

**"UNDER FIRE"**

Screenplay by

Clayton Frohman and Ron Shelton

Story by

Clayton Frohman

**SHOOTING DRAFT**

**SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA**

**EXT. GRASSY PLAINS - DUSK**

automatic  
mortar  
seems

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

motions

Several more explosions in the field. The soldier  
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.

LEADER As

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

field

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

**FREEZE FRAME**

With the click-click of a camera.

an

THE ELEPHANTS CHARGE OUT ACROSS THE PLAINS Each carries

soldier enormous load of supplies, and each is ridden by a  
with a rifle.

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

**THE ELEPHANTS REAR UP IN TERROR**

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

sunset. THE CHOPPER ATTACKS THE ELEPHANTS against an African

**FREEZE FRAME**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

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

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

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

**EXT. THE HOTEL - DAWN**

against JIMMY, a cab driver, has been sleeping in a chair  
out the wall. Several street vendors have their wares laid

arrives;  
on the sidewalk against the hotel. Some are shaded by  
makeshift awnings, some are not. Jimmy rises as Price

there is familiar ritual in their greeting.

taxi,  
They cross the street together toward Jimmy's waiting  
on the a hand-painted purple old American car with the words  
script door, "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.

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

**EXT. A REMOTE AFRICAN VILLAGE - DAY**

The taxi arrives, and Price gets out.

against  
Price ambles over to stand in the early morning shade

-  
pulls a  
stillness.

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

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

and  
then  
approaching  
and

Price pulls a handful of colored rags from his pocket  
picks out a yellow kerchief, tying it to his arm. Price  
steps boldly into the street in front of the  
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**

in  
follows,

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

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE THE TROOP TRUCK - DAY**

**PRICE**

(cheerily)

Hi, guys.

of  
cameras  
looking, he  
He

The soldiers look over disinterestedly. Two dozen cases  
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.  
has done this a thousand times.

blacks,  
dressed  
machine  
HODGE

A SINGLE WHITE SOLDIER -- OATES, rises from among the  
and shakily makes his way toward Price. A mercenary  
in a ragged uniform of his own design, carries two  
guns and a .45. He smiles broadly, recognizing Price.  
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

grab shell and explodes. Soldiers scramble to safety. Some  
the guns being transported.

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

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

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

and PRICE HAS HIS CAMERAS OUT AT ONCE and is firing away.  
rescue TWO REBEL SOLDIERS POINT TO THE STRETCHER OF COCA-COLA  
start moving toward it through the smoke. They want to  
the soft drinks.

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

**PRICE**  
Hold it! Hold it!

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

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

**B.G.**

picture As the soldiers move toward the Coke, Price snaps  
after picture.

BITS The  
would  
saved  
and

A MORTAR EXPLOSION BLOWS THE COCA-COLA TO A MILLION  
two soldiers stop short -- several more steps and they  
have been killed. Price's intrusion has accidentally  
them. The two soldiers run toward safety, bewildered  
scared.

**ON THE AIRFIELD - THE SMOKE CLEARS AND ALL IS CALM**

teams of  
gathering  
shelter

Gradually the airfield comes back to life. Several  
medics run with stretchers from the hut and begin  
bodies. Rebel soldiers appear from every conceivable  
and move across the field.

amidst

Oates emerges and meets Price on the torn up runway  
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?

earnestly,  
exist.

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

**OATES**

My brother just got married.

**PRICE**

I don't know your brother.

on the  
siren

Suddenly, the distant roar of a jet. All the soldiers  
field scan the horizon; Price looks up. The air raid  
goes off.

AND THE

**A JET DIVES OUT OF THE SKY TOWARD THE AIRFIELD OATES  
SOLDIERS DIVE TO COVER**

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

jet THE SKY IS FILLED WITH A MILLION PIECES OF PAPER The  
pulls out and disappears. All is quiet again as the  
million papers flutter in the sky above the airfield.

shots Out of frustration a single soldier fires a couple of  
at the paper.

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

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

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

OATES WANDERS OVER with a handful of the leaflets.

**PRICE**

What's this?

**OATES**

Great shit, eh?

looks Price tries to read the writing on the back as Oates  
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.

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

**PRICE**

I love Africa.

**CUT TO:**

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

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

ALEX GRAZIER, 50, struggles with his tie and a drink at  
a  
are  
of  
dresser in the adjoining room. Their connected rooms  
littered with hand washed laundry and the paraphernalia  
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 Ndjamena, 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 editorializing.

**CLAIRE**

I like to editorialize. You drunk?

Alex loves to be melo-dramatic and is quite conscious of his

with

ability to charm. He's also aware that it's worn off  
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.

her.

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

**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.

speaks

She straightens his half-tied tie in an act of familiar  
affection rather than motherliness. Nervousness. She

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.

**CLAIRE**

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.

**CLAIRE**

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.

**CLAIRE**

Mamoon Abdul Gayoom.

**ALEX**

Yeah, he succeeded Mamoon Abdul Gayeem.

stop. 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.

enter a 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.

**CLAIRE**

I already have.

new 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**

hats,  
Fifteen  
backwater

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

who  
Price

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

**PRICE**

Alex, get up here!

around

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

raises  
However miserable, Alex shines in these situations. He  
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.

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

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

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

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

**FRAME.**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE DARKROOM - RED LIGHTS**

her  
Claire's face is also covered with tears as she smokes,  
wandering idly among clothespinned photos. A part of  
life is ending -- life with Alex -- but it's not ending  
neatly.

and  
series  
SO  
BREASTED  
OF A  
OF  
HAPPIER

A ROW OF HANGING PHOTOGRAPHS catches her eye. She stops  
looks closely -- then laughs in spite of herself at a  
of pictures: PHOTO OF A TALL AFRICAN NATIVE WITH A COCK  
LONG IT IS TIED IN A KNOT; PHOTO OF A BEAUTIFULLY  
AFRICAN WOMAN; PHOTO OF SEVERAL POSING SOLDIERS; PHOTO  
PHOTO -- THE RANCH HOUSE WITH POOL; PHOTO SELF-PORTRAIT  
PRICE BLOWING SMOKE RINGS; PHOTO OF CLAIRE AND ALEX IN  
DAYS.

and

CLAIRE PULLS THE PHOTO OF ALEX AND HER from the clip  
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.

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

**CLAIRE**

No.

He kisses her on the neck.

**CLAIRE**

For godsakes, Russell, listen.

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

withdrawing. Price reacts strongly, flaring slightly and

**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.

getting She heads to the door; Price stays. She stops before  
from 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.

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

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**NICARAGUA 1979**

**EXT. THE STREETS OF MANAGUA - THE CAPITOL - AFTERNOON**

**ELEPHANTS,**  
cigars,  
a  
that  
followed  
a  
All  
rhythm.  
**CLOSE ON: TIME MAGAZINE WITH COVER PHOTO OF THE**  
gradually PULL BACK to reveal other magazines, candy,  
Nicaraguan toys, all in a corner shop, and finally:  
A FIRE TRUCK LEADS A PROCESSION through the streets --  
group of middle class Nicaraguan women carry a banner  
reads "Our Revolution is in Christ" (in Spanish),  
by three Catholic PRIESTS in bright robes, followed by  
sound truck with P.A. system, followed by hundreds of  
townspeople carrying banana leaves and religious signs.  
are singing a Catholic hymn in a swaying, hypnotic  
Small red and black flags are scattered throughout.

and  
tied  
with his  
but  
nearby.

A CAB DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS runs into the parade  
stops. Price sits in the front seat -- his luggage is  
precariously to the roof. The trunk of the cab has been  
smashed in beyond repair. Price hops out of the cab  
camera bag -- he doesn't know what the parade is about  
it looks great. He hands the cabbie some money to stay

**PRICE**

Wait here.

He runs to join the procession.

almost  
by

PRICE HOPS ONTO THE RUNNING BOARD OF THE FIRE TRUCK and  
simultaneously his light meter is out. HE is surrounded

**CARTS**  
**SMALL**

images: **SMALL GIRLS DRESSED AS ANGELS LINE THE STREET,**  
**TOWNSPEOPLE HANG FROM DOORWAYS AND WINDOWS, ICE CREAM**  
**AMONG RELIGIOUS ICONS, SOLDIERS WITH GUNS STAND IN**  
**GROUPS ALONG THE PARADE ROUTE.**

changing

PRICE IS QUICKLY TAKING PICTURES OF EVERYTHING,  
cameras, occasionally taking a quick light reading; his  
actions are instinctive and automatic. Suddenly:

and  
They

TEN YOUNG TEENAGERS BURST INTO THE PARADE They wear red  
black handkerchiefs, baseball caps, and strange masks.  
are chanting:

**TEENAGE BOYS**

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

on a

A LARGE PAINTING OF THE FACE OF RAFAEL is carried aloft  
stick, draped with red and black scarves.

