phone calls. Press sandwiches. and go -- coffee, cigarettes, and half-eaten

CLAIRE TEARS A STORY OFF THE TELEX while Price stands side of the action eating a sandwich and watching.

ALEX STANDS AT THE CENTER OF IT ALL Established as the senior figure (or one of them) to whom other, younger journalists come for information.

A YOUNG JOURNALIST, a Time stringer, is slightly distraught
on the phone, and interrupts Alex's dealing with others, cupping the phone, to announce:

**TIME STRINGER**
...it's Charlie, from New York -- says that a terrorist bombing of a Central American restaurant isn't big enough to hold for the world section...

**ALEX**
Tell him we have pictures.

**YOUNG JOURNALIST**
He knows.

**ALEX**
Tell him there were pieces of body in the piano, and somebody was singing, "I Left My Heart in San Francisco."
(beat)
What's he got better than that?

**TIME STRINGER**
He's got the Pope visiting Egypt.

Alex grabs the phone in disgust and launches in.

**ALEX**
Forget the Pope, Charlie. Every week you got the Pope somewhere. This is a very big story down here because it's the first sign of fighting in Managua.
(beat)
Yeah, well get a map and look up Nicaragua -- ya drive to New Orleans and turn left.

While Charlie argues on the other end of the phone, Alex initials papers and performs several jobs at once.

**ALEX**
Like hell I'm editorializing, the whole thing happened in a roomful of C.I.A. and press. What do you want?!
(beats)
How do I know they were C.I.A.? They wore name tags, what do you think?
We're backing a Fascist again -- I know that ain't news, but see if you can find an angle!

HUB KITTLE has been floating through the room and, upon hearing the word "fascist," takes offense and approaches Alex.

HUB
Hey! There's fascists and then there's fascists, right? Be careful how you throw words like that around.

Alex ignores Hub though he is slightly pestered by him, and continues on the phone as he initials papers brought to him.

ALEX
We don't have any pictures of Rafael because nobody knows where the son of a bitch is, and anybody crazy enough to go after him...

Alex spots Price who is standing nearby, still eating a sandwich, still enjoying the high energy buzz of the room. Alex directs his next line so that Price cannot fail to get the message. Alex plays the moment coolly.

ALEX
...is liable to get his nuts shot off.

Hub nods seriously, in agreement. Price turns. Alex smiles. Price smiles. Alex hangs up, grumbling, then turns his attention to the persistent Hub Kittle.

ALEX
Yeah, well g'bye...
(to Hub)
Who the fuck are you?

HUB
(extend a hand)
Hub Kittle. I'm with Lewitsky and Knupp -- New York. We have a client down here.
Alex is irritated but fascinated.

**ALEX**

Who?

**HUB**

President Somoza.

Alex is incredulous that Somoza employs a New York P.R. firm. Hub is professionally used to this reaction -- no panic.

**HUB**

I know, I know...

(beat)

But there's an untold story here. I mean, the man has a point of view too, right?

Alex turns to leave; Hub corners him.

**HUB**

We got a national anthem contest going on right now, and you guys are ignoring it. Lotta human interest.

Alex turns to other business though Hub persists.

ELSEWHERE IN THE ROOM a young NICARAGUAN WOMAN, 18, is talking to Claire. She seems to be part of the local press.

**CLAIRE**

I want you to get me copies of the Government inventory lists of all captured Guerrilla weapons. I want to know if the guns are Israeli, Belgian, Russian, Cuban...

**YOUNG WOMAN**

The Guerrillas are not supplied by anybody from the outside.

**CLAIRE**

Fine -- give me proof.

A TELEPHONE OPERATOR CALLS TO CLAIRE through the chaos.

**OPERATOR**

Su hija, su hija! Your daughter from Los Angeles.
Claire sighs at the bad timing but seems delighted to be interrupted by her daughter, and brushes aside a forcing paperwork upon her. Claire takes the phone into a bare, adjacent hallway for some privacy.

IN A BARE HALLWAY Claire talks to her daughter.

CLAIRE
Hi, baby! How are you?
(beat)
Has Grandmother spoiled you silly by now? She has? Good.
(beats)
Yes, I got your letter with the picture of your new boyfriend. He's very good looking... but he's a bit old, isn't he? No? Just how old is he?...

P.O.V. FROM THE TELEX ROOM TO CLAIRE Price knows this is not his world, and he wanders outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANAGUAN STREET NEAR THE HOTEL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Price bounces along, whistling, "San Francisco." An occasional Guardia jeep or taxi rumbles past. He strolls up the walkway of a house from which comes a strange, blue glow.

INT. THE MONEYCHANGERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Blue walls, bare bulbs, several pictures on the wall, and an old woman lying in a hammock. Music in the b.g. Price approaches her and hands her a $100 bill -- there is a brief negotiation of the black market value.

PRICE
(in broken Spanish)
Cuanto?

OLD WOMAN
Quince.

PRICE

Veinte.

OLD WOMAN

Diezysiete.

She shrugs, declaring the negotiation ended, and leaves the room to change the dollar into cordobas. Price idly studies the pictures on the wall:

PICTURE OF ANASTAZIO SOMOZA IN WHITE, PICTURE OF THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE, PICTURE OF SANTA CLAUS, FADED NEWSPHOTO OF HANK AARON HITTING HIS 715TH HOME RUN.

PRICE SMILES AND TURNS RIGHT INTO A SHARP BAYONET mounted to a rifle held threateningly by a Guardia soldier.

THE SMALL ROOM IS FILLED WITH NATIONAL GUARDS We haven't heard them enter over the sounds of music and our preoccupation with the pictures.

PRICE

What is this? I'm a journalist!

No answer. Price pulls a thick passport and press credentials from a pocket, handing them to the Officer in charge.

PRICE

Journalista, journalista!

The officer looks at Price's passport photo, studies it briefly and takes the passport. He nods.

A rifle butt is jammed violently into Price's belly -- he doubles over. The Officer nods, and Price is led away.

As the Guard hauls him outside, the OLD WOMAN appears in the doorway with a stack of local currency.

CUT TO:
INT. MILITARY HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Price is led into a dark cell where another PRISONER, 50, lies in street clothes on the floor. The Prisoner is spat upon by the Guards and kicked awake. Price cringes.

GUARD
Padre Puta, Padre Puta, Padre Puta...
(in Spanish to Price)
Here is a Priest for you to confess your sins.

The Guards laugh and leave. The Prisoner rises to his feet. Price keeps his distance. The Prisoner looks in bad shape.

PRISONER PRIEST
Cigarillo?

Price hands him a cigarette and lights it. A long, deep drag.

PRICE
Priest?
(the man nods)
(in broken Spanish)
What are you doing here?

PRISONER PRIEST
(in Spanish)
The government accused me of using the church to hide Rebels and guns.

PRICE
(in Spanish)
Governments are always wrong, eh?

PRISONER PRIEST
(in Spanish)
This time they're right. Who are you?

PRICE
(in Spanish)
Un periodista.

PRISONER PRIEST
(in Spanish)
Whose side are you on?

PRICE
(in Spanish)
I don't take sides. I take pictures.

PRISONER PRIEST
(in Spanish)
No sides?

PRICE
(in Spanish)
No.

The Prisoner Priest looks at Price with disdain.

PRISONER PRIEST
Periodista Puta, todos periodistas son putas.
(All journalists are whores)

The Prisoner sits down in the corner ignoring Price who is surprised to be treated so despicably.

PRISONER PRIEST
(quietly)
Go home.

CUT TO:

INT. A BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM

Price is led into a lineup of 10 people, all Nicaraguans. The room is narrow and so brightly lit that at first he covers his eyes.

FIGURES MOVE IN THE SHADOWS A Guardia soldier moves up and down the lineup, stopping to point at a prisoner. In the line we recognize the WAITER from the Viking Club. Price speaks to the soldier in a calm, reasoned tone.

PRICE
Mi amigo -- mala interpretacion, eh? Periodista, comprende? Famoso. Time
The soldier whirls at Price in a rage out of all proportion to Price's tone, shouting:

SOLDIER
(in Spanish)
Shut up!

Price holds up his hands -- he may be fearless, but stupid. The soldier pulls a knife, then pulls his own tongue from his mouth, and makes motions with the knife as if cutting out his tongue. The message is clear -- Price doesn't speak.

The soldier walks up to the Waiter and points. The Waiter is frightened.

Through the shadows we see an officer talking with a civilian in a hat. The civilian points to a door.

THE WAITER IS LED AWAY THROUGH A DOOR protesting as he goes. The soldier moves to the next prisoner -- is led away. This repeats itself until the soldier arrives at Price.

THE SOLDIER POINTS TO PRICE

PRICE'S P.O.V. THROUGH THE SHADOWS The civilian is in a discussion with the officer -- it is clear that his opinion affects the decisions. For a moment Price doesn't know where he's going to be led. The civilian points to a different display rack into a room.

THROUGH THE DOOR as Price steps through, the action continues with the other Nicaraguan prisoners. Price looks around
quickly, but the Civilian and Officer are gone. He is shown into a bare office.

**INT. THE BARE ROOM**

Pictures on the wall of Somoza and the FLAG RAISING AT IWO JIMA. Price's cameras and bag sit on a desk.

**P.O.V. THE CIVILIAN THROUGH A DOOR -- IT IS MARCEL JAZY**

His rumpled elegance is at odds with the brutal surroundings. The door closes.

A SENIOR OFFICER ENTERS THE BARE ROOM, and Price addresses him at once.

**PRICE**

Soy un periodista.

**SENIOR GUARD OFFICER**

(in excellent English)

Mr. Price... you must accept our deepest apologies for the misunderstanding. Somebody saw you taking photographs of terrorists hooligans in the parade and at the nightclub -- our young officers get carried away... they're always looking for traitors.

**PRICE**

That film is half way to New York by now.

**SENIOR GUARD OFFICER**

I know, I know... It was all a misunderstanding... una mala interpretacion. Your cameras.

The Officer reaches for one of Price's cameras and hands it to him, but as he does:

**THE CAMERA DROPS TO THE GROUND AND BREAKS -- SILENCE**

The Officer would love for Price to get angry.

**SENIOR GUARD OFFICER**
I'm sorry.

Price smiles barely, and refuses to pop off.

PRICE

Forget it.

Price puts his cameras in his bag, and as he is shown from the room he notices a copy of the TIME MAGAZINE WITH ELEPHANT sitting on the desk.

SENIOR GUARD OFFICER

This way.

Price is shown to a door, handed over to a soldier, and led outside into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MILITARY PRISON - DAWN

Claire stands at the main doorway surrounded by GUARDS, an OFFICER, and an unidentified CIVILIAN -- she is arguing with them in rapid Spanish, not allowing them to get in a word.

CLAIRE

(in Spanish)
You throw a journalist in jail -- it gets in the papers. You walk all over the same press credentials you pass out. I demand to speak to someone in authority or I'll go to Tacho myself... I don't understand you -- you're big and strong and handsome but you're not so smart!

(beat)

You should be trying to seduce us!

OFFICER

Senora...

PRICE IS SHOWN OUT A DOOR IN THE BACKGROUND and sees her.

PRICE
They hurry toward each other and embrace briefly. The Guards watch it all curiously.

**CLAIRED**

You're okay?

**PRICE**

I'm fine -- what're you doing here? These guys are goons.

**CLAIRED**

They love being beaten up by a woman

(beat)

I've been looking for you all night -- why'd they lock you up?

They walk away together.

**PRICE**

I don't know. Taking pictures. The usual. Jazy got me released.

**CLAIRED**

Jazy?! You think there's a story there?

**PRICE**

Ahh... C.I.A. stories are all alike. I wanna find Rafael.

**CLAIRED**

You need help?

**PRICE**

No. You?

**CLAIRED**

No.

(beat)

When should we start.

**PRICE**

I figure you probably want to do a little research on the history of Marcel Jazy's business connections in the third world countries with C.I.A. influence...

**CLAIRED**
Oh. I assumed you'd just look him in the eye and say "Gimme a break, for crissakes, Marcel, are you a spy or aren't you?"

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN COURTYARD OF MARCEL JAZY - DAY LATER

Marcel Jazy stands, drink in hand, looking slightly rumpled in the daylight, slightly older, but more charming and self-effacing than his first impression indicated. His two story Mediterranean style house is in slight disrepair; the gardens are scraggly and overgrown. The pool is empty. Jazy addresses Price and Claire.

**PRICE**

...are you a spy or aren't you, eh?

**JAZY**

(smiling)
Spy is such an odd word, Mr. Price... nobody is a... 'spy'... anymore.

**CLAIRE**

Russell prefers pictures to words...

**JAZY**

You don't have to apologize... you're journalists.

**CLAIRE**

And you're a businessman?

**JAZY**

A businessman? That sounds good. Okay, I'm a businessman.

**PRICE**

Why was I arrested, and why did you get me released, and who are you?

As he speaks, the questioning comes to a sudden halt as a SPECTACULAR LOOKING WOMAN emerges from the shadows of the...
house into the light of the courtyard. She is tall, Latin, and besides high heels wears only a shiny, high fashion swimsuit, cut high on the legs.

Price, Claire, and Jazy stop to watch as the woman stops to look into the empty pool.

**WOMAN IN SWIMSUIT**

No agua.

**JAZY**

(nodding)

No agua.

**WOMAN IN SWIMSUIT**

(in Spanish)

Oh, Marcel! You told me there would be water in the pool this week!

Jazy leans in very coolly to Price and Claire as he pours an extra glass of wine and speaks softly in English again.

**JAZY**

If she dove in, I assure you she wouldn't notice.

He carries the glass of wine to the woman, smiling warmly.

**JAZY**

(to Miss Panama in Spanish)

Sweetheart, the Guerrillas knocked out the pumping station on the road to Masaya, and we must ration water for the time being. Next week maybe things will be better.

**WOMAN IN SWIMSUIT**

(in Spanish)

Maybe I should go back to Panama.

**JAZY**

(in Spanish)

Maybe you should.

Jazy pushes a lounge chair over to her and hands her a glass
of wine. The woman unfolds gracefully into a lounge chair in the sun. Very sexy. She reaches for and kisses Jazy's affectionately -- he kisses her forehead. She feels better now.

Jazy motions for Claire and Price to follow him inside.

**INT. JAZY'S HOUSE – DAY**

The pool is visible in b.g. His house, like the pool, is rumpled and slightly sloppy though it betrays the taste of its occupant -- books everywhere, pictures on the wall, nothing cheap or tacky but everything is well worn.

**JAZY**  
You were arrested because the Guardia are clowns who specialize in excess.  
You were released because I told them to release you.

**CLAIRE**  
These are not the normal duties of a businessman.

He looks at them directly.

**JAZY**  
But they are the normal duties of a... spy, eh? You win, I'm a spy.  
(smiles)  
There, are you happy? I feel better.

He refills their glasses.

**JAZY**  
Now we can relax. You can turn off your little thing.

The red light of her recorder is on. She smiles slightly, undisturbed, and turns it off.

**JAZY**  
Oh, I trust you won't say anything to hurt me. In some ways I'm a terrible spy. I used to be much better at it, but now it seems everyone...
knows who I am. I have too many girlfriends. I like to be photographed.
(beat)
I talk too much.

Price and Claire are almost afraid to speak, afraid to interrupt this strange performance.

JAZY
I always talk too much... but my girlfriends like that... No matter.
(pointing to the swimsuited woman)
You know who she is?

CLAIRE AND PRICE
No.

