

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of several sweeping, interconnected lines.

AN UNTITLED SCREENPLAY

by

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Based on the book
by Thomas Hauser

FINAL DRAFT

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This film is based on a true story.

The incidents and facts are fully documented.

Some of the names have been changed to protect the innocent.

The guilty are already protected.

A weapons carrier straddles the center line of a road in the outskirts of a large town. Lined behind the APC, a dozen cars and trucks await permission to pass. Several soldiers accompany a nervous OFFICER down along the vehicles, checking IDs, rummaging through trunks and truck beds. The uniformed men are tense, skittish, heavily armed. On the sidewalks, other soldiers brusquely search pedestrians. An air of confusion and disorder casts an added menace and danger over the scene.

A blue Chevrolet sedan arrives at the end of the line.

The DRIVER is a self-assured, middle-aged man. Next to him, an attractive YOUNG WOMAN is turned sideways so she can also see the rear-seat passenger, a thin, studious-looking YOUNG MAN. The Woman and Young Man are obviously on edge. But the Driver acts merely annoyed by the inconvenience. Apprehensively, the Young Man glances out his window.

The setting sun's flickering rays cast eerie reflections of shadow and light.

A group of barefoot barrio urchins playing soccer on a side street are oblivious to the turbulent situation. The Young Man is mesmerized by their energetic antics. Suddenly, an Army truck careens INTO VIEW and the kids scatter, leaving the ball in mid-street, unclaimed. The truck hits the ball, which bursts. And the NOISE, LIKE A GUNSHOT, triggers a moment of panic.

An overwhelmingly dangerous silence. The Officer waves his revolver. The soldiers seek targets for their weapons. Terrified of triggering suspicion, pedestrians don't know whether to run, fall to the ground, or freeze...

A jittery soldier approaches the car and jabs his AR-16 through the open rear window, its muzzle just inches from the Young Man's face. He stiffens, but holds his composure. Without being asked, the Driver produces a laminated I.D. card. Soldier grabs it, squints suspiciously, then beckons the Officer, who approaches with self-righteous belligerence. He recognizes the card at a glance, however, takes it, returns it to the Driver, and salutes smartly.

OFFICER

Captain Davis, muy bien... pase,
pase!

The Officer signals with his gun to pull out of line, then walks ahead, ordering others to let the Chevy proceed.

To the right, in the mid-distance, the Young Man notices a woman in flight. Through the tattered cloth of her shredded slacks patches of white skin are visible. As she runs, the woman clutches at the flapping remnants, vainly trying to cover her bareness.

The Young Man checks the Woman and Davis, but they haven't noticed her. The Officer salutes a final time, and the car moves off. As the roadblock recedes, the Young Man opens a battered spiral notebook, unclips a pen, and begins writing. With slightly perturbed intensity, Davis studies the Young Man in the rearview mirror. Davis glances at the mirror once more, then focuses back on the road.

2 CENTER OF THE CITY - DUSK

Streets are alive with prowling soldiers. Armored vehicles RUMBLE by. A matte black HUEY GUNSHIP CRACKLES overhead. Occasional civilians, shoulders hunched against imminent blows, hurry along as if pursued by invisible demons.

The Chevrolet CRUNCHES over broken glass littering a square. In the b.g., heavy bonfire smoke rises turbulently. Soldiers are feeding the flames, but we can't distinguish what they're using for fuel.

Davis glances at his watch, then turns to the Woman.

DAVIS

Where do you live, Terry?

Alertly, the nervous Young Man interrupts before she can answer.

YOUNG MAN

Why?

DAVIS

(matter of fact)

So I can take you home. It's only thirty minutes until curfew.

Terry is startled, and begins to speak, but the Young Man jumps in once more.

YOUNG MAN

Just drop us at the Hotel Carrara.

That's news to Terry. Davis checks the mirror again, frowning slightly, then looks to the street.

3. EXT. HOTEL CARRERA

The Chevrolet halts near the entrance. Across the street, a tank is stationed in front of a freshly bullet-pocked government building. Descending, the Young Man hurries to the driver's window.

YOUNG MAN

(curtly)

Thanks for the ride.

And he heads for the hotel without waiting for Terry. From his briefcase, Davis removes a business card and hands it to her.

DAVIS

If you need anything, feel free to call. My home number's on the back.

TERRY

Thank you...

Opening her door, she gives a little shrug, trying to atone for her friend's discourtesy. But Davis waves it off with an understanding smile. Just then, a TANK CLANKS PAST. Standing up outside the car, Terry watches the tank as it heads down the street. As a squad of surly, tough-looking soldiers in riot helmets and crossed bandoliers marches past, Davis leans over, closes the passenger door, and pulls away. Absorbed by the soldiers, Terry barely notices.

4 INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Bitterly upset and flustered, the Young Man exits a phone booth as Terry approaches.

YOUNG MAN

The telephones aren't working here, either!

TERRY

Charlie, why didn't you let him drive us home?

CHARLIE (YOUNG MAN)

And hand him where I live on a platter? Come on. Let's grab a taxi...

As she starts to follow, a loud piercing SIREN SOUNDS outside, signalling the start of the surfaw.

They stop -- and are immediately engulfed by civilians streaming through the front entrance, looking relieved to have made it inside in time. Many are journalists and foreign TV crews, noisy, jocular pros at home with the vagaries of war. They seem to be enjoying themselves immensely.

Charlie and Terry realize it's too late to reach their destination. Charlie gestures dejectedly, one step closer to tears of frustration and apprehension.

CHARLIE
I blew it. I'm an idiot!

5 INT. A ROOM IN THE HOTEL CARRERA - NIGHT 5

A shirt is draped over the lamp shade. Terry sleeps on one of two beds. The other is mussed but empty. Charlie stands at the window, head pressed to the glass.

6 HIS POV - THE STREET 6

Across the square, in a brilliantly lit villa surrounded by a large garden, a party is going on. Couples lounge against wrought-iron balconies, others dance or relax on couches, drinking and laughing. Big shiny cars are parked willy-nilly in the drive. Charlie is fascinated by the unreality of the scene.

An army jeep moves slowly across the empty square, followed by four transports bristling with helmeted troops. Several balcony couples applaud the convoy. A few dancers emerge and join in. Others look on indifferently from their surreal haven of safety.

7 INT. HOTEL ROOM 7

We hear a RUSTLE OF BEDCLOTHES as Terry sits up.

TERRY
Are you okay?

He snorts gloomily, and settles into a chair by a small desk.

CHARLIE
Never felt better.

TERRY

(drowsily)

Hey, come on -- don't dwell on it.

CHARLIE

I've been thinking about what Ryan said. About the piles of bodies.

TERRY

Hey, come on, Charlie, Bath's all right. Nothing can happen to her.

Charlie smiles weakly, grateful for the little pep talk.

CHARLIE

Lord, I hope so...

TERRY

Do me a favor. Lemme see you smile... like for reals.

Charlie launches a sickly, strained, imitation grin.

TERRY

Yuuuch. You look gruesome.

He actually musters a flicker of humorous sarcasm and morose comedy as he makes a dispirited V-sign:

CHARLIE

Just call me Mr. Optimistic...

But then their eyes meet, full of mutual anxiety, and the bluff collapses.

CHARLIE

God, I wish it was morning.

Then, picking up a pen, he opens his notebook.

CHARLIE

Does the light bug you?

TERRY

Not at all.

She settles back down and turns, facing the wall. From the party villa, SOUNDS OF HARD ROCK seep through, rife with rhythm and violence.

TERRY

Do you think it's smart... to keep all those notes?

Instead of answering, Charlie begins to write:
 "September 16 -- 3:10 a.m. Terry just asked if it's
 smart to keep all these notes..."

8 EXT. SQUARE ACROSS FROM HOTEL - EARLY MORNING 8

A last car parks and the Villa is silent now, closed
 up, deserted. At the end of the empty driveway stands
 a massive gate.

Outside the gate looking in, Charlie wonders if last
 night's party was just a fantasy. Suddenly, three
 SNARLING DOBERMANS rush the fence, leaping angrily
 against the wire. Several feet behind Charlie, Terry
 jumps back nervously. Though frightened, he holds his
 ground, further antagonizing the dogs.

Then a window opens and through it pokes a long gun
 barrel aimed down at them.

TERRY

Look!

She turns to run away, but he grabs her arm.

CHARLIE

Don't run!

9 EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - MORNING 9

Street is fronted with drab, gray apartment buildings.
 A cab pulls up before one of the few private homes --
 a large, weatherbeaten structure set off by a rusting
 iron fence.

Charlie and Terry leave the cab. Anxiously, he unlocks
 the gate, and they start across a scruffy lawn, Charlie
 in the lead. Terry follows him around the main house
 and through a scorched garden. As Charlie approaches
 the house, a duck waddles out and he nearly trips over
 it.

CHARLIE

Ooops, sorry, duck... Beth! Beth...!

Then he and Terry stop. The house is absolutely quiet.

CHARLIE

Jesus, what if...

TERRY

She must be still asleep.

Charlie approaches the house. The front door opens and BETH, in jeans and work shirt, falls into his arms, her face radiant with happiness at the sight of him. She holds him close, hard, with all her strength, as though she wanted to melt into him. Then Beth suddenly pulls back.

BETH
Where have you been?

CHARLIE
(blinks)
In... in Vina.

BETH
You said you were going just for the day.

CHARLIE
We couldn't get back.

BETH
Why didn't you call?

CHARLIE
(teasing)
We wanted to surprise you.

BETH
I've been going nuts!

CHARLIE
There was nothing I could...

TERRY
Beth, we...

BETH
I thought something terrible had happened.

CHARLIE
They closed the roads. We got trapped in Vina.

Charlie reaches out to take her in his arms, but she backs off.

BETH
I didn't know if you guys were dead or alive --

Charlie's voice is extraordinarily tender, like a person allaying the fears of a child beset by scary dreams.

CHARLIE
 It's okay. Everybody's safe.
 (grins brightly)
 I love you.

She starts to cry.

BETH
 I was so worried about you...

Charlie pulls her to him.

CHARLIE
You were worried?

She looks at him a moment -- then her anger and tears begin to fade. She turns to Terry, smiling -- reaching for her.

BETH
 Oh, Terry...

Beth pulls her close and they all embrace -- dancing around in a circle.

BETH
 Oh, man... I'm so glad you guys
 are okay!

They stop. She pulls back again... but this time the anger is mock.

BETH
 You rats! Living it up at the
 seaside -- and I'm locked up here
 with a duck!

All three laugh.

10 INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

10

The cluttered, cheerfully scruffy little place is badly in need of paint and repair. Knick-knacks, posters, and other stuff speak of disorganized yet sincere commitment, and youthful energy.

No partition divides kitchen area from living room, where a large plywood desk is covered with stacked papers, and a wide bookcase overflows with paperbacks, newspapers, pamphlets. Wall posters range from Che Guevara and Unidad Popular, to the Beatles, and slogans such as "Eat Oysters, Love Longer."

Terry has her suitcase open on the bed and is packing her things. Beth helps her.

BETH

The first I heard of the coup was on the radio. Right after there were bombings and explosions that went on for hours.

In the kitchen, Charlie checks the RADIO for a news station. There is nothing but MILITARY MUSIC. He turns it OFF.

Beth had told him there was a day-and-night curfew until just yesterday.

Charlie lights gas under a pot of water, and then prepares to make breakfast under the critical eye of the duck perched on a counter.

CHARLIE

Okay, folks. WXYZ in downtown proudly presents: French Chef for a Day!

(he tootles a fan-fare in his fist)

Featuring...

(French accent)

Charles Ore-mon, and his trained duck, Gaspard!

He bangs through one cupboard after another, and can come up with only one can of tuna fish, half a loaf of bread, and a jar of olives.

CHARLIE

Hey, what have we got to nosh around this here joint besides cockroaches.

BETH

I'm sorry. I've been afraid to go out.

Charlie grabs the duck, which QUACKS indignantly.

CHARLIE

How about Long Island Duckling stuffed with Peruvian tuna fish and Spanish olives?

He leans over confidentially to the duck:

CHARLIE

I'm just kidding, don't worry.

Beth appears at the kitchen door.

BETH
Don't you dare!

Charlie cuts off the spigot and drops the duck into the sink full of water.

CHARLIE
Relax! I wouldn't dream of cooking up the quacker. Instead...

And he's in his element now, playing a sort of ribald, TV buffoon:

CHARLIE
... we're gonna have tuna fish a la aceituna... with a demi-tasse each of Cafe a la...

He's cut off by a chilling BURST OF GUNFIRE only a few blocks away. Charlie freezes, instantly sobered. Then ANOTHER VOLLEY is followed by ANGRY SHOUTS. The funny breakfast charade is over.

Beth takes Charlie in her arms.

BETH
It's been like that day and night, especially at night.

She holds him tighter still.

BETH
I was very scared.
(whispers into his ear)
And I wanted you -- terribly.

Charlie blinks at her, not quite with the moment.

Terry comes close to them.

CHARLIE
(to Terry)
Ryan said they were running search and destroy missions.

BETH
Ryan who?

TERRY
A U.S. Army colonel stationed in Vina.

BETH

The woman next door said they're busting hundreds of people every day.

The TEAPOT WHISTLES. Charlie goes back to the kitchen.

CHARLIE

Have you heard from anybody?
What about Frank?

BETH

Nobody. I told you, I was afraid to go out.

CHARLIE

I better go over there this afternoon.

BETH

Let me. You take Terry to the airport. I want to get out of here.

Another BURST OF GUNFIRE brings them all up short. They wait in flinched attitudes for something more horrible. At length, Beth speaks with deep, frightened determination.

BETH

Charlie, I want to go home.

He nods -- all right. Then picks up his coffee cup and clacks it against the cup she holds in her hand.

CHARLIE

L'chaim.

Smiling hesitantly, she responds: their ritual.

BETH

To life.

They embrace with full, urgent, relieved affection. Eyes closed, lips against his throat, she whispers gratefully:

BETH

I love you, Charlie Horman.

TERRY

Would you two like me to take a walk.

CHARLIE

Later.

Beth gives him a playful punch in the gut.

BETH
Not too much later!

Charlie turns serious again.

CHARLIE
Listen, we saw some very upsetting things in Vina...

Beth's face lights up like a child being introduced to a new game. Charlie takes out his notebook.

BETH
Are you going to let me read it, or are you going to tell me?

CHARLIE
Whichever you prefer.

They seem to be playing a familiar game.

BETH
You write better than you talk, Horman, but I'm fond of your voice.

CHARLIE
So I'll read it to you... but first we eat.

He pulls the book back, out of her reach.

11 EXT. A STREET IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

11

Charlie, Beth and Terry approach a busy intersection. Charlie carries Terry's suitcase.

Suddenly he halts. Beth and Terry stop, too, turning to follow his gaze.

In the b.g. a stream of military vehicles and patrols canvass the avenues.

A squad of heavily-armed soldiers guards the intersection. Beyond them, about twenty people are lined up at a bus stop.

CHARLIE
Wait. Beth, maybe you better go back.

BETH

No. I'll be all right. I promise.

Charlie is torn... and then grudgingly starts up again. A jeep inches by the bus stop, as though passing the would-be travelers in review. As they reach the stop, a collective taxi arrives and the driver calls out his planned destinations.

BETH

'Avenue Picard.' I think I'll grab it.

CHARLIE

You sure it's worth the chance?

BETH

I'm okay. I'll be back by four.

Leaning forward, she whispers something into his ear. He kisses his index fingertip, points it at her nose, and fires the love gun.

Beth hugs Terry.

BETH

Call our folks the minute you arrive. Tell them we'll be home in a few days.

TERRY

I will. You be careful.

Beth wedges into the already overcrowded taxi. Suddenly, the cruising jeep backs up and slams to a halt. Three soldiers jump out and start towards them. Charlie and Terry gird themselves: Beth seems ready to hop out of the taxi, but Charlie makes a discreet sign for her to stay put.

Shouting threats in Spanish, the soldiers pounce on two women and slash their slacks with knives.

TERRY

What are they saying?

CHARLIE

'From now on, women in this country wear dresses!'