PRICE PHOTOGRAPHS the boys and the painting.

down

NATIONAL GUARD SOLDIERS SHOVE INTO THE PARADE Up and

position

the street they spring into action, running for  
with their guns.

her

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

door as

that the

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

from

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

panic,

scuffle

THE PRIESTS BLOCK THE SOLDIERS and intentionally  
with them, allowing the boys just enough time to dart  
into a house. One of the boys drops the picture of Rafael as  
he heads in the door.

into a

he

blocked

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

of

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

shreds

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

The singing and the parade march on.

**CUT TO:**

**DAY**

**EXT. THE INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL IN MANAGUA - LATER -**

seems

Overlooking Managua is a sub-tropical paradise that  
far removed from a brutal civil war, this one time

tourist

press.  
his  
recognize

watering hole serves as home base to the international  
The cab pulls up, and Price gets out. The driver unties  
luggage from the roof as TWO PRESS CORPS MEMBERS  
Price and greet him as an old friend.

**CUT TO:**

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

table  
know as  
the

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

magazine  
Without

PRICE SEES ALEX and sneaks over to drop the Time  
over his shoulder onto the table in front of him.  
looking up, Alex knows Price has arrived. He smiles.

**ALEX**

Welcome to Managua.

points

They shake hands warmly, and Price sits down. Price  
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.

She  
seeing  
them,  
the

IN THE BACKGROUND CLAIRE WALKS INTO THE POOL-BAR AREA carries her handbag and some papers -- she stops short Price sitting with Alex. She hesitates, starts toward stops, and sits down at the bar at the opposite end of pool.

don't.  
broken,

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.

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

as if  
A beat, then Price asks his question almost sexually, 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.

flip,  
Isela seems to welcome the question. Her tone is less  
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.

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

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

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

**PRICE**

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

**ALEX**

You're gonna have a ball.

his  
the  
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.

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

**PRICE**

Younger men.

Alex smiles disarmingly.

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

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

**CLAIRE**

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

**PRICE**

Just now.

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

takes  
A bit of tension and awkwardness -- Claire quickly  
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

Left

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 Aalex  
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.

Price  
the

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.

of  
seems

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

camera

PRICE AND CLAIRE RESUME THEIR POSE, and this time the  
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.

remark.

She smiles and relaxes a bit at the typical Price

**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.

trumpet  
as he

ALEX BEGINS SINGING as he plays. He sings like a  
player -- no voice but great phrasing. He half smiles  
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.

presence  
goofy,  
They don't really want to talk about Alex though his  
is unavoidable. Price changes gears, gets slightly  
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.

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

clearly  
gracefully.  
DOORMAN

style, not overdone but expensive and tasteful --  
from another world. He wears a neat hat and moves  
Isela looks stunning, dressed for the evening. The  
greet 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**

without  
Alex  
attention --  
them.

As Isela and the man enter, commanding attention  
trying. Isela stops at the piano long enough to kiss  
gently before sitting in the booth with the man.  
IN PRICE'S BOOTH the new arrivals have caught their  
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?

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

**INT. THE BACK DOOR OF THE CLUB**

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

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

**WAITER**

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

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

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

**TWO MASKED FACES -- THE COUPLE -- ENTER THROUGH THE**

**FRONT** DOOR The woman carries an automatic rifle and guards  
the entrance.

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

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

**A WOMAN GUERRILLA HAS A GUN AT THE HEAD OF A NICARAGUAN**

with BUSINESSMAN The middle-aged, well-dressed local sits  
nightclub his wife and two other men. They freeze in fear, the  
swiftly freezes, as the GUERRILLAS take control of the room  
and smoothly.

table  
Guerrillas

ONE GUERRILLA FACES THE NICARAGUAN BUSINESSMAN at the  
and speaks loudly but without panic. The masked  
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!

hand  
hesitation,  
inches

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

the

The Businessman rises slowly. The LEADER motions toward  
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.

forcing

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

fits  
calmly --

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

and

CLAIRE PUNCHES ON HER TINY TAPE RECORDER instinctively,

a tiny red light comes on.

afraid  
his  
deeper.

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

**HURRY**

**MASKED GUERRILLA AT THE FRONT DOOR SHOUTS FOR THEM TO**

clanging  
freezes:

**THE BANDMEMBERS -- INCLUDING ALEX -- BACK AWAY FROM THE**  
BANDSTAND Alex trips over the drum set slightly -- a  
clash of cymbals startles everyone, and as the drama

**EMERGES**

see  
ARM OF

**THE KITCHEN DOOR SWINGS OPEN, AND THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER**  
Innocently, the young boy struts out of the kitchen to  
what's going on, and as he does the DOOR STRIKES THE  
THE GUERRILLA WITH THE GRENADE, and:

THE GRENADE IS KNOCKED FREE For an instant, everything  
freezes, and:

singer,

THE GRENADE ROLLS ACROSS THE FLOOR Daisy Williams, the  
runs away screaming as the grenade comes to rest near a  
crowded section of the club.

it

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

musical

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

various  
Guerrilla who  
The

THE SANDINISTA GUERRILLAS DART FROM THE ROOM through  
doors. The boy photographer lies bloodied. The  
picked up the grenade is a barely recognizable corpse.  
Businessman is soiled but unhurt.

gas  
patrons  
ROOM

ONE HALF OF THE CLUB BREAKS OUT IN FLAME As a broken pipe feeds a sudden outburst of fire, the club's panic -- screaming and shoving towards the door as the LIGHTS UP, and:

a  
of  
his

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

Price  
then  
not

PRICE TAKES A LIGHT READING near the body of the boy photographer. He sees the boy's camera lying nearby. 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:**

**LATER**

**INT. THE PRESS ROOM AT THE INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL -**

--  
come  
sandwiches.

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

to the

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

senior  
journalists

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

distraught

A YOUNG JOURNALIST, a Time stringer, is slightly

others,

on the phone, and interrupts Alex's dealing with  
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.

Alex  
While Charlie argues on the other end of the phone,  
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**

(extending 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.

be  
Stringer  
a

Claire sighs at the bad timing but seems delighted to interrupted by her daughter, and brushes aside a forcing paperwork upon her. Claire takes the phone into 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?...

is not

P.O.V. FROM THE TELEX ROOM TO CLAIRE Price knows this his world, and he wanders outside.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MANAGUAN STREET NEAR THE HOTEL - LATER THAT NIGHT**

occasional  
walkway

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

**INT. THE MONEYCHANGERS HOUSE - NIGHT**

and an  
brief

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

**PRICE**

(in broken Spanish)

Cuanto?

**OLD WOMAN**

Quince.

**PRICE**

Veinte.

**OLD WOMAN**

Diezysiete.

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

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

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

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

**PRICE**

What is this? I'm a journalist!

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

**PRICE**

Journalista, periodista!

he  
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 --  
doubles over. The Officer nods, and Price is led away.

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MILITARY HOLDING CELL - NIGHT**

50,  
spat

Price is led into a dark cell where another PRISONER,  
lies in street clothes on the floor. The Prisoner is  
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.

feet.  
shape.

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

**PRISONER PRIEST**

Cigarillo?

drag.

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

**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)

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

**PRISONER PRIEST**

(quietly)

Go home.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. A BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM**

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

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

**PRICE**

Mi amigo -- mala interpretacion, eh?  
Periodista, comprende? Famoso. Time

magazine.

proportion The soldier whirls at Price in a rage out of all  
to Price's tone, shouting:

**SOLDIER**

(in Spanish)

Shut up!

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

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

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

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

**THE SOLDIER POINTS TO PRICE**

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

continues THROUGH THE DOOR as Price steps through, the action  
with the other Nicaraguan prisoners. Price looks around

quickly  
quickly, but the Civilian and Officer are gone. He is  
shown into a bare office.

**INT. THE BARE ROOM**

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

His P.O.V. THE CIVILIAN THROUGH A DOOR -- IT IS MARCEL JAZY  
surroundings. ruffled elegance is at odds with the brutal  
The door closes.

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

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

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

Claire!

Guards

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

**CLAIRE**

You're okay?

**PRICE**

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

**CLAIRE**

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.

**CLAIRE**

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

**PRICE**

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

**CLAIRE**

You need help?

**PRICE**

No. You?

**CLAIRE**

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...

**CLAIRE**

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 rump-  
led 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

Latin,

house into the light of the courtyard. She is tall,  
and besides high heels wears only a shiny, high fashion  
swimsuit, cut high on the legs.

stops to

Price, Claire, and Jazy stop to watch as the woman  
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!

pours an

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

**JAZY**

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

warmly.