JAZY
That's Miss Panama. Do you know who that is?

CLAIRE AND PRICE
Oh, yeah, yes, etc.

JAZY
She's in love with me. I've got to get some water in the pool.
(beat)
And once a week I have lunch with President Somoza to discuss security measures against the Sandinista insurgents, but all he wants to talk about is Miss Panama... he's worried about her.

Claire interrupts with a smile.

CLAIRE
Because he thinks she's seeing another man?

Jazy smiles slightly before confirming.

JAZY
...and he assigned me to find out who the man is.

They all smile at this complication. Price is impressed.
Jazy changes the subject with fluent and disturbing ease.

**JAZY**
We all know the Revolutionaries are going to win, don't we?

Silence. They don't know how to respond.

**THEIR P.O.V. AS MISS PANAMA STRETCHES LIKE AN ENORMOUS CAT**
They all are slightly entertained and glad for the relief.

Unsure what to say next, Price notices a picture on the wall:

**CLOSEUP - A BLOWN-UP FRAMED PHOTO OF THE RANCH HOUSE**

The same picture we saw on the leaflets in Africa.

**PRICE**
There's a rumor about this picture. Some people say you're a genius -- that you invented this scheme.

**JAZY**
It was lots of people's idea... Have you been to Leon?

**CLAIRE**
We're going to Masaya... they say the Rebels have hit the cuartel.

**PRICE**
It's supposed to be nasty there... a lotta people think Rafael's in the South. I want to find out.

**JAZY**
No, no, it's not "nasty" yet. Another week maybe.

(beat)
You would love Leon. A nice cathedral and beautiful light... et un peu de bang-bang.

**CLAIRE**
We're not doing a travelogue, you understand.
**JAZY**
Of course, of course... only I have heard that Comandante Rafael has recently had his unit in the area.

**PRICE**
(surprised)
Rafael is near Leon?

**JAZY**
Well... it's a rumor, what do I know?

The voice of Miss Panama.

**MISS PANAMA**
Estoy desemperado!

**JAZY**
She's lonely!

**CLAIRE**
Don't let us stand in the way.

**JAZY**
It's my job.
(beat)
You think I talk too much?

He doesn't wait for an answer, but excuses himself and goes out to tend to Miss Panama.

P.O.V. OF JAZY AND MISS PANAMA BY THE EMPTY POOL as Jazy touches her, whispers, and she waves to Claire and Price.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. PRICE'S HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY**

Early morning. Price lathers up with shaving cream for the first time, cleaning up. As he applies the lather he stops, and slowly draws a face on the mirror with shaving cream until he is staring at:

**THE IMAGE OF RAFAEL IN SHAVING CREAM ON THE MIRROR**
A RENTED CAR WITH WHITE FLAGS turns onto the road to Leon. Price drives, eats, and reads a map. Claire takes the map from him and reads it herself. They seem to enjoy their first moment alone without Alex looking over their shoulder. A small band-aid is on Price's clean shaven cheek.

CLAIRE
Did you dream about Miss Panama last night?

PRICE
I dreamed about you.

CLAIRE
Have a good time?

PRICE
Yeah... so'd you.

She reaches out and touches his band-aid.

CLAIRE
And old war injury flaring up?

PRICE
Is the tape on?

CLAIRE
Of course.

PRICE
I was on the deck of the U.S.S. Pueblo catching some rays when the North Koreans attacked... took a bullet right in the chest, but by luck I had an extra roll of high speed ektachrome in this pocket right here... over the heart...

CLAIRE
And the bullet ricocheted off the film, grazed your cheek, and saved
your life.

PRICE
You heard about it?! I was lucky.

PASSING SHOT OF A CLUSTER OF ROADSIDE CROSSES marking a series of graves. Immediately the tone in Claire's voice changes, sobered by the reminder of war.

CLAIRE
Did anyone ever die next to you in combat?

PRICE
Yeah.

CLAIRE
What did you do?

PRICE
F.8 at a sixtieth.

CLAIRE
That's an old joke. My question was serious.

PRICE
So was I.
(beat)
You ever dream about me?

CLAIRE
Once.

PRICE
How was I?

CLAIRE
Fast.

Again their glibness is interrupted by what they came to see. Even as they joke, they watch the landscape with concern. REFUGEES ARE STREAMING OUT OF LEON, mostly women and children, some old men, carrying their possessions. Soldiers stand around.
CLAIRE
I'm basically a coward, Russell, I hope you understand that. I hope we don't get shot.

PRICE
Me too.

CUT TO:

A GUARDIA ROADBLOCK ON A HILL OVERLOOKING THE CITY

The press car pulls up to a stop. Price and Claire get quickly, hand their credentials to a soldier, and open trunk and the hood. As the car is searched they look down at the city.

P.O.V. LEON AS A PLANE CIRCLES FIRING ROCKETS AND SMOKE from several places in the town. The sound of gunfire.

CLAIRE
(to soldier in Spanish)
I thought it was quiet here.

SOLDIER
(in Spanish)
Quiet? Are you sure you want to go down there? Not me.

The soldier laughs at the journalists and hands back the credentials.

SOLDIER
(in Spanish)
You must leave the car here.

Price speaks in English knowing he can't be understood.

PRICE
(to soldier)
You thinking of scoring a Toyota?

CLAIRE
(in Spanish)
No problem -- we leave the car.
Price and Claire remove their things from the car, and takes the distributor cap as well as the keys. They walk over and look down the road leading into the city under siege.

MORE REFUGEES EVACUATE THE TOWN -- it is a most uninviting sight. The plane passes over the town in the distance firing rockets.

CLaire
Now what?

Price responds by flashing his light meter in the air, taking a quick, nervous reading.

Price
C'mon. Be careful.

Claire
Be careful?! Where the fuck we going? Better light?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET INTO LEON - DAY

Price and Claire walk slowly into Leon

Looking around warily as they go, they are the only people entering the town. Claire speaks softly into her tape recorder as they walk in, recording the event without editorializing.

Claire
...June tenth... the evacuation of Leon... a woman carries a pig... signs for the F.S.L.N. are everywhere... a body...

They continue walking and soon come to:

THE BODY OF A YOUNG MAN lies ignored on the sidewalk.
Price and Claire duck into a doorway, protected in the Government soldiers who wait silently, guns ready, around the corner of a building. We see what they're waiting for.

A YOUNG SANDINISTA COMES OUT OF A BUILDING a block away, holding a handgun. Momentarily confused, he begins running toward us, toward the soldiers waiting in ambush. The Guerrilla races quickly to his waiting death, and as he turns the corner right into a dozen Guardia troops:

THE GUARDIA GUNS OPEN UP ON THE YOUNG GUERRILLA, instantly.

CLAIRE TURNS HER HEAD AWAY unable to watch.

PRICE RECORDS THE EVENT WITH HIS CAMERA

THE GUARDIA FOLLOW THE TANQUETTA SLOWLY down the street toward the Rebel youth's house. Suddenly the intersection is empty.

PRICE AND CLAIRE MOVE DOWN A SIDESTREET SLOWLY as:

SEVERAL GUERRILLA MUCHACHOS DART OUT OF AN ALLEY with sharpened sticks, a spear gun, and one home-made gun. The Muchachos hesitate briefly, lost, and see Price.

THE MUCHACHOS QUICKLY POSE FOR A PICTURE motioning for Price to record them. They pose instantly in "tough-guy" posture.

PRICE TAKES THEIR PICTURE and just as quickly they dart away through a bombed out building.

THREE SANDINISTAS LEAP OFF A ROOFTOP and race toward Claire and Price who freeze:

CLaire
Russell?!

For a moment they aren't sure what this means -- are they in trouble? The Sandinistas shove past the two journalists, pushing open a doorway and disappearing inside. For a moment Price and Claire are alone on the street.

THE DOOR OPENS AGAIN SLOWLY and a middle-aged WOMAN appears, motioning for them to come inside.

INT. PEDRO'S HOUSE - DAY

The Three Sandinistas, dressed half in khaki, half recycled disco, are pleading with a young man, PEDRO, 15.

SANDINISTA #1
(in Spanish)
You must come and help us... one more time.

PEDRO
(in Spanish)
No, please...

One of the Sandinistas brings Pedro his rumpled baseball jersey from another room.

SANDINISTA #2
(in Spanish)
For Leon... for Nicaragua!

Pedro sees Price and Claire and is more interested in them. He speaks in broken but understandable English.

PEDRO
Americans? Journalists?

CLAIRE AND PRICE
Yes.

Pedro lights up, and runs to a shelf where he returns with a baseball he is signing.

PEDRO
Ah! I put my autograph on this ball.

**SANDINISTA #1**
(in Spanish)
Pedro! There is no time to waste.

Pedro is more interested in the two Americans.

**PEDRO**
When you get back to the United States, I want you to give this ball to Tippy Martinez for me. He is from Nicaragua.

Pedro hands Claire the baseball as the Sandinistas plead with Pedro for his help. He is more interested in getting the baseball delivered to Tippy Martinez. Claire accepts the ball graciously, exchanges awkward glances with Price, and puts it in her shoulder bag.

**SANDINISTA #1**
(in Spanish)
Enrique is dead! Roberto has disappeared! The Guardia has the church, and we need you!

**PEDRO**
(to Claire and Price)
You come, eh?
(to the Sandinistas)
Can they come with us?

**SANDINISTA #2**
Come! Everybody come!

They go to the door and open it a crack to look out.

P.O.V. THE TANQUETTA PASSES as Soldiers kick open doors across the street.

The Sandinistas go to a corner of the room and push a bookshelf out of the way. A large hole has been broken in the wall. They climb through the hole into the living room
the next house; the woman pushes the shelf back over hole with great effort.

**INT. THE NEXT HOUSE - DAY**

A family huddles in the corner as the MAN OF THE HOUSE back a couch and a hanging blanket, revealing another knocked in the wall. The Sandinistas, Pedro, Claire and scramble through.

**P.O.V. THROUGH A SERIES OF DOOR-SIZED HOLES IN THE** all the houses on the block, connecting the homes with secret passageway. The six of them race through the each hole opening and then closing magically.

**INT. THE KITCHEN OF A TINY SIDEWALK RESTAURANT - DAY**

The Three Sandinistas, Pedro, Claire, and Price emerge. WOMAN, 50, runs the cafe and welcomes them. The SIX as not to be seen from the street; they stop long survey the plaza.

**P.O.V. THE CENTRAL PLAZA OF LEON DOMINATED BY A HUGE** Half a dozen bodies are scattered across the plaza. it is empty.

**P.O.V. SIX GUARDIA SNIPERS IN THE CHURCH TOWER control** plaza. As we watch, they fire off occasional shots in different directions--there is no way to cross the

THE WOMAN PULLS A TRAY OF "CONTACT BOMBS" from the home-made grenades that look like muffins on a tray. grabs one and pretends to bite into it. The Sandinistas to laugh and catch themselves as Pedro clowns. Claire
Price aren't sure what the "muffins" are and don't mostly they are on edge. The contact bombs are put in a sack.

The woman opens a trap door in the floor, and the six of them climb down a ladder into a tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL UNDERNEATH THE FLOOR - DAY

Pedro leads them with a candle through a dark passage under the street. Overhead we hear gunfire. Rats scurry, and runs through an open sewer.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CATHEDRAL - DAY

A tapestry rug is pulled away, and Pedro's head appears. He climbs out and soon all the party is in the church. A PRIEST leads them quickly through an immense, nearly. European interior of ornate altars and burning candles. The small party is led to a small corner of the sanctuary where a long, rickety ladder leads up to the roof. THE SANDINISTAS SCRAMBLE UP THE LADDER as it sways. Pedro follows with his sack of contact bombs. Then Price goes up as the Priest holds the ladder. The American is much larger and than the Nicaraguans -- the ladder squeaks and sways, when he is nearly at the top:

THE LADDER CRACKS as Price reaches the top and is helped to safety. The Priest steadies the ladder now made unsafe and clearly Claire wants to go onto the roof.
PRIEST
(in Spanish)
No, please... it's not safe. You must come with me.

but the sound of close gunfire settles the dilemma. Claire off to safety with the Priest.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROOFTOP OF THE CATHEDRAL OF LEON – LATE IN DAY

THREE SANDINISTAS, PEDRO, AND PRICE EMERGE FROM A TUNNEL onto a lower level of the cathedral rooftop where a body lies. They are exposed immediately and automatic weapons fire opens up on them -- the Sandinistas flatten against a wall, quickly becoming separated from Price and Pedro. TWO SANDINISTAS RACE FOR COVER BEHIND A CUPOLA in a move that is equally daring and foolish. The diversion draws fire from the two soldiers. PRICE'S LIGHT METER IS INSTANTLY OUT TAKING READINGS as Pedro huddles with him, curious at this strange act.

SANDINISTAS TWO GUARDIA MOVE INTO POSITION TO FLUSH OUT THE Guerrilla soldier to choose sides as they hide behind the cupolas. The hidden Third opens fire killing a Guardia soldier, and the other races for the belltower. As he does:

THE SANDINISTAS SEIZE THE MOMENT TO RUSH CLOSER, waving Pedro who slips along a wall with his bag of bombs. PRICE STARTS TO FOLLOW BUT IS PINNED DOWN BY FIRE and to take refuge halfway in an alcove. As fire from both
ricochets all over the rooftop, Price switches camera lenses seemingly oblivious to the action.

PEDRO MEETS ONE OF THE SANDINISTAS in a protected niche and "muffin" bombs" quickly they are unfolding his bag, setting the "muffin" out on the rooftop.

THE OTHER TWO SANDINISTAS OPEN HEAVY FIRE and briefly draw heavier fire from the belltower, as:

PEDRO PICKS UP A MUFFIN weighing it briefly in his hand, like a pitcher. He studies the surroundings -- runners on pitching first and third, no outs -- he spits in his left (his pitching hand) and rubs it in casually.

Pedro crosses himself, goes into an abbreviated pitching motion, then rears and fires the 'muffin' toward the belltower window, exposing himself as he does.

AN EXPLOSION IN THE TOWER

PEDRO THROWS ANOTHER INTO THE TOWER -- another explosion.

A GUARDIA SOLDIER STAGGERS INTO THE WINDOW and a Sandinista drops him with a shot.

All is quiet.

THE THREE SANDINISTAS CAREFULLY RUSH THE TOWER, looking in they and motion to Pedro and Price that all is okay, and as do:

ANOTHER SHOT RINGS OUT -- they whirl around -- Pedro and Price drop again. A lone Guardia soldier fires at them from the other tower.
Again all is quiet.

PRICE FOLLOW THE SANDINISTAS TO THE FIRST BELLTOWER and looks in.

FIVE BODIES SCATTERED AND BLOODED One of the Guerrillas kicks a couple of them to make sure they are dead. In the corner, one body lies on top of another. Satisfied, the Sandinistas head for the other tower.

PRICE STAYS BEHIND TO TAKE A FEW PICTURES and the ever-present light meter appears, followed by several quick shots of bodies. Then Price goes to one of the arched, stone windows.

He looks out over the city.

P.O.V. OF LEON -- DUSK Late in the afternoon now, the fighting is over for the day. An occasional gunshot. Smoke rises from scattered places throughout the city. There is new rubble. The town is littered with bodies.

P.O.V. THE RED CROSS WAGON MOVING THROUGH THE STREET A man walks in front of it, chanting slowly, rhythmically:

RED CROSS MAN

Hay heridas o muertes aqui? Hay heridas o muertes aqui?