The soldiers swagger back to their jeep, waving at the collective to move on. Charlie is momentarily paralyzed by the violence. Then a bus pulls up, Terry nudges his arm, and they board it.

12 INT./EXT. THE BUS - DAY

12

As it turns right, Charlie and Terry see the body of a young man sprawled in the road.

TERRY

Oh my God...

Other passengers give no indication they have all just seen a corpse.

CHARLIE

(incredulous)

That guy was dead.

TERRY

I know...

Shocked by the other passengers' hardened faces, Charlie says with perturbed, unhappy awe:

CHARLIE

I've never seen a dead person before...

13 EXT. A MAIN SQUARE DOWNTOWN - DAY

13

Bullet casings and broken glass everywhere. Soldiers accost cars and pedestrians at will. It's obviously a violent, very dangerous place to be right now.

A bus stops. Charlie and Terry debark and start up a sidewalk. Most pedestrians walk with eyes glued to the ground, as though indifferent to the surroundings. But soon enough we catch the rapid, furtive peeks they steal, the quick evaluations of the "enemy."

Charlie and Terry wait for traffic to clear. A colonel's command car speeds past, KLAXON WAILING. With growing despair Charlie watches the car. He speaks with bewildered, outraged sorrow over the fact that his dream is going down in flames.

CHARLIE

Look at this. When we first got here, it was the most hopeful place on earth.

TERRY

You got to be kidding.

CHARLIE

I'm serious. It felt like a whole new kind of world was being born...

Charlie looks both ways, then points:

CHARLIE
Braniff's over there.

As they start toward the airline office, Charlie sees a newspaper kiosk, stops, and gives Terry her bag.

CHARLIE
Wait a sec. I want to get a paper.

Charlie takes his place in line, back to Terry. In the b.g. we see two soldiers arrive, motioning with their rifles for her to pick up the bag and walk ahead of them.

Charlie reaches the kiosk just as the man in front purchases the last paper. Groaning, he turns and sees Terry being marched off. His face contorts anxiously. Should he run after her... or shout for help? Instead, he follows at a distance as they cross the square, entering a large neighborhood laundry.

Charlie hesitates, screwing up his courage, then purposefully strides straight for the laundry.

14 INT./EXT. LAUNDRY - DAY

14

The soldiers lead Terry to a fiercely stern OFFICER seated behind a counter. The Officer peers over his dark glasses -- first at Terry, then at her bag. He motions for her to open up.

In the b.g., Charlie approaches the door. A soldier bars the way. He starts explaining that he's with the woman inside.

Impatiently, the Officer motions again, but Terry is rigid with fear. So one of her captors presses his rifle muzzle to her left ear. Thus urged, Terry struggles awkwardly to open the bag. The Officer inspects its contents, then removes her passport, handing it to a soldier behind him, who begins checking it against a mimeo list. The Officer then gestures for Terry to finish unpacking. As she complies, Charlie is marched up.

The Officer jabs a stiff finger through her belongings, then gestures for her to repack. The soldier hands her passport back to the Officer. He returns it to Terry. Tension lessens... a trifle.

Piles of laundry lie about.

In one corner, a sheet is draped over a human form. Just above the body, around chest height, a half dozen blood-ringed craters mar the wall. Terry's eyes pivot from the corpse to the Officer.. He nods at the suitcase.

OFFICER

Where are you going with that?

CHARLIE

She's a tourist. Leaving the country today.

OFFICER

The airports are closed.
(then he dismisses
them curtly)

You may go.

Charlie grabs the bag and they split. Stunned by the horror, Terry is drawn to look back. But with his eyes Charlie warns her fiercely: Don't look back!

15

INT. U.S. EMBASSY ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

15

The large impersonal space is dominated by an "embassy-sized" portrait of Richard Nixon. Looking quite frazzled, Charlie and Terry pass an unattended reception desk, heading for a switchboard OPERATOR. The young man is muscular, crewcut, clear-eyed and bored stiff. Charlie tries to make his voice normal, friendly, everyday.

CHARLIE

Excuse me. Could we speak to Mrs. Tipson?

The Operator plugs in a cord below a flashing light.

OPERATOR

(without looking up)
Nobody here by that name.

CHARLIE

(struggling to be
polite)
Then could we speak with whoever's
in charge of helping American
citizens leave the country?

OPERATOR

That's not our job. You'll have
to talk with someone at the
Consulate.

In the b.g. a WOMAN stands in an office doorway, eavesdropping. She's fiftyish, professionally calm, with seen-it-all eyes.

TERRY

They told us the Consulate was closed because of gunfire.

OPERATOR

That's news to me.

TERRY

Do you know if --

OPERATOR

No, ma'am. I certainly don't. It's lunchtime. Everybody's gone.

End of conversation. Charlie stares disbelievingly for a beat, then takes Terry's arm and starts away.

CHARLIE

(bitterly)

Yessir, folks. Here we are, right in the heart of downtown Compassionland!

The Operator looks up and discovers the eavesdropping Woman. He turns towards Terry.

OPERATOR

Lady!

They stop. Terry looks back.

OPERATOR

There's a Braniff office in the next square over. They'll be the first to get word when the borders reopen.

CHARLIE

Three guesses who sent us over here.

OPERATOR

Don't get hostile, pal.

TERRY

Hey, 'pal' -- we're Americans. And this is supposed to be our so-called Embassy.

OPERATOR

So send a telegram to the President.

16 INT. EMBASSY STAIRWELL - DAY

16

As Charlie and Terry descend toward the street, the eavesdropping Woman catches up to them, falls into step.

WOMAN

Excuse me. My name is Kate Reese.
I'm a freelance reporter out of
New York.

CHARLIE

(humorous, and
friendly)

No comment. We didn't insult him.
It was just a friendly
misunderstanding.

REESE (WOMAN)

If I were you, I'd go back there
after lunch... demand to see the
Ambassador. The Consulate's a mile
away, and the streets right now are
murder.

Charlie stops near the bottom of the stairs, and turns to Reese:

CHARLIE

Miss Reese, can I ask you a big
favor?

Though a trifle taken aback, she nods.

CHARLIE

Would you let me borrow that
newspaper?

17 EXT. AN OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - DAY

17

The cafe is packed with a lunchtime crowd. Charlie, Terry, and Reese are at a streetside table, the thoroughly-read newspaper crinkled before Charlie. Caught in mid-conversation, they share an obvious rapport.

CHARLIE

... they told me in Vina that the
military here was executing
thousands of people.

Reese's eyes flash over the nearby tables. She looks back to Charlie and her voice drops a few decibels.

REESE

(low)
When were you in Vina?

CHARLIE

We just got back yesterday. And you want to hear something funny? Our hotel was crawling with American officers.

REESE

If I were you, I'd just forget about that.

Charlie's not quite sure what "that" means.

Suddenly, a commotion. A table overturns, dishes splinter. Two large men in cheap black suits struggle with an elderly gentleman and his lady. They manhandle the man forward, steering him through the tables, knocking customers and waiters aside. The woman follows, beseeching someone to intervene.

Without thinking, Charlie jumps up and hurries, at an angle between tables, to propel himself in front of them. Not belligerently, nor like a hero, but actually scared to death, he lifts one hand.

CHARLIE

Hey, just a minute --

WHACK! The lead man delivers a forearm blow, knocking Charlie off balance. He bumps against a chair, and falls down in a sitting position. His attacker moves to follow up, when the other MAN snaps:

MAN

Americano! Dejala! Vamonos!

With a sneer, the First Man lunges back to the gentleman, and resumes hustling him off. At the curb, the gorillas force their prisoner into a waiting sedan, jump in after him, and start away. But the woman hurls herself against a fender. So the car brakes, another goon emerges, grabs her, and throws her inside. Then they are gone.

Both Terry and Reese have rushed over. Other patrons stare at him as he staggers up.

TERRY

Jesus -- are you all right?

REESE

What in God's name made you do that?

Charlie is literally gasping from fear, adrenalin, shock. He is also almost crying.

CHARLIE

I don't know... They were treating that old man so... so...

Charlie plops into his chair, flushed, and panicked because he knows he just did a very stupid thing.

Reese checks the tables around them.

REESE

(almost conspiratorial)

If I were you, I'd forget about that, and about Vina. Find a safe place -- a hotel -- with a lot of people around. Just hole up until you can get out of here.

Charlie and Terry exchange significant glances. Then he turns back to Reese -- who's talking away.

CHARLIE

Hey...

No acknowledgement. Reese keeps going.

TERRY

So now what do we do?

CHARLIE

(giggles nervously)

I dunno... Drop back ten yards and punt?

Then he thinks for a moment.

CHARLIE

Actually, she's right. You better go to the hotel and grab a room for Beth and me, too. I'll go home and fetch her. We'll meet you back here.

Rising, he tries to ignore the staring patrons. They exit onto the sidewalk before the cafe, where he hands over the suitcase.

CHARLIE

(he tries to be light)

Go directly to the hotel. Do not pass go. Do not collect two hundred dollars.

They kiss cheeks, and he departs.

TERRY

Charlie...

CHARLIE

What?

TERRY

Be extra careful.

CHARLIE

(still trying to
be cheerful)

Hey, don't worry. They can't
hurt us...

He snaps to attention, and adopts an LBJ accent that comes off curiously touching because of the fright still on his features. He's like a little kid trying to be brave.

CHARLIE

... we're Amurricans.

18 INT. A HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

18

The room reflects a strong masculine decor. A tearful pregnant GIRL is huddled on the edge of a bed. Beth sits beside her, one hand around her shoulder. Standing nearby is a tall beautiful YOUNG WOMAN.

BETH

Come on, Maria. You got to have faith. He'll be okay.

YOUNG WOMAN

(Spanish)

You have to be strong. Think of your baby...

MARIA

(despairingly)

Yo se que van a matarle.
(I know they are going to kill him.)

BETH

No, they won't. Not Enrique. He --

At the name, Maria comes unglued, wailing in Beth's arms.

MARIA

Yo se que van a matarle!

The other Woman speaks to Beth in Spanish:

YOUNG WOMAN

I'll take care of her.

Beth backs out, terribly pained for the girl.

19 EXT. THE HOUSE - TERRACE - DAY

19

The stone terrace juts off the side of a large, ornate house. TWO YOUNG AMERICAN MEN are standing on the terrace. One is short, with eyeglasses, a studious gaze.

The other is thin, blond, amiable. Emerging from the house, Beth crosses to them.

THIN MAN

How's she doing?

BETH

Pia's trying to calm her down.
What happened to Enrique, Frank?

FRANK

What's happening to everybody?
With luck, maybe he got into an
Embassy.

THIN MAN

... or somebody accidentally blew
his brains out.

BETH

David, what about Silvio?

DAVID (THIN MAN)

He's okay. But Cleo 'disappeared.'

That hurts. Beth exhales slowly:

BETH

Shit.

FRANK

All of a sudden, this city is like
a Free Fire Zone. They're even
shooting people just for being
left-handed.

BETH

I hope you guys aren't going to
stick around much longer.

Frank has been pacing. He plunks down tiredly in a
chair.

FRANK

I can't believe it. These last two
years have been the best years of
my life. And then all of a sudden...

He glances up, grief-stricken, almost tearful.

DAVID

The party's over.

FRANK

It wasn't a party. It was a real
effort to change this society.

After a brief, sorrowful quiet, Beth speaks:

BETH
 (checking her watch)
 I'm sorry, but it's late. I
 better split.

DAVID
 You sure you want to try and beat
 the curfew?

BETH
 I have to. Charlie's waiting.
 Promise you'll call when we all
 get back to the states?

David gives her back a big squeeze.

DAVID
 I'll use the phone booth on the
 corner of West Broadway and Prince.

Then Beth goes to Frank, who rises, giving her a fare-
 well embrace.

BETH
 I'm sorry, Frank. I wish --

FRANK
 (sad, poignant)
 In a week we'll all be playing
 chess in Washington Square.

BETH
 Be careful, please.

We are CLOSEUP on Frank's extraordinarily hurt face as
 he pats Beth reassuringly.

FRANK
 Aw, come on. Who'd want to hurt
 a nice Italian boychik like me?

20 EXT. A TRAFFIC-SNARLED INTERSECTION - APPROACHING DUSK 20

Beth tries in vain to hail a taxi. Cab after cab goes
 by -- some empty, some full -- but none willing to stop.
 One finally brakes, however.

DRIVER
 (guardedly)
 Pa'onde va usted?

BETH
 Vicuna McKenna.

No deal. The taxi SCREECHES away. Beth checks her
 watch, then glances across the street at a bus stop,
 where anxious people are milling. She considers the
 time again. Her frown deepens as she crosses over and
 joins the crowd.

A packed bus comes INTO VIEW, but despite frantic gestures from people at the stop, it zooms by.

Then yet another bus, overloaded with passengers clinging to the doors and windows, hurtles past.

People panic. Several rush away. Some begin to run. Beth hesitates, then heads up the avenue, striding quickly through lengthening shadows.

21 AVENUE

21

Grateful for the relief, small knots of soldiers stationed at each corner ogle Beth almost harmlessly as she passes.

She approaches a shopping district as the last stores close. Many fewer people are on the streets. Normal city sounds have vanished. Soon Beth's own footsteps are all she's aware of.

She steps off the curb, frantically asking an approaching car to stop. But it swerves recklessly around her. Back on the curb, Beth is seriously shaken.

A tree-lined boulevard looms. Several people scurry across it toward shelter. Then, without warning, the sun sets and darkness seals the city. The raucous BLASTS OF A LOUDSPEAKER on an army truck rumbling down the avenue announce the impending curfew.

Beth freezes. An army car slows up directly across the boulevard, somebody shouts an order. Rifles aim in her direction. Beth whirls, diving into an open doorway in the dark, dirty vestibule of a tenement.

22 INT. VESTIBULE - NIGHT

22

She peeks out as the army car departs. Then a light snaps on overhead, a door opens, a MAN speaks gruffly:

MAN

(Spanish)

What do you want?

BETH

(Spanish)

The curfew... I... please...

Terror has damaged her Spanish, exaggerating the accent. The very tall Man unfolds bit-by-bit through the doorway and stares at her.

MAN

Get out! No foreigners here!

Beth retreats onto the street.

23 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

23

Shouting a final oath, the Man slams the door. The boulevard is totally deserted. Beth strikes out again, hugging building walls.

24 EXT. BOULEVARD - NIGHT

24

Headlights, sweeping across a ring of shadow cast by an army truck, illuminate two sprawled corpses. Beth runs in the opposite direction. Rounding a corner, she draws up short, utterly amazed. A white horse is galloping through the square, chased by a jeep full of soldiers FIRING tracer bullets and shouting happily at the animal's panic.

Beth ducks behind an outdoor staircase as the jeep jounces by. Then she wilts exhaustedly onto the pavement and closes her eyes, huddling up into herself, knees cupping her chin -- shocked, fearful, cold.

25 EXT. BOULEVARD - LATER THAT NIGHT

25

Beth is jolted awake by sporadic GUNFIRE -- some of it near, some distant. Sitting up, she squints into the clear night, straining to listen -- and catches stray words from a family conversation, snatches of MUSIC. She is heartened briefly. Far across the square, bonfire smoke and flames roll into the mid-night sky. Beth focuses on the soldiers feeding the flames. And abruptly realizes they are burning books. She is appalled... then tightly squeezes shut her eyes.

26 EXT. SQUARE - FIRST LIGHT

26

Dawn flickers into the unnaturally stilled city whose streets are traversed only by packs of aimless, starving dogs.

With a sad curiosity, a hairy mongrel sniffs at Beth. She awakens, startled, and the dog trots off.

A distant CLOCK STRIKES 6 a.m. On the sixth stroke, as though touched by a magic wand, the streets come alive. Beth staggers sciffly erect and limps across the square.

27 EXT. CHARLES' HOUSE - MORNING

27

A taxi discharges Beth. As she unlocks the front gate, something catches her eye. Stooping, she picks up two sheets of paper covered with Charlie's careful Spencerian script. Then she finds a book... Eyes narrowing, she hurries toward the house.