He carries the glass of wine to the woman, smiling

**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.

glass

Jazy pushes a lounge chair over to her and hands her a

chair in  
hand  
better

of wine. The woman unfolds gracefully into a lounge  
the sun. Very sexy. She reaches for and kisses Jazy's  
affectionately -- he kisses her forehead. She feels  
now.

Jazy motions for Claire and Price to follow him inside.

**INT. JAZY'S HOUSE - DAY**

is  
of

The pool is visible in b.g. His house, like the pool,  
rumpled and slightly sloppy though it betrays the taste  
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.

slightly,

The red light of her recorder is on. She smiles  
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.

ease. Jazy changes the subject with fluent and disturbing

**JAZY**

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

Silence. They don't know how to respond.

**CAT** **THEIR P.O.V. AS MISS PANAMA STRETCHES LIKE AN ENORMOUS**

relief. They all are slightly entertained and glad for the

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

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

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 desesperado!

**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**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. NICARAGUAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

Leon.  
map  
first  
A  
A RENTED CAR WITH WHITE FLAGS turns onto the road to  
Price drives, eats, and reads a map. Claire takes the  
from him and reads it herself. They seem to enjoy their  
moment alone without Alex looking over their shoulder.  
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.

series  
changes,

PASSING SHOT OF A CLUSTER OF ROADSIDE CROSSES marking a  
of graves. Immediately the tone in Claire's voice  
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.

to  
concern.

Again their glibness is interrupted by what they came  
see. Even as they joke, they watch the landscape with

children,  
stand

REFUGEES ARE STREAMING OUT OF LEON, mostly women and  
some old men, carrying their possessions. Soldiers  
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**

out  
the  
down at  
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

**P.O.V. LEON AS A PLANE CIRCLES FIRING ROCKETS AND SMOKE**

**RISES**

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  
credentials.

The soldier laughs at the journalists and hands back

**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  
Price  
walk  
seige.

MORE REFUGEES EVACUATE THE TOWN -- it is a most  
uninviting  
firing  
sight. The plane passes over the town in the distance  
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  
recorder  
editorializing.  
entering the town. Claire speaks softly into her tape  
as they walk in, recording the event without

**CLAIRE**

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

THE BODY OF A YOUNG MAN lies ignored on the sidewalk.  
They  
continue walking and soon come to:

**TANQUETTA**

effect by  
around  
for.

away,  
running  
turns

killing him

**AN INTERSECTION HELD BY LA GUARDIA TROOPS WITH A**

Price and Claire duck into a doorway, protected in  
the Government soldiers who wait silently, guns ready,  
the corner of a building. We see what they're waiting

A YOUNG SANDINISTA COMES OUT OF A BUILDING a block  
holding a handgun. Momentarily confused, he begins  
toward us, toward the soldiers waiting in ambush. The  
Guerrilla races quickly to his waiting death, and as he

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**

toward  
empty.

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

PRICE AND CLAIRE MOVE DOWN A SIDESTREET SLOWLY as:

The

SEVERAL GUERRILLA MUCHACHOS DART OUT OF AN ALLEY with  
sharpened sticks, a spear gun, and one home-made gun.

Muchachos hesitate briefly, lost, and see Price.

Price  
posture.

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

away

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

Claire

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

**CLAIRE**

Russell?!

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

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

**INT. PEDRO'S HOUSE - DAY**

recycled  
The Three Sandinistas, dressed half in khaki, half  
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...

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

**SANDINISTA #2**

(in Spanish)

For Leon... for Nicaragua!

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

**PEDRO**

Americans? Journalists?

**CLAIRE AND PRICE**

Yes.

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

plead  
getting  
accepts the  
and

Pedro hands Claire the baseball as the Sandinistas with Pedro for his help. He is more interested in the baseball delivered to Tippy Martinez. Claire ball graciously, exchanges awkward glances with Price, 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!

across  
book  
the  
of

They go to the door and open it a crack to look out. P.O.V. THE TANQUETTA PASSES as Soldiers kick open doors the street. The Sandinistas go to a corner of the room and push a shelf out of the way. A large hole has been broken in wall. They climb through the hole into the living room

the next house; the woman pushes the shelf back over the hole with great effort.

**INT. THE NEXT HOUSE - DAY**

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

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

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

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

**P.O.V. THE CENTRAL PLAZA OF LEON DOMINATED BY A HUGE**

**CATHEDRAL**  
Otherwise, Half a dozen bodies are scattered across the plaza. it is empty.

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

THE WOMAN PULLS A TRAY OF "CONTACT BOMBS" from the oven, home-made grenades that look like muffins on a tray. Pedro grabs one and pretends to bite into it. The Sandinistas start to laugh and catch themselves as Pedro clowns. Claire and

respond;  
sack.  
Price aren't sure what the "muffins" are and don't  
mostly they are on edge. The contact bombs are put in a

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TUNNEL UNDERNEATH THE FLOOR - DAY**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE CATHEDRAL - DAY**

appears. He  
PRIEST  
small  
long,  
A tapestry rug is pulled away, and Pedro's head  
climbs out and soon all the party is in the church. A  
leads them quickly through an immense, nearly. European  
interior of ornate altars and burning candles. The  
party is led to a small corner of the sanctuary where a  
rickety ladder leads up to the roof.

Pedro  
up  
larger  
and  
THE SANDINISTAS SCRAMBLE UP THE LADDER as it sways.  
follows with his sack of contact bombs. Then Price goes  
as the Priest holds the ladder. The American is much  
than the Nicaraguans -- the ladder squeaks and sways,  
when he is nearly at the top:

helped to  
and  
THE LADDER CRACKS as Price reaches the top and is  
safety. The Priest steadies the ladder now made unsafe  
clearly Claire wants to go onto the roof.

**PRIEST**

(in Spanish)

No, please... it's not safe. You must come with me.

but the  
hurries  
Claire looks at Price -- she wants to go on the roof  
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**

**TUNNEL**

body  
weapons  
against a

**THREE SANDINISTAS, PEDRO, AND PRICE EMERGE FROM A**  
onto a lower level of the cathedral rooftop where a  
lies. They are exposed immediately and automatic  
fire opens up on them -- the Sandinistas flatten  
wall, quickly becoming separated from Price and Pedro.

move  
fire

**TWO SANDINISTAS RACE FOR COVER BEHIND A CUPOLA** in a  
that is equally daring and foolish. The diversion draws  
from the two soldiers.

Pedro

**PRICE'S LIGHT METER IS INSTANTLY OUT TAKING READINGS** as  
huddles with him, curious at this strange act.

**SANDINISTAS**

Guerrilla  
soldier

**TWO GUARDIA MOVE INTO POSITION TO FLUSH OUT THE**  
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:

to

**THE SANDINISTAS SEIZE THE MOMENT TO RUSH CLOSER,** waving  
Pedro who slips along a wall with his bag of bombs.

chooses  
sides

**PRICE STARTS TO FOLLOW BUT IS PINNED DOWN BY FIRE** and  
to take refuge halfway in an alcove. As fire from both

lenses

ricochets all over the rooftop, Price switches camera seemingly oblivious to the action.

and  
bombs"

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

draw

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

hand,  
on  
pitching

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

pitching  
belltower

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

#### **AN EXPLOSION IN THE TOWER**

explosion.

PEDRO THROWS ANOTHER INTO THE TOWER -- another

Sandinista

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

All is quiet.

in  
they

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

and  
from

ANOTHER SHOT RINGS OUT -- they whirl around -- Pedro Price drop again. A lone Guardia soldier fires at them the other tower.

Again all

A THIRD SANDINISTA DROPS HIM WITH A VOLLEY OF FIRE  
is quiet.

and

PRICE FOLLOWS THE SANDINISTAS TO THE FIRST BELLTOWER  
looks in.

Guerrillas

FIVE BODIES LIE SCATTERED AND BLOODIED One of the  
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.

the

present

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

the

windows.

fighting

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

from

rubble.

**P.O.V. THE RED CROSS WAGON MOVING THROUGH THE STREET**

rhythmically:

A man walks in front of it, chanting slowly,

**RED CROSS MAN**

Hay heridas o muertes aqui? Hay  
heridas o muertes aqui?  
(Are there wounded or  
dead here?)

Cross

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

with

**RED CROSS MAN**

Hay heridas o muertes aqui?

dismisses

Price watches. He thinks he hears something, then  
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?

side of

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

**PRICE**

They're away.

splattered,

the

whispers.

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

**OATES**

What the fuck are you doing here?

**PRICE**

What the fuck are you doing here?

the

peeks

For a moment they understand that they are there for  
same reason -- they make their livings off war. Oates  
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.

from  
the  
as  
recorder.