(Are there wounded or dead here?)

We see a woman drag a body out into the street. The Red Cross man makes small stacks of bodies. He douses the bodies with gasoline and sets the pile aflame. Then continues.

RED CROSS MAN

Hay heridas o muertes aqui?
Price watches. He thinks he hears something, then dismisses it. Something else. A voice, almost a whisper.

    **VOICE**
    Price. You motherfucker, Price, I'm talking to you.

He turns. One of the bodies speaks.

    **VOICE**
    Where are those bastards... are they away?

Price looks out -- the Sandinistas are on the other side of the roof. This war gets stranger.

    **PRICE**
    They're away.

A body rolls out from under another body. Blood-splattered, smiling, wiping the blood from his face. It is Oates, the mercenary from Africa. He peeks out the window -- the Sandinistas are on the other side of the roof. He whispers.

    **OATES**
    What the fuck are you doing here?

    **PRICE**
    What the fuck are you doing here?

For a moment they understand that they are there for the same reason -- they make their livings off war. Oates peeks out the window nervously and repeatedly.

    **OATES**
    Awright, awright -- you're lookin' good... how ya like Nicaragua?

OATES readies his automatic weapon in case it's needed routine. Price doesn't know how to answer.

    **PRICE**
    It's beautiful.
Oates laughs quickly and softly -- he is tuned into the strangeness of Price's answer.

**OATES**

Shitload o' greasers though, eh?

**P.O.V. THE SANDINISTAS HEADING BACK TOWARD US**

OATES AND PRICE SEE THEM, and Oates crawls back under the pile of bodies.

THE SANDINISTAS LOOK INTO THE BELLTOWER, all looks quiet, and they motion to Price.

**SANDINISTA #1**

(in Spanish)

It's getting late -- come on.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL - DUSK**

The Three Sandinistas, Pedro, and Price are hiding in the shadows of the main church entrance. The Sandinistas are carefully peeking around the corner, checking out the plaza.

It seems safe. The door opens; the Priest lets Claire out.

For a moment she looks around to see who's still alive -- in the shadows Price looks like one of the Guerrillas. They see each other and embrace briefly.

**CLaire**

You're okay?

The Sandinistas seem to relax. The Sandinistas take pride in Pedro and pat his left arm for Price and Claire.

**SANDINISTA #1**

San-dee Koufax, no?

**SANDINISTA #2**

Si, Koufax.
SANDINISTA #3
Es mejor que Koufax, eh?!

They seem to want approval from the Americans.

CLAIRE
Much better than Koufax.

The Sandinistas slap hands, familiar with the American gesture. The Six start walking across the plaza away from the church. In the b.g. we see piles of bodies burning; Red Cross tends to the wounded locals. Spirits are high as they walk. The tiny red light glows on Claire's recorder.

PEDRO
Koufax is okay... but Tippy Martinez, he is the best... he pitches for the Baltimore Orioles, and some day I will be the second man from Nicaragua to play in the major leagues...

SANDINISTA #1
(to Price and Claire)
Tippy Martinez had a good fastball, but Pedro has a curveball and a screwball that are better.

All five of them agree that Pedro is the best; they slap his valued arm and relax for the first time all day.

PEDRO
You will give my autographed baseball to Tippy and tell him in five years I will be pitching with him, okay? He better watch out for me, eh?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP OF THE CATHEDRAL - DUSK

OATES CHECKS THE CLIP ON HIS RIFLE and looks down into the plaza.

OATES P.O.V. TO THE SIX WALKING AWAY He doesn't smile
joke -- it's all business.

He aims the rifle.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PLAZA - DUSK

SANDINISTA #1
(in Spanish)
It's too dangerous to return to Managua at night. You should stay at the house of hammocks.

CLAIREF
(in Spanish)
Gracias. Can they get into trouble for keeping us?

PEDRO
No, no... you are not combatants.
(would rather talk baseball)
The Baltimore team is my team...

A SHOT RINGS OUT, AND PEDRO'S CHEST EXPLODES in front of us.

Sudden panic, rage, confusion -- the Sandinistas whirl and scan the building.

P.O.V. OATES RACING ACROSS THE CATHEDRAL ROOFTOP into the night.

PRICE GRABS PEDRO'S GUN AND WHIRLS to face the church; his action is instinctive, angry, and electric with energy. CLAIRE GRABS PEDRO'S ARM AND DRAGS THE BODY to safety, though there is no safety and the body is lifeless. Her actions are protective and automatic.

THE SANDINISTAS TAKE CONTROL OF THE SITUATION and move quickly. Two of them fan out to cover the escape. Price screams in the direction of Oates,

PRICE
You bastard!
Claire drags the body near a bench under a tree.

**CLAIRE**

What about him?!

**SANDINISTA #1**

(dispassionately)

He's dead.

The Sandinistas survey the cathedral and streets carefully, warily, upset at their nonchalance. They know the sniper is disappearing into the night, but they continue to look.

**SANDINISTA #1**

I will talk to Pedro's mother. You must go to the house of the hammocks if you want to be safe.

The Three Sandinistas fan out toward the church as it gets dark.

**PRICE AND CLAIRE STAND NEXT TO PEDRO**, feeling helpless and ineffective. They both look at the body. Price realizes holding Pedro's gun and places it down next to the body. Price notices the tiny red light is still glowing on her tape recorder. He points it out to Claire. She turns it off.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE HOUSE OF HAMMOCKS - NIGHT**

IN A NEARLY DARK ROOM full of hanging hammocks, Claire sits on the floor lit by a low wattage bulb hanging from a cord. In another room through a door Price can be seen with a family in the hammock workshop. Claire talks softly into her recorder.

**CLAIRE**

Hello sweetheart, this is your mother.
I'm in Leon and I miss you. Don't worry about me -- it's not dangerous at all. I guess you can't believe what you hear on the news. I'll put this tape in the mail when I get back to Managua, but knowing what the mail service is like, I may be home before it arrives. I think about you all the time and hope I can make it back before you graduate from Jr. High.

As she speaks Price bids the family farewell and comes into the room with Claire where he lies down in a hammock.

CLAIRE
I love you and I'll finish this letter when I get back to the hotel.

Claire lies down on a mat, exhausted, after turning out the light. Several moments pass before Price speaks.

PRICE
I know who shot Pedro. I knew somebody was in the tower.

CLAIRE
Why didn't you tell the guerrillas?

PRICE
I don't know... then they would've killed him I guess. I didn't want to interfere.

CLAIRE
It wasn't an easy choice.

PRICE
I think I made the wrong one.

Silence.

CLAIRE
You didn't take any pictures when it was over.

PRICE
I didn't?

(beat)
I picked up a gun. Jesus.
(beat)
Is something happening to us?

CLAIRE
Yes.

Silence. They lie for a long time in the dark. A light in
the house is turned off. Finally:

PRICE
Are you asleep?

CLAIRE
No.

Price gets out of the hammock and lies down next to
her. They don't speak. They kiss. She unbuttons his shirt.
He unbuttons her blouse. They undress just enough to begin
making love softly, quietly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRICE AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAWN

The first light of dawn strikes Claire's bare torso.
PRICE'S LIGHT METER APPEARS AT HER BACK Price takes a
reading, then moves the meter to her neck, another reading. He
moves it down her nude body lit beautifully in the vague
light, partially covered with a blanket.

He scurries across the room, stark naked, with a
camera. Price begins photographing her.

He moves back to her and gently removes the blanket
from the rest of her body. His actions are quiet and easy. He
frequently to admire her.

Claire lies sleeping nude, except for her socks. Price
moves around the room -- picture, picture, picture.
CLAIRE WAKES UP SLOWLY and pulls the blanket back over her.

She opens her eyes and sees Price sitting in a chair several feet away with his camera.

**PRICE**

G'morning.

**CLAIRE**

What are you doing?

**PRICE**

You look beautiful.

She realizes what he's been doing.

**CLAIRE**

How long have you been doing this?

**PRICE**

'Bout ten frames. Wait'll you see the pictures -- you look great.

Her sense of violation is balanced by this notion. For a moment we sense her attitude can go either way -- outrage or some sense of being flattered, however ill conceived. She chooses the latter.

**CLAIRE**

I'll bet I look great -- give me the film.

**PRICE**

After they're printed.

**CLAIRE**

I'll develop them myself -- give it to me or I'll start taping what you say in your sleep.

Price hands her the film and climbs back under the blanket with her.

**PRICE**

I talk in my sleep?
CLAIRE
Girl's names and F-stops. Terrible.

They curl up together, holding onto each other. A small child crosses the courtyard, peeking at them. A rooster crows.

PRICE
Call the office. I don't want to go to work today.

The peacefulness is shaken by the roar of an engine close by.

A HELICOPTER GUNSHIP PASSES OVER THE COURTYARD They look up, jolted out of the moment. The war is back.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF LEON - MORNING

Price's rental car is a smoking wreck. He and Claire arrive and she removes a single, feeble white flag that remains. They study the car briefly and then turn as:

A GUARDIA TROOP CARRIER LUMBERS past with a truckload of refugees behind. They wave the flag and catch a ride with the refugees.

CUT TO:

INT. FIFTH FLOOR OF INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - DAY

Alex comes out a door chatting with somebody, and passes a mini-cam crew, old friends.

ALEX
How was Matagalpa?

MINI-CAM CREW #1
No bang-bang, Alex... none at all.
ALEX
You find anything?

MINI-CAM CREW #2
Half the press corps.

A small laugh. They continue on. Alex enters Claire's room.

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM

Alex enters. Nobody there. As he turns to leave he sees some pictures in a stack of papers on her desk. He picks one up.

CLOSE UP: A PICTURE OF CLAIRE SLEEPING IN LEON It's all over and he knows it. He stares at, even admires, the image. He puts it down and turns to leave as:

CLAIRE ENTERS

CLAIRE
Oh!

ALEX
Oh.

(awkwardly)
How was Leon?

CLAIRE
Bloody.

ALEX
Yeah... I'll bet... Claire...

Alex finally acknowledges that it is over with Claire, but refuses to say it directly.

ALEX
I'm tired of Nicaragua.

CLAIRE
You haven't been here very long.

ALEX
Long enough, lets face it, you were right... everybody was right.
CLAIREF
About what?

ALEX
My cheekbones. What do you think of 'em?

CLAIREF
I like your cheekbones. Alex, are you all right?

ALEX
This is a face made for television.

CLAIREF
You decided to go with the network.

Alex nods, then seems to hit the end of his own resilience and gets vitriolic.

ALEX
Is he a good fuck?

CLAIREF
Alex...

In a simple monologue Alex goes from outrage to acknowledgment of what he already knew.

ALEX
That's a reasonable question for a reporter to ask, isn't it?!
   (beat)
I shoulda never come down here, eh?
This is the way it's going to be.
   (beat)
I'll make a shitload of money in television for just sitting there.
   (beat)
I'm gonna show up to work at Rockefeller Center every morning and they're gonna hand me the news with my coffee and toast.
   (beat)
I shoulda never come down here, eh?
This war down here belongs to you guys, okay? I'm on tommorrow's plane.

CLAIREF
Alex...
ALEX
You want to take me to the airport?
It's okay.
(beat -- resigned)
I shoulda never come down here.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MANAGUA AIRPORT - NEXT DAY

Price, Claire, Alex, and the Cabbie get out. The cabbie takes his bag.

ALEX
Take this to check in. I'll be right there.

Price pulls a bottle of wine from his camera bag and sets three styrofoam cups on the cab roof. He hands the cork to Alex and shows him the label.

PRICE
Sniff this sucker, eh?

Alex does, and looks at the label.

ALEX
Jesus, where'd you get this?

CLAIRE
The C.I.A.

ALEX
Where else.

They toast and drink.

PRICE
Hey -- I'll leave you guys alone, eh?

CLAIRE
No, no, don't be ridiculous.

ALEX
We're grownups, Russell...
   (non acerbically)
Most of us.

Awkward smile from Price.

**PRICE**
You two wanta happy snap?

Price makes the motion of taking a picture. They look
at him
with affection, yet astounded again by his
inappropriateness.

**ALEX**
No happy snaps.

**PRICE**
Okay, okay...
   (beat)
I'll just... be over here.

He wanders away from the car to give them a moment
alone,
and as he does he pulls the light meter from his
pocket,
flipping it on and off nervously without looking at it.
He
wanders idly toward a Guardia soldier. The soldier gets
nervous.

**ALEX**
You're sure about him?

**CLAIRE**
For the moment.

Alex considers this -- he understands (whether he wants
to
or not).

THE SOLDIER COMES FACE-TO-FACE with PRICE, WHO BACKS
OFF

**PRICE**
   (to soldier)
I'm a personal friend of Tacho's.
   (smiles disarmingly)

The soldier stops at Tacho's name. Price turns.

P.O.V. ALEX AND CLAIRE KISSING GOODBYE
PRICE TURNS AGAIN, embarrassed, faces the soldier.

PRICE
Don't look, huh?
(beat)
No mire!

The soldier, confused, turns away, and as he does:

ALEX SLAPS PRICE ON THE SHOULDER, AND THEY TOO EMBRACE

ALEX
Don't get hurt.

PRICE
Ahh, I'm a chicken, don't worry.
(beat)
Alex, listen to me...

ALEX
Yeah?

PRICE
Within a year you're gonna be one of the "Ten Most Admired Men in America."

Alex is amused, Price is serious. The cabbie comes out and Alex heads into the airport.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMOZA'S COMPOUND - A PRESS LUNCHEON - DAY

Daisy and her combo from the Viking Club perform "The Girl From Ipanema" as ONE HUNDRED PRESS MEMBERS and V.I.P.'s sit at long tables in the garden. The pleasantness of the surroundings is countered by the presence of dozens of SOLDIERS in the background, guarding the house, etc. Visible at the head table are: TWO GENERALS AND THEIR WIVES, SOMOZA, TWO WEALTHY BUSINESSMEN, MISS PANAMA IN A FLOPPY HAT. Elsewhere mingling are: JAZY, ISELA, PRICE, REGIS. An elaborate array of food sits on the table.
INT. SOMOZA'S HOUSE - DAY

Overlooking the gathering from his private living room, Somoza grants Claire her interview. He close the window to muffle the singing.

CLAIRE
You're late to your own luncheon, Mr. President -- we can schedule this for another time.

SOMOZA
Nonsense -- let them wait. We are a stunning couple, eh? My stomach is very flat -- I've been working out.

CLAIRE
We are a stunning couple. Mr. President, you own one fifth of all the land in Nicaragua, you own the shipping port, the national airlines, the Mercedes dealership...

SOMOZA
I am on a salt free diet...

He takes her hand and leads her to two large portraits hanging on a wall -- his parents.

CLAIRE
Do you always hold hands with reporters?

SOMOZA
(ignores her)
This is my mother and father. They were very special to me. Every Sunday morning I drive out to the cemetery and put flowers on their grave. I think people should know that.

CLAIRE
Would you care to comment on the fall of Leon to the rebels?

Somoza just smiles unaffected by her questions; she knows the game is undaunted.
EXT. THE LUNCHEON TABLES - DAY

Hub Kittle is bending Price's ear in the crowd. Price seems amused and watches the anthem contest as he munches food.

**HUB**

Listen, Russell, let's grow up. It's very easy to fall in love with the underdog, eh? But there's an upside and downside to this thing -- just wanna remind you... this stuff about a "Revolution of Poets" is crap.

**PRICE**

But it's great P.R. So what's the upside?