The front door is ajar. Beth pushes it open and stops.

28 INT. THE HOUSE - MORNING

28

A total shambles. Charlie's desk is upended. Books, papers, knick-knacks are strewn around. Cushions have been ripped open -- cotton stuffing lies everywhere. Drawers are dumped out, closet overturned.

She cannot comprehend this savage mess.

Then a MAN speaks from behind her.

MAN

Excuse me...

Zombie-like, Beth pivots to face a tall somber gentleman.

MAN

Last night soldiers came here several times.

BETH

Where's my husband?

MAN

I do not know. But you must go now. Before the soldiers return.

He departs through the garden. Beth opens her mouth as if to call him back, but pain and astonishment have rendered her speechless.

Dazedly, limbs operating stiffly as in a bad dream, Beth wanders further into her house, and says his name fearfully:

BETH

Charlie...?

On her way she plucks up a Polaroid snapshot of Charlie balanced comically on one foot on a sea wall in front of a beach. Looking up, she searches the room for traces of his real self.

Finally, in the bathroom, Beth settles gingerly onto the edge of the toilet and calls back through the ramshackle dwelling in a passionate, terrified, very fragile whisper:

BETH

Charlie...

29 INT. AN OFFICE - DAY

29

We are CLOSEUP on a tired MAN'S face. Neatly, conservatively dressed, he's in his early fifties -- sharp gray eyes, thinning hair, weary frown. A SECOND MAN is speaking.

SECOND MAN (V.O.)

You've been in touch with our Embassy down there?

MAN

Several times. I've talked with a Mr. Shaffer.

A pink-faced, cherubic gentleman with angelic white hair:

SECOND MAN

And...?

MAN

All they know is that my son is 'missing,' Senator.

SENATOR

Have you been to State?

MAN

(wearily)

I've tried, sir, different people. You're the first person who would see me.

SENATOR

I urge you to get to them, Mr. Horman.

HORMAN

I'm trying.

SCENE WIDENS, revealing a large executive suite. The SENATOR presides behind a long desk. Horman and a WOMAN ASSISTANT sit opposite.

SENATOR

How does your son earn a living?

HORMAN

(uncomfortable, embarrassed)

Frankly, I'm not...

HORMAN

I guess he's a writer. Or
anyway, he says he wants to be
a writer ... and he's been
travelling --

Horman repeats the reasons given by his son but it's
obvious he doesn't share them.

HORMAN

-- to discover the world, instead
of seeing it through the... the
media...

The Senator understands the problems of fathers and
does not push the point.

SENATOR

(sincerely)

The important thing right now is
to help him.

A BUZZ SOUNDS. The Senator lifts his eyes to a blinking
light.

SENATOR

Woops... looks like a quorum call
on the floor.

Horman nods understandingly, and rises.

SENATOR

I'll cable the Ambassador,
personally.

The Senator circles his desk and they start for the door
together, the assistants following.

HORMAN

Thank you, sir. My wife and I
are very worried, as you can imagine.

SENATOR

Don't be worried, Mr. Horman.
They wouldn't dare harm an
American citizen.

He stops and turns to the Assistant.

SENATOR

Make up a list of friends on the
hill and introduce Mr. Horman to
them.

(to Horman)

Ambassadors are very sensitive about
their image in Washington.

SENATOR

Nothing moves them more than a
pouch full of cables from here.

Horman shakes his hand with gratitude.

30 INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

30

Horman stands at a window, waiting. A thin, bespecta-
cled YOUNG MAN hovers beside him.

HORMAN

We met him once in New York, at
the Third Church of Christian
Science. But I doubt he'll
remember.

YOUNG MAN

Oh, you're a Christian Scientist,
too? And your son...?

HORMAN

Well, you know how young people
are...

YOUNG MAN

Of course. Would you excuse me?

He crosses the room, entering an office.

31 ANOTHER ANGLE

31

Gazing out the window onto peaceful streets and lawns,
Horman is suddenly disturbed by unpleasant, guilt-
ridden memories. The Young Man reappears beside an
older MAN, who steps up to Horman: they shake hands.

MAN

I think we've met before, haven't
we?

HORMAN

Yes, we did, Congressman.

CONGRESSMAN

Would you mind if we talked while
walking?

HORMAN

Not at all, Congressman.

They start out of the waiting room.

32 INT. A HALLWAY IN THE CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE BUILDING - 32
DAY

Horman and the Congressman stride down the hall, followed by the Young Man and a YOUNG WOMAN.

YOUNG MAN

... They think he's hiding.

CONGRESSMAN

Why?

YOUNG WOMAN

Political reasons.

YOUNG MAN

They think he'll surface soon as things calm down.

Halting at a meeting room door, the Congressman faces Horman guardedly.

CONGRESSMAN

What are his politics?

HORMAN

Liberal, I suppose.

CONGRESSMAN

Liberal, or radical?

HORMAN

Sir, my son is too wishy-washy to be a radical.

CONGRESSMAN

You're sure?

HORMAN

(miffed)

What difference does it make?

CONGRESSMAN

It doesn't... of course. You said Percy and Abzug are sending cables?

HORMAN

They promised to. So did Javits, Magnuson -- Koch, Abzug and Kamp, too.

The Congressman nods his head.

HORMAN

Are you sending one?

CONGRESSMAN

I'm certainly going to consider it.

With his assistants, he steps through the door.

CONGRESSMAN

Good luck. And God bless!

Horman is left alone in an empty hallway distinguished by closed doors and remote, hostile echoes.

33 INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

33

Across a table from Horman sits a WOMAN. An old MAN doodles on a pad.

MAN

(unctious, reassuring)

Our Embassy people have investigated and found no sign of your son. Neither they, nor the military government, know where he is.

Horman presents a newspaper clipping.

HORMAN

The New York Times says: he's been arrested.

OLDER MAN

That's what your daughter-in-law told the press.

HORMAN

Are you saying she invented the story?

OLDER MAN

Would you call her a stable person?

He has a roguish smile.

OLDER MAN

She is pestering the Embassy people; they told me.

HORMAN

(beat)

Terry Simon, a friend on vacation who was stranded by the coup, confirmed everything Beth told me.

WOMAN

The arrested Americans have all been freed thanks to our Embassy's efforts.

WOMAN

(referring to folder)

The last two -- Teruggi and Holloway -- were released. Teruggi took off without even thanking the Embassy.

OLDER MAN

Mr. Horman, it's going to take a little time to straighten this out. What I suggest you do is go back up to New York, relax, and just let us take care of it.

HOLD on Horman realizing his chain is being jerked for the umpteenth time...

34

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - NIGHT

34

ELIZABETH HORMAN, a vital fiftyish woman, pours her husband coffee. Their apartment is middle-class, unpretentious, safe. Horman inspects an open file folder of newspaper articles.

HORMAN

I showed the clipping. He implied Beth was lying.

ELIZABETH

I always trusted her instincts better than my own.

HORMAN

You always gave them both the benefit of the doubt.

She touches his hand gently.

ELIZABETH

I didn't 'give' it, Ed. They earned it.

HORMAN

I wish I could see it your way.

35

EXT./INT. AIRPORT - DAY

35

A jet taxis O.S. -- then moves INTO FRAME and begins filling it.

A long corridor leads to the terminal. On one side is a chaotic noisy queue of departing passengers. On the other side are a dozen arriving passengers, no more. One is Ed Horman.

Heavily-armed soldiers block the terminal end of the corridor. As Horman reaches them, the soldiers point with their guns, indicating the customs area.

36 INT. CUSTOMS AREA - DAY

36

Horman waits at a counter. A CUSTOMS INSPECTOR points at his briefcase. Ed opens it, and the Inspector pokes through the contents, lifting out a book. He holds it up: what's this?

HORMAN

Bible.

The Inspector frowns, and motions to a nearby Army CAPTAIN, who takes the book, then gives Horman the same what is it? glower.

HORMAN

It's a Bible.

The Captain shakes his head: this is no Bible to him.

HORMAN

My 'Bible' -- Christian Science.

The Captain gestures "gimme" to the Customs Man.

CAPTAIN

Pasaporte.

The man hands over Horman's passport. The Officer checks the name, then turns, nodding to someone O.S.

Responding to the nod, a tall, seersuckerred MAN with a pleasant expression, heads for the counter.

MAN

Mr. Horman... I'm Fred Purdy, the American Consul here...

HORMAN

(pleased and relieved)

Hello. It's real good to meet you, sir.

They shake. The Captain returns the passport and briefcase, then salutes Purdy and retires. Taking charge of Horman's suitcase, Purdy starts to lead them out of there.

HORMAN

Have you any news?

PURDY

No -- but I think we're on top
of the situation.

At an airline counter there's a disturbance. Waving an official document, a young WOMAN, flanked by two covering kids, argues in strident Spanish with a CLERK.

37 EXT. AIRPORT GATES - DAY

37

Two American M-60 tanks guard the road into the airport complex. Behind barbed wire, soldiers are dug into gun emplacements bristling with recoilless cannons and machine guns.

A chauffeur-driven blue Buick sedan with U.S. State Department plates waits.

Horman is looking overwhelmed by the military presence.

HORMAN

You'd think a war was going on.

PURDY

One is, sort of.

HORMAN

I thought the coup was over.

PURDY

It is. But there's still problems.

The chauffeur opens the door.

PURDY

The Ambassador can see you at
three, today... if that's okay?

HORMAN

Fine. The sooner the better.

He gets in, glances outside again, then snorts incredulously.

HORMAN

You sure picked a cheerful little
country to live in, didn't you?

38 EXT. HOTEL CARRERA - DAY

38

The Consulate car drives towards the hotel.

Here, too, there is a heavy military presence.

PURDY

(pointing to the hotel)

... it's one of the best and you'll
be safer there than other places.

The car pulls up before the hotel. Beth waits in on the sidewalk, has her back to the car. Wearing a crumpled cotton dress that is badly in need of ironing, her hair askew, she looks awful.

Horman gets out of the car and stands still flooded by a multitude of feelings.

Beth turns around and sees Ed. She throws herself into his arms, her head buried against him -- he's caught unprepared -- then they embrace tentatively, trying to emote warmth, but embarrassed and awkward. The intimacy unnerves them both, and they break it swiftly.

BETH

I'm sorry I couldn't meet the plane. I've been trying to see a man -- Major Prieto -- and this morning was the only time he...

She is a little bit hysterical, incoherent in her rush to get things out. Ed is slightly annoyed. He is tired.

HORMAN

Not so fast, please. Let's go upstairs.

Beth raises her eyes and suddenly notices Purdy. He greets her warmly. Beth answers coldly. Her hostility is not lost on Horman.

PURDY

I'll pick you up at two.

The car with Purdy leaves.

39

INT. HORMAN'S ROOM - DAY

39

A bellhop obsequiously sweeps back the drapes, cracks open the window, gestures at the bathroom -- then accepts his tip from Horman and exits, bowing. Horman swings his suitcase onto the bed, clicks it open, begins unpacking.

BETH

How was the trip?

HORMAN

A real delight.

He hangs a suit in the closet.

BETH
How is Elizabeth?

HORMAN
How do you suppose?

BETH
... It's not my fault, Ed.

HORMAN
Nobody said it was.

He continues unpacking.

BETH
Did you find out anything more
in Washington?

HORMAN
No. But Purdy sounds like the
situation down here is pretty
well in hand.

She snorts scornfully.

HORMAN
You don't agree?

BETH
I don't expect a whole hell of a
lot from any of them any more.

HORMAN
Why?

BETH
Ed, he's been missing for two
weeks, now. And all they've done
is sit down there on their fat
bureaucratic asses and --

HORMAN
I don't want to hear any of your
anti-establishment paranoia. I
get enough of that from him.

He crosses over to a dresser and begins placing his
shirts in a drawer.

HORMAN
If he'd settled down where he belongs,
this never would have happened.

Beth's fighting back a tear. He frowns.

HORMAN

Please don't do that!

He crosses back to the bed and continues unpacking. Beth stands there, hurt and fragile. He sneaks a glance at her -- his mood softens.

HORMAN

Hey -- don't worry -- I'll find him.

He opens his briefcase, taking out packages of soap, shampoo and toothpaste. He holds them out to her.

HORMAN

I remember Charles writing that they were hard to get here.

BETH

Not any more --

He takes a gift-wrapped box in the briefcase.

HORMAN

His mother sent him some fudge.

He raises one hand, unable to walk over and touch her fragile-looking shoulders, or soothe her hurt. Instead, he checks his watch.

HORMAN

Uh... listen. Why don't you go freshen up? We've only got an hour.

BETH

All right.

HORMAN

By the way -- where's Terry?

BETH

At Braniff, picking up her ticket.

HORMAN

When's she leaving?

BETH

Tomorrow.

HORMAN

How is she?

BETH

She's fine, Ed. And so am I.

Gone. Horman blinks uncomfortably. Going to a window, he gazes down, disturbed by their reunion.

Still at the window, he hears a soft PAF on the open door. Beth is standing there, dressed in a suit, hair combed, looking fresher, but still ~~was~~ gone.

Awkwardly attempting to lighten the mood, she gives a funny little two step, and jokingly announces herself:

BETH

Ta-daa.

But he doesn't bite.

HORMAN

Beth. Before we start, I want to ask you a question. And I need you to answer me absolutely truthfully.

She waits.

HORMAN

What did he do?

BETH

Huh?

HORMAN

What stupid thing did Charles do that could get him arrested... or force him into hiding?

Beth is taken aback by the accusation.

HORMAN

Sometimes I wonder if you or Charlie can do anything except make idealistic speeches and write books that are never published. Or is this whole disappearing act just a stunt to publicize a forthcoming autobiography I don't know about?!

BETH

(icy calm)

If you don't believe me, why don't you go back to New York? I can find my husband all by myself...

Beth recoils, then tries to gear for another epithet -- but what's the use? Instead, she stalks over to the window.

HORMAN

I still want an answer to that question, Beth.

BETH
 (very sarcastic)
 ... He was building bombs to blow
 up the Junta.

Horman collects his briefcase and surges out the door.

BETH
 Ed, whether you know it or not, he's
 a very talented writer!

HORMAN
 Let's go. Hurry up or we'll be
 late.

40 EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAY

40

Purdy's Buick pulls up before an enormous mansion,
 surrounded by a park-sized garden. The Consul, Horman
 and Beth leave the car and ascend the steps.

41 INT. AN EMBASSY BALLROOM - DAY

41

The big elegant room is normally reserved for state
 functions. Standing before the furniture, Horman
 has just been introduced to a polished, elderly
 GENTLEMAN.

HORMAN
 My pleasure, Mr. Ambassador.

AMBASSADOR
 Mine too, sir.

He nods courteously at Beth.

AMBASSADOR
 Mrs. Horman. How are you today?

BETH
 I'm fine, of course.

Nearby, Captain Davis is dressed in a dark civilian
 suit.

AMBASSADOR
 Mr. Horman... Captain Davis, our
 Senior Military Group Officer.

He gestures at another MAN, in the uniform of a U.S.
 Army Colonel.

AMBASSADOR

Colonel Hon, our Defense Attache.

Horman shakes their hands. Everybody settles into chairs. As Davis sits down, his eyes lock on Beth's. They exchange cryptic glances -- hers dark, unsmiling; his vaguely akin to a leer.

Purdy opens a file folder.

PURDY

(to Ambassador)

Shall I review?

AMBASSADOR

Yes.

(to Horman)

But first I want to express our deep concern over your son's disappearance.

HORMAN

Thank you, Mr. Ambassador.

AMBASSADOR

I assure you, every element at our disposal has been and will continue to be utilized to facilitate his safe return.

HORMAN

That's exactly what I had hoped to hear.

AMBASSADOR

Go ahead, Consul Purdy.

Purdy scans a mimeo'd file folder sheet, and clears his throat.

PURDY

Sir, we've conducted an extensive investigation. Captain Davis and his staff have interviewed several residents in the area where your son was last seen. Colonel Hon has been in contact with the military and police authorities.

He stops. Horman waits.

PURDY

But after analyzing all the data, we still come to the conclusion that he must be in hiding.

BETH

From what?