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

**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.

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**

the  
plaza.

OATES CHECKS THE CLIP ON HIS RIFLE and looks down into

or

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.

**CLAIRE**

(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.

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 he's 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 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.

into  
As she speaks Price bids the family farewell and comes  
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.

the  
Claire lies down on a mat, exhausted, after turning out  
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.

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

**PRICE**

Are you asleep?

**CLAIRE**

No.

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. PRICE AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAWN**

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

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

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

moves Claire lies sleeping nude, except for her socks. Price  
around the room -- picture, picture, picture.

her.  
several  
CLAIRE WAKES UP SLOWLY and pulls the blanket back over  
She opens her eyes and sees Price sitting in a chair  
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.

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

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

**PRICE**

I talk in my sleep?

**CLAIRE**

Girl's names and F-stops. Terrible.

child  
crows.

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

**PRICE**

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

close

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

look up,

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF LEON - MORNING**

arrive  
remains.

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

of  
with

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FIFTH FLOOR OF INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - DAY**

passes a

Alex comes out a door chatting with somebody, and  
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.

**CLAIRE**

About what?

**ALEX**

My cheekbones. What do you think of 'em?

**CLAIRE**

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

**ALEX**

This is a face made for television.

**CLAIRE**

You decided to go with the network.

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

**ALEX**

Is he a good fuck?

**CLAIRE**

Alex...

acknowledgment In a simple monologue Alex goes from outrage to 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 tomorrow's plane.

**CLAIRE**

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**

A cab pulls up. Soldiers stand around everywhere.

Price,

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

his

bag.

**ALEX**

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

sets

Price pulls a bottle of wine from his camera bag and

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**

Girl  
sit  
Visible  
MRS.  
**FLOPPY**  
An  
Daisy and her combo from the Viking Club perform "The  
From Ipanema" as ONE HUNDRED PRESS MEMBERS and V.I.P.'s  
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.  
at the head table are: TWO GENERALS AND THEIR WIVES,  
**SOMOZA, TWO WEALTHY BUSINESSMEN, MISS PANAMA IN A**  
HAT. Elsewhere mingling are: JAZY, ISELA, PRICE, REGIS.  
elaborate array of food sits on the table.

**INT. SOMOZA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Somoza  
muffle

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

hanging

He takes her hand and leads her to two large portraits  
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?

knows

Somoza just smiles unaffected by her questions; she  
the game is undaunted.

**CUT TO:**

**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 wanta 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, shitcans 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 cigaret.

**PRICE**

What's the downside?

**HUB**

The Commies take over the world.

It's simple, and Hub is pleased with his presentation.

A

place,

delighted,

SOLDIER moves through the crowd looking quite out of finds Hub and hands him a note. Hub reads it, seems and excuses himself from the table.

**HUB**

Excuse me, gentlemen, but the war may be over.

he  
and

Price and Regis look at each other strangely -- what's  
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.

flooding

Somoza ignores the question and reopens the window,  
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?

interrupting  
lashes

HUB KITTLE AND AN OFFICER BURST INTO THE ROOM  
the interview. Something has happened. Somoza initially

cool -- out at them -- the first time we've seen him lose his  
then recovers.

**SOMOZA**

(in Spanish)

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

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

**SOMOZA**

(to Claire)

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

turns As Somoza leaves the room with the Officer and Hub, Hub  
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...

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE LUNCHEON - DAY**

at As Claire comes outside, there is a flurry of activity  
with a the head table. TWO OFFICERS hastily set up an easel  
SOLDIER large military-topographical map of Nicaragua. A  
grinds to takes the microphone from the Singers -- the music  
an inglorious halt -- and carries it to the head table.

doesn't  
table,

Price spots Claire and makes a "What's all this about?"  
motion. Claire holds out her palms and shrugs -- she  
know. All attention is quickly focused on the head  
as:

Kittle  
spirits.  
to

PRESIDENT SOMOZA MAKES A GRAND ENTRANCE FLANKED by Hub  
and an Officer. He seems suddenly in unusually good  
Hub taps the mike -- it works -- he motions for Somoza  
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.

several  
him.

Somoza points to a spot on the map as do his Officer.  
THE PRESS TABLE IS SHAKEN FROM ITS NONCHALANCE and  
journalists immediately leap to their feet to question

**JOURNALISTS**

Mr. President! Mr. President!

**SOMOZA**

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

music

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

story,

AT THE PRESS TABLE there is some confusion over the  
announcement. Some journalists hurry off to file the

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...

Jazy Mrs. Somoza and Miss Panama are waiting as Price and 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.

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

**PRICE**

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

**JAZY**

Everybody smile.

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

**PRICE**

One more, please! Una mas, por favor?

is  
Reluctantly they pose again, and Price grills Jazy who  
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?

into a  
hear.  
As Somoza holds an interminable pose, Jazy launches  
speech, keeping his voice low enough so Tacho cannot

**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.

Somoza

Price smiles to Somoza, Mrs. Somoza, and Miss Panama.  
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**

along.  
and  
Price and Claire.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MATAGALPA - DAY**

The  
clearing  
The  
until it  
Price  
R.C.

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

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

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

**PRICE**

You can drop us off.

**MAIN ROAD INTO MATAGALPA**

Guardia A gradual uphill grade -- the press car moves slowly. the 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!)

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

**PRICE**

Go one more block.

among  
barricade  
them  
THE CAR MOVES DEEPER INTO MATAGALPA, gradually moving  
tanquettas patrolling the streets, coming to a  
which they maneuver past as Guardia soldiers look at  
strangely. The car turns around -- it has come too far.

idea  
A GUARDIA OFFICER SIGNALS FOR THEM TO GET OUT but the  
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!

squadron  
THE BARRICADE OFFICER SPEAKS IN A WALKIE TALKIE to a  
leader a couple of blocks away as the car approaches.

speeds  
THE SECOND OFFICER WHISTLES FOR THE CAR TO STOP but it  
up.

**THE**  
**THE OFFICER FIRES A PISTOL SHOT AT THE CAR SHATTERING**  
**WINDSHIELD**

**SHATTERED**

car  
Matagalpa.  
into:

**INSIDE THE CAR -- VISION IS BADLY IMPAIRED BY THE**  
GLASS and Regis panics, hitting the floorboard and the  
suddenly screeches around a corner, racing through  
The car squeals around corner after corner blindly,

**RINGS**

Price  
out the  
foot  
intersection and

**A GUARDIA BARRICADE AS A FUSILADE OF SMALL ARMS FIRE**  
OUT The windshield is totally destroyed now, and:  
THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CAR CROUCH LOW as the car races.  
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  
pedal with his hand. The car smokes into an  
sees:

car  
intersection:

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

and  
scrambles

**A SHERMAN TANK COMES AROUND THE CORNER FACING US**  
Several times larger than a tanquetta -- it dwarfs us  
everything around it. Its giant gun faces us head on.  
THE PRESS CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT, and everyone  
out.

**PRICE**

Periodista, periodista, periodista!

Claire end

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

do.

Silence -- the huge and silent tank is deciding what to

lowers as

THE TURRET SWINGS SEVERAL DEGREES TO ONE SIDE and  
the scattered journalists freeze.

**EQUIPMENT**

gear.

**A THUNDEROUS ROAR -- THE TANK DESTROYS THE CAMERA**

leaving a huge crater and not a trace of the expensive

CLAIRE STARTS LAUGHING, FRIGHTENED, nervous and amused.

**PRICE TAKES PICTURES**

The

ineffective.

A WOMAN THROWS A CONTACT BOMB FROM A WINDOW AT THE TANK

tiny bomb makes a pitiful explosion, hopelessly

**FIRE**

house

**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

is destroyed in a second.

Claire and

LA GUARDIA TROOPS APPEAR AND BEGIN FIRING TOWARDS

Price, who turn to see:

alongside the

seen

dress.

SANDINISTA ARMY REGULARS RUNNING DOWN THE HILL

homemade local guerillas. This is the first time we've

the F.S.L.N. regular army in their camouflaged khaki

and

each

THE GUARD TAKES A POSITION TO FIGHT IT OUT and Claire

Price are caught in a cross-fire, pinned to walls on

street side.

doesn't

doorway

wall

PRICE PUSHES THROUGH A DOOR TO SAFETY and looks back:

CLAIRE IS TRAPPED OUTSIDE pounding on a door that

open. She tries another -- no luck. She curls up in a

making herself as small as possible as bullets rip the

around her.

THE

**AT THE TOP OF THE HILL, AN OLD BUS MOVES SLOWLY INTO  
STREET**

Several youthful guerillas are pushing it.

Several

THE BUS COMES FLYING DOWN THE HILL TOWARD THE TANK  
hundred feet away, it gathers speed toward us.