**HUB**

Simple. And it could happen. Somoza destroys the terrorist insurgents, rebuilds the country, shitscans the purveyors of excess, stabilizes the cordoba, and is finally beloved as the savior of Nicaragua.

(beat)

Our pal. Got a smoke?

Price gives him a cigarette.

**PRICE**

What's the downside?

**HUB**

The Commies take over the world.

It's simple, and Hub is pleased with his presentation. A SOLDIER moves through the crowd looking quite out of place, finds Hub and hands him a note. Hub reads it, seems delighted, and excuses himself from the table.

**HUB**

Excuse me, gentlemen, but the war may be over.
Price and Regis look at each other strangely -- what's he talking about? They shrug, Regis bites into a papaya, Hub hurries inside. Price and Regis watch the singer.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SECOND FLOOR OF SOMOZA'S HOUSE – DAY**

**SOMOZA**
My people love me. My stomach is flat. Did I say that already? No matter. It is flat.

**CLAIRE**
There are reports that the Guardia operates a torture chamber at Coyotepe.

Somoza ignores the question and reopens the window, flooding the room with the Tony Bennett classic.

**SOMOZA**
I like this song.

**CLAIRE**
Since the earthquake in 1972 destroyed half of Managua, over three hundred million dollars in foreign relief aid have poured into the country, yet nothing has been re-built. It is said that the money has gone into your pocket.

**SOMOZA**
I love the press, I really do. Some of my best friends are journalists.

**CLAIRE**
Ecuador, Mexico, Peru, Brazil, and Panama are reportedly on the verge of breaking off diplomatic relations with your regime. Would you comment?

**HUB KITTLE AND AN OFFICER BURST INTO THE ROOM**
interrupting the interview. Something has happened. Somoza initially
out at them -- the first time we've seen him lose his
cool -- then recovers.

**SOMOZA**

(in Spanish)
I am busy! Get out of here at once
or I'll put my foot up your ass!

The OFFICER seems familiar with these tirades and grabs
Somoza by the arm, whispering into his ear. Somoza seems
delighted with the news and turns to Hub for confirmation. Hub
nods.

**SOMOZA**

(to Claire)
I'm sorry to have to conclude this
most pleasant encounter, but something
has happened.

As Somoza leaves the room with the Officer and Hub, Hub
turns to Claire to squeeze in one final P.R. stroke.

**HUB**

Did he tell you about his parents in
the graveyard, the flowers and all
that?

(she nods)
Good, good...

Claire is left alone momentarily in Somoza's room. A
soldier enters and accompanies her outside to the luncheon.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE LUNCHEON - DAY**

As Claire comes outside, there is a flurry of activity
at the head table. TWO OFFICERS hastily set up an easel
with a large military-topographical map of Nicaragua. A
SOLDIER takes the microphone from the Singers -- the music
grinds to an inglorious halt -- and carries it to the head table.
Price spots Claire and makes a "What's all this about?" motion. Claire holds out her palms and shrugs -- she doesn't know. All attention is quickly focused on the head table, as:

**PRESIDENT SOMOZA MAKES A GRAND ENTRANCE FLANKED by Hub Kittle and an Officer. He seems suddenly in unusually good spirits.**

Hub taps the mike -- it works -- he motions for Somoza to come forward.

**SOMOZA**

My friends... this gathering was not intended to be a press conference as much as a... "get-together"... but I have just been handed a piece of news.

Somoza plays the moment with theatrical elan.

**SOMOZA**

Rafael is dead.

(beat)

He has been killed in an ambush in the Cordillera mountains of the Jinotega district.

Somoza points to a spot on the map as do his Officer. Several journalists immediately leap to their feet to question him.

**JOURNALISTS**

Mr. President! Mr. President!

**SOMOZA**

Please my friends -- no questions. A press release is being prepared.

Somoza hands the mike to an aide who returns it to the music stand. Almost immediately the music begins again.

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Somoza hands the mike to an aide who returns it to the music stand. Almost immediately the music begins again.
others just sit. Price seems alarmed by the announcement, confused. Slightly wired, he listens to Regis and OTHER JOURNALIST discuss it.

**OTHER JOURNALIST**
They got Rafael? You believe that?

**REGIS**
Every six months Tacho gives this speech -- maybe they finally lucked out.

CLAIRE TRIES TO CORNER HUB KITTLE who is heading back inside. Hub disappears inside, Claire pressing after him.

**JAZY APPROACHES PRICE** and leans in as if sharing a confidence.

IN the b.g. the luncheon is breaking up.

**JAZY**
Russell, excuse me... but I've just been put in a rather embarrassing position.
(hesitates)
Mrs. Somoza would like her picture taken with Miss Panama. In color?

Price throws his camera bag over his shoulder, pulls out a camera, and follows Jazy. They walk toward the head table.

**PRICE**
How the hell could Tacho find Rafael.

**JAZY**
Russell, please... I have my hands full...

Mrs. Somoza and Miss Panama are waiting as Price and Jazy arrive. Price is automatically switching camera lenses, but he continues to grill Jazy.

**MRS. SOMOZA**
Tacho, Tacho... venga, por favor!

Price and Jazy exchange glances as Somoza reluctantly joins
the portrait.

SOMOZA POSES WITH HIS WIFE AND HIS MISTRESS ON EACH ARM as Price flashes a light meter under their noses, then backs off to take the picture.

    PRICE
    Is Tacho lyin' again? They did kill him, didn't they?

    JAZY
    Everybody smile.

Price takes a picture, Somoza wants to leave and Jazy would just as soon have this awkward moment over with, but:

    PRICE
    One more, please! Una mas, por favor?

Reluctantly they pose again, and Price grills Jazy who is trapped.

    PRICE
    We help each other, right? Could you move your girlfriend into the sun...

Jazy moves Miss Panama slightly, returning to Price.

    JAZY
    What do you need?

    PRICE
    Is Rafael alive or dead?

    JAZY
    I don't know.

    PRICE
    (to the posers)
    Just one more -- thank you.
    (to Jazy)
    I thought you knew everything?

As Somoza holds an interminable pose, Jazy launches into a speech, keeping his voice low enough so Tacho cannot hear.
**JAZY**
What do I know, eh? Tacho needs a victory very badly... he needs to prove to Jimmy Carter that he is still winning. He thinks Rafael's death is the proof he needs.

**PRICE**
Carter don't need proof. He just sent twenty-five million in new arms to Tacho.
(to posers)
I'm sorry... almost got it here.

**JAZY**
No, no... the arms shipment has been delayed in New Orleans because Jimmy is getting nervous.

**PRICE**
The State Department's gonna pull the plug on Tacho?! Pardon my French -- but whose fucking side are you on?

Jazy and Price motion for the posers to move a step over.

**JAZY**
...I work for everybody. If there is a transition of power, I facilitate a relationship with the new people. If there is not, I facilitate the status quo.
(beat)
Either way, I facilitate.

**PRICE**
Great job.

**JAZY**
I send messages to Jimmy and I tell him that the Revolution is a flood that cannot be stopped but it can be controlled... nobody listens... I can't even get a little water in my pool.

**PRICE**
Rough ain't it. Thank you everybody, very nice.
Price smiles to Somoza, Mrs. Somoza, and Miss Panama. Somoza hurries off from his uncomfortable position at last.

**PRICE**
I don't think Rafael is dead. I'm gonna find him.

**JAZY**
They say he's very handsome.
(beat)
It would make a wonderful picture, eh?

The two men share a smile.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE ROAD TO MATAGLAPA - EARLY MORNING**

A rental station wagon covered with press flags races along. Inside the car are the British crew -- Regis drives -- and Price and Claire.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MATAGALPA - DAY**

A city of about 50,000 located on the side of a hill. The car pulls slowly into the base of the town into a clearing with assorted vehicles -- Red Cross, La Guardia, Press. The car moves slowly as its occupants survey the town, until it pulls alongside a Red Cross truck that has broken down. Price sticks his head out the window to ask instructions of a R.C. WORKER.

**PRICE**
Con permiso -- who controls what today?

**RED CROSS WORKER**
(in Spanish)
The Sandinistas hold the hills, the Guardia has everything else.

CLAIRE
How do we find the guerillas?

RED CROSS WORKER
(points)
Va allí, dos o tres cuartos, doble la esquina al francotirador.

REGIS
What'd he say?

CLAIRE
Go two or three blocks and turn right at the sniper.

Regis and his crew don't like this at all. Price points.

P.O.V. A TOWER FULL OF GUARDIA SNIPERS

PRICE
You can drop us off.

MAIN ROAD INTO MATAGALPA

A gradual uphill grade -- the press car moves slowly. Guardia are on both sides of the street, as the car stops at the corner, directly beneath the sniper tower. They all look up.

P.O.V. THE SNIPERS LOOKING BACK DOWN AT THEM

THE CAR SLOWLY TURNS LEFT

PRICE
Wrong way!

REGIS
We're not looking for the guerillas.

CLAIRE
Then let us out.

The car stops, the door opens, and:

A WALL NEARBY IS RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES AS THEY CLIMB
OUT, so they climb back in quickly.

"accident."

P.O.V. A SOLDIER HOLDS OUT HIS ARMS AS IF TO SAY,

SOLDIER
Lo siento!
(I'm sorry!)

The soldier seems sincere, but they don't want to take a chance.

PRICE
Go one more block.

THE CAR MOVES DEEPER INTO MATAGALPA, gradually moving among tanquettas patrolling the streets, coming to a barricade which they manuever past as Guardia soldiers look at them strangely. The car turns around -- it has come too far. A GUARDIA OFFICER SIGNALS FOR THEM TO GET OUT but the idea doesn't appeal to Regis and he whirls around, panicking slightly, and heads off in the other direction.

CLaire
He just wanted to see credentials, for crissakes, what're doing?

REGIS
You want to drive?

PRICE
We want out!

THE BARRICADE OFFICER SPEAKS IN A WALKIE TALKIE to a squadron leader a couple of blocks away as the car approaches. THE SECOND OFFICER WHISTLES FOR THE CAR TO STOP but it speeds up.

THE OFFICER FIRES A PISTOL SHOT AT THE CAR SHATTERING THE WINDSHIELD
INSIDE THE CAR -- VISION IS BADLY IMPAIRED BY THE SHATTERED GLASS and Regis panics, hitting the floorboard and the car suddenly screeches around a corner, racing through Matagalpa. The car squeals around corner after corner blindly, into:

A GUARDIA BARRICADE AS A FUSILADE OF SMALL ARMS FIRE RINGS OUT The windshield is totally destroyed now, and:

THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CAR CROUCH LOW as the car races. Price and Claire scream at Regis to stop, but it's too late.

THE CAR SCREECHES INTO REVERSE as Regis tries to see back window and Price, out of necessity operates the foot pedal with his hand. The car smokes into an intersection and sees:

AN OPEN BLOCK AHEAD -- no Guardia are visible, so the car races down the open block and as it comes to an intersection:

A SHERMAN TANK COMES AROUND THE CORNER FACING US Several times larger than a tanqueta -- it dwarfs us and everything around it. Its giant gun faces us head on.

THE PRESS CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT, and everyone scrambles out.

PRICE
Periodista, periodista, periodista!

The mini-cam equipment is dropped as the British crew scrambles to safety against a building. Price and Claire end up on opposite sides of the street.

Silence -- the huge and silent tank is deciding what to do.
THE TURRET SWINGS SEVERAL DEGREES TO ONE SIDE and lowers as the scattered journalists freeze.

A THUNDEROUS ROAR -- THE TANK DESTROYS THE CAMERA leaving a huge crater and not a trace of the expensive gear.

CLAIRE STARTS LAUGHING, FRIGHTENED, nervous and amused.

PRICE TAKES PICTURES

A WOMAN THROWS A CONTACT BOMB FROM A WINDOW AT THE TANK tiny bomb makes a pitiful explosion, hopelessly ineffective.

THE TANK SWINGS ITS TURRET TOWARD THE HOUSE AND OPENS and the wall of the house crumbles quickly as a family scrambles to the rooftop of a neighboring house. Their house is destroyed in a second.

LA GUARDIA TROOPS APPEAR AND BEGIN FIRING TOWARDS Claire and Price, who turn to see:

SANDINISTA ARMY REGULARS RUNNING DOWN THE HILL alongside the homemade local guerillas. This is the first time we've seen the F.S.L.N. regular army in their camouflaged khaki dress.

THE GUARD TAKES A POSITION TO FIGHT IT OUT and Claire and Price are caught in a cross-fire, pinned to walls on each street side.

PRICE PUSHES THROUGH A DOOR TO SAFETY and looks back:

CLAIRE IS TRAPPED OUTSIDE pounding on a door that doesn't open. She tries another -- no luck. She curls up in a doorway making herself as small as possible as bullets rip the wall around her.
AT THE TOP OF THE HILL, AN OLD BUS MOVES SLOWLY INTO THE STREET

Several youthful guerillas are pushing it. THE BUS COMES FLYING DOWN THE HILL TOWARD THE TANK hundred feet away, it gathers speed toward us.

INT. THE SPEEDING BUS

A YOUTH at the wheel props a board under the steering wheel and races to the back as ANOTHER YOUTH opens the door as the bus races past Claire toward the tank.

THE TWO YOUTHS LEAP OUT THE BACK DOOR where they tumble into the dirt just before:

THE BUS SMASHES INTO THE TANK AND EXPLODES

GUARDIA SOLDIERS SHOOT THE TWO YOUTHS before they get away, as:

GUERILLAS APPEAR ON EVERY ROOFTOP opening heavy fire on Guardia.

GUARDIA TROOPS RETREAT QUICKLY ON FOOT AND IN TANQUETTAS but the SHERMAN TANK TRIES TO DISLODGE ITSELF FROM THE BUS cannot, and drags the bus with it as it backs down the hill.

PRICE RUNS OUT TO CLAIRE and huddles with her. She is shaken but unhurt.

SANDINISTAS ARE EVERYWHERE, moving into Matagalpa as and Claire move past several bodies to higher ground.

SANDINISTA BARRICADES ARE ON EVERY CORNER where women serve food to their men. Claire and Price wander through,
momentarily disoriented. A small boy runs through the 
kicking a soccer ball, occasionally avoiding a body. He 
right up to them and speaks.

**BOY**

Busca triquitraques?

**CLAIRE**

Si.

**BOY**

Venga.

They follow him up a hill.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSE OVERLOOKING THE CITY - DAY**

THE NEIGHBORHOOD IS TOTALLY SANDINISTA and several 
are at the door. The boy speaks to one of the guards, 
they are admitted.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE HOUSE - DAY**

THEY ARE SEARCHED IMMEDIATELY, asked to put down their 
asked for credentials, and led down the hallway of a 
that is very American middle class.

ANOTHER SOLDIER WITH RIFLE detains them momentarily 
showing them into a room used as a Revolutionary 
office.

ISELA STANDS IN MILITARY FATIGUES talking to her 
colleagues. Clearly she commands respect and makes 
She finishes and turns to Claire and Price in a very 
businesslike way, never acknowledging directly that
have met before.

**ISELA**

You are looking for Rafael?

They are somewhat taken aback at her directness and information.

**PRICE**

Yeah. If it's possible.

**CLAIRE**

Do you know why we're here... exactly?

**ISELA**

Mr. Price doesn't do anything before announcing it first in the bar.

(beat)

It's a good story. You'll be more famous.