AMBASSADOR

That's a valid question, Mrs. Horman.
And one we'd also like the answer to.

BETH

We've been through this a hundred
times.

(to Davis)

You know damn well he's not hiding.
Our whole neighborhood saw a gonn-
squad pick him up.

DAVIS

The military swears they haven't got
him.

PURDY

(to Horman)

I've been to the Carabineros stations
and the Department of Investigations.
I even entered the National Stadium.
He's just plain not in their custody.

AMBASSADOR

So you see, Mr. Horman, the hiding
theory seems to be the most viable.
At least for the present.

BETH

That's dumb. If he was hiding, he'd
contact me to say he was okay.

HON

Perhaps he can't. There's been a
lot of civilian casualties.

BETH

(low)

No shit, Dick Tracy.

Horman nails her with an angry frown. Then, after a
moment of thought, he starts to speak -- but stops.

AMBASSADOR

Go on, please.

Horman shakes his head, feeling he's probably wrong.

HORMAN

I was just thinking... if he has
been injured, he might be in a coma
or something. Or he could be
suffering from amnesia.

Everyone but Beth weighs the suggestion.

HORMAN

Have you checked the hospitals?

PURDY
Some of them, yes.

AMBASSADOR .
Why not all of them?

PURDY
It's not easy right now, to enter
the hospitals and --

BETH
Translated, he means you could break
a leg tripping over all the maimed
bodies.

An ugly pause. Uncomfortably, Purdy closes the file.

PURDY
The only thing we know for sure is
where he isn't.

Davis leans forward.

DAVIS
I may have some further news after
tonight. I'm having dinner with
Admiral Huidobro.

BETH
Oh God, Ray, not that again.
Haven't you seen him yet?

She turns, muttering angrily. Horman, Purdy and the
Ambassador are more surprised by the familiarity of her
tone than by her anger. Hon seems unperturbed.

DAVIS
These people are very busy right
now.

BETH
I'll bet they are.

DAVIS
By the way, Beth, where's that list
I asked for?

HORMAN
What list?

DAVIS
I'd like a list of Charles' friends.
So that we could extend our
investigation.

HORMAN
I'll see that you get it.

Beth glances sharply at Horman: he misses it.

HORMAN

(to Beth)

Didn't you tell me two of his friends were called by Military Intelligence after he was supposed to have been arrested?

BETH

Yes. And they both called the Consulate.

AMBASSADOR

What telephone calls?

PURDY

I wasn't aware of any.

BETH

That's a lie. I saw the notes on both calls the day Shaffer showed me your file cards.

Purdy backtracks hastily, transparently.

PURDY

As a matter of fact... yes. I think I do remember.

AMBASSADOR

Why don't you check that out some time in the next couple of days and we'll meet again to take stock of the situation.

BETH

Why can't he do it right now?

HORMAN

Beth, these things take time...

BETH

Maybe Charlie doesn't have that much time.

AMBASSADOR

Let's check on them right now.

PURDY

All right, sir.

Through an open door they hear a BURST OF AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE. Horman flinches, but nobody else reacts. ANOTHER BURST follows... and ANOTHER. Horman reaches behind him and casually shuts the door, blotting out the GUNFIRE.

42 EXT. FRONT OF EMBASSY - LATE AFTERNOON

42

Horman, Beth, and Purdy come down the walk toward the driveway. In the b.g. Purdy's chauffeured Buick is parked near the front gate.

PURDY

... and if you need anything else,
just let me or Captain Davis know
and we'll arrange it.

HORMAN

Fine. And I'll get that list for
him tomorrow.

BETH

(muttering)

Not from me you won't.

She stalks off a few paces. Horman glowers at her, then shakes his head, apologizing to Purdy for her. They shake hands.

HORMAN

Thank you again, Consul Purdy.

PURDY

Just call me Fred.

HORMAN

Thanks, Fred.

The Buick arrives, and Purdy starts back toward the Embassy with a final wave. Scowling, Horman walks over to Beth.

HORMAN

What's the matter with you? Why
did you act so rude in there?

BETH

(snorts)

Jesus Christ...

HORMAN

Do you have to swear all the time?

He places his neatly-ironed shirts carefully in a drawer.

BETH

(sullenly)

I'm sorry. I really don't mean to
offend you...

HORMAN
 Okay -- Why aren't you cooperating
 with them?

BETH
 (flatly)
 Because, Ed, I'm sick and tired of
 being fucked over by these people.

The Driver opens the door and Beth gets in. Horman
 stands there, while her line sinks in.

DRIVER
 (to Horman)
 The hotel?

HORMAN
 What? Ah, yes... thanks...

He climbs into the car.

43 EXT. A SEASIDE RESORT - LATE AFTERNOON

43

A wide promenade overlooks the sea. Charlie tasters
 precariously along the narrow top of a seawall. Terry's
 voice calls:

TERRY (O.S.)
 Hold it right there, Mister.

Charlie freezes on one foot. A POLAROID SHUTTER CLICKS,
 capturing the picture Beth found earlier in her des-
 troyed house. Then Charlie takes one step, loses his
 balance, and tumbles off the seawall out of sight.

The CAMERA RUSHES FORWARD, leans over the wall, and
 there's Charlie, contorted grotesquely in a sandbank
 five feet below, grinning mischievously and pointing
 a finger at us.

CHARLIE
 Gotcha!

TERRY
 (laughs)
 You numbskull!

He pops up, grabbing a rock from the sand, and goes
 into a convoluted, slightly comical baseball pitcher's
 windup, then wings the stone toward the sea. Next, he
 vaults the wall, brushing sand from his jeans. And
 checks his watch.

CHARLIE

Hey, we better split. The last bus
is at six. Race you downtown!

They take off. Charlie has a weird way of running, all
flopping arms and legs -- but he can motor.

44 EXT. BUS STATION - DUSK

44

Terry and Charlie stand outside a cement block building
under a peeling "BUS" sign. A MAN behind a windowed
counter shakes his head. Charlie groans.

CHARLIE

Good news, everybody!

TERRY

What's wrong?

CHARLIE

The truckers are on strike, and
they block the roads.

TERRY

Great! How do we get back?

CHARLIE

We don't...
(to Man, in Spanish)
When does the train leave?

MAN

Manana. A las diez.

CHARLIE

(to Terry)
With luck, a train might leave
tomorrow at ten.

TERRY

And in the meantime?

He digs into a pocket, counting his money carefully.

CHARLIE

(a la Slim Pickens)
Ah reckon we better find ah hotel,
Annie.

Terry slips her arm mock-coquettishly through his, and
rolls ecstatic eyes to heaven:

TERRY

Oh my gosh. An illicit night in a
romantic port.

He kicks up one foot behind and across himself, whacking her butt. And they head off into the lovely dusk.

45 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

45

Charlie sleeps on one bed, Terry on the other. All is still -- then we hear a SOUND from outside, a low dull "WHUMP-WHUMP" that BUILDS AND BUILDS until it RATTLES THE GLASS of their terrace door.

Charlie awakens abruptly. Terry rolls over, and they question each other. Charlie jumps up, opens the terrace door. The SOUND CRASHES into the room.

Three military helicopters hover close by, machine gunners crouched in the doors. Charlie steps outside, buffeted by the rotor wash, and looks down over the railing. Army vehicles clog the boulevard that parallels the seawall. TANKS RUMBLE BY. Wrapped in a sheet, Terry starts out, but...

... Charlie pushes her back inside, then reenters himself, struggling to close the door, then faces her, wide-eyed:

CHARLIE

Holy shit!...

HORMAN'S VOICE

That was the morning the coup started?

TERRY'S VOICE

You better believe it.

46 EXT. A DINING TERRACE - SUNSET

46

Horman, Terry, and Beth carry over after-dinner coffee. A formal string quartet performs Mozart on a small b.g. bandstand. The soft ambiance is occasionally punctured by SOUNDS OF DISTANT GUNFIRE.

TERRY

The 24-hour curfew had shut everything down. The phones were out, and Charlie freaked because he couldn't reach Beth.

HORMAN

So you stayed on at the hotel?

BETH

And that's when you met Creter?

TERRY

No. Him we met the next morning.

47 EXT. VINA HOTEL PORCH - MORNING

47

Seated at a table littered with the remains of a sumptuous breakfast, are a middle-aged slightly overweight MAN and a dumpy, red-haired WOMAN. A newspaper lies beside the man's place. Charlie approaches their table.

CHARLIE

(Spanish)

May I borrow that paper if you're through?

The Man looks up and laughs.

MAN

You'd do better to ask in English.

CHARLIE

(pleased)

Hey, you're American!

MAN

That's right.

CHARLIE

Tourist?

MAN

Not exactly.

CHARLIE

What are you doing down here?

MAN

I'm with the Navy. We came down to do a job and it's done.

Charlie beckons Terry. The Man offers his hand to Charlie.

MAN

John Crater.

CHARLIE

Charlie Horman... and this is my friend, Terry Simon.

Crater enjoins them to sit down.

CHARLIE

Where are you from?

CRETER
My home base is Panama.

CHARLIE
You said you're in the Navy?

CRETER
Retired. I'm just on special assignment.

CHARLIE
What's it like in Panama?

CRETER
Very nice.
(winks)
Good place to keep an eye on Latin America.

The redhead catches Creter's eye -- she nods toward the hotel. He swivels and sees a tall man in a U.S. Army Colonel's uniform. Creter waves.

CRETER
That's my man from Milgroup.

CHARLIE
What's Milgroup?

CRETER
The U.S. Military Group. Their Naval headquarters are here.

Creter passes Charlie the newspaper. He gets up.

CRETER
Enjoy the paper... though I'm afraid there's not much news in it.

They join the Colonel, and disappear.

TERRY'S VOICE
I remember Charlie said... 'That's incredible -- I can't believe he said all that to us!'

48 EXT. ROOF TERRACE (CARRERA HOTEL)

48

TERRY
That's when he decided to start taking notes.

HORMAN
About what?

BETH

Didn't you hear what she just said?
All those American officers in
Vina were obviously involved in
the coup.

HORMAN

Do you really think so, Terry?

BETH

Wait a minute. Why won't you
believe me when I say something?

HORMAN

(very quickly)

Because you're Charlie's wife and
that colors your perceptions.

BETH

Well, you're his damn father, and
that seems to twist all your
perceptions, too!

TERRY

Wait a minute, whoa, you guys!

BETH

Well dammit, Ed, you just don't
give Charlie or me enough credit
for intelligent, caring sensibilities!

Head bowed, rubbing his eyes, Horman says nothing.
They're all pooped, nobody wants to argue. Eventually,
then, Ed gets them back on the track.

HORMAN

How did you finally get back:

TERRY

Ray Davis drove us.

BETH

(to Terry)

Oh, by the way, guess who's having
dinner with Admiral Huidobro tonight?

TERRY

And you mean he didn't invite us?
How devastating.

BETH

Do you believe that guy?

TERRY

I'll bet he asked for the list again.

BETH

My gosh -- You must be clairvoyant!

Horman studies the two women.

HORMAN

How do you know Davis so well?

Beth hesitates. No doubt he'll interpret what's coming incorrectly. So Terry begins.

TERRY

We contacted him when Charlie first disappeared.

BETH

He said Huidobro was coming to dinner at his house and it might be good if we came, too... so we could talk to him.

TERRY

Naturally, we went. But the Admiral never showed up.

BETH

It grew late, and Mr. Honorable himself, with our welfare uppermost in his Boy Scout brain, suggested we stay the night, because of the curfew. That made sense, so we did. Then...

49 Her dialogue is drowned by a military helicopter THUNDERING IN over the roof terrace. The chopper's searchlight blasts the scene with a blinding glow as it banks sharply to hover above a neighboring building. The door gunner trips his guns and a HAIL OF TRACERS rains onto the roof of that building. 49

Kate Reese who's seated at a nearby table with two other journalists. At the GUNFIRE, her companions rush to the railing. But Kate stays put, eyes fixed on Horman.

50 INT. A BATHROOM - NIGHT

50

Beth luxuriates gratefully in a marble tub, eyes shut, trying to relax. At a CLICK, she looks up -- the bathroom door opens.

A trifle drunk, but still cool, Davis is there, wearing a white shirt and dark slacks, a drink in hand. His smile is "friendly."

DAVIS
Got everything you need?

BETH
Yes. What do you want?

Davis sips his drink, still smiling.

BETH
Hey, look... I appreciate everything
you've done for us, but I didn't
sign up for this trip. Please.

He waggles his head pleasantly.

BETH
Okay, Ray. Do me a huge, and get
the fuck out, okay?

Reflectively, he peers at her in a paternal, quasi-
altruistic, and at the same time lecherous manner.

DAVIS
You know, if I was you, Beth, I'd
quit living in the past. It's time
to start thinking about the future...

And, turning heel, he saunters away.

51 INT. A HALLWAY - NIGHT

51

Wrapped in a too-big bathrobe and carrying her street
clothes, Beth hurries up to a locked door. She knocks.

DAVIS' VOICE
You've got to learn to stay ahead
of the power curve, girl.

Beth spins around. He's five yards away in a high-
backed chair, lit up by a well-oiled grin.

DAVIS
Know what I mean... jellybean?

Beth raps on the door, harder.

TERRY'S VOICE
Beat it, Ray! Leave me alone!

BETH
It's me, Beth.

None too steady, Davis unfolds upright, and starts
toward her.

DAVIS

It's an old aircraft carrier term. If a pilot comes in ahead of the power curve -- and something goes wrong -- he can pull up and out.

He's a few feet away, now.

DAVIS

But if he falls behind the power curve, and something happens -- 'Adios, pal.'

A LOCK TUMBLES, the door opens. Terry steps back as Beth collapses into the room. Door slams behind her. The LOCK CLICKS SHUT.

DAVIS

You got to learn to stay ahead of the power curve, lady...

52 INT. BETH AND TERRY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

52

CLOSEUP on Horman, eyes disturbed, jaw set.

BETH'S VOICE

... and when we got up next morning he was gone.

Terry's on the edge of a bed. Joyce stands at a dresser. The Polaroid snapshot of Charlie in Vina is wedged into a corner of the dresser mirror. They are dressed as before, on the roof.

HORMAN

(to Terry)

... What time is your plane?

TERRY

Nine o'clock.

HORMAN

Would you take back a letter for Elizabeth?

TERRY

Sure.

HORMAN

Then I'll see you both in the morning.

At the door, however, he turns to Beth.

HORMAN

Why did you take a bath in his house?

He starts off down the hallway toward the elevators. She's astonished, can't move for a beat.

BETH

Ed, I took a bath, I didn't ball him.

Then she runs after him.

53 EXT./INT. ELEVATOR UNIT

53

Horman punches the elevator button. It's right there.

He steps in, she is right behind, the doors close.

He pushes the lobby button.

HORMAN

(staring icily at flashing floor numbers)

Beth, I realize you're under tremendous strain...

BETH

Well, so are you, dammit! But that's no reason for us to hate each other.

HORMAN

Can't you lower your voice, please?

Beth is so furious she could hit him. Instead, she gulps air, and tries a different tack.

BETH

You want to know why I took a bath in his house? Okay, I'll tell you. Huidobro never showed, right? So I had to sit there and politely gobble down turkey, a salad, fresh vegetables, Beaujolais wine, and a creme custard with caramel syrup for dessert... in a country where you have to stand in line for hours to buy a loaf of bread! And that made me so tense I couldn't see straight.

BETH .

So as soon as I had the chance I
drew myself a hot bath, in hopes
that the soak would quiet my nerves.
I locked the door too, in case such
details matter to you, but apparently
he had a stinking pass key!

Elevator stops, the doors open. Horman marches out and
begins to stride across the lobby.

BETH

Where are you going?

HORMAN

(without turning)

Out for a walk.

BETH

They'll kill you because of the
curfew.

He stops, and turns. He is struggling to get something
off his mind. Finally, he manages to speak.

HORMAN

Did she and Charles have an affair?

Beth decides to play it differently. A sarcastic smile
masks her rage.

BETH

Yes they did. Terry told me just
this morning that she's pregnant
with Charlie's child.