**INT. THE SPEEDING BUS**

wheel  
as the

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

into

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

**THE BUS SMASHES INTO THE TANK AND EXPLODES**

away,

GUARDIA SOLDIERS SHOOT THE TWO YOUTHS before they get  
as:

La

GUERILLAS APPEAR ON EVERY ROOFTOP opening heavy fire on  
Guardia.

**TANQUETTAS**

**GUARDIA TROOPS RETREAT QUICKLY ON FOOT AND IN**

but  
hill.

THE SHERMAN TANK TRIES TO DISLodge ITSELF FROM THE BUS  
cannot, and drags the bus with it as it backs down the

shaken

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

Price

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

serve

SANDINISTA BARRICADES ARE ON EVERY CORNER where women  
food to their men. Claire and Price wander through,

street  
runs

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**

guerillas  
and

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**

gear,  
house

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.

before  
Command

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

Sandinista  
decisions.

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

they

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**

rough  
fender  
stuck  
catch  
ARMED

An old truck chugs up a series of cutbacks through terrain. The truck has no hood, and a BOY sits on the pouring oil from a series of Folgers cans into a funnel permanently into the engine. Underneath, dangling cans the oil as it flows through. Price, Claire and FOUR 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**

increasingly

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. RAFAEL'S CAMP - DUSK**

perhaps  
Price and

Heavily guarded but very mobile, the camp consists of  
100 Soldiers, women preparing food, several tents.  
Claire attract attention as they enter.

to  
countries,

PRICE STOPS AND LOOKS AROUND THE CAMP CLOSELY seeming  
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?

and

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

**ISELA**

Venga, companeros.  
(Come, comrades.)

Something  
refuses to  
coolness.

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

**CLAIRE**

What is it?

Price looks around, speaks quietly.

**PRICE**

Rafael is dead.

her.

Claire looks around quickly. There is no evidence to

**PRICE**

I can smell it.

**CLAIRE**

I don't know.

**ISELA**

(slightly exasperated)  
Venga por favor! Alli!

strangely,  
In  
scanning

They continue into the camp -- now Claire looks around nervously. Price mutters a half laugh, softly and as they are led to a makeshift table and offered food. the b.g. Isela enters one of the tents. PRICE AND CLAIRE SIT DOWN TO EAT and Price continues 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.

LEON,  
SCENES,

P.O.V. FOUR FIGURES/CONFERRING IN FRONT OF A TENT Isela emerges and joins them. The others are: THE PRIEST FROM  
**A BUSINESSMAN WHOM WE SHOULD RECOGNIZE FROM EARLIER**  
AND COMMANDANTE CINCO, dressed in camouflaged khaki.  
ISELA WALKS OVER TO CLAIRE AND PRICE after talking with  
the  
down. others. She brings COMMANDANTE CINCO with her. They sit

**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  
figure  
propped slightly upright, still wearing glasses, the  
overweight,  
his  
of Rafael is distinctly non-heroic. He is slightly  
slightly balding, but as he lies there surrounded by  
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.

His  
speak,  
Cinco steps forward -- his presence commands attention.  
delivery is forceful but not emotional. As he begins to  
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.

**CLAIRE**

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.

speaks  
COMMANDANTE CINCO PLACES AN ARM ON PRICE'S SHOULDER and  
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  
unlike  
never  
animal --  
wired.  
lantern is on the table. His reclining body is not  
Rafael's. He plays with a camera without looking at it,  
turning it slowly, removing and replacing a lens. He's  
been this calm, this unmoving.  
Claire, however, moves around the tent like a caged  
like Price normally is. She smokes. She's nervous and

**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 querillas  
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.

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

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

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

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

A WOMAN COOKING OVER A FIRE AS A BUSINESSMAN LOOKS ON,

a

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  
is displayed -- the headlines declare that RAFAEL IS DEAD  
and featuring a photo of Somoza at the luncheon as he  
points to a map of the country. For an instant Rafael looks alive  
--  
**FREEZE FRAME.**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE ROAD BLOCK TO MANAGUA - LATER**

truck as  
something

Price and Claire are sitting on top of a Red Cross  
it heads through Sebaco. Soldiers from La Guardia are  
everywhere. As the truck moves through the village,  
catches Price's eyes:

Two  
truck

OATES STANDS AGAINST A WALL IN COMMAND OF A SQUADRON  
whores and several troops sit against a wall. As the  
passes, Oates waves casually, with emotion.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

prints  
alive.  
LEON, THE  
off  
equipment.

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

Red light in the bathroom as Price pulls several photo  
from the bath and plasters them wet against the mirror.  
PHOTO OF RAFAEL IN THE CAMP, and he looks very much  
He pulls more shots from the bath: THE PRIEST FROM  
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:**

bandanas  
Rafael.

**EXT. SOMEWHERE IN MANAGUA**

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

**CUT TO:**

studies

**INT. JAZY'S HOUSE**

The newspaper headline sits on Jazy's desk as Jazy  
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 on the outskirts of Managua. Price stands to the side casually taking pictures of Journalists taking pictures of the war. 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 Anastasio 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. Alex, despite his reluctance to return to Nicaragua, seems genuinely enthused about the possible story. Before Price or Claire respond, Hub Kittle notices Alex and comes over with

Senior a tray of drinks, extending genuine greetings to the  
Correspondent.

**HUB**

Alex! Couldn't stay away, eh?

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

staring Claire and Price now have adjoining rooms. She is  
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!

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

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?

not

There is something calculating in Price's tone, this is 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**

along,  
opposite  
car

Price's white flagged newly rented press car streaks overtaking an ox cart. A guardia convoy is going the direction, back toward Managua. Alex looks out of the

several with interest--he hasn't been to the front line for wars.

**PRICE**

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

**ALEX**

I've got supreme confidence in you.

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

**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.

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

**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:

are  
to a  
P.O.V. AN EXECUTION SQUAD IN A FIELD as several bodies  
being hauled away. Two soldiers reload their guns. PAN  
figure moving behind a wall -- OATES.

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

**SUPERVISES.**  
**OATES.**  
**TWO TRUCKS BEING LOADED WITH BODIES AS OATES**  
**PRICE STEPS INTO THE CLEARING -- FACE-TO-FACE WITH**

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

**OATES**

No pictures, eh? Might look bad.

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

**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?

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

**ALEX**

Oh my God...

Oates's  
matter-

A body is carried through and loaded on a truck.  
tone is one of explanation rather than defense, very  
of-fact.

**OATES**

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

away,  
points:

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

truck.  
shaken.

**THE BODIES OF THE PRIEST FROM LEON AND THE BUSINESSMAN,**  
figures we saw at Rafael's camp, sit in the back of the

They are splattered with blood and lifeless. Price is

**PRICE**

Why them? Why them?!

Price

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

**PRICE**

You're a cocksucker!

**OATES**

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

responds  
out  
himself  
up  
shoves

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

Them? C'mere. You too.

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

with  
and we  
finds  
A HANDFUL OF PHOTOGRAPHS, mostly snapshots, odd sizes, names written on them. He sifts through them quickly see an assortment of photographs of Nicaraguans. He what he's looking for and holds up:

the  
PRICE'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRIEST AND THE BUSINESSMAN, 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.

seized This information hits Price in the gut, and he is  
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.

holds Oates pulls another picture from a different box and  
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:

looks  
CLAIRE WALKS INTO THE ROOM She too looks shaken. He  
up.

**CLAIRE**

Commandante Cinco's body was just found on the road to Matagalpa.

she  
The maid starts crying. They look at her helplessly as  
sobs, 'Cinco, Cinco...'

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREETS OF MANAGUA - DAY**

La  
A cab takes them through the increasingly nervous city.  
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.

development  
GUARDIA SOLDIERS WATCH THEM FROM A DISTANCE, a  
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.

Guards  
Price is impatient. He looks around nervously -- the  
latch,  
are out of view -- and he slides a knife into the

goes jimmying the lock. The door opens slowly -- an alarm off.

Price and Claire duck inside quickly.

**CLAIRE**

Christ!

responds Price, momentarily comfortable with the danger, quickly and finds the alarm wire running along the door jamb.

LA GUARDIA TROOPS NEARBY HEAR THE ALARM and head toward Jazy's.

pries INSIDE THE HOUSE PRICE FINDS THE ALARM BOX which he open and expertly pulls two wires. The alarm stops. cupboards. Immediately they begin going through drawers and replaces She pulls out some harmless snapshots of Miss Panama, them.

**CLAIRE**

Are we looking for negs or prints?

**PRICE**

Anything.

of They find nothing downstairs. They look up at the sound distant gunfire.

Suddenly: Loud banging at the front door -- La Guardia.