**EXT. A MOUNTAIN ROAD - LATER - DAY**

An old truck chugs up a series of cutbacks through rough terrain. The truck has no hood, and a BOY sits on the fender pouring oil from a series of Folgers cans into a funnel stuck permanently into the engine. Underneath, dangling cans catch the oil as it flows through. Price, Claire and FOUR ARMED SANDINISTAS sit in the back. ISELA rides in front.

**THE TRUCK PASSES THROUGH A FRIENDLY GUERILLA ROADBLOCK**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. TOBACCO FIELDS IN REMOTE TERRAIN - DAY**

ISELA, CLAIRE, PRICE AND THE FOUR HIKE into increasingly inaccessible terrain.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. RAFAEL'S CAMP - DUSK**
Heavily guarded but very mobile, the camp consists of perhaps 100 Soldiers, women preparing food, several tents. Claire attract attention as they enter.

PRICE STOPS AND LOOKS AROUND THE CAMP CLOSELY seeming to take it all in. He's been in many similar camps, wars.

**P.O.V. TWO SOLDIERS GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO ONE TENT**

CLAIRE
Rafael's tent?

Price doesn't answer but continues taking it all in, and ISELA shouts to them to continue.

ISELA
Venga, companeros. (Come, comrades.)

THEY CONTINUE INTO THE CAMP, BUT PRICE STOPS AGAIN has caught him, his sixth sense, a feeling -- he refuses to walk further for the moment. No glibness, just coolness.

CLAIRE
What is it?

Price looks around, speaks quietly.

PRICE
Rafael is dead.

Claire looks around quickly. There is no evidence to her.

PRICE
I can smell it.

CLAIRE
I don't know.

ISELA
(slightly exasperated)
Venga por favor! Alli!
They continue into the camp -- now Claire looks around nervously. Price mutters a half laugh, softly and strangely, as they are led to a makeshift table and offered food. In the b.g. Isela enters one of the tents.

PRICE AND CLAIRE SIT DOWN TO EAT and Price continues scanning the camp as they talk.

**CLAIRE**
What're you talking about?

**PRICE**
He's dead. I know it.

**CLAIRE**
Then why did they bring us all the way here to see him?

He doesn't know.

**ISELA**
This is Commandante Cinco.

They all shake hands.

Isela begins at once.

**ISELA**
Today we took Matagalpa. Leon is about to fall, and Masaya. And next week we could be in Managua but it is still possible to lose.

(beat)
In the last days of our final offensive the people of Nicaragua must know that Rafael is alive and
well.

COMMANDANTE CINCO
Queremos un fotografia.

ISELA
We need a photograph.
(beat)
Come with us.

THEY ALL RISE AND HEAD TOWARDS RAFAEL'S TENT

INT. RAFAEL'S TENT

The tent is filled with Sandinista officers and soldiers standing and sitting around.

RAFAEL'S BODY LIES ON A TABLE The shirtless upper torso propped slightly upright, still wearing glasses, the figure of Rafael is distinctly non-heroic. He is slightly overweight, slightly balding, but as he lies there surrounded by his men, the the glow of lanterns, he looks almost alive.

Price and Claire look at each other.

COMMANDANTE CINCO
Usted es un fotografo magnifico.
(beat)
Queremos que vive.
(You are a great photographer. Make him alive.)

Price laughs -- the request is ridiculous.

ISELA
(to Claire)
Why is he laughing?

PRICE
You're crazy.

Cinco steps forward -- his presence commands attention. His delivery is forceful but not emotional. As he begins to speak, Price stops laughing.
CINCO
(in Spanish)
We have momentum, but many more lives will be lost. Even Washington is starting to admit that the butcher Somoza is not loved by his people. They have detained twenty-five million dollars in new arms shipments for Somoza at an airfield in Florida until they find out if Rafael is alive or dead. We know about these things.

He pauses briefly.

CLAIRED
If Washington thinks Rafael is dead, they will ship the arms to Somoza. Do you understand.

PRICE
Yeah.
(without enthusiasm)
Commandante... Soy un periodista.

CINCO attacks that defense with new vigor.

CINCO
This has nothing to do with journalism -- there is more to the world than journalism. We are going to end this war with you or without you.
(beat)
People don't really believe in Rafael -- they believe in the idea of Rafael, no? Because for now the idea of Rafael is enough for the people of Nicaragua. When the war is over -- none of this matters.

PRICE hesitates, his manner devoid of its usual cockiness.

PRICE
I don't do things... like this.

CINCO
Enough lives have been lost already.
(beat of empathy)
It's difficult, I know -- but you must do it.
COMMANDANTE CINCO PLACES AN ARM ON PRICE'S SHOULDER and speaks in broken English.

CINCO
In the morning, eh? When there's better light!

CUT TO:

INT. PRICE AND CLAIRE'S TENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Price lies on his back on a table. Claire sits in a chair, a lantern is on the table. His reclining body is not unlike Rafael's. He plays with a camera without looking at it, turning it slowly, removing and replacing a lens. He's never been this calm, this unmoving.

Claire, however, moves around the tent like a caged animal -- like Price normally is. She smokes. She's nervous and wired.

CLAIRE
I spend my whole life separating how I feel from how I think and what I see from what I say -- that's called journalism, isn't it?

He nods slightly.

CLAIRE
It's disciplined. It civilized. It involves distinctions. I'm great at distinctions. I wish I wasn't so good at them. Sometimes I envy you -- you don't make any -- it's very convenient.

(beat)
The only time I don't worry about all those things is when I'm with my daughter.

PRICE
Or when you're in bed.

CLAIRE
Yes!
(beat -- changes direction)
My job is to find a story, then tell a story -- whatever it is -- because I believe that if enough people hear enough stories then somehow, through information alone, we all have a better chance to survive.
(beat)
I believe in information.
(beat)
That's a very romantic streak I have running through me -- maybe it's a weakness. Information is good -- lack of information is bad. Simple, eh?

PRICE
Not so simple.

CLAIRE
You're God damn right it's not.
(beat)
You take that picture you'll take it for all the right reasons -- I understand.

PRICE
I'm not gonna take it.

He fiddles with the cameras.

CLAIRE
That's fine for you. But do I go back and say I interviewed Rafael? Do I go back and say I missed the biggest story of the war? Or do I say Rafael was stone cold dead -- that's the information, isn't it? Or do I say he entertained us all in his inimitably charismatic manner around the ol' revolutionary campfire?
(beat)
Can we throw up our arms and say we fell in love with the querrillas because their cause was... sympathetic?
(beat)
Journalists don't fall in love.
(beat)
Which story do you want me to tell?
Silence.

**PRICE**
Do what you want to do.

**CLAIRE**
Christ, what the fuck are we doing here?

**PRICE**
I want to be here.
(beat)
With you.
(beat)
What do you want.

Silence.

**CLAIRE**
I want this war to end.
(beat)
I'm not going to tell the world that Rafael is dead.

Silence. Claire lies down on the cot. Exhausted but high.

Price gets off the table and goes to her.

**PRICE**
I love you.

**CLAIRE**
I think I love you.

**PRICE**
Don't think so much.

He gets on the cot with her. They kiss deeply, passionately, and begin making love.

**EXT. THE CAMP - FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN**

THE CAMP IS COMING TO LIFE as the flap opens on Price's tent and he looks out. He raises his camera and starts taking pictures of:

A WOMAN COOKING OVER A FIRE AS A BUSINESSMAN LOOKS ON,
face we recognize from earlier in Managua -- FREEZE FRAME

THREE YOUNG GUERRILLAS PLAYING WITH A DOG -- FREEZE FRAME

THE PRIEST FROM LEON DRINKING FROM A GOURD -- FREEZE FRAME

TWO CHILDREN PLAYING WITH HANDMADE TOYS -- FREEZE FRAME

ISELA COMING OUT OF ANOTHER TENT -- FREEZE FRAME

PRICE RISES AND LOOKS AROUND THE CAMP, wandering over to a large can where he drinks some water.

CLAIRE EMERGES FROM THE TENT and watches Price head over to a shaded area with his cameras.

CLAIRE'S P.O.V. OF PRICE AS HE MOVES THROUGH A GROUP OF SANDINISTAS GATHERED AROUND A TABLE

Their backs are toward us as he adjusts seating positions and rearranges items that have been provided for the table.

He takes a light reading and moves quickly into position.

Price raises his camera.

CUT TO:

PRICE'S P.O.V. OF A TABLEAU OF RAFAEL, CINCO, AND SOLDIERS

They sit at a table studying a map, a copy of La Prensa displayed -- the headlines declare that RAFAEL IS DEAD and points to a map of the country. For an instant Rafael looks alive -- FREEZE FRAME.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROAD BLOCK TO MANAGUA - LATER
Price and Claire are sitting on top of a Red Cross truck as it heads through Sebaco. Soldiers from La Guardia are everywhere. As the truck moves through the village, something catches Price's eyes:

OATES STANDS AGAINST A WALL IN COMMAND OF A SQUADRON

Two whores and several troops sit against a wall. As the truck passes, Oates waves casually, with emotion.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRICE'S HOTEL BATHROOM IN MANAGUA - DAY

Red light in the bathroom as Price pulls several photo prints from the bath and plasters them wet against the mirror. PHOTO OF RAFAEL IN THE CAMP, and he looks very much alive. He pulls more shots from the bath: THE PRIEST FROM LEON, THE BUSINESSMAN, COMMANDANTE CINCO AND ISELA. He dries them and hides them with their negatives under a pile of equipment. He picks up the shot of Rafael and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN MANAGUA

A group of muchachos in masks, baseball caps, and bandanas race through the streets carrying a photo blow-up of Rafael.

CUT TO:

INT. JAZY'S HOUSE

The newspaper headline sits on Jazy's desk as Jazy studies it unemotionally. We hear Miss Panama's voice:
MISS PANAMA

Marcel!

He spins on his chair as she glides in modeling a new
dress.

She spins magically for him -- he blows her a kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUSH RIVER VALLEY OF NICARAGUA - DAY

A small private plane flies through a canyon, dwarfed
by the
spectacular landscape. Hub Kittle works the room.

INT. THE PLANE - DAY

Two MASKED GUERILLAS hold a gun to the head of a pilot.
A
large sack is crammed into the tiny compartment with
them.

EXT. A SMALL MOUNTAIN TOWN IN NICARAGUA - DAY

The plane flies in low over the town and suddenly:

THE SKY IS FILLED WITH LEAFLETS that flutter to the
ground.

Townspeople, bewildered at first, pick up the papers to
see:

CLOSE UP -- PRICE'S PHOTOGRAPH OF RAFAEL ALIVE

LOCAL RESIDENTS RAISE THEIR FISTS IN SALUTE to the
plane as
it disappears into the mountains.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROOFTOP GARDEN OF THE INTERCONTINENTAL - DAY

Journalists are gathered to watch the fighting which is
now
casually
on the outskirts of Managua. Price stands to the side
taking pictures of Journalists taking pictures of the
Hub Kittle floats around providing drinks and P.R.
P.O.V. A PUSH-PULL AIRPLANE MAKES BOMBING PASSES on the capitol. Columns of smoke rise throughout the city.

REGIS MOVES HIS MINI-CAM CREW INTO POSITION AT THE RAIL

REGIS

We got the smoke in frame?

CREWMEMBER

(moves the camera slightly)

We got the smoke.

REGIS

Roll it...

CLAIRE STANDS TO THE OTHER SIDE with binoculars watching. She accepts a drink from Hub and speaks into her tape deck.

CLAIRE

Under a steel gray July sky... start again... under a gray steel Managuan sky... scratch it... In an extraordinary development in Managua, President Anastazio Somoza has ordered the Air Force to begin bombing his own capitol, under a sky... fuck it...

She fires down the drink and puts down the mike. She picks up the binoculars again and, glancing below, is shocked:

P.O.V. BELOW -- ALEX GETS OUT OF A CAB WITH HIS SUITCASES

He starts into the hotel, glances up, and they see each other.

CLAIRE

Oh my God...

Price sees Alex at the same time. Alex waves to both of as he heads into the hotel. Price and Claire look at each other.

Claire sits down at a table, stunned to see Alex. Price commandeers a waiter and joins her with a fresh tray of
drinks.

CLAIRE
A Scotch, please...
(he nods)
Double.

Price joins her as other journalists jockey for position at the railing. He is equally upset and confused.

PRICE
What's he doing here?

CLAIRE
I have no idea.

ALEX COMES THROUGH THE DOOR with a couple journalists, sees Price and Claire and comes over to join them. A polite kiss on Claire's cheek, a handshake for Price. A moment of awkwardness.

ALEX
Congratulations.

PRICE
On what?

ALEX
On what?! The Washington Post, the Times, networks, wire services -- everybody's picked up the picture. It's fabulous.

CLAIRE
(nervously)
Well, yes... it's fabulous.

PRICE
Fabulous.

Unsure silence.

CLAIRE
Why are you back?

ALEX
I came back because of Russell.

PRICE
Because of me?

ALEX
Yeah... the whole fucking East Coast is falling in love with Rafael -- they were sure he was dead this time. Somebody wants to do a musical about him and his mug's on every T-shirt in Central Park.

Alex enjoys the lunatic mixture of politics and popular culture.

ALEX
I think he's bigger than Farrah Fawcett.

Claire and Price struggle to enjoy this supremely uncomfortable moment. It's not easy to enter the game. Claire attempts to change the subject.

CLAIRE
You look good. Things're okay?

ALEX
I'm happier in New York, sure, things are great. You guys?

PRICE
Terrific... now... I'm a little slow here, Alex... what exactly did you come back for?

No more games. Alex addresses Price with conviction.

ALEX
It's a great story.
(beat)
I want to talk to Rafael... and you're the only man in the world that can take me to him.

Price's and Claire's hearts sink. They look at each other. It seems Price or with Alex, despite his reluctance to return to Nicaragua, genuinely enthused about the possible story. Before Claire respond, Hub Kittle notices Alex and comes over.
a tray of drinks, extending genuine greetings to the Senior Correspondent.

_HUB_
Alex! Couldn't stay away, eh?

The fresh round of drinks are put on the table. The sound of bombs ripping the capitol are the only thing we hear.

CUT TO:

_INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT_

Claire and Price now have adjoining rooms. She is staring out the window as he comes in. The mood is strained.

_CLAIRE_
We've got to tell Alex what happened.

_PRICE_
No way.

_CLAIRE_
I'll tell him. He deserves to know.

_PRICE_
We don't owe him anything!

_CLAIRE_
We owe him that!
(beat)
He got you started in this business... he covered for your missed deadlines and made excuses for your unprofessional attitude before the world fell in love with your pictures... (beat)
Before kids fresh out of journalism school were rushing off to any war they could to interview bullets and take pictures of bodies -- like Price! (beat)
He took care of you before you were hot!

Silence. She's hitting home but he doesn't want to acknowledge
it.

PRICE
He wouldn't understand.

CLAIRE
Before Nicaragua you wouldn't understand. I'm not sure I exactly understand.
(beat)
What are we going to do?

There is something calculating in Price's tone, this is not the fearless, boyish innocent anymore.

PRICE
I'll take Alex to find Rafael -- we'll go to Sebaco on the road to Matagalpa -- the Guardia heavily control the area and they're scared right now -- they'll never let us through. We won't be able to get near Rafael. Alex will understand -- and we'll turn around and drive back without a story.

Claire is disturbed at this compounding of the lie.

CLAIRE
That's a lie!

PRICE
Tell me about lies!

Silence. They are co-conspirators and they know it.