HORMAN

You don't need to be snotty.

BETH

Well what kind of a stupid question
was that?

54 EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

54

Our CAMERA IS POSITIONED on the opposite side of the
street from the Horman house. The WIDE ANGLE FRAMES
the house. OVER the SCENE, a WOMAN SPEAKS, low, muffled,
in Spanish. Beth interprets.

BETH (V.O.)

It was late afternoon when they
brought him out. Four soldiers
and an officer were with him and
two other soldiers carried boxes
of things.

HOLD THE FRAME. Then: SOUNDS BLEED IN: shouts, commands, boots shuffling, weapons clanking. An IMAGE SUPERIMPOSES OVER the SCENE: four soldiers and an officer lead a young man through the garden toward the street. Young man's head is slumped, making recognition difficult. Two soldiers in the lead carry books and papers.

BETH (V.O.)
Habian otros soldados?

WOMAN (V.O.)
Si. Estuvieron muchos esperando
carca de un camion militar.

BETH (V.O.)
There were many other soldiers
waiting at an Army truck.

We see them now, milling around the parked truck. A MAN'S VOICE interrupts, objecting.

MAN (V.O.)
Que dicas, Mujer? Yo vei solamente
muy pocos soldaos, y el carro fue
privado.

WORMAN (V.O.)
What did he say?

BETH (V.O.)
He claims there weren't many
soldiers. And it was a civilian
truck.

The SCENE ALTERS: Now only two soldiers stand by a battered Ford panel truck. Back to us, the Young Man is shoved into the rear of the truck by one (not four) soldiers. The Woman protests:

WOMAN (V.O.)
No, estuvieron muchos soldados,
y el camion fue del ejercito.

BETH
She says, 'No, there were many
soldiers, and it was definitely
an army truck.'

The SCENE SHIFTS BACK as before. The squad piles in after the Young Man and the truck takes off. Now the SCENE APPEARS as it was when first viewed.

55 NEIGHBORS HOUSE - DAY

55

Horman stares PAST CAMERA at the house. A tiny gnarled old woman in a nearby wheelchair argues Rashomon-like in Spanish with a thin, pale man. Beth kneels next to the woman. Horman walks over.

HORMAN

She's sure it was Charles?

BETH

Seguro que el muchacho fue mi marido?

The woman hesitates, then nods.

BETH

(to Horman)

Pretty sure.

HORMAN

With witnesses like this, no wonder nobody can find him.

He heads across the street toward the house. Beth pats the old woman's hand in gratitude. The woman holds on, squeezing Beth's hand sympathetically.

56 INT. HORMAN HOUSE - DAY

56

Still a mess. The door opens, and Horman appears, in silhouette. He is joined by Beth.

HORMAN

Lord... is this the way you found it?

BETH

(jokingly)

No. It was a real shambles.

No reaction as he launches a brief inspection. He circles an overturned couch to reach the bedroom. Kicks pillow feathers from his shoes in the dingy bathroom with its rusting shower walls and peeled plaster. His nose wrinkled in distaste, he returns to the living room area.

HORMAN

You were living like this?

She nods.

HORMAN

God!... Why?

BETH

Charlie wanted to live like the people here.

HORMAN

I guess it's easy to be poor when you've got a round trip ticket in your pocket.

Learning to recognize the trap, Beth doesn't blow up.

BETH

Let me explain something, Ed. We don't look at it as 'playing poor.' We look at it as trying to be a part of the community. The people feel we care about them because we live, and work, and play at their level. It's a way of giving respect ... and of earning it.

While speaking, Beth moves around in the rubble, plucking at papers, scanning them briefly, letting them fall.

BETH

Maybe it sounds weird to you, but this is one of the happiest homes I ever had. Charlie, too. We really had our acts together.

Stooping, she discovers a book: St. Exupery's THE LITTLE PRINCE.

BETH

When we first got married, Charlie would read a chapter of this book to me every night.

HORMAN

What is it?

Holding it up so he can read the title, she quotes her husband's inscription inside:

She looks up, compelled to explain.

BETH

In the book, the Prince comes across a wild fox in the desert. And little by little, by being very gentle and thoughtful, he tames the fox. So the fox tells him a secret.

She reflects for a moment.

BETH

Charlie's real good at taming people.

She has been leafing through the book. Now she reads:

BETH

'It is only with the heart that we can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye.'

HORMAN

What's that?

BETH

The fox's secret.

She hands him the book, then meanders a few more steps, and locates a handful of kids' bright, innocent crayon drawings. She rifles through them.

BETH

Neighborhood kids drew these. When we first arrived, Charlie would invite them to visit us. They were too poor to buy crayons and paper. At first, their drawings were very small. Before long, they wanted larger and larger sheets of paper. They had come to realize art was something they could be delighted with and very proud of...

She faces Horman straight on.

BETH

That's a gift Charlie gave to the kids of this neighborhood.

Horman's eye is caught by an ink drawing tacked to the wall. The sketch is of a fey fantasy animal, half-duck, half-rabbit, with big, limpid eyes. Under it is written: "The Sunshine Grabber."

HORMAN

Charles drew this?

Beth nods.

HORMAN

What does it mean, 'The Sunshine Grabber?'

BETH

It's a poem and the name of an animation film he's been working on. That's one of the characters.

Ed folds the drawing and places it in his pocket.

HORMAN

He seems very innocent, almost deliberately naive.

BETH

Is that so bad?

HORMAN

Is this so good?

Hold it. Then a KNOCK on the half-open door breaks the confrontation.

BETH

Who is it?

WOMAN

Hello.

BETH

Hello.

(to Horman)

Mrs. Duran, the lady I told you about. Her mother lives across the street.

57 EXT. AN AVENUE - DAY

57

CAMERA is in the back seat of a cruising taxi. Traffic is light. Approaching an intersection, he slows, turning left, and swings onto an avenue.

A large, ominous structure looms to our right. Mrs. Duran speaks OVER the SCENE.

MRS. DURAN (V.O.)

The truck turned into the driveway of the stadium.

The taxi eases to a stop in the driveway.

MRS. DURAN

They waited a moment for the gate to open, then drove inside.

58 EXT. THE STADIUM - DAY

58

Soldiers and armored vehicles guard the entrance. Many women keep an anxious vigil near the main gate. Some have photos of missing loved ones hung around their necks. Whenever a soldier or vehicle approaches, they hold up the photos, desperately pleading for information.

HORMAN (V.O.)
How come you followed it?

BETH (V.O.)
She didn't. She --

Horman sits next to Beth. Mrs. Duran is at her right.

HORMAN
Let her tell it, please. Why did your taxi take the same route as the truck?

MRS. DURAN
(points)
I live just beyond the stadium -- on Avenue Alvarez. I have to go past here when I come from the house of my mother.

Horman decides to open his door and get out. But a black sedan swerves beside the cab, just inches from the half-opened door, and Horman pulls shut the door, startled.

Three lethal-looking men and a woman are inside. One gestures for the taxi to move on.

Horman would object, but Beth grabs his arm.

BETH
Don't...

When he looks at her, he sees Mrs. Duran is scrunched down, trying to be invisible.

BETH
She could be arrested just for talking to us.

Horman faces the Sedan again. The man gestures: not a suggestion, this time, but a command. The cabbie shifts into gear and pulls away.

The sedan pulls out behind it.

59 INT. HOTEL CARRERA - END OF THE DAY

59

Horman and Beth emerge from an elevator, aimed toward a small salon off the lobby. Kate Reese sees them, and moves into their path. She smiles familiarly at Beth, then addresses Horman:

REESE

My name is Kate Reese, Mr. Horman.
I'm a reporter.

Though Horman is more interested in the salon, where Purdy, Davis, and Hon are waiting, he nevertheless attends her question.

REESE

Is it true you're fed up with the Embassy's handling of things? Are you planning your own investigation?

HORMAN

I'm not interested in challenging what they've done, Miss Reese. My only concern is getting back my son.

And he heads anxiously toward the salon.

REESE

Try and get him to talk with me, Beth.

Beth goes to the salon. Reese continues to look at them -- her smile is gone.

60

INT. SALON

60

SCENE begins in a room empty but for our players. As it progresses, other guests arrive, forcing the principals to shift around, seeking privacy.

Horman arrives at the officials.

HORMAN

What's up? Any news?

PURDY

Shall we sit down?

Horman shakes his head, eager to proceed.

DAVIS

Well, we backtracked over our leads with the military... but they still deny any knowledge of his arrest.

HON

We also ran a fingerprint check at the morgues. They came up negative.

HORMAN

You trust your sources, Colonel?

HON
 Captain Davis checked them himself.

BETH
 Well, then, I'm sure they're
 impeccable.

PURDY
 What we now need is more information...
 mostly from you, Beth. For instance,
 why were you here?

BETH
 We were tired of seeing the world
 through the New York Times. We
 wanted to... to travel.

PURDY
 Why this country specifically?

BETH
 We'd been all over Latin America
 and we decided this was the best
 of it.

HON
 You mean politically?

BETH
 I mean every way -- until your generals
 took over.

DAVIS
 (smiles)
 They're not our generals, Beth.

She doesn't respond to that -- but Horman does, leveling
 another critical eye on Davis.

PURDY
 What kind of work was Charlie
 involved in?

BETH
 What do you mean, 'was?'

PURDY
 What kind of work is he involved in?

BETH
 He's making an animated Children's
 film. And researching a screenplay.
 He also writes articles --

PURDY
You mean for FIN.

HORMAN
What's that?

DAVIS
A left-wing newspaper.

BETH
FIN is about as 'left-wing' as Colonel Sanders. And Charlie doesn't write for it, he translates news and feature stories from such bastions of American communism as the New York Post and The Wall Street Journal.

Her antagonism suggests they try a different tack.

HON
Mr. Horman, there's another theory kicking around.

HORMAN
Yes?

HON
He could have been picked up by leftists posing as soldiers.

DAVIS
In fact, some people think it may even have been his idea.

BETH
Which people? Are you kidding?

DAVIS
(to Horman)
He might have done it to embarrass the government. Make it look like they're arresting Americans.

BETH
They are arresting Americans. Or don't Frank Teruggi and David Holloway count?

HORMAN
I heard about them in Washington. They were released, right?

Nobody really wants to field that question.

HORMAN
We should talk to them.

BETH
We're seeing David tomorrow.

HORMAN
(surprised)
We are?

BETH
If they don't get to him first.

Horman takes a typewritten page from his pocket, and passes it to Purdy.

DAVIS
Is that my list?

HORMAN
No.
(to Purdy)
It's just some things I'd like you to check out.

Purdy scans the page, then shoves it into his jacket.

PURDY
I'll do my best.
(a beat)
Well, if that's all, I guess...

HORMAN
Just a second, Gentlemen.

His face becomes tougher, more authoritative.

HORMAN
I'm going to be perfectly frank with you. I know that every American Embassy down here has agents involved with local police and military training programs...

Davis and Hon regard him with stone-faces. Purdy is not quite as cool.

PURDY
Mr. Horman...

HORMAN
I assume that such an operation exists here. I don't want to know what it is, and I don't care who runs it. All I'm asking is that you use it to help find my son.

Davis opens his mouth, but Horman cuts him off.

HORMAN

That's all I have to say right now. Thank you... goodnight.

He takes Beth by the elbow and ushers her out.

61 INT. LOBBY AND ELEVATOR

61

BETH

(rather awed)

I don't believe you said that, about the police training programs.

HORMAN

Why?

BETH

You can get into big trouble with loaded requests like that.

They halt. He punches an elevator button.

HORMAN

I've always believed that if you call a spade a spade, people will respond favorably.

The doors open.

BETH

You could get dead with that kind of 'favorable response.'

They enter. The doors close.

HORMAN

That's your paranoia. And of course Charlie's.

BETH

... Ed, he is not a failure.

HORMAN

I didn't say he was.

BETH

But every time you open your mouth, you imply it.

HORMAN

Well, if you and he had just paid a little more attention to the basics, this never would have happened.

JOYCE

Oh, and what are the basics: God,
Country, Wall Street.

HORMAN

There's nothing wrong with God or
your country, young lady!

BETH

I know, I know. God bless our
way of life!

HORMAN

It's a damn good way of life, too,
no matter how much people like you
and Charles may try to tear it down
with your sloppy idealism!

BETH

My idealism happens to be based
on facts in the real world, not
on some kind of... of Super Bowl,
Pizzified, Tricky Dicky power
trip!

62 INT. HALLWAY AND HORMAN'S ROOM

62

The elevator doors open, discharging Beth and Horman.

HORMAN

I can't stand people who live off
the fat of their country, and
their parents, and then whine and
fuss and complain...

BETH

Is that your image of Charlie
and me? How could that be!

He opens the door, enters his room, and turns to face
the rest of Beth's wrath.

BETH

Ed, we're not some kind of freaked-
out, acid-tripping Charley Mansonitas!
We're just two normal, slightly
confused, idealistic American people
trying to be connected positively to
the whole damn rotten enchilada!

Bang! He shuts the door in her face.

Beth steps forward and slams the heel of her fist once, hard, against the door.

His back is against the door: he is pale and trembling and in shock from such a bitter explosion. Ed is not a man who likes, or is used to, raising his voice, losing control, or dumping soiled linen so crudely upon the table.

BETH'S VOICE

(low)

Screw you, then, Mr. Horman!

Beth strides angrily down to her room, unlocks the door, and slams it behind her.

HOLD on the empty hallway for a moment.

Beth's door opens, she storms out, canters purposefully up the hallway to Horman's door, composes herself with two deep breaths -- and knocks.

No answer.

BETH

Ed... I'm sorry.

No response.

BETH

Can you hear me? Are you all right?
I said I'm sorry...

Nothing.

BETH

Oh, shit. I blew it. Me and my
big mouth.

She shakes her fist in almost comical anguish at the door, then backs away down the hallway, making all sorts of half-amused, half-tragic gestures of frustration at Horman's door.

- 63 INT. BETH'S HOTEL ROOM 63
- She enters, goes directly to the phone, and dials Horman's room number.
- 64 INT. ED HORMAN'S ROOM 64
- Seated on the edge of his bed, Ed looks rotten. When the PHONE RINGS, he waits to answer until the THIRD JANGLE.
- 65 INT. BETH'S HOTEL ROOM 65

HORMAN

Hello?

BETH

It's me. Look, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to blow up and say those things. I should be tarred and feathered for being such an idiot...

- 66 INT. HOLLOWAY/TERUGGI APARTMENT - NIGHT 66

David is typing at a littered desk, surrounded by bookshelves, and scattered papers. The room is large, eclectically furnished, like that of a well-heeled grad student. Posters and prints decorate the walls. Skis adorn a corner.

Opposite the couch, a high French door leads to the terrace where David and Frank said goodbye to Beth earlier. Suddenly we hear NOISES outside: BOOTS CLOMPING UP STAIRS, ROUGH VOICES, SHARP SOUNDS. Then a rifle butt SMASHES glass, the door flies open, and soldiers burst into the room.

David jumps up, crying "Hey, Frank!" But he is immediately pinned against the bookcase by a rifle jammed in his belly. His reaction, from hundreds of childhood westerns, is to fling up his hands, exclaiming "Don't shoot!"

An OFFICER checks a list of names.

OFFICER

David Ol-avai?

DAVID

Holloway.

OFFICER

Frank... Teruggi?

David points to a door. Several soldiers spring over, flanking it with ostentatious skill. The door opens and Frank appears, a copy of MAD magazine in hand. Two soldiers grab at him, but Teruggi shakes them off.

FRANK

Get away from me, you assholes.
What do you think you're --

Furiously -- and stupidly -- he goes ape, swinging his arms, butting with his shoulders.

DAVID

Stop it, they'll kill you!

A soldier swings his rifle butt, knocking Frank onto the couch. Another goon lands on his belly, jamming a .45 into his neck.

FRANK

Okay. You win. I give up.

Meanwhile, other soldiers search the room, dumping books, tearing off posters, confiscating reams of typescript.

67 INT. POLICE VAN AND STREETS - NIGHT

67

The van speeds down an avenue deserted except for other military vehicles. Occasional soldiers warm themselves at bonfires.