**EXT. TWO GUARDIA SOLDIERS AND A THIRD ARRIVING - DAY**

something is They look around warily, hungrily -- they know wrong.

banging. BACK INSIDE THE HOUSE we hear the shouting soldiers, Price and Claire look at each other, and the camera bag. Claire points upstairs to Price, to the door for herself.

Claire

Russell grabs the bag and bounds quickly upstairs.  
goes to the front door, shaking nervously.

**CLAIRE OPENS 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  
respectful of  
Jazy.

The soldiers look at each other curiously and push open  
door to look in the house without entering --

**SOLDIER #2**

El hombre tiene muchas novias, eh?  
(The man has many  
girlfriends, no?)

forces the  
door closed on them, teasing slightly.

The soldiers laugh and peer into the room. Claire

**CLAIRE**

No, no, no...

sweethearts,  
they don't press the issue. The door closes shut.

Afraid to make a mistake with one of Jazy's

**INT. THE HOUSE**

upstairs to  
join Price.

CLAIRE sighs with frightened relief and hurries

wine  
JAZY'S BEDROOM as she enters. A rumpled bed, a spilled  
glass -- a pleasant mess.

**CLAIRE**

Russell?  
(no answer)  
Russell?

Claire  
A door off the bedroom is open -- light spills out.  
stops cold at what she sees:

enlarger,  
PRICE STANDS IN A ROOM FULL OF PHOTOGRAPHS Hundreds of  
pictures of all sizes, photographic equipment, an  
cameras and lenses, etc. Pictures of Sandino, newspaper  
photos, snapshots.

cropped  
P.O.V. OF RUSSELL'S PHOTOGRAPHS FROM RAFAEL'S CAMP  
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.

greet  
THE DOOR OPENS AND MISS PANAMA ENTERS She smiles and  
them in a friendly, aloof manner, and continues toward  
the  
waterless pool.

**MISS PANAMA**

Hola.

the  
Price and Claire return the greeting and continue out  
door.

**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?

story but  
Silence. Alex knows Price too well -- it's a great  
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?!

circles

Silence. A bit of gallows laughter from Alex as he  
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.

he has

themselves to

Alex lets it all sink in. These two people about whom  
such passionate feelings have totally exposed  
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.

long

Small, tired gallows laughter from Alex. There is a 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.

revealing  
Alex is surprised slightly, but takes pleasure in  
it.

**ALEX**

You mean I slept with a Sandinista?

serious.  
Price and Claire exchange glances. Alex is dead

**ALEX**

I guess Rafael is alive, eh?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

distant  
and  
broken  
PRICE AND CLAIRE LIE IN BED sweating. A siren and  
mortar can be heard outside. Price goes to the window  
shuts it -- the room is quieter and hotter. He pounds a  
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

onto somewhere outside. Their eyes are open as they hold each other.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE STREETS OF MANAGUA - NEXT MORNING**

street A sense of foreboding. Heavy road equipment prowls the street looking for Rebel barricades to destroy. Tanquettas and Guardia everywhere.

slowly. The flag draped press car of Price and Alex drives slowly.

feel P.O.V. OUT OF THE CAR AS THEY LOOK CAREFULLY Things 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.

the 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.

woman. But Alex is out of the car at once, approaching the

woman. Alex motions that "it's not necessary" and talks to the

We can't hear, but she points down the block.

actions are INSIDE THE CAR Price cranks film into place, his automatic and nervous. When he looks up:

**P.O.V. ALEX FIFTY YARDS AWAY**

Price as Walking in the direction she pointed, he motions to if to say, "Just checking this out."

And as PRICE LOOKS AROUND NERVOUSLY FOR A SENSE OF DIRECTION he does, looks through the camera.

SOLDIER -- THOUGH CAMERA P.O.V. OF THE DEAD PIG followed by quick blurred pans to other images -- TANK, HOUSE, WOMAN, Guardia until it settles on ALEX IN THE INTERSECTION. Two if to soldiers come up to him and he holds out his hands as say, "I'm lost."

-- ALEX TALKS TO THE SOLDIERS -- FREEZE FRAME click, click and the whirring sound of a motor drive, another FREEZE FRAME click, click, more whirring -- Price is on automatic pilot.

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

the BLANK RANGE -- FREEZE FRAMES click, click, whirring as

images blur and the camera is dropped.

**PRICE STARES WITHOUT THE CAMERA**

act P.O.V. ALEX LIES DEAD AS THE SOLDIERS LOOK AROUND The  
was random, almost nonchalant.

PRICE STARTS TO RUN TOWARD ALEX shouting madly.

**PRICE**

You fucks! You fucks!

he He stops quickly as they see him, realizing how exposed  
is.

was THE GUARDIA START FIRING AT HIM, realizing the murder  
recorded.

**GUARDIA SOLDIER**

Fotografia!

**CUT TO:**

the PRICE LEAPS IN HIS CAR and starts it up, racing around  
corner as bullets rip into the car.

He THE WINDOW SHATTERS, AND PRICE IS HIT IN THE SHOULDER  
clutches his bleeding arm as he races on.

**EXT. SHANTYTOWN BARRIO - DAY**

racing THE CAR GRINDS TO A HALT and Price leaps from it,  
into a maze of ramshackle huts.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SOMOZA'S BUNKER**

drag A hastily called press conference. Tacho takes a quick  
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...

questions. A shock wave goes through the room -- hands raised,

**SOMOZA**

Mr. Kittle has prepared statements  
for you.

statements. Somoza turns and leaves as Kittle passes out press

**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.

**HEARS**

**CLAIRE KEEPS WORKING AND GRADUALLY TYPES LESS AS SHE**

we

the story, finally rising and moving in front of the  
television as a local newsman reads of Alex's death and  
see the Somoza press announcement.

the bed

The phone rings: Claire picks up the phone and listens  
silently before hanging up. She sits down shakily on  
and starts crying.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE SHANTYTOWN BARRIO - DAY**

shacks,  
houses as  
hurting,

PRICE HURRIES THROUGH the passageways between tin  
through tiny yards of goats and chickens, through  
poor that the war has nearly passed them by. Price is  
and looks around with fear to see:

fanning

THE GUARDIA SOLDIERS MOVE DOWN INTO THE SHANTYTOWN,

out to quickly engulf the barrio. They move quickly.

opens  
to  
A HELICOPTER GUNSHIP MOVES IN LOW over the barrio and  
up sporadic outbursts of fire to insure nobody will try  
flee.

beer  
Price  
he is  
PRICE RUNS DOWN AN ALLEY and nearly runs right into the  
Guardia. He hides behind a paper thin wall of flattened  
cans -- the Guardia move past him only inches away.  
starts off in another direction, but Guardia appear --  
trapped in the barrio.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY**

trying to  
Regis  
everyone  
Journalists are everywhere -- suitcases packed --  
get out of the country. The registration desk is chaos.  
tries to get the attention of the clerk -- so does  
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!

**CHAOS**

beyond  
going

**CLAIRE GETS OFF THE ELEVATOR AND MOVES THROUGH THIS**

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:**

**DAY**

**EXT. STREETS OF MANAGUA - LONG SHOT OF JAZY'S HOUSE -**

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?

polaroid of They all point down a street. She shows them the  
Price and her.

**CLAIRE**

(in Spanish)

Have you seen him?

the They haven't and continue on their way. Claire walks in  
Guardia. direction they pointed -- no street fighting but many

**P.O.V. PRICE'S CAR FAR DOWN THE STREET SURROUNDED BY  
GUARDIA**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SHANTYTOWN - DAY**

soldiers PRICE HUNCHES DOWN AND CRAWLS BEHIND THE STALLS as  
move through the yards looking for him.

**A WOMAN IN A DOORWAY WATCHES PRICE HIDE**

HEAD for THE WOMAN APPEARS IN A DOORWAY AND MOTIONS WITH HER  
Price to dart inside.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE HOUSE - DAY**

-- Nothing is said. Price is led into a room, one of many  
Price is but this room is boarded over. There is no escape.  
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**

eyes -- He leans against the wall behind the door. He shuts his  
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.

waits -- PRICE LEANS AGAINST THE WALL HOLDING A REVOLVER and he  
cameras around his neck, gun in hand, bloody, slightly  
ridiculous, and scared.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE STREETS OF MANAGUA - DAY**

to Price's shot up car is not far away, but she's afraid  
boy approach it. She shows the picture of Price to a small  
who doesn't recognize it.

cannot GUARDIA SOLDIER SPOTS CLAIRE and walks toward her. She  
to tell if the act is routine or threatening. He calls out  
her.

**SOLDIER**

Venga aqui.

starts She hesitates -- Alex is dead, everything is crazy. She  
quickly toward him, then changes her mind, turns, and walks  
away from him.