CLAIRE
I don't want to tell him either.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD TO MATAGALPA - NEXT DAY

Price's white flagged newly rented press car streaks along, overtaking an ox cart. A guardia convoy is going the opposite direction, back toward Managua. Alex looks out of the car.
with interest--he hasn't been to the front line for several wars.

**PRICE**
We may not be able to find him, y'know...

**ALEX**
I've got supreme confidence in you.

A car is on fire by the side of the road. Price flies past; Alex watches curiously. Several people stand around the car.

**ALEX**
Claire looks good, eh?

**PRICE**
Everybody looks good in the tropics.

Alex isn't sure how to respond to this curious reply.

**ALEX**
Since I haven't been able to find Isela since coming back, you're going to have to translate for me -- what the hell does that mean?

Price is nervous, wired, on edge.

**PRICE**
Alex... I love her.

Alex takes this calmly -- it's not exactly new information.

**ALEX**
And she 'thinks' she loves you.

**PRICE**
It's past the thinking stage.

Alex looks at the passing scenery -- he's in no hurry.

**ALEX**
I'd like to know something -- it probably doesn't matter in the great final scheme of things... but I'm interested...

(beat)
Did you ever lay a hand on her before she left me?

PRICE

No!

ALEX

That's the truth?

PRICE

Yes!

(beat)

Alex -- we're friends!

There is something desperate in his voice.

CUT TO:

EXT. A ROADBLOCK ON THE EDGE OF SEBACO - DAY

Price and Alex are ordered out of their car by a very unfriendly Guardia soldier. He is ordered to put down his camera bag. The hood and trunk are opened.

SOLDIER

Venga.

They are led to a shed by the roadside, A TIRE REPAIR SHOP, where they sit down in an oily, dusty shack. They watch the soldiers:

P.O.V. THE SOLDIERS TEARING UP THE RENTAL CAR, pulling off door panels, looking for weapons.

ALEX

I bet you go through a few rental cars.

PRICE

Don't worry. I put this in your name.

PRICE AND ALEX JERK TO LIFE at the sound of screaming in the distance. A volley of gunfire follows. Price moves quickly into an adjoining shed and looks through a crack in the wall:
P.O.V. AN EXECUTION SQUAD IN A FIELD as several bodies are being hauled away. Two soldiers reload their guns. PAN to a figure moving behind a wall -- OATES.

WALL

OATES

PRICE HURRIES THROUGH THE SHACKS TOWARD THE EXECUTION WALL as Alex calls to him and hurries after -- Price is single-minded. As he moves through the shacks we hear another volley of fire, and Price bursts into a clearing to see:

TWO TRUCKS BEING LOADED WITH BODIES AS OATES SUPERVISES.

PRICE STEPS INTO THE CLEARING -- FACE-TO-FACE WITH OATES.

They look at each other for several beats before anyone speaks. Oates is slightly embarrassed.

OATES

No pictures, eh? Might look bad.

Oates smiles half-way; Price looks around at the bodies.

PRICE

You get paid by the body or by the hour?

OATES

I get paid the same way you do. What the fuck you doin' in Sebaco -- this place's about to blow... ain't it?

PRICE

You didn't have to nail Pedro.

OATES

Who's Pedro?

Alex arrives and tries to pull Price back -- at the same time he sees the bodies and is sickened at the sight.

ALEX

Oh my God...
A body is carried through and loaded on a truck. Oates's tone is one of explanation rather than defense, very of-fact.

**OATES**

There's a motherfucking war goin' on, pal... lotta sad stories.

Price mumbles and wanders to the next truck a few feet away, and as he sees it he stops short, speechless. He points:

**THE BODIES OF THE PRIEST FROM LEON AND THE BUSINESSMAN,** figures we saw at Rafael's camp, sit in the back of the truck. They are splattered with blood and lifeless. Price is shaken.

**PRICE**

Why them? Why them?!

Oates has to look to see who he's talking about, and Price loses his cool.

**PRICE**

You're a cocksucker!

**OATES**

I don't suck no dick, man...

PRICE GRABS OATES AND PUSHES HIM BACKWARDS but Oates responds like an animal. The two men go down in a heap and lash out at each other in the dust. Their fighting is largely ineffective, though very physical, until Oates asserts himself and knocks Price against a wall, breaking free to pick up his automatic rifle that he handles with one hand and shoves it into Price's face.

**OATES**

I'd prefer not splattering your brains in a dump like this -- I got priorities.

(to Alex)
Guy wants to be a hero, pops, get him outta here before he's a number.
(beat)
Be a shitty little town to buy it in.
(beat)
Who are you?

ALEX
Russell, let's get outta here.

PRICE
(to Oates)
Fuck you.

OATES
Guy's got a sense of humor, old man.
(beat)
Got any dope? Tough place to find decent dope?

PRICE
Why them?

OATES

He leads them under an awning nearby where a couple of soldiers
sit. A small table, some weapons, two shallow boxes, food, and
beer. Oates rummages around to find what he wants, and
finishes:

A HANDFUL OF PHOTOGRAPHS, mostly snapshots, odd sizes,
with names written on them. He sifts through them quickly
and we see an assortment of photographs of Nicaraguans. He
finds what he's looking for and holds up:

PRICE'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRIEST AND THE BUSINESSMAN,
the picture taken in Rafael's camp, blown up, cropped, and
identified. The faces are circled.

OATES
If your mug shows up in this box... and ya try to make it through
Sebaco... I owe yer ass.
This information hits Price in the gut, and he is seized with fear.

**ALEX**

Who gives you the pictures?

**OATES**

What's this, an interview? I ain't that dumb.

Price turns, he doesn't want to face it.

**ALEX**

Off the record.

**OATES**

Off the record... some pachuco gives 'em to me. Ain't none of my business, but I heard he gets 'em from a Frog.

Oates pulls another picture from a different box and holds it up:

**PHOTOGRAPH OF ISELA**

**OATES**

Nice, eh?

**PRICE**

She dead?

**OATES**

Not yet.

Alex grabs Price and heads back toward the roadblock.

**OATES**

Whatya' expect? We're the ones gettin' our butts kicked.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE CAR - DAY**

Price hangs a U-turn at the roadblock and heads back to Managua. He drives crazily.

**PRICE**
Some-motherfucker-took-my-fucking-pictures-I-don't-fucking-know-what-happened!
  (beat)
  Fuck me!

Silence.

ALEX
Didn't you ship the film to New York?

PRICE
I developed it in my room.
  (pleads)
Jesus Christ, Alex?!

Silence. The car races.

ALEX
Slow down.
  (compassionately)
It wasn't your fault if somebody stole your stuff...

PRICE
It was.

Alex doesn't force the issue, nor does he understand it entirely.

ALEX
What about Rafael?

No answer -- the car races back to Managua. Alex stares at Price trying to figure out what is wrong.

CUT TO:

INT. PRICE'S ROOM AT THE INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - LATER

A MAID IS CLEANING HIS ROOM which is the usual disaster. Price enters, just returned, and quickly looks for his negatives under the equipment where he had hidden them.

PRICE
  Algo no esta aqui. Fotografias.
  (Something is not here. Photographs.)
MAID
(in Spanish)
Everything's always a mess here. You should be neater.

PRICE
Negativos, negativos!

The maid shrugs -- Price is crazy anyway, and:

CLAIRE WALKS INTO THE ROOM She too looks shaken. He looks up.

CLAIRE
Commandante Cinco's body was just found on the road to Matagalpa.

The maid starts crying. They look at her helplessly as she sobs, 'Cinco, Cinco...'

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF MANAGUA - DAY

A cab takes them through the increasingly nervous city. La Guardia troop trucks are everywhere -- things seem more hurried. A hunting rifle sits in the cabbie's lap. They get out and knock on Jazy's door.

GUARDIA SOLDIERS WATCH THEM FROM A DISTANCE, a development that Price and Claire are aware of.

CLAIRE
I don't think it's Jazy.

Still no answer.

PRICE
Oates said it was a Frog. How many Frenchmen you know around here? Jazy ain't 'facilitating' shit.

Price is impatient. He looks around nervously -- the Guards are out of view -- and he slides a knife into the latch,
jimmying the lock. The door opens slowly -- an alarm goes off.

Price and Claire duck inside quickly.

**CLAIRES**

Christ!

Price, momentarily comfortable with the danger, responds quickly and finds the alarm wire running along the door jamb.

LA GUARDIA TROOPS NEARBY HEAR THE ALARM and head toward Jazy's.

INSIDE THE HOUSE PRICE FINDS THE ALARM BOX which he pries open and expertly pulls two wires. The alarm stops.

Immediately they begin going through drawers and cupboards. She pulls out some harmless snapshots of Miss Panama, replaces them.

**CLAIRES**

Are we looking for negs or prints?

**PRICE**

Anything.

They find nothing downstairs. The look up at the sound of distant gunfire.

Suddenly: Loud banging at the front door -- La Guardia.

**EXT. TWO GUARDIA SOLDIERS AND A THIRD ARRIVING - DAY**

They look around warily, hungrily -- they know something is wrong.

BACK INSIDE THE HOUSE we hear the shouting soldiers, banging. Price and Claire look at each other, and the camera bag. Claire points upstairs to Price, to the door for
Russell grabs the bag and bounds quickly upstairs. Claire goes to the front door, shaking nervously.

**CLAIRED OPENES THE DOOR AND FACES THE SOLDIERS**

**CLAIRE**

Que quiere?
(What do you want?)

**SOLDIER**

Donde esta senor Jazy?

**CLAIRE**

No esta aqui.

**SOLDIER**

Que quienes?
(Who are you?)

**CLAIRE**

(smiles)
Una novia suya.
(A girlfriend of his.)

The soldiers look at each other curiously and push open the door to look in the house without entering -- respectful of Jazy.

**SOLDIER #2**

El hombre tiene muchas novias, eh?
(The man has many girlfriends, no?)

The soldiers laugh and peer into the room. Claire forces the door closed on them, teasing slightly.

**CLAIRE**

No, no, no...

Afraid to make a mistake with one of Jazy's sweethearts, they don't press the issue. The door closes shut.

**INT. THE HOUSE**

CLAIRE sighs with frightened relief and hurries upstairs to join Price.
JAZY'S BEDROOM as she enters. A rumpled bed, a spilled
wine glass -- a pleasant mess.

CLAIRE
Russell?
(no answer)
Russell?

A door off the bedroom is open -- light spills out.
Claire stops cold at what she sees:

PRICE STANDS IN A ROOM FULL OF PHOTOGRAPHS Hundreds of
pictures of all sizes, photographic equipment, an
enlarger, cameras and lenses, etc. Pictures of Sandino, newspaper
photos, snapshots.

P.O.V. OF RUSSELL'S PHOTOGRAPHS FROM RAFAEL'S CAMP
cropped and blown up -- Commandante Cinco, the Priest of Leon,
the Businessman, Isela. Photographs of other slain rebel
leaders. The pictures include faces that have been circled with
names written in -- exactly as in the pictures Oates
possessed.

They are both stunned.

PRICE
Let's get out of here.

-- THEY HURRY DOWNSTAIRS and as they get to the front door
the sound of somebody opening it. They freeze.

THE DOOR OPENS AND MISS PANAMA ENTERS She smiles and
greets them in a friendly, aloof manner, and continues toward
the waterless pool.

MISS PANAMA
Hola.

Price and Claire return the greeting and continue out
doors.
CUT TO:

EXT. JAZY'S HOUSE - THE SOUND OF MORTAR IN THE DISTANCE

As they emerge, Claire tears a white cloth in half and ties it to a stick, handing half to Price who does likewise. An earth mover goes past, a Guardia soldier at the wheel. More soldiers cling to the machine, their guns at the ready.

PRICE
We've got to talk to Alex.

They start walking.

CLAIRE
You think our flags are big enough?

Flags held high, they move nervously down the street into the ominous silence of the city.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF MANAGUA - NIGHT

Alex, Price, and Claire get out of a cab and approach a large statue of Somoza on horseback, surreally lit by floodlights in the center of a traffic circle. Four Guardia Soldiers are visible on the sidewalk in the b.g. drinking with two women.

PRICE
This is what I want to show you.

ALEX
We drove through three roadblocks a half hour before curfew so you could show me a statue of Tacho.

PRICE
It's not Tacho. It's Mussolini. Tacho went to Italy to commission a statue
of himself, he found a warehouse full of Il Duces on horseback, got a great deal on one of 'em -- brought it back and switched heads.

(beat)
Ya can't tell, can ya?

Silence. Alex knows Price too well -- it's a great story but that's not why they're here.

ALEX
What the hell are you talking about?

CLAIRE
I think what he's trying to say -- what we're trying to say -- is that things aren't exactly what they seem to be.

ALEX
Well, they don't "seem" to be that great so I can't wait for this one...

(mocks silliness)
Hey, here we are! Two guys in the tropics in love with the same dame... bullets flying!

CLAIRE
Alex! That's not why we're here.

ALEX
Oh yeah? I left the country because of him...

(points to Price)
...and I came back because of him...

(beat)
And now the cutest couple in town has me looking up a horse's ass on a midnight tour of Managua.

(points up the statue's ass)
What are we doing here?

Silence. Claire addresses Alex calmly.

CLAIRE
Rafael is dead.

Silence. Alex isn't quite sure he understood.

ALEX
In the picture he's dead?

PRICE
(shouts)
Dead!

ALEX
How the hell...

CLAIRE
(interrupts quickly)
Who cares how?!

Silence. A bit of gallows laughter from Alex as he circles the statue. Price calms and tries to explain.

PRICE
Alex... I think I finally saw one too many bodies.
(beat)
Somoza is a killer.
(beat)
I thought the war would end sooner.
(beat)
How many reasons do you want?

ALEX
You saw too many bodies? That's a lot of bodies.
(beat; to Price)
You stupid son of a bitch.
(to Claire)
Did he talk you into it?

CLAIRE
No! I wanted Rafael to be alive.

ALEX
In some way I understand him doing it, I don't like it but I understand... but you?

CLAIRE
I'd do it again.

Alex lets it all sink in. These two people about whom he has such passionate feelings have totally exposed themselves to him.
ALEX
You two have, of course, just served me up your balls -- if that's what they're called -- on a platter.
(several beats)
I can bury you both. You're handing me your careers.

They don't respond -- he's right.

ALEX
Well, Jesus Christ... this is a motherfucking story, Russell...
(long silence)
What am I supposed to do with it?

CLAIRE
Anything you want.

Small, tired gallows laughter from Alex. There is a long silence before Alex speaks, aware of the irony.

ALEX
They're holding the lead in the World section for Rafael.

PRICE
It's great stuff, isn't it? We'd go down in a blaze of glory.

ALEX
Oh yeah...
(distraught)
I don't know what to do.
(beat)
I've gotta take some kind of a story back with me. Maybe Jazy, eh?

CLAIRE
Oh Jesus.

PRICE
It's a little dangerous looking for Jazy at the moment.

ALEX
(mock heroic)
Ah, danger -- I love it. You could ask the pointy-shoed little bastard about your pictures... and I could ask him whatever happened to Isela.
CLAIRE
She's an officer in the Rafael army -- we saw her in Matagalpa.

Alex is surprised slightly, but takes pleasure in revealing it.

ALEX
You mean I slept with a Sandinista?

Price and Claire exchange glances. Alex is dead serious.

ALEX
I guess Rafael is alive, eh?

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

PRICE AND CLAIRE LIE IN BED sweating. A siren and distant mortar can be heard outside. Price goes to the window and shuts it -- the room is quieter and hotter. He pounds a broken air conditioning duct.