Hands bound behind them, David and Frank are next to the driver, faces pressed up against the windshield. The Officer and several soldiers crouch in the rear, where hay bales protect against sniper fire.

68 EXT. THE AVENUE - NIGHT

68

The van swings into the National Stadium driveway. Many other vehicles -- both army and civilian -- await clearance to enter.

69 EXT. NATIONAL STADIUM - NIGHT

69

The scene is electric with tension. Harsh spotlight beams roam the bleachers, reflecting off prisoners -- standing, seated, supine -- each one alone.

Other groups huddle together for protection. Strangely, most appear to be spectators waiting for the show to begin.

The playing field is dark, silent. Soldiers lean against vans and armored cars, weapons aimed up toward the bleachers.

It seems each side is waiting for the other to begin some kind of stylized, tragic set-piece.

70 ANGLE - INSIDE THE MAIN GATE

70

Guards yank Frank and David from the van and prod them forward. At the same time, almost a dozen prisoners are shoved out of a nearby truck and muscled brutally onto the same ramp toward which Frank and David are headed. Again, Teruggi reacts to the abuse. He slaps away rifle barrels, knocks off rude hands. They jostle among the other prisoners. Frank is almost felled as David hollers:

DAVID

We have a right to call the
American Embassy!

Of a sudden, a skinny, handsome Latin student type prisoner explodes at the abuse. He swings back at a soldier, and another soldier clobbers him behind the head. He drops, poleaxed, and is immediately booted over sideways. Both blows are astonishingly brutal.

Six soldiers jump among the prisoners.

OFFICER

Beat them! Kill anybody who
resists!

It begins. Each soldier kicks the nearest prisoner in the stomach two, three times. The entire body jumps with each kick. Men cry out. Soldiers rap heads with their machine guns, and stomp on ankles while the men groan. One soldier steps between the student's legs, hauls him back, and boots him in the crotch.

The student flops forward, shrieking, and turns, insanely lunging at his tormentor, who knocks him silly with a rifle blow.

David and Frank are paralyzed at the swift brutality of this scene.

71 INT. STADIUM CORRIDOR - OFFICE - NIGHT

71

The corridor is an office. Desks line one wall, an officer behind each one. Frank and David are waiting to be registered and questioned. Soldiers everywhere are herding prisoners, or congregating around "braseros" keeping warm, drinking soup.

The most fear we have yet seen permeates this place -- palpable, gritty, sickening. CRIES and SCREAMS spatter up from the basement beneath the stadium, often followed by GUNFIRE. The sounds are bizarre: the absence of any human reaction in the guards heightens the unreality. David's eyes dart about, his face terrified. Despite his hurt, Frank is more watchful, calculating.

72 INT. CELL IN THE BASEMENT OF STADIUM - NIGHT

72

A locker room has been converted into a detention area. Prisoners lie around on the benches. Most have been beaten. There's little conversation -- and that is mostly in whispers.

Frank and David sit on the floor, backs to a wall. Near panic, David studies the trapped men around them. He shivers whenever MUFFLED GUNFIRE carries through the corridors to their holding area.

DAVID

They're going to kill us, aren't they?

FRANK

I don't think so. They're just trying to scare us.

DAVID

Well they sure as hell succeeded.

FRANK

Hey, man, we're Americans. If they kill us, our Embassy will go bananas.

DAVID

You're full of shit, Frank.

David's laughter triggers tears instead. Teruggi puts an arm around his shoulder, like a big brother.

FRANK

Hey, I'm telling you, we're going to be all right.

DAVID

I can't help it. They're gonna
kill that guy, aren't they?

Frank figures his job is to hold David together. He
smiles gruffly.

FRANK

Listen. I'll bet you a dinner
at Arturo's that we'll be out of
here by morning.

David is willing to grasp at that straw, and be a
little soothed.

DAVID

Okay. You got a bet.

They shake hands just as a door opens. An OFFICER
sticks in his head, checking a clipboard list.

OFFICER

Tear...O...Gee?

FRANK

(chilled, but
doesn't let on)

Hah! Looks like you lose, turkey.

Rising, he squeezes David's shoulder with affectionate
concern.

FRANK

Be strong. Soon as I get out
I'll head straight for the Embassy.

David nods with a glimmer of hope.

OFFICER

Tear-O-Gee!

Then he straightens, and limps toward the Officer,
snarling under his breath:

FRANK

Hold your water, Mickey Mouse.

The last glimpse David has is Frank's shoulder.

Then David is alone, glancing timorously around at
other prisoners as we hear the incongruous "WHOP" of
a tennis ball being struck... followed by a "BRAVO!"
and a smattering of LIGHT APPLAUSE.

73 EXT. A FORMAL GARDEN - DAY

73

David Holloway is perched on the edge of a chaise across from Horman and Beth. His left hand is bandaged, he looks gaunt. Pia sits with him, hand resting lightly on his thigh.

On a b.g. private tennis court a mixed-doubles game is in progress. A small gallery of spectators launches discreet applause. Beyond the court, a smooth green lawn rises toward a sprawling white stucco villa.

DAVID

That's the last time I saw Frank.
They released me next day.

Horman leans forward in his chair.

HORMAN

The State Department told me Frank left Chile right after he was released.

DAVID

I spoke with his dad in Chicago.
Frank hasn't called him, or anyone else we know.

HORMAN

Maybe he's in hiding, too.

DAVID

(to Beth)

Is that where you think Charlie is, in hiding?

BETH

Don't look at me.

HORMAN

(to Beth)

Why do you insist on rejecting that hope?

BETH

Because it just isn't true.

Instead of fighting her, Ed tries to digest that. After a brief pause, he asks David:

HORMAN

This newspaper you all worked on -- could that be why you were arrested?

DAVID

They never even interrogated me about it.

HORMAN

Was Charlie very active in it?

DAVID

Just like the rest of us... We sometimes worked eighteen hours a day until we got it out.

HORMAN

(really surprised)

Charlie worked eighteen hours a day?

DAVID

Sometimes -- sure!

HORMAN

What did you get paid for those eighteen hours?

BETH

They earned a little gratitude, some respect.

HORMAN

But you can't buy very many hot dogs with a 'little gratitude,' can you?

BETH

(wearily)

Hey. Let's not start again...

Applause signals another skilled volley.

74 INT. HORMAN'S HOTEL ROOM

74

Dressed in a robe, Horman is shaving in the bathroom. There's a KNOCK at the hall door.

HORMAN

It's open.

A MAN in a dark business suit is holding the telephone receiver in his hand. His eyes flick from the half-open bathroom door to the hall door, which opens, revealing Beth, dressed for dinner.

Horman appears, sees the Man. Puzzled, he glances at Beth, then back to the Man.

HORMAN
What are you doing?

MAN
(sheepishly)
I fix the telephone.

Replacing the receiver, he latches onto a small black case. And starts out, brushing past Beth.

HORMAN
It works fine.

MAN
Now it works better.

Horman hurries to the hall door as the Man disappears around a corner. When he returns, Beth grimaces.

BETH
They 'fixed' mine yesterday.

HORMAN
(awed)
How can they do it so brazenly?

Beth walks over near the phone, tilts her head, cups her mouth, and addresses the phone:

BETH
Hallo, Ray. How's every little thing over there in your electronic game room?

As if on cue, the PHONE RINGS. Beth jumps, thoroughly startled.

Horman answers.

HORMAN
Yes...?
(a pause; his face falls)
Thank you.

He hangs up.

HORMAN
(frowning)
The Ambassador wants to see me in the morning.

BETH
(sobered)
Why?

HORMAN
(disturbed)
I don't know...

75 INT. AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE SUITE - DAY

75

Ill at ease, Horman paces in a reception area, while a SECRETARY types away. PHONE RINGS, the Secretary answers:

SECRETARY
You can go in, sir.

Beth follows Horman to a door -- which opens -- revealing a troubled Purdy.

PURDY
(very somber)
Good morning...

Then he sees Beth.

PURDY
Sorry, Beth. You can't... this appointment is only for...

HORMAN
Fred, anything I'm about to hear is for her also.

AMBASSADOR
It's all right. Let them both in.

Purdy steps aside, ushering Horman and Beth into the office, where they fully expect to hear bad news about Charlie.

76 INT. AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE - DAY

76

A large picture window in the bright, high-ceilinged parlor overlooks the Embassy's vast, well-tended gardens. The Ambassador rises as he and Ed perform the amenities. Beth hangs back, avoiding the ritual.

AMBASSADOR
Sit down, please.

Horman settles on the edge of a leather club chair. Beth remains standing.

HORMAN
What's wrong?

BETH

Did you find him?

The Ambassador is puzzled. Silently, he queries Purdy ... then abruptly understands.

AMBASSADOR

Oh, no... not that at all. I'm sorry.

HORMAN

What is it, then?

AMBASSADOR

I hear you'd like to discuss some political questions.

Now Horman is confused. Until the Ambassador clarifies:

AMBASSADOR

You suggested that there might be some kind of American police assistance program down here.

Oh. Horman nods, back on the track. And relieved.

AMBASSADOR

I'd like you to know that nothing of that sort exists in this country.

A pause. Horman doesn't buy it.

HORMAN

I'm not interested in the politics of it, sir. I only brought it up because I want you to use every resource at your disposal.

AMBASSADOR

I repeat, Mr. Horman -- no such operation exists.

Horman looks stung, then he leans back, and decides he had better drop it. Purdy changes the subject.

PURDY

I cleared the hospitals you want to visit.

HORMAN

... What about the National Stadium?

PURDY

I'm trying. But that's kind of
touchy.

AMBASSADOR

Handle it!

Another awkward pause. Horman glances around the room uncomfortably, then decides to forge ahead anyway. He speaks slowly, deliberately, extra careful to make sure his tone accuses nobody. He is afraid of losing these people as allies... and regrets perhaps, that he ever brought up the police assistance program.

HORMAN

Look. I know these are bad times. This is no fun for you people... and it certainly isn't any fun for Beth or me... or for Charles, wherever he may be. I know you're doing your best. I have to believe that, it's our only real hope. You have all the machinery, and all the connections on your side. I'm just a middle-age businessman from New York. I can't even speak a word of Spanish.

He halts. He is a little disconcerted by the faces of his listeners. The Ambassador is completely neutral. Purdy is anxious, his mind also on something else. But Beth is rapt, and deeply moved by Ed's plea.

HORMAN

Maybe my son has been shot... or tortured. Maybe they beat him up so badly that now they're hanging onto him until he heals enough to be released. I don't care. What's done is done. You have to reach them and tell them I'll accept him in any condition. I won't raise a stink. I won't even go to the newspapers. You draw up any releases you want, I'll sign them. I'll absolve anybody and everybody of all blame if I can just... have ... him... back.

Horman again stops to compose himself.

HORMAN

He's the only child I've got, sir.

Purdy is squirming. But as for the Ambassador? -- not even one eyelash flickers.

Everybody waits... A BIRD SINGS just outside the window. Horman's expression slowly changes from one of anxious anticipation, to one of puzzlement. Then incredulity when he finally realizes: nobody is going to tumble. His plea for compassion and imaginative aid has fallen on deaf ears. He has called a spade a spade ... and they ignore him.

Shakily, he leans toward the Ambassador:

HORMAN

Did you hear what I just said?

AMBASSADOR

Yes I did, Mr. Horman.

So Ed rises and looks over at Purdy, who cannot meet his gaze.

HORMAN

Fred, you know I won't go back to New York without an answer.

Purdy squirm-shrugs... nods. Beth rises and takes her father-in-law's arm.

BETH

Come on, Ed. The meeting's over.

She leads him to the door.

77 INT./EXT. RECEPTION ROOM

77

In a trance, Horman wavers in the middle of the room, his brow deeply knit, eyes confused.

HORMAN

I made a fool out of myself.

BETH

(deeply touched)

It's okay. You tried.

Purdy's a step behind, about to run out of breath.

PURDY

(apologetically)

... You have to appreciate that this isn't the only case we're working on.

HORMAN

It's the only case I'm concerned with.

PURDY

You and a lot of people.

Horman flashes him a look over his shoulder.

PURDY

We've received an extraordinary number of cables from Washington. What kind of 'in' do you have up there, anyway?

HORMAN

(without looking back)

I'm an American citizen.

They reach the bottom of the stairs. Purdy slows.

78

INT. CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING ROOM - DAY

78

Below a wall portrait of Mary Baker Eddy, an elderly woman stands behind a counter crammed with religious literature. Horman is the only person seated at one of the many small desks lining two walls of an adjoining room. He is reading his Bible. The quiet is broken occasionally by the CRACK OF DISTANT THUNDER.

A preppy YOUNG MAN in a rain-spattered chino suit enters. He heads directly toward Horman. He clears his throat.

YOUNG MAN

I'm Dave McNally. From the Consulate.

HORMAN

Be right with you.

McNally cases the joint, glancing at religious paraphernalia crowding the tables. Then Horman stands up.

McNALLY

All set?

HORMAN

No. But let's get it over with.

There's a change in Horman, now. His determination is more apparent, more aggressive, less polite or compromising.

79 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE READING ROOM - DAY

79

In a driving rainstorm, Horman and McNally race to a white Chevrolet, whose doors have been opened by Beth.

Beth is in back, Horman up front. McNally starts the engine.

McNALLY

If you don't mind me asking...
what's Christian Science about?

HORMAN

It's about faith. Having faith.

McNALLY

In what?

HORMAN

In... in everything.

McNally nods as if he understands.

McNALLY

Well, where do we start?

Horman opens his briefcase, fishing out a city map.

HORMAN

I've listed the hospitals in
geographic order. We'll start
with St. Ann's --

McNALLY

It's on Avenue Ruiz.

He pulls away from the curb.

80 EXT. STREET

80

Up the block, the driver of a dark sedan occupied by three men swings out into traffic behind the Chevy. And follows at a discreet distance.

81 INT. SERIES OF HOSPITAL WARDS - DAY

81

Horman, McNally, Beth and a middle-aged WOMAN in a white doctor's jacket. Horman shows the Polaroid picture of Charlie. But it's useless. The photo elicits a single response from everybody: a negative shake of the head.

McNALLY

(to Woman)

Is that it?

WOMAN

Yes, except for Los Perdidos.
The ones with no names.

HORMAN

Where are they?

WOMAN

Below, in the basement.

82 INT. BASEMENT WARD - DAY

82

The "no names" are a frighteningly disoriented group. Some are severely injured, others ambulatory.

McNally and the Woman wait at the door while Horman and Beth enter the ward. Horman holds the photograph absently against his chest, trying to select a patient he might question. Beth floats away from him in a peculiarly indecisive agony. It's as if Charles, his suffering, and her own suffering during this Kafkaesque odyssey after her phantom husband, are cruelly realized in the unremitting anguish of these broken citizens.

Without a word, they return slowly to McNally and the Woman.

83 INT. ANOTHER HOSPITAL - DAY

83

Another negative shake of the head at Charles's photo.
And it's still raining.

84 EXT./INT. A MENTAL HOSPITAL - LATE AFTERNOON

84

The institution is located on the bank of a rain-swollen river.

The interior is dark and grim and very gothic. The rooms are tiny -- virtually without furniture -- and lit by a naked bulb -- casting down a glaring light that accentuates the haunted faces of the inmates.

Horman, Beth and McNally go from room to room, accompanied by a stubby little man.

Men lie about on filthy straw mattresses. Some of them are conscious, some catatonic, but none of them is Charlie.

In one room Horman's eyes are drawn to a bearded YOUNG MAN who appears to be saner. Horman steps over to him. The Young Man pulls back. Horman puts his hand on his shoulder in a gesture of friendship. The Young Man squirms away.

YOUNG MAN
(in whispered Spanish)
Go away... go 'way... no!

Horman leans down close to him.

HORMAN
(low)
What is it, son?

The Young Man's eyes dart around the room, then back to Horman.

YOUNG MAN
Leave me -- go... por favor!

Horman rises. The Young Man cocks his head, gesturing for Horman to move on.

A large dayroom where a dozen or so inmates are roaming around. There's something going on in here --

A gnomish little MAN is standing at the window, looking down on the river. Suddenly his face lights up and he giggles, shouting.