**THE SOLDIER RUNS TOWARD HER**

behind CLAIRE RUNS FASTER and darts into a narrow passageway  
several a house, where she looks back. He calls for support --  
join him and hurry after her. Panicky, she runs between  
houses.

from  
shanty

OVERHEAD PLANES BUZZ THE NEIGHBORHOOD as Claire emerges  
the 'maze' to see:  
P.O.V. PRICE'S CAR ABANDONED and full of holes near the  
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**

the

as the Squadron Leader and three soldiers burst in --  
woman stands in the middle of the room and lies.

**WOMAN**

(in Spanish)

Nobody is here. Get out.

automatic

The Squadron Leader points to different rooms for each  
soldier, and they proceed to kick in each door,  
rifles ready.

**PRICE'S ROOM AS HE HEARS A SOLDIER AT THIS DOOR.**

**ROOM**

faces  
raise his

For a moment he doesn't see Price -- then he whirls and  
the photographer who's so scared he's forgotten to  
gun.

scared  
just

PRICE AND THE SOLDIER ARE FACE-TO-FACE The soldier is a  
fourteen-year-old boy fighting back tears. He, too, is  
to death. Neither is quite sure why he is there -- they  
want it to end.

hear

PRICE AND THE BOY AIM THEIR GUNS AT EACH OTHER as they  
the voice of the Squadron Leader in the other room.

**LEADER**

Esta alli?!  
(Is he there?)

No answer.

**LEADER**

Esta alli?!

the SQUADRON LEADER HEADS TOWARD THE ROOM but as he does,  
boy soldier appears in the doorway.

**BOY SOLDIER**

No esta aqui.

heads The Leader grunts an order, and the squadron quickly  
to the next house.

woman PRICE'S BODY SLUMPS AGAINST THE WALL EXHAUSTED, and the  
enters as soon as the last soldier has gone.

screaming Price's brief moment of peace is shattered by the  
from the of Guardia troops and the explosions of rocket fire  
gunship. He looks outside.

of its THE GUNSHIP FIRES INTO THE SHANTYTOWN killing several  
gunship own Guardia troops. A GUARDIA OFFICER screams at the  
and fires a hand gun at the giant chopper.

**GUARDIA OFFICER**

(in Spanish)  
We are you! We are you! What are you  
doing?!

scramble GUARDIA TROOPS EVACUATE THE SHANTYTOWN in a panicky  
to escape their own gunship.

breaks PRICE RACES THROUGH THE BACK OF THE SHANTYTOWN, taking  
advantage of the chaos, and without slowing down,  
free of the maze of the barrio.

a  
rubble  
comes  
CLAIRE'S P.O.V. OF PRICE RACING ACROSS THE STREET, past  
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!

frightened --  
PRICE SEES HER, and races along a wall until they meet,  
grabbing her on the run -- each is panicky and  
and they duck into very shallow cover, barely safe.

**PRICE**

What're you doing here?!

nervously  
Alex.  
They embrace quickly and tightly, but look around  
as they do. Price isn't sure if anybody knows about

**CLAIRE**

Alex!

**PRICE**

The Guardia did it -- I got pictures.

through  
passes.  
P.O.V. A TANQUETTA PASSES ON THE NEXT STREET, visible  
shattered holes in the buildings. A Guardia squadron

bus  
roadblocks, and  
the rubble of street fighting.  
PRICE AND CLAIRE RUN DOWN THE STREET in the opposite  
direction, their path guided somewhat by an overturned  
in an intersection, abandoned barricades and

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE STREET OF JAZY'S HOUSE - DAY**

along,  
gear,  
PRICE AND CLAIRE hesitate at the corner and move slowly  
seeing two Sandinistas, dressed half in camouflaged

street. half disco. The TWO GUERRILLAS seem to control the

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:

carefully THE DOOR TO JAZY'S HOUSE IS WIDE OPEN They approach  
head and look in a view to the court-yard. Claire sticks her  
in the door slowly, and as she does:

MUCHACHOS A GIANT HAND GUN IS STUCK IN HER TEMPLE as TWO  
quickly seize her and Price, dragging them inside.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JAZY'S COURTYARD - LATE IN DAY**

the JAZY STANDS WITH A THIRD GUN AT HIS HEAD, being held by  
guns most forceful and crazed of three young Muchachos. With  
to on 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.

and  
sure

The guns are aimed back and forth in confusion -- Price  
Claire don't have a chance to respond, and they're not  
what to say.

**MUCHACHO #1**

(in Spanish)

Him or him or her?

and as

The Muchachos begin arguing rapidly among themselves;  
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...

calm

He is not begging for his life as much as for them to  
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.

they  
on  
The Muchachos don't understand what he's saying, but  
stop to listen to his style. The guns remained trained  
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!

and  
Jazy turns to the boy who jams the gun into his head  
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.

and  
The Muchachos are immediately surprised and delighted,  
one of them speaks in excited, broken English.

**MUCHACHO #1**

Periodistas! Take this picture! I'm going to blow his head off.

and The Muchachos quickly withdraw their guns from Price 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?...

talks.

PRICE TURNS AND WALKS AWAY toward Claire. Still -- Jazy

**JAZY**

Maybe it's a good thing that I talk too much...

**A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT.**

look at

Price grimaces. Claire shuts her eyes. They turn to

their

the fallen Jazy as the Three Muchachos, frightened by

Price

own act, race back into the street. For several moments

and Claire stand, frozen, until the rumbling sound of a helicopter gunship nearby forces them to hurry outside.

jeep

PRICE AND CLAIRE GO TO THE DOORWAY and look out as a

full of Guardia screams past

changing

**P.O.V. SEVERAL GUERRILLAS RETREATING FROM AN ADVANCING**

TANQUETTA a block away. The neighborhood seems to be

hands again.

doorway; she

Price and Claire slump in the darkness near the  
touches near his wounded arm.

**CLAIRE**

You okay?  
(he nods)  
Russell... what did Alex do?

**PRICE**

Nothing. He asked for directions.

shoulder  
a

She shakes her head and leans it against Price's  
but the distant popping of guns does not even allow her  
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...

excited

Price doesn't want her to go alone, but he's not that  
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.

enough  
open

He knows she's right. He loves her, and he's made  
disastrous decisions lately. He hesitates, then pops

into  
belt.

his camera and removes the film. Price ties the film  
the white flag that hangs from a stick stuck into her

**PRICE AND CLAIRE EMBRACE AND KISS BRIEFLY**

**PRICE**

Don't get hurt.

**CLAIRE**

(affectionately)

That's great advice.

Price  
sight,  
STUMBLES  
already.  
finds

They kiss, and Claire runs out after a Red Cross truck.  
watches nervously until they turn a corner, out of  
then goes back inside Jazy's courtyard. PRICE NEARLY  
OVER JAZY'S BODY, stops, stares -- he'd forgotten  
The body makes him uneasy, and after several moments he  
a sheet and covers Jazy. Price then sits down and waits  
nervously, sharing the courtyard with Jazy.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREETS OF MANAGUA - DUSK**

around  
go the

CLAIRE WALKS ALONGSIDE THE RED CROSS TRUCK as it comes  
a corner. The truck turns one direction, she wants to  
other way toward the hotel.

**DISTANCE -**

**P.O.V. -- THE INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL ON THE HILL IN  
DUSK**

and  
fifty

Guardia troops heavily patrol the ground between Claire  
the hotel -- a jeep, a troop carrier, a tanquetta, and  
foot soldiers.

WOMAN  
behind

CLAIRE TAKES TEMPORARY COVER offered by a MIDDLE-AGED  
who sees that she is afraid of La Guardia. Claire steps

a walled yard. Moments later:

up  
white  
A BOY ON A BIKE RIDES SLOWLY OUT OF THE YARD and turns  
the hill toward the Guardia and the hotel. Claire's  
flag is tied to his handlebars.

military  
CLAIRE WATCHES FEARFULLY as the boy pedals into the  
zone. The woman offers Claire some food; she declines.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE ROAD TO THE INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - DUSK**

troops.  
white  
THE BOY PEDALS slowly, in no hurry, past La Guardia  
Some of them watch him curiously, some ignore him. The  
flag flutters as he rides.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREETS OF MANAGUA - DUSK**

hiding  
CLAIRE RETRACES HER STEPS to the block where Price is  
in Jazy's house.

sniffs  
sign  
THE TWO DISCO SANDINISTAS LIE DEAD IN THE STREET, a dog  
at the bodies. Claire looks around -- there is little  
of life. She enters Jazy's house.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JAZY'S HOUSE - DUSK**

answer.  
CLAIRE ENTERS and stops. She calls out his name, no  
Price is gone. She hurries back outside.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. JAZY'S HOUSE - DUSK**

loaded  
unsurely,  
of  
then in  
comes  
her  
homes.