PRICE
Damn air conditioning.

He looks out the window -- it never used to be this complicated.

CLAIRE
I wish I was home.

Silence.

PRICE
C'mere.

She goes to him, lies down, and they embrace.

CLAIRE
Do you think it's almost over?

A loud, long burst of automatic weapons fire is heard
somewhere outside. Their eyes are open as they hold onto each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF MANAGUA - NEXT MORNING

A sense of foreboding. Heavy road equipment prowls the street looking for Rebel barricades to destroy. Tanquettas and Guardia everywhere.

The flag draped press car of Price and Alex drives slowly.

P.O.V. OUT OF THE CAR AS THEY LOOK CAREFULLY Things feel wrong. Guardia barricades are everywhere, forcing them to follow a route they might not choose. The Guardia soldiers at the barricades seem on edge. When Jazy's house is visible in the distance, barricades force them another direction.

GUARDIA SOLDIERS RACE DOWN A STREET TOWARD GUNFIRE and the car stops. When the road is clear it creeps into an intersection. They check their position.

THE CAR CREEPS TO A STOP and they look around further.

A PIG CROSSES THE STREET 100 YARDS AWAY AND IS SHOT BY A SOLDIER.

Everything is wrong. Price looks around restlessly.

PRICE
Alex... let's go back.

ALEX
Jazy's probably sitting in the bar laughing at us. Which way's the hotel?

PRICE
I don't know.

A WOMAN PEEKS OUT OF A DOORWAY WATCHING
ALEX
I'll ask her... be right back.

PRICE
Just a sec'... take a flag.

But Alex is out of the car at once, approaching the
woman.

Alex motions that "it's not necessary" and talks to the
woman. We can't hear, but she points down the block.

INSIDE THE CAR Price cranks film into place, his
actions are automatic and nervous. When he looks up:

P.O.V. ALEX FIFTY YARDS AWAY

Walking in the direction she pointed, he motions to
Price as if to say, "Just checking this out."

PRICE LOOKS AROUND NERVOUSLY FOR A SENSE OF DIRECTION

And as he does, looks through the camera.

THROUGH CAMERA P.O.V. OF THE DEAD PIG followed by quick
blurred pans to other images -- TANK, HOUSE, WOMAN,
SOLDIER -- Guardia soldiers come up to him and he holds out his hands as
if to say, "I'm lost."

ALEX TALKS TO THE SOLDIERS -- FREEZE FRAME click, click
and the whirring sound of a motor drive, another FREEZE
click, click, more whirring -- Price is on automatic
Another soldier orders Alex up against a wall.

Nobody sees Price taking pictures -- it happens too
quickly.

POINT

THROUGH CAMERA P.O.V. ALEX IS SHOT IN THE CHEST FROM
BLANK RANGE -- FREEZE FRAMES click, click, whirring as
images blur and the camera is dropped.

**PRICE STARES WITHOUT THE CAMERA**

P.O.V. ALEX LIES DEAD AS THE SOLDIERS LOOK AROUND The act was random, almost nonchalant.

PRICE STARTS TO RUN TOWARD ALEX shouting madly.

**PRICE**

You fucks! You fucks!

He stops quickly as they see him, realizing how exposed he is.

THE GUARDIA START FIRING AT HIM, realizing the murder was recorded.

**GUARDIA SOLDIER**

Fotografia!

**CUT TO:**

PRICE LEAPS IN HIS CAR and starts it up, racing around the corner as bullets rip into the car.

THE WINDOW SHATTERS, AND PRICE IS HIT IN THE SHOULDER. He clutches his bleeding arm as he races on.

**EXT. SHANTYTOWN BARRIO - DAY**

THE CAR GRINDS TO A HALT and Price leaps from it, racing into a maze of ramshackle huts.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SOMOZA'S BUNKER**

A hastily called press conference. Tacho takes a quick drag on a cigarette and makes the announcement.

**SOMOZA**

It is with grave concern that we
announce that Alexander Grazier, senior American correspondent, has been murdered at the hands of terrorists...

A shock wave goes through the room -- hands raised, questions.

SOMOZA
Mr. Kittle has prepared statements for you.

Somoza turns and leaves as Kittle passes out press statements.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S HOTEL ROOM

TV is on. She's at the typewriter working on a story.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF ALEX COMES ON THE TELEVISION NEWS, with Spanish language commentary over the image.

CLAIRE KEEPS WORKING AND GRADUALLY TYPES LESS AS SHE HEARS the story, finally rising and moving in front of the television as a local newsman reads of Alex's death and we see the Somoza press announcement.

The phone rings: Claire picks up the phone and listens silently before hanging up. She sits down shakily on the bed and starts crying.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHANTYTOWN BARRIO - DAY

PRICE HURRIES THROUGH the passageways between tin shacks, through tiny yards of goats and chickens, through poor that the war has nearly passed them by. Price is hurting, and looks around with fear to see:

THE GUARDIA SOLDIERS MOVE DOWN INTO THE SHANTYTOWN,
out to quickly engulf the barrio. They move quickly.

A HELICOPTER GUNSHIP MOVES IN LOW over the barrio and opens up sporadic outbursts of fire to insure nobody will try to flee.

PRICE RUNS DOWN AN ALLEY and nearly runs right into the Guardia. He hides behind a paper thin wall of flattened beer cans -- the Guardia move past him only inches away.

Price starts off in another direction, but Guardia appear -- he is trapped in the barrio.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Journalists are everywhere -- suitcases packed -- trying to get out of the country. The registration desk is chaos. Regis tries to get the attention of the clerk -- so does everyone else.

REGIS
Get my bill and get me a cab, hey, amigo!

The clerk is under attack.

CLERK
No cabs.

REGIS
Cabs!

CLERK
No cabs!

CLAUDE GETS OFF THE ELEVATOR AND MOVES THROUGH THIS CHAOS beyond going somewhere. Regis sees her and tries to give her comfort -- she's that. She wears a jacket and carries her bag -- she's somewhere.
REGIS
I'm sorry, Claire...

She pushes him away politely; she is single-minded now.

CLAIRE
Heard from Russell?

REGIS
Nobody has.

CLAIRE
Wanta help me find him?

Regis looks at her like she's crazy.

REGIS
Claire... it's on the weird side out there...

Hub Kittle enters the lobby, sees Claire and volunteers:

HUB
Jesus Christ, Claire, a human tragedy, what can I say?

Claire is nearly in tears, but resists.

CLAIRE
Fuck off, Hub, get outta my way.

CLAIRE EXITS THE HOTEL AND GETS INTO HER PRESS CAR

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF MANAGUA - LONG SHOT OF JAZY'S HOUSE -

DAY

Claire stays in her car and watches the house -- no way to get close -- and she continues driving, her route dictated by the same barricades that directed Alex and Price.

She passes the dead pig in the street, and TWO RED CROSS WORKERS make their way slowly around a corner, frightened.

Claire gets out of her car and approaches them.
CLAIRE
(in Spanish)
Do you know where the American journalist was killed?

They all point down a street. She shows them the polaroid of Price and her.

CLAIRE
(in Spanish)
Have you seen him?

They haven't and continue on their way. Claire walks in the direction they pointed -- no street fighting but many Guardia.

P.O.V. PRICE'S CAR FAR DOWN THE STREET SURROUNDED BY GUARDIA

CUT TO:

EXT. SHANTYTOWN - DAY

PRICE HUNCHES DOWN AND CRAWLS BEHIND THE STALLS as soldiers move through the yards looking for him.

A WOMAN IN A DOORWAY WATCHES PRICE HIDE

THE WOMAN APPEARS IN A DOORWAY AND MOTIONS WITH HER HEAD for Price to dart inside.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE - DAY

Nothing is said. Price is led into a room, one of many -- but this room is boarded over. There is no escape. Price is in pain, his arm bleeds, he's tiring.

WOMAN
(in Spanish)
This is the best I can offer.
PRICE

Gracias.

PRICE STANDS IN THE TINY ROOM WAITING

He leans against the wall behind the door. He shuts his eyes -- a noise at the door. When he opens them:

THE WOMAN IS STANDING THERE WITH A GUN

She hands it to him and leaves, bolting the door.

PRICE LEANS AGAINST THE WALL HOLDING A REVOLVER and he waits -- cameras around his neck, gun in hand, bloody, slightly ridiculous, and scared.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF MANAGUA - DAY

Price's shot up car is not far away, but she's afraid to approach it. She shows the picture of Price to a small boy who doesn't recognize it.

GUARDIA SOLDIER SPOTS CLAIRE and walks toward her. She cannot tell if the act is routine or threatening. He calls out to her.

SOLDIER

Venga aqui.

She hesitates -- Alex is dead, everything is crazy. She starts toward him, then changes her mind, turns, and walks quickly away from him.

THE SOLDIER RUNS TOWARD HER

CLAIRE RUNS FASTER and darts into a narrow passageway behind several houses, where she looks back. He calls for support -- join him and hurry after her. Panicky, she runs between houses.
OVERHEAD PLANES BUZZ THE NEIGHBORHOOD as Claire emerges from the 'maze' to see:

P.O.V. PRICE'S CAR ABANDONED and full of holes near the shanty town. Guardia are everywhere. The helicopter gunship is overhead.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE WHERE PRICE HIDES - DAY

He hears the Guard breaking in, and he cocks his gun.

INT. SAME HOUSE

as the Squadron Leader and three soldiers burst in -- the woman stands in the middle of the room and lies.

WOMAN
(in Spanish)
Nobody is here. Get out.

The Squadron Leader points to different rooms for each soldier, and they proceed to kick in each door, automatic rifles ready.

PRICE'S ROOM AS HE HEARS A SOLDIER AT THIS DOOR.

THE DOOR IS KICKED OPEN, AND A SOLDIER STEPS INTO THE room faces raise his scared just hear

For a moment he doesn't see Price -- then he whirls and the photographer who's so scared he's forgotten to

PRICE AND THE SOLDIER ARE FACE-TO-FACE The soldier is a fourteen-year-old boy fighting back tears. He, too, is scared to death. Neither is quite sure why he is there -- they just want it to end.

PRICE AND THE BOY AIM THEIR GUNS AT EACH OTHER as they hear the voice of the Squadron Leader in the other room.
LEADER
Esta alli?!
(Is he there?)

No answer.

LEADER
Esta alli?!

SQUADRON LEADER HEADS TOWARD THE ROOM but as he does, the boy soldier appears in the doorway.

BOY SOLDIER
No esta aqui.

The Leader grunts an order, and the squadron quickly heads to the next house.

PRICE'S BODY SLUMPS AGAINST THE WALL EXHAUSTED, and the woman enters as soon as the last soldier has gone.

Price's brief moment of peace is shattered by the screaming from the gunship of Guardia troops and the explosions of rocket fire. He looks outside.

THE GUNSHIP FIRES INTO THE SHANTYTOWN killing several of its own Guardia troops. A GUARDIA OFFICER screams at the gunship and fires a hand gun at the giant chopper.

GUARDIA OFFICER
(in Spanish)
We are you! We are you! What are you doing?!

GUARDIA TROOPS EVACUATE THE SHANTYTOWN in a panicky scramble to escape their own gunship.

PRICE RACES THROUGH THE BACK OF THE SHANTYTOWN, taking advantage of the chaos, and without slowing down, breaks free of the maze of the barrio.
CLAIRE'S P.O.V. OF PRICE RACING ACROSS THE STREET, past a body and an overturned, smoking car, back into the strewn blocks of the edge of the city. A tanquetta around a corner and sees Price a block away.

CLAIRE
Russell!

PRICE SEES HER, and races along a wall until they meet, grabbing her on the run -- each is panicky and frightened -- and they duck into very shallow cover, barely safe.

PRICE
What're you doing here?!

They embrace quickly and tightly, but look around nervously as they do. Price isn't sure if anybody knows about Alex.

CLAIRE
Alex!

PRICE
The Guardia did it -- I got pictures.

P.O.V. A TANQUETTA PASSES ON THE NEXT STREET, visible through shattered holes in the buildings. A Guardia squadron passes.

PRICE AND CLAIRE RUN DOWN THE STREET in the opposite direction, their path guided somewhat by an overturned bus in an intersection, abandoned barricades and roadblocks, and the rubble of street fighting.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET OF JAZY'S HOUSE - DAY

PRICE AND CLAIRE hesitate at the corner and move slowly along, seeing two Sandinistas, dressed half in camouflaged
half disco. The TWO GUERRILLAS seem to control the street.

Price and Claire approach warily.

**PRICE**

_Hola._

(the Guerrillas nod; in Spanish)

_Do you control this area?_

The Sandinista looks at his comrade, then looks around nervously, frightened, then shrugs.

**DISCO SANDINISTA**

(in Spanish)

_I don't know._

Price and Claire continue on down the street and simultaneously noticed something strange:

THE DOOR TO JAZY'S HOUSE IS WIDE OPEN They approach carefully and look in a view to the court-yard. Claire sticks her head in the door slowly, and as she does:

A GIANT HAND GUN IS STUCK IN HER TEMPLE as TWO MUCHACHOS quickly seize her and Price, dragging them inside.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JAZY'S COURTYARD - LATE IN DAY**

JAZY STANDS WITH A THIRD GUN AT HIS HEAD, being held by the most forceful and crazed of three young Muchachos. With guns to Jazy, Price, and Claire, there is much confusion as who's in charge and what exactly they're doing.

**MUCHACHO #1**

(in Spanish)

_Who are you?_

**JAZY**

_They are my friends._

**MUCHACHO #2**

(in Spanish)
Shut up. We kill them all.

**MUCHACHO #3**
(in Spanish)
No. Only him.

The guns are aimed back and forth in confusion — Price and Claire don't have a chance to respond, and they're not sure what to say.

**MUCHACHO #1**
(in Spanish)
Him or him or her?

The Muchachos begin arguing rapidly among themselves; and as they do, Jazy addresses Price and Claire coolly.

**JAZY**
Well, here we are, eh?

**MUCHACHO #1**
(in Spanish)
Assassin! Shut up!

**JAZY**
The boys are confused — they think I had their family killed.

**PRICE**
You murder people.

**JAZY**
"Murder" is a word for criminals. I have a job to protect the stability of a continent.

**MUCHACHO #3**
Pig! Hijo de puta!

**JAZY**
Please...

He is not begging for his life as much as for them to calm down.

**CLAIRE**
You got caught by some boys?
JAZY
Yes. Poets too, I imagine.
(beat)
Is your recorder on?

CLAIRE
(hesitates)
Yes.

JAZY
Good. I have a speech to make.

The Muchachos don't understand what he's saying, but they stop to listen to his style. The guns remained trained on all three.

JAZY
I like you people, but you are sentimental shits. You fall in love with the poets, the poets fall in love with the Marxists, the Marxists fall in love with themselves. The country is destroyed with rhetoric, and in the end we are stuck with tyrants.

MUCHACHO #1
(in Spanish)
Shut up!

Jazy turns to the boy who jams the gun into his head and speaks with tired authority.

JAZY
Un minuto, por favor.

MUCHACHO #2
(to Price and Claire, more calmly)
Who are you?

JAZY
(in Spanish)
They are journalists.

The Muchachos are immediately surprised and delighted, and one of them speaks in excited, broken English.
MUCHACHO #1
Periodistas! Take this picture! I'm going to blow his head off.

The Muchachos quickly withdraw their guns from Price and Claire and aim them all at Jazy's head.