MAN
Un otro! Un otro!

The other patients rush towards him. Horman and Beth look down at the river.

85 EXT. THE RIVER

85

The corpse of a man is floating past in the swift current -- one arm frozen in death above his head. Beth stares at the river. Horman steadies her. The inmates press forward, bubbling with delight.

86 INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WARD - DAY

86

The room stinks with crippled humanity, horrendous cacophony.

Horman and Beth stand at the entrance while McNally queries a nurse at a b.g. desk.

A soldier enters, prodding an injured woman along with his rifle. Passing Beth, the woman trips and collapses. Beth drops instinctively to one knee, and starts to scoop her arms beneath the woman. But the soldier thrusts his gun between them, jamming the sight into Beth's shoulder. Before Beth can react, Horman lunges, grabs the gun barrel, and yanks it away. The soldier jerks back on his weapon, and he and Horman lock eyes, Ed still holding on.

BETH

Ed... don't do anything.

McNally and the nurse rush over.

McNALLY

Hold it!

(to soldier, in Spanish)

He's a little disturbed, but harmless. Forgive him!

And he backs Horman off while the nurse further placates the soldier.

McNALLY

(to Horman)

What the hell is the matter with you?

HORMAN

(to Beth; dangerously intense)

Are you okay?

She nods, shocked by his passion. Horman glares back at the soldier.

McNALLY

(scared and angry)

The next time you pull a stunt like that, they'll blow your stupid head off.

Horman feels, and looks, like bunched, indestructible steel. With his head, he indicates the b.g. nurses' station.

HORMAN

What did they say?

McNALLY
None of their 'no names' matches
up physically to Charles'
description.

HORMAN
Then let's get out of here.

87 EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS AND STREET

87

Still raining. Horman moves swiftly, three steps
ahead of Beth. She catches up to him as McNally,
in b.g., arrives at his car.

BETH
Where are you going?

HORMAN
You go back without me. I want
to walk.

BETH
It's dangerous. You don't know
your way around.

HORMAN
I'll find a cab -- don't worry.
I need the fresh air.

BETH
I'm coming with you. I'll tell
McNally.

While Horman continues to walk forward into the BACK-
TRACKING CAMERA, Beth runs back to the receding
Chevrolet, speaks to McNally, then starts returning
to Horman. He stops, without turning, and waits.
When she catches up, he starts walking again. Hands
in her coat pockets, thoroughly drenched, Beth falls
into step beside him.

88 EXT. EXPLANADE BESIDE RIVER - DAY

88

Ed Horman and Beth cross the street to a wide, tree-
shaded walkway with benches and a stone wall. Beyond
it, and below, runs the river.

They halt at the wall. Rain has slackened into a soft
mist. Beth stoops, absently gathering some pebbles.
She begins to dreamily throw them into the water. For
whatever reason, suddenly there's an air of poignancy
and forgiveness. They begin letting down their guards.

HORMAN

He used to drive me crazy when he was little, out on Cape Cod, walking up and down the beach, throwing things into the water.

BETH

He still loves to.

Horman smiles timidly. It's been a while since they have had an actual break.

BETH

What do you suppose they are doing right now? Up on old Cape Code...?

HORMAN

The beaches are deserted. The summer houses are all boarded up...

Whimsically, she starts reciting an old Patti Page song:

BETH

'If you're fond of sand dunes,
And salt sea air...'

She stops.

BETH

I remember one summer, before we got married, we were visiting you guys. Around midnight one night we went down to the beach to make out. There was all this sparkly phosphorous in the breakers -- you know? The water looked like it was full of fireflies. A man down the beach a ways was listening to a Red Sox baseball game on a radio...

She imitates an announcer's deep voice:

BETH

'Hiya, Neighbor. Have a Gansett...'

They let that settle for a moment. Then:

HORMAN

What else does he like to do?
Charles.

Beth leans against the wall, gazing into the water.

BETH

I don't know. He likes to pretend he's a country-and-western singer in the shower... he has a terrible voice. He likes to cook corn beef hash with an egg in it... And of course, he's a star freak.

HORMAN

A what?

BETH

A star freak.
(she looks up at the sky)
He can point out all the constellations in heaven.

HORMAN

I didn't know that.

BETH

(her guard entirely down)
He loves to make love on Sunday mornings. In fact, he's a regular sex maniac.
(she chuckles happily)
Did you know that?

Her sexual openness strikes the wrong chord in Ed. And, despite himself:

HORMAN

I don't think I need to hear about your bedroom antics...

Beth is instantly demolished.

BETH

(small, very hurt voice)
Aw, shit, Ed...

The mood is destroyed... and they are both dismayed that it happened.

89

INT. FILM ANIMATION FIRM - DAY

89

The main salon of a formerly grand villa has been converted into the office/studio.

Horman stands before a cork board, inspecting a photo of Charlie and three other happily mugging young men. All four wear "SUNSHINE GRABBER" T-shirts. Pinned above the photo are Xeroxes of Charlie's drawings of the rabbit-duck and other characters for that film.

MAN'S VOICE

Believe me, sir. Your son is no revolutionary.

Horman looks away from the photo to a cheerful, heavy-set MAN, 30, seated at a makeshift animation table.

HORMAN

How do you know, Silvio?

SILVIO

He thought the revolution ended when the people had enough to eat and a roof over their heads.

HORMAN

What's wrong with that?

SILVIO

(didactic)

The cows are also well fed and lodged. And he thinks all violence, even revolutionary violence, is fascist.

Horman agrees. He can't understand how it could be otherwise.

SILVIO

It's the Christian morals.

HORMAN

(simply)

I'm a Christian.

Silvio looks at Beth. He would have liked to be told before.

SILVIO

You are not going to believe the bullshit leftists posing as soldiers picked him up?

HORMAN

No.

Silvio exaggerates his satisfaction. Horman ponders that a moment, then addresses another person:

HORMAN

What made you go into hiding?

Beth sits on a sofa, next to Maria, the grieving pregnant girl. Her tears have been replaced with a smile. She beams up at a YOUNG MAN perched on the sofa arm.

YOUNG MAN

I knew they would pick me up.

HORMAN

What had you done?

Silvio sets down his pencil.

SILVIO

Americans! They always assume you must do something before you can be arrested.

HORMAN

Isn't that how it usually works?

SILVIO

Mr. Horman, around here, nowadays, you can be arrested for picking your nose on Tuesday.

Maria gives a strange little snort.

MARIA

It's crazy. Charley being arrested by them... when some people even thought he was CIA.

BETH

What?

MARIA

(justifies herself)
You know Charlie was always asking questions and writing everything down.

SILVIO

I've warned him.

Horman looks at them puzzled.

BETH

(to Silvio)
And?...

SILVIO

He just laughed... and took a note.

Horman smiles to himself. Silvio's line has broken the tension. He could like this man. Maria turns to Beth.

MARIA

He will come back, Beth. Just as Carlos has. You'll see!

Beth stares at her -- wanting very much to believe it.

90 INT. A DESERTED CONCRETE CORRIDOR 90

Purdy, Ray Davis, Beth, and Ed Horman are walking briskly down the gloomy corridor.

91 INT. A WINDOWLESS OFFICE 91

A UNIFORMED MAN hovers over Horman as he leafs through a stack of official forms. Beth is off to one side, waiting. In an outer office, Purdy and Davis confer with another officer.

Among the forms are ones for Joseph Dorerty, Jim Ditter, David Holloway. Horman leafs through the entire pile, then looks up at Espinoza.

HORMAN

This is all of them, Colonel?

ESPINOZA

(cordially)

Yes. One form for each prisoner who was held and then released.

HORMAN

But none for my son.

ESPINOZA

That means he was never here -- But come, and check for yourself, Mr. Horman.

Rising, Horman points to the forms.

HORMAN

I thought Frank Teruggi was released.

ESPINOZA

Who?

HORMAN

Teruggi -- the man arrested with David Holloway. But there's no release form here.

ESPINOZA

I'm sorry, but I do not recall the name.

92 EXT. THE STADIUM - DAY

92

A bright sun beats down on the stands where thousands of prisoners are scattered, guarded by a hundred soldiers.

Horman, Beth, Purdy and Davis are in the empty playing field. Espinoza is at a microphone in front of them, addressing the prisoners in Spanish.

Introduction over, Espinoza passes the mike to Horman. For a long deathly-quiet moment, blinking his eyes in the cruel sunlight, Ed tries to formulate words. All the prisoners are attentive. A sea gull flies over the stadium. Horman's lips quiver, he wipes his brow. But how to begin?

Beth steps forward, touching his shoulder.

BETH

Are you all right?

He nods. Yet his face is tormented, his brow heavily furled.

HORMAN

I don't... I can't seem... You better begin.

He hands her the microphone. Realizing Espinoza is impatient, and they have to begin, she speaks:

BETH

Charlie... this is Beth.

The statement echoes eerily across the stadium:
"Char-leeleelee, thisisis is is Bethethetheth..."

It's embarrassing in a brutal way, but she must continue.

BETH

We're here to take you home.

BETH

(pause)

Please come with us.

(pause)

Nobody will hurt you anymore.

(pause)

Please come out if you are
hiding...

The weird echoes die away. No prisoners, no soldiers
have moved a millimeter.

Abruptly, Horman takes the mike. Now that she broke
the ice, he can do it. He speaks with a strange,
strained formality.

HORMAN

Charles Horman, this is your
father, Edward. I'm here in the
hope that you can hear me. In
order that you may know who I am
and trust me, I'm going to
mention the names of several
friends from your past.

He checks with Purdy and Davis, who remain stoical,
avoiding his eyes.

HORMAN

Roger Lipsy...

Pause. Intently, desperately, Ed's eyes search
through immobile clumps of prisoners for a telltale
movement, a hand flung up, anything.

HORMAN

Orland Campbell...

Absolutely nothing. Yet it's as if Horman is trying
to will his son into life and attendance there. His
ears strain for a shout of recognition.

HORMAN

Tom Vachon...

That does it! A little flurry at the far end of the
stadium. A figure breaks loose from a group of
prisoners, and begins to run forward, toward Horman.
He runs in a distinctly disjointed way, his arms and
legs flapping all over, reminiscent of that time we
saw Charley in Vina, running with Terry to catch a bus.

HORMAN

(whisper)

It's him...

Beth has been peering at the runner. Now she cries:

BETH

No it's not!

But he won't hear. So she takes off after him. Ed almost stumbles and falls between rows, but catches himself in time.

HORMAN

Charles! Charles!

BETH

No, Ed, it's not him!

He makes it down and stumbles over a concrete barrier onto a track surrounding the playing field. At the same time, a soldier brandishes his rifle to halt the running fellow who is close enough for Horman to realize his mistake.

The Man puffs to a halt just in front of Horman. His crazed, grief-stricken eyes flicker confusedly over Ed's face. Then he raises his fist angrily, and, in heavily-accented English:

MAN

My father can't come here...
but how about some ice cream
with my dinner, Colonel Espinoza?

Nobody moves. HOLD it... then:

93 EXT. OUTSIDE NATIONAL STADIUM

93

Everyone else has already entered Purdy's Buick. But Horman carries at his open door, staring over the roof of the car at the stadium.

BETH'S VOICE

Ed, come on. Let's go.

He doesn't respond, unable to tear his eyes from that edifice.

Then finally:

HORMAN

(dazed)
What do they do in there? In
normal times?

BETH'S VOICE
They play futbol.

HORMAN
Football?

BETH'S VOICE
It's actually soccer. But here
they call soccer futbol.

Beat. Then:

HORMAN
(bitter and mean)
You know something? I'm really
beginning to fall in love with
this little country.

He lowers himself into the car.

94 INT. AN OFFICE - DAY

94

Horman, Beth, and Kate Reese stand in a quiet, dimly-lit room. Behind them is a "VISIT ITALIA!" wall poster.

A MAN, urban and diplomatic, carefully scrutinizes Ed and Beth's passports. He compares their faces to the photos, making absolutely sure of their identities. Reese leans forward. She gestures at Horman and Beth and she speaks Italian first then:

REESE
Seriously. Do they look like
assassins?

The Man hesitates, his eyes evaluating Horman and Beth one more time. Finally, he nods, returning the passports.

MAN
(to Horman)
You must remember, he is a
desperate man. For his sake,
do not repeat what he tells you.

WIDENING, we discover the reason for all this caution. Dozens of mostly male refugees sleep on the office floor. Horman and the others thread through these people, leaving the office.

95 INT. A CORRIDOR

95

More refugees clutter the floor, or stand in long lines awaiting food or the use of sanitary facilities. Every available space is occupied.

The Man leads them down a stairwell.

96 INT. LUTZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

96

It's a huge room featuring tall columns, marble walls, sinister dark shadows. A MAN, dressed in khaki and general's braid, holds forth from behind a desk. Another OFFICER, a colonel, stands across from him, next to a third MAN in a civilian suit. A fourth MAN in the b.g. is visible, but unidentifiable. Dressed in a windbreaker, he wears his hair cut short in the style of other Americans we've seen so far.

A MAN'S VOICE

There were four of them in Lutz's office: the General, of course -- A Colonel -- and my friend, who told me of this ... and the American.

BETH (V.O.)

You mean the prisoner?

MAN (V.O.)

No, no...

Beyond a far doorway, in an adjoining room, we see the dim outline of a YOUNG MAN slumped in a straight-back chair, arms tied behind him.

MAN (V.O.)

... he was in the next room.

HORMAN (V.O.)

Was he alive?

97 INT. A BASEMENT STOREROOM - DAY

97

The small, dark room is jammed with cast-off furniture, bales of papers, official records. A fortyish blonde WOMAN mending a blouse occupies the only chair. A YOUNG BOY lies on a cot, reading a Spider-man comic.

Near the door, Horman, Beth and Reese are talking to a thin, wiry little MAN who projects both cocky control and explosive tension.

Horman asked if his son were alive:

MAN

More or less.

BETH

What does that mean, 'more or less'?

MAN

I'm only telling you what I heard.

HORMAN

Well, what the hell does 'more or less' mean?

MAN

Apparently, he had been... roughed up during interrogation.

BETH

How badly?

MAN

I don't know, I wasn't there.

HORMAN

Your 'friend' was.

MAN

My 'former friend,' Mr. Horman. Nobody in this regime is my friend any longer.

BETH

All right. Who was the American officer in that room?

MAN

Who knows? The Ministry is full of them. Their Milgroup office is just down the hall from the General. Even at three a.m., there's always an American on call.

HORMAN

(to Beth)

Milgroup -- is that Davis's bunch?

She nods.

HORMAN
Did they call the prisoner by
name?

MAN
Horsman?...

BETH
Horman?

MAN
Maybe... If I had been there, I
would know for certain.

He smiles confidently at Horman.

MAN
After all, I am an Honor
Graduate of your Police Academy
in Washington.

That's queer news to Horman.

MAN
I like America. There, it is
more democratic. Someday I hope
to --

REESE
Paris, please.

The Man shuts up with a slightly humorous, apologetic
gesture.

REESE
Tell them what Lutz said about
the prisoner.

HORMAN
Who is Lutz?

BETH
The head of the 'local' version
of the CIA.

PARIS
He said the man must 'disappear.'

HORMAN
For God's sake, why?

PARIS
'He knew too much.'

BETH

About what?

PARIS

(shrugs)

I don't know. But only a few, very important people have been detained at the Ministry of Defense. Most of them were killed shortly after interrogation.

Horman pushes ahead quickly, avoiding the implications of that.

HORMAN

So what happened then?

PARIS

They drove him back to the stadium.

BETH

But how could you order an American to disappear without contacting the American authorities first?

PARIS

(indignantly)

I did not order his disappearance.

BETH

I didn't mean you personally...

PARIS

Listen. I'm a police officer, but I am not a murderer. I interrogate, I ask questions, I seek clues. And I happen to be damn good at my job. It's a rough job, and I'm not a soft man. But I am not either a butcher. I have always played fair.