TWO GUARDIA TROOP CARRIERS RACE PAST, sirens screaming,  
with Guardia soldiers. Claire steps into the street  
looking every direction.

PEOPLE BEGIN COMING OUT OF THEIR HOMES and what remains  
their small homes. They come one at a time at first,  
small groups, carrying belongings, pets, chickens, etc.

CLAIRE SHOWS A PICTURE OF PRICE AND HER to a woman who  
out of the house next to Jazy's, but the woman shakes  
head, not recognizing Price.

A PUSH-PULL PLANE DIVES IN LOW FIRING ROCKETS at the

is  
then  
As  
everywhere,  
without success.

THE CROWD GROWS and chaotically flees the destruction,  
gradually finding a direction out of the city. Claire  
swept along in the crowds, at first without choice,  
finally fleeing for her life with the rest of Managua.  
she moves with the crowd, she looks for Price

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. A TEMPORARY REFUGEE CAMP - NIGHT**

dozens  
BODY  
rooftop  
stairs

SEVERAL CAMPFIRES burn near the edge of the city where  
have taken temporary refuge. Claire arrives to see: A  
ON A STRETCHER BEING CARRIED up outside stairs to a  
from which glow several bare bulbs. She goes up the  
to the rooftop.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. A ROOFTOP HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

fronds,  
and  
and  
watch  
around

A MAKESHIFT MOBILE HOSPITAL under awnings and palm  
capable of moving location in minutes. A WOMAN DOCTOR  
two temporary orderlies tend to wounded. A small black  
white television sits on a table and those who are able  
the seige of Managua on television while it goes on  
them. Claire looks for Price among the dead or wounded.

**P.O.V. -- THE CITY UNDER ATTACK**

She  
and  
SO  
hurt,  
her  
notices

Claire watches for several moments -- smoke, flame, the  
buzzing sound of planes swooping low, fleeing crowds.  
then notices the television.  
PRICE'S FOOTAGE OF ALEX'S DEATH comes on the TV screen,  
she pushes closer to see the grim sequence. The NEWS  
COMMENTATOR explains in Spanish what we see CLAIRE IS  
DISTURBED AT THE IMAGES that she turns away, sickened,  
guilty, outraged, but unable to break down. She closes  
eyes -- her face is covered with tears. The Doctor  
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**

calmly,  
conviction.

Yes... perhaps they will.  
Noise in the distance from mortars. The Doctor speaks  
without bitterness in the voice, but with total  
conviction.

**DOCTOR**

Maybe we should have killed an  
American journalist fifty years ago.

with a Claire acknowledges the grim truth of the observation  
slight nod, and walks to the railing as:

and ALEX'S DEATH IS REPEATED IN FREEZE FRAME SEQUENCE over  
gather to over again as the Orderlies, Doctor, and patients  
watch with fascination.

catches CLAIRE STARES OUT AT THE CITY ON FIRE, when her eye  
something -- a light in the sky. She watches:

**OVERHEAD, P.O.V. -- A HELICOPTER WITH SEARCHLIGHT PASSES**

on, momentarily illuminating the hospital, but it continues  
chopper curiously uninterested in the Guerrilla activity. The  
lowers to sweeps above a nearby hill and hovers, then slowly  
earth.

CLAIRE WATCHES with interest then descends the stairs.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE CEMETERY - NIGHT**

and SOMOZA WATCHES AS A BACK HOE DIGS UP THE COFFINS of his  
the parents. An Army helicopter lands, lighting the scene,  
his Miss Panama rushes from the chopper into his arms as  
roofs turbulence from the blades raises her dress and musses  
the hair. Soldiers place the dirt-covered caskets on the  
drives of Somoza's two Mercedes, hastily tie them down, and  
strange motorcade, flanked by two heavily armed jeeps,  
off into the dark.

from the  
camp.

CLAIRE WATCHES IT ALL from a safe distance, not far  
refugee camp. She turns and walks slowly back to the

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE REFUGEE CAMP - LATE AT NIGHT**

has  
and  
once  
recorder is

Claire sits down against the remains of a wall. The war  
overtaken her -- she doesn't know if Price is alive --  
though totally involved, she is at last an observer  
again. Claire notices the tiny red light of her  
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**

licks her  
away.

CLAIRE SLEEPS AGAINST THE WALL as a dog sniffs and  
face. She awakens with a start -- the dog scurries  
Claire rises and looks around.

of her

A LOCAL WOMAN PUSHES A CART carrying the wrapped body  
husband through the otherwise quiet streets of Managua.

looks  
tends

CLAIRE MOVES THROUGH THE CAMP just coming to life, and  
around trying to interpret the eerie silence. A WOMAN  
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.

looks  
A DISTANT, DRONING NOISE GETS STEADILY LOUDER. Claire  
around nervously.

**A CHILD RUNS DOWN THE STREET SHOUTING**

**CHILD**

Tanquetas! Tanquetas!

over  
fearfully and  
that:  
P.O.V. -- SEVERAL TANQUETTAS AND EARTH MOVERS coming  
the hill in the distance. The Refugees look up  
some hide. As the war machinery gets closer, we see

and  
yellow  
covers  
SANDINISTAS ARE DRIVING THE MACHINES draped with red  
black (F.S.L.N.), blue and white (Nicaraguan), and  
and white (the Vatican) flags. Graffiti of victory  
the tanquetas.

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.

driver.  
CLAIRE STOPS A RED CROSS TRUCK and shows the driver her  
picture of Price. The picture means nothing to the

Claire continues through the city, looking for Price.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - MORNING**

float  
sumptuous

CLAIRE WALKS INTO THE POOL AREA where chairs and tables in the pool, the bar is overturned, and the once press oasis is a disaster.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - MORNING**

hesitates

CLAIRE ENTERS A DESERTED LOBBY, also a mess, and before climbing the circular stairs.

CLAIRE LOOKS INTO PRICE'S ROOM, and finds it empty, and typically messy.

**BALCONY**

CLAIRE WALKS INTO HER OWN ROOM -- PRICE STANDS AT THE looking out at the jubilant city from which smoke still rises.

other

CLAIRE AND PRICE EMBRACE DEEPLY, holding onto each without the slightest intention of letting go.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. THE INTERCONTINENTAL LOBBY - LATER - DAY**

war

PRICE AND CLAIRE COME DOWNSTAIRS to the lobby. They are cleaned up in fresh clothes; they have survived and the is over.

crew,  
MAID,  
DAUGHTERS --

THE LOBBY IS COMING TO LIFE AGAIN with Regis' camera who look like they've had a long night, a BUS BOY, A AN OLD COUPLE, and A WHITE WOMAN, 38, with TWO SMALL all either sit or mill in the b.g.

PRICE AND CLAIRE STOP SHORT at what they see.

**PRICE**

Alex.

the

P.O.V. -- A HANDMADE CASSET SITTING IN THE LOBBY with  
name, "A. Grazier" scrawled in felt pen.

there is  
familiar

Price and Claire stand next to the box silently --  
nothing to say -- but the silence is interrupted by a  
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.

interrupted by

A shared silence at the lunacy of the moment,  
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**

and  
steps,  
crowds. A  
Rafael.

Thousands of people have gathered to celebrate in loud  
joyous singing, led by a group on the highest cathedral  
surrounded by Revolutionary leaders waving to the  
SINGING GROUP sings a song to Nicaragua, and a song to

the  
pallbearers'

RAFAEL'S BODY IN A FANCY CASKET is carried in through  
crowd to wild cheering and singing. High over the  
heads it moves through the crowds.

we  
ahead,

PRICE AND CLAIRE STAND TO THE SIDE watching it all. The  
celebration is joyously infectious, and for the moment  
can forget the bloodshed, forget the problems that lay  
forget even the death of Alex.

the

PRICE PULLS OUT A CAMERA and begins taking pictures of  
celebration.

leaders.

ISELA IS AT THE MICROPHONE with other Guerrilla

refreshments,  
pictures --  
drinking

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  
and especially Rum and Coke mixtures known suddenly and  
triumphantly as "Nicalibres." As Price snaps off  
a voice from an American in casual street clothes  
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!

Claire.  
the  
Price keeps walking, into the crowd, where he finds  
Oates orders another Nicalibre, and beats his foot to  
music.

**PRICE AND CLAIRE IN THE CROWD**

**PRICE**

We've got a plane to catch.

**CLAIRE**

Did you get enough pictures?

-  
They get  
No answer -- a final complicated question from Claire -  
they smile. Price waves for a cab which pulls over.  
in the cab and drive away.

**HOLD ON THE VICTORY CELEBRATION**

**THE END**