JAZY
Somoza? He is a tyrant too, of course.
A butcher.
(beat)
But finally that is not the point, you see. If we wish to survive -- we have a choice of tyrants, and for all the right reasons, your poets choose the wrong side.

MUCHACHO #1
(impatiently)
Fotografia!

PRICE
No.

JAZY
Yes.
(beat)
Your picture of Rafael was brilliant... but I am alive, and better looking. A good looking Frenchman with a sympathetic face is murdered in cold blood while fighting for the survival of Europe and America.
(beat)
You will have another magazine cover!
(smiles)
Muy complicado, no?

MUCHACHO #1
(in Spanish)
Ready! Now!

CLAIRE
You picked the wrong side.

JAZY
In fifty years we will know who's right.
(beat)
Are you going to take the picture as
the bullet enters the skull or as it comes out? This wall's a nice color, eh? I can move into the sunlight.

CLAIRE TURNS AND WALKS AWAY, her back to the scene.

**JAZY**
(to Claire)
It's just a story!

PRICE REMAINS AND STARES AT JAZY as the Muchachos grow increasingly impatient. Some part of him wants to take the picture.

**MUCHACHO #1**
(in Spanish)
Shut up!

**JAZY**
They say that if somebody's holding a gun on you, you should never stop talking... that's the theory -- who knows?...

PRICE TURNS AND WALKS AWAY toward Claire. Still -- Jazy talks.

**JAZY**
Maybe it's a good thing that I talk too much...

A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT.

Price grimaces. Claire shuts her eyes. They turn to look at the fallen Jazy as the Three Muchachos, frightened by their own act, race back into the street. For several moments Price and Claire stand, frozen, until the rumbling sound of a helicopter gunship nearby forces them to hurry outside.

PRICE AND CLAIRE GO TO THE DOORWAY and look out as a jeep full of Guardia screams past

**P.O.V.** SEVERAL GUERRILLAS RETREATING FROM AN ADVANCING TANQUETTA a block away. The neighborhood seems to be changing hands again.
Price and Claire slump in the darkness near the doorway; she touches near his wounded arm.

CLAIRE
You okay?
(he nods)
Russell... what did Alex do?

PRICE
Nothing. He asked for directions.

She shakes her head and leans it against Price's shoulder but the distant popping of guns does not even allow her a moment of mourning. Their heads pop up nervously.

PRICE
We gotta get outta sight -- half the fucking army's looking for me...

CLAIRE
They're not looking for me.

Silence.

CLAIRE
Let me have the film...
(beat; unsure)
...if I can't get to the hotel I'll come back here...

Price doesn't want her to go alone, but he's not that excited about hiding out in the middle of the city either.

PRICE
Aw, Christ...
(frustrated)
I've wrecked everything else, at least let me take care of you here.

CLAIRE
Russell... it's more dangerous being with you than being alone.

He knows she's right. He loves her, and he's made disastrous decisions lately. He hesitates, then pops open...
his camera and removes the film. Price ties the film into the white flag that hangs from a stick stuck into her belt.

**PRICE AND CLAIRE EMBRACE AND KISS BRIEFLY**

**PRICE**

Don't get hurt.

**CLAIRE**

(affectionately)

That's great advice.

They kiss, and Claire runs out after a Red Cross truck. Price watches nervously until they turn a corner, out of sight, then goes back inside Jazy's courtyard. **PRICE NEARLY STUMBLES OVER JAZY'S BODY, stops, stares -- he'd forgotten**

The body makes him uneasy, and after several moments he finds a sheet and covers Jazy. Price then sits down and waits nervously, sharing the courtyard with Jazy.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREETS OF MANAGUA - DUSK**

CLAIRE WALKS ALONGSIDE THE RED CROSS TRUCK as it comes around a corner. The truck turns one direction, she wants to go the other way toward the hotel.

**P.O.V. -- THE INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL ON THE HILL IN DUSK**

Guardia troops heavily patrol the ground between Claire and the hotel -- a jeep, a troop carrier, a tanquetta, and fifty foot soldiers.

CLAIRE TAKES TEMPORARY COVER offered by a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN who sees that she is afraid of La Guardia. Claire steps
a walled yard. Moments later:
A BOY ON A BIKE RIDES SLOWLY OUT OF THE YARD and turns up
the hill toward the Guardia and the hotel. Claire's white flag is tied to his handlebars.
CLAIRE WATCHES FEARFULLY as the boy pedals into the military zone. The woman offers Claire some food; she declines.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE ROAD TO THE INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - DUSK**

THE BOY PEDALS slowly, in no hurry, past La Guardia troops. Some of them watch him curiously, some ignore him. The white flag flutters as he rides.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREETS OF MANAGUA - DUSK**

CLAIRE RETRACES HER STEPS to the block where Price is hiding in Jazy's house.

THE TWO DISCO SANDINISTAS LIE DEAD IN THE STREET, a dog sniffs at the bodies. Claire looks around -- there is little sign of life. She enters Jazy's house.

CUT TO:

**INT. JAZY'S HOUSE - DUSK**

CLAIRE ENTERS and stops. She calls out his name, no answer.

Price is gone. She hurries back outside.

CUT TO:

**EXT. JAZY'S HOUSE - DUSK**
TWO GUARDIA TROOP CARRIERS RACE PAST, sirens screaming, loaded with Guardia soldiers. Claire steps into the street unsurely, looking every direction.

PEOPLE BEGIN COMING OUT OF THEIR HOMES and what remains of their small homes. They come one at a time at first, then in small groups, carrying belongings, pets, chickens, etc. CLAIRE SHOWS A PICTURE OF PRICE AND HER to a woman who comes out of the house next to Jazy's, but the woman shakes her head, not recognizing Price.

A PUSH-PULL PLANE DIVES IN LOW FIRING ROCKETS at the homes. A CROWD GROWS and chaotically flees the destruction, gradually finding a direction out of the city. Claire is swept along in the crowds, at first without choice, then finally fleeing for her life with the rest of Managua. As she moves with the crowd, she looks for Price everywhere, without success.

CUT TO:

EXT. A TEMPORARY REFUGEE CAMP - NIGHT

SEVERAL CAMPFIRES burn near the edge of the city where dozens have taken temporary refuge. Claire arrives to see: A BODY ON A STRETCHER BEING CARRIED up outside stairs to a rooftop from which glow several bare bulbs. She goes up the stairs to the rooftop.

CUT TO:

EXT. A ROOFTOP HOSPITAL - NIGHT
A MAKESHIFT MOBILE HOSPITAL under awnings and palm fronds, capable of moving location in minutes. A WOMAN DOCTOR and two temporary orderlies tend to wounded. A small black and white television sits on a table and those who are able watch the seige of Managua on television while it goes on around them. Claire looks for Price among the dead or wounded.

P.O.V. -- THE CITY UNDER ATTACK

Claire watches for several moments -- smoke, flame, the buzzing sound of planes swooping low, fleeing crowds. She then notices the television.

PRICE'S FOOTAGE OF ALEX'S DEATH comes on the TV screen, and she pushes closer to see the grim sequence. The NEWS COMMENTATOR explains in Spanish what we see CLAIRE IS SO DISTURBED AT THE IMAGES that she turns away, sickened, hurt, guilty, outraged, but unable to break down. She closes her eyes -- her face is covered with tears. The Doctor notices this and speaks softly to her.

DOCTOR

Journalist?

(Claire nods)
You knew the man who was killed?

(she nods again)
Fifty thousand Nicaraguans have died... and now one Yankee.

(beat)
Perhaps now Americans will be outraged at what is happening here, eh?

It takes a while for Claire to respond.

CLAIRE

Yes... perhaps they will.

Noise in the distance from mortars. The Doctor speaks calmly, without bitterness in the voice, but with total conviction.
DOCTOR

Maybe we should have killed an American journalist fifty years ago.

Claire acknowledges the grim truth of the observation with a slight nod, and walks to the railing as:

ALEX'S DEATH IS REPEATED IN FREEZE FRAME SEQUENCE over and over again as the Orderlies, Doctor, and patients gather to watch with fascination.

CLAIRE STARES OUT AT THE CITY ON FIRE, when her eye catches something -- a light in the sky. She watches:

P.O.V. -- A HELICOPTER WITH SEARCHLIGHT PASSES

momentarily illuminating the hospital, but it continues curiously uninterested in the Guerrilla activity. The chopper sweeps above a nearby hill and hovers, then slowly lowers to earth.

CLAIRE WATCHES with interest then descends the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CEMETERY - NIGHT

SOMOZA WATCHES AS A BACK HOE DIGS UP THE COFFINS of his parents. An Army helicopter lands, lighting the scene, and the turbulence from the blades raises her dress and musses hair. Soldiers place the dirt-covered caskets on the roofs of Somoza's two Mercedes, hastily tie them down, and strange motorcade, flanked by two heavily armed jeeps, drives off into the dark.
CLAIRE WATCHES IT ALL from a safe distance, not far from the refugee camp. She turns and walks slowly back to the camp.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE REFUGEE CAMP – LATE AT NIGHT

Claire sits down against the remains of a wall. The war has overtaken her -- she doesn't know if Price is alive -- and though totally involved, she is at last an observer once again. Claire notices the tiny red light of her recorder is still on. She turns it off, and as the sounds of battle gradually die down, Claire falls asleep -- exhausted.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE REFUGEE CAMP – DAWN

CLAIRE SLEEPS AGAINST THE WALL as a dog sniffs and licks her face. She awakens with a start -- the dog scurries away. Claire rises and looks around. A LOCAL WOMAN PUSHES A CART carrying the wrapped body of her husband through the otherwise quiet streets of Managua. CLAIRE MOVES THROUGH THE CAMP just coming to life, and looks around trying to interpret the eerie silence. A WOMAN tends to her TWO SMALL CHILDREN.

CLAIRE
(in Spanish)
Have you seen La Guardia?

WOMAN WITH CHILDREN
(in Spanish)
No. Is the war over?

CLAIRE
(in Spanish)
I don't know.

A DISTANT, DRONING NOISE GETS STEADILY LOUDER. Claire looks around nervously.

A CHILD RUNS DOWN THE STREET SHOUTING

CHILD
Tanquetas! Tanquetas!

P.O.V. -- SEVERAL TANQUETTAS AND EARTH MOVERS coming over the hill in the distance. The Refugees look up fearfully and some hide. As the war machinery gets closer, we see that:

SANDINISTAS ARE DRIVING THE MACHINES draped with red and black (F.S.L.N.), blue and white (Nicaraguan), and yellow and white (the Vatican) flags. Graffiti of victory covers the tanquettas.

PEOPLE COME INTO THE STREET CHEERING, embracing, only gradually realizing what has happened.

WOMAN WITH CHILDREN
(in Spanish)
Is the war over?

CLAIRE
Yes.

WOMAN WITH CHILDREN
Es bueno.
(It is good.)

The woman continues with her children, her comment unemotional, and Claire smiles slightly and walks away, through a city awakening slowly to its victory.

CLAIRE STOPS A RED CROSS TRUCK and shows the driver her picture of Price. The picture means nothing to the driver. Claire continues through the city, looking for Price.

CUT TO:
EXT. THE INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - MORNING

CLAIRE WALKS INTO THE POOL AREA where chairs and tables float in the pool, the bar is overturned, and the once sumptuous press oasis is a disaster.

CUT TO:

INT. THE INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - MORNING

CLAIRE ENTERS A DESERTED LOBBY, also a mess, and hesitates before climbing the circular stairs.

CLAIRED LOOKS INTO PRICE'S ROOM, and finds it empty, and typically messy.

CLAIRED WALKS INTO HER OWN ROOM -- PRICE STANDS AT THE BALCONY looking out at the jubilant city from which smoke still rises.

CLAIRED AND PRICE EMBRACE DEEPLY, holding onto each other without the slightest intention of letting go.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE INTERCONTINENTAL LOBBY - LATER - DAY

PRICE AND CLAIRE COME DOWNSTAIRS to the lobby. They are cleaned up in fresh clothes; they have survived and the war is over.

THE LOBBY IS COMING TO LIFE AGAIN with Regis' camera crew, MAID, AN OLD COUPLE, and A WHITE WOMAN, 38, with TWO SMALL DAUGHTERS -- all either sit or mill in the b.g.

PRICE AND CLAIRE STOP SHORT at what they see.

PRICE

Alex.
P.O.V. -- A HANDMADE CASKET SITTING IN THE LOBBY with
the name, "A. Grazier" scrawled in felt pen.

Price and Claire stand next to the box silently -- nothing to say -- but the silence is interrupted by a familiar voice that is polite, unforced, and sincere.

**VOICE OF HUB KITTLE**

It was the best I would do under the circumstances. The casket, I mean.

Awkward silence until they realize that he's sincere.

**CLAIRE**

Can you help us ship it home?

**HUB**

I've already taken care of it.

(beat)

I always liked the guy. I can't even get tickets for my own family, but I could get you two on the plane if you want.

We see the woman and little girls as Hub's family.

**PRICE**

Yes, please...

**HUB**

Tacho's in Miami.

A shared silence at the lunacy of the moment, interrupted by the tired voice of one of Hub's daughters.

**HUB'S DAUGHTER**

Daddy!

**HUB**

(to Price and Claire)

I am sorry. I had a job to do -- that's all -- it put me in some unhappy situations.

Hub goes over to take care of his family.

**CUT TO:**
EXT. PLAZA OF MANAGUA'S LARGEST CATHEDRAL - LATER - DAY

Thousands of people have gathered to celebrate in loud joyous singing, led by a group on the highest cathedral steps, surrounded by Revolutionary leaders waving to the SINGING GROUP sings a song to Nicaragua, and a song to Rafael. RAFAEL'S BODY IN A FANCY CASKET is carried in through the crowd to wild cheering and singing. High over the pallbearers' heads it moves through the crowds.

PRICE AND CLAIRE STAND TO THE SIDE watching it all. The celebration is joyously infectious, and for the moment we can forget the bloodshed, forget the problems that lay ahead, forget even the death of Alex.

PRICE PULLS OUT A CAMERA and begins taking pictures of the celebration.

ISELA IS AT THE MICROPHONE with other Guerrilla leaders.

CLAIRE WORKS THROUGH THE CROWD with her mike held high, recording the singing of the crowd.

PRICE BACKS UNDER THE AWNING of a stand selling refreshments, and especially Rum and Coke mixtures known suddenly and triumphantly as "Nicalibres." As Price snaps off pictures -- a voice from an American in casual street clothes drinking at the temporary bar.

OATES
Hey, Pricey...

Price looks over to see the smiling Oates.

OATES
It's all over, eh? We made it. I like the singing.
PRICE
What're you doing here?

OATES
Free country. Now it's free, anyway.
(raises his drink)
Nicalibre!

Oates holds up his Kodak Instamatic camera.

OATES
How 'bout a quickie?
(no response)
No? Things are heating up in
Thailand... thought I'd check it out.
(beat)
You ain't gonna turn me in, are ya?

PRICE TURNS AND WALKS AWAY

OATES
Am I gonna see ya in Thailand? We could be friends!

Price keeps walking, into the crowd, where he finds Claire.
Oates orders another Nicalibre, and beats his foot to the music.

PRICE AND CLAIRE IN THE CROWD

PRICE
We've got a plane to catch.

CLAIRE
Did you get enough pictures?

- No answer -- a final complicated question from Claire -- they smile. Price waves for a cab which pulls over.

They get in the cab and drive away.

HOLD ON THE VICTORY CELEBRATION

THE END