REESE

We understand all that. But --

PARIS

I have worked now for many different governments. Some, their politics I agreed with, others not so much. But that never got in their way or mine... until now. I cannot work for these Nazis. Do you understand?

REESE

Yes, all right...

PARIS

They are destroying, in just a few weeks, everything that was beautiful about this country.

His passion creates a momentary pause.

REESE

What we need to know is: Could they order an American to disappear without first checking with the Americans?

PARIS

They wouldn't dare.

HORMAN

How can I verify all this?

PARIS

(responding to naivete of question)

You could ask General Lutz.

When Horman reacts to that, Paris makes a garish, melodramatic, comical gesture of helplessness.

98

EXT. ITALIAN EMBASSY - DAY

98

A taxi at the curb features Beth in the front, Reese in the back seat. Horman stands outside, gazing toward the Embassy garden where hundreds of refugee women and children circulate around numerous tents and makeshift lean-tos. Smoke from cooking fires drifts up through the trees.

Entering the rear seat, Horman gestures at the garden.

HORMAN

How come there's no men outside?

Reese points at a commercial building roof across the street where three men in one-way sunglasses lean against the parapet. No arms in sight, yet they are very sinister, and Horman understands immediately.

HORMAN

Oh.

The driver shifts into gear, and pulls away.

A van with two men inside has been parked across from the Embassy. As the taxi departs, the van's driver executes a fast U-turn and follows it.

99 INT. TAXI - DAY

99

HORMAN

Do you think that prisoner in the other room was Charles?

REESE

Do you?

HORMAN

No. What could Charles possibly know important enough to be there?

BETH

Maybe it's what he discovered in Vina.

REESE

(low)

You said he took notes?

She nods.

REESE

(somewhat indifferent)

Do you still have them?

BETH

At the hotel.

100 EXT. A STREET AHEAD

100

Two young men are feverishly defacing a wall with spray paint:

PINOCH ---- ASSASSIN

As they design the last letters, a jeep veers around a corner and skids to a stop. An Officer jumps out, shouting at the men. They drop their spray cans and start fleeing, each in a different direction. The Officer draws his .45 and FIRES at them. At the same time he commands his gunner to man the jeep's .50 caliber machine gun. The gunner swivels the fifty and begins pumping shells into the wall, literally BLASTING the message to bits.

The Cabbie slams on the brakes and the car SQUEALS to a stop. The tailing van ducks into a parking place at the curb.

The four of them gawk through the windshield as the two sloganeers escape. And the gunner DISINTEGRATES the graffiti.

Jesus...
BETH

Something snaps in Horman. All of a sudden he kicks open his door and starts to scramble out of the car.

Ed!
BETH

Horman has just cleared the door, when Reese grabs his sleeve. He bumps back against the taxi as the front passenger door opens and Beth jumps out, bars his way, grabs his shoulder.

REESE
Mr. Horman!

BETH
(terrified)
What are you doing?

CABBIE
(Spanish)
Get back in the car!

Beth shoves, Reese pulls, Horman loses his balance and topples back inside.

Beth slams the rear door and swings inside, slamming her door. The machine gunner in the b.g. stops.

REESE
What are you trying to do, get us killed?

HORMAN
(livid, voice
incredibly strained)
I'm sorry. But I'm beginning to grow tired of all this... shit.

The Cabbie hangs a fast U-turn, zooming off in the other direction. The van driver loops around and continues his pursuit.

REESE
What is it with you Hormans? You've got a death wish?

HORMAN
I'm just tired.

REESE
I saw your son do almost the same dumb thing...

Horman looks surprised for a moment, then speaks:

HORMAN
He did that?

REESE
I couldn't believe it.

Horman speaks with a mixture of bewilderment, surprise, concern... even a little pride:

HORMAN
He's crazy.

101 INT. BETH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

101

CLOSEUP on Reese, standing at a window with a drink -- neat, warm bourbon. Beth reads over the scene.

BETH (V.O.)
'... and during the barbecue, Ray Davis arrived. Later, he drove us back to Santiago. Trip uneventful aside roadblock incident detailed page 12.'

Reese ponders a moment, then turns away from the window.

Beth is on the bed, Charles' notabook in her lap. Horman sits in front of a table littered with the remains of a room-service dinner for three.

REESE
Davis drove them back?

Beth nods. Suddenly, Reese bend over the notabooks, checking.

REESE
Hmm...

HORMAN
What's that mean?

REESE
(to Beth)
Go back to where they met Crater.

Beth starts to flip back through the notes.

102 INSERT: VINA HOTEL PORCH - DAY

102

Repeat FLASHBACK of Charlie and Terry first meeting Crater.

CHARLIE
(Spanish)
May I borrow that paper if you're through?

CRETER

(laughs)

You'd do better to ask in English.

CHARLIE

Hey -- you're American!

REESE'S VOICE

Skip ahead... to why he was there.

CRETER

I'm with the Navy. We came down to do a job and it's done.

TERRY

Do you have any idea how long we'll be stuck here in Vina?

CRETER

... A week! Don't worry, though. The coup went very smoothly. You're completely safe.

CHARLIE

Was it planned far in advance?

CRETER

(smugly)

Does a bear shit in the woods?

CHARLIE

Do you think the United States will recognize the new government?

CRETER

That's up to the politicians...

BETH (V.O.)

'Red-haired woman appeared edgy. Creter stopped talking.'

103 RESUME HOTEL ROOM

103

Sitting at a desk, Reese jots down a note.

REESE

Was it Creter who introduced them to Ryan?

Beth thumbs through the diary until she finds the relevant entry.

BETH

No, Charlie introduced himself...

BETH (V.O.)

... the next day in the lobby.

Charlie is beside Terry on a couch, immersed in a paper. Stevie Wonder's "You Are the Sunshine of My Life" BOOMS FROM A LOUDSPEAKER.

In full uniform, Ryan descends a staircase and goes to the front desk. Spotting him, Charlie rises, tucks the paper under an arm, and walks over.

CHARLIE

Colonel...

RYAN

(smiling broadly)

Well, hello there. What are you doing in this neck of the woods?

CHARLIE

My name is Charles Horman...

While the two men shake hands:

BETH (V.O.)

'I explained we had come here for one day and got stuck by the coup.'

RYAN

You'll be here a while. The roads are closed.

CHARLIE

What's happening in Santiago?

RYAN

The military's doing search and destroy missions. Just like in Vietnam.

Charlie blanches.

RYAN

There's bodies everywhere. It's a royal mess.

CHARLIE

How soon will the roads be open?

RYAN

Right now, I don't know. But give me your room number and I'll keep you posted.

Charlie makes a note on a pad, as Ryan smiles cordially, and retreats.

105 RESUME THE HOTEL ROOM - DAY

105

BETH

'I'm terribly anxious about Beth..'

She is moved by the notes, glancing up at Horman, who isn't facing her. Then leafs through three pages of intimate notes to:

BETH

'Next morning... Creter was sitting in lobby with carton of Kents and without lady friend.'

Reese is now taking notes.

106 VINA HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

106

Charlie looks anxious and disheveled as he hurries through the lobby ahead of Terry.

CHARLIE

Hello. How's it going?

CRETER

Can't complain. And yourself?

CHARLIE

I complain...

At the reception desk, he tries the phone -- but they still aren't working. Meanwhile, Creter turns to Terry.

CRETER

Where are you going when you leave?

TERRY

Peru, and Bolivia.

CRETER

... very pretty in Bolivia. Of course, they have problems there now, too.

Charlie has returned.

CHARLIE

Well, if they got problems, maybe you'll be going there next.

CRETER

I know I'm going there next.

HOLD briefly on Charlie's surprised face.

BETH (V.O.)

'What would a naval engineer be doing in Bolivia, one of two land-locked countries in Latin America?'

Ryan enters the lobby. Charlie perks up hopefully.

CHARLIE

Sir -- any news?

RYAN

So far, nothing. If I were you, I wouldn't be so anxious to be there, it is a real battle zone.

Charlie bangs his head in frightened frustration.

RYAN

Why don't you come with me? I know where you can radio your parents in the United States and tell them you're safe.

CHARLIE

I know I'm safe. It's my wife I'm scared about.

107 INT. RYAN'S CAR - DAY

107

Ryan, Charlie and Terry occupy the front seat. Ryan asks Charlie to open his attache case. Charlie complies, revealing a .38 caliber pistol atop papers marked "Top Secret."

CHARLIE

Hey, do me a favor -- don't go over any bumps. All I need to make the day complete is a big hole in my head...

Smiling, Ryan removes some papers, closes the case, and scans the papers while driving and talking.

CHARLIE

Do you mind if I ask a question?

RYAN

Go ahead.

CHARLIE

How do you feel about this coup?

RYAN

(without hesitation)

Very good. I've been in a lot of frustrating situations before this. I was in Key West waiting to go in at the Bay of Pigs. I'd even taken advanced scuba courses for the invasion. If Kennedy had provided decent air cover and proper military support there, we never would have had these problems here. After that I served three tours in Vietnam as a Green Beret. Our strategy over there was lousy, too. We should have just gone in and wiped them out.

Charlie and Terry exchange a very uncomfortable look.

BETH (V.O.)

'We arrived at home of Paul Eppley where Naval Mission radio was installed...'

108 RESUME HOTEL CARRERA ROOM

108

HORMAN

We received the cable through Panama on September 14th.

Reese takes a note. Beth turns another diary page.

BETH

'After radioing Dad, Ryan offered to arrange ride to Santiago with Captain Ray Davis, USN, who is returning there with Herbert Thompson.'

HORMAN

And the next day they came back.

BETH

(flipping a page)

Uh... yes... 'September 15th. Checked out of hotel and Ryan drove us his house for quote, going away, unquote, barbecue.'

109 EXT./INT. RYAN'S HOUSE AND BACKYARD - DAY

109

A large, two-story house on a quiet street. Terry is with four American WOMEN gathered around a table. At a work counter, an Indian woman prepares a salad.

Kitchen shelves and counters display familiar brand names: Ritz, Pepsi, Lux. We could be in Peoria as easily as Vina.

Through a window we see Charlie and Ryan at a barbecue with four other MEN, all of whom have an unmistakable military stamp. Everybody's cheerfully guzzling Budweiser (except Charlie, who smiles thinly, taking it all in).

FIRST MAN

Look at that, for Christ's sake!

He's riffling through a stack of 8x10 black and white photos, of the Presidential Palace.

FIRST MAN

I mean, I'd say that's a pretty sloppy rocket job.

SECOND MAN

Hey, what do you expect? They weren't even active pilots.

THIRD MAN

What are you talking about?

Ryan glances up from the barbecue grill just as Ray Davis appears from around the side of the house. He bequeaths to the Second Man his steak spatula.

RYAN

Don't let the animals burn, Harry.

Harry nods and continues the discussion.

HARRY

Ol' General Leigh didn't think his line guys could cut it so he hired four ex-jockeys to fly the mission.

THIRD MAN

Aw, come on, Harry!

HARRY

They were all retired from the Air Force.

Charlie is more interested in the two men conferring several yards away. Occasionally, Davis turns and looks over to him, then back to Ryan. After a moment, they walk over to the barbecue where the others greet Davis warmly. Clearly, he's at the top of this hierarchy. Ryan escorts him to Charlie.

RYAN

Here's your chauffeur. Ray Davis...
Charlie Hornan.

They shake hands.

DAVIS
Pleased to meet you, Charlie.

CHARLIE
(smiling)
Sir, if you can get me back to my wife, I'll personally award you the Medal of Honor.

But Davis' manner remains cold, highly impersonal. He sizes Charlie up in a very precise, calculating way...

110 RESUME HOTEL CARRERA ROOM

110

REESE
Herb Thompson didn't ride back with them?

BETH
I guess not.

REESE
I wonder what Herb was doing there?

HORMAN
Who's he?

REESE
The number two man in the Embassy.
(beat)
So the boss of Milgroup and the senior political officer both happen to be in Vina when the coup starts.

Wearily, Beth closes the notebook. Horman goes to Reese's desk, looking down at the note pad. He notices a number tattooed on her forearm. He looks at her, shocked; she looks at him with a small, sad smile. She reverses the pad for him. One note stands out, underlined, We came down to do a job and it's done!!!

HORMAN
What do you think Greter meant by that?

BETH
Obviously our Navy came down to help out with the coup.

This time, Horman nods his head, taking her dead seriously.

REESE

Perhaps. Considering our track record in Latin America...

She starts pacing, trying to put it all together.

REESE

If we weren't involved in the coup, everything Charles saw in Vina means nothing. If we were involved, it still doesn't mean much... but it could be significant. Or somebody might think it was. At least enough to take a look at his jacket.

HORMAN

'Jacket?'

REESE

His record. There is a file on every American national living here. And if somebody reviewed that file, and discovered he'd been working for FIN... well, that somebody might conclude Charles was a guy they should take a closer look at.

BETH

Do you think that's what actually happened?

REESE

It sounds very possible.

Horman rubs his brow, then his eyes. He runs his fingers through his hair.

HORMAN

It doesn't look good, does it?

REESE

No, it doesn't...

111 INT. A RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

111

The place is too dirty and cluttered for a hospital waiting room. An eerie soundlessness transcribes the scene: death... on the air. Through a window we see ambulances lined up outside, roof lights flashing.

Accompanied by a MAN in gray coveralls, McNally approaches Horman and Beth.

McNALLY

It's okay. He's going to take us through.

The Man opens a door, leading them downstairs toward the basement.

112 INT. BASEMENT

112

The Man pushes open heavy double doors, holding them until they pass into a dark area. There, he reaches up to throw a switch, and overhead neon lights flicker on, revealing a long white room, lined on both sides with rows of corpses. A second neon light, further into the room, pops on, exposing still more corpses. Finally, yet another overhead light illuminates even more bodies.

Beth, Horman and McNally react similarly, shocked at the sight of so many dead people.

HORMAN

(to Beth)

I think you should wait upstairs.

Dismissing the suggestion, she moves courageously past him into the room.

The three of them begin looking over the dead bodies, but the Man keeps on going. Then he stops, waving at the corpses.

MAN

No, no... these have all been identified. Come this way.

They follow him through another double door at the far end of the room, and the scene is repeated. Three more strings of overhead neon flicker on, garishly lighting another room full of bodies.

MAN

These, too... they have all been identified.

And they continue after him, passing into yet another grisly storage area.

MAN

The identities of these have not yet been determined.

Horman and McNally begin walking down one side of the room, Beth starts down the other side.

Beth passes from corpse to corpse, eyes studying the lifeless faces. Most are young Chilean men, slain by gunshots to the head and upper torso.

Their hands are mostly rough, calloused -- working men, peasants. Occasionally she spots the soft, white hands of an intellectual.

McNally is several bodies ahead of Horman, routinely checking a photo of Charlie against the dead men. Suddenly, from Beth, we hear a sickening gasp of recognition.

BETH
(almost whispering)
Oh God...

His head snaps around. He sees her standing over a corpse. He rushes over.

The body in front of her is not his son.

HORMAN
Who is this?

BETH
Frank Teruggi.

Raising her face, she closes her eyes, and snarls in desolate, frustrated, keel-hauled rage:

BETH
Jesus... Christ... Almighty!

McNALLY
Come on, let's get her out of here.

He grasps her arm, but she flings his hand away angrily.

BETH
Get your cotton-picking hands off of me, mister! I'm not leaving this fucking place until I'm through searching for my husband!

McNALLY
Give me a hand, would you, Ed?

HORMAN
You heard what she said...

113 INT. RECEPTION ROOM AT MORGUE - DAY

113

Beth is huddled on a bench, exhausted. Horman stands near her, shaken up. In the b.g., Purdy, McNally, and two other Embassy types talk with an Army Major and three uniformed Carabineros.

Horman looks over at Beth, then he walks over and slumps down on the bench. He sits there, hunched over, rubbing his eyes. Finally, he murmurs bleakly:

HORMAN

What kind of a world is this?

BETH

Wow... that's weird...

HORMAN

What...?

BETH

Charlie once asked that question. In exactly the same tone of voice you just used.

(she shivers)

It's eerie.

HORMAN

When was that?

BETH

We were in Ecuador. Near us, an Indian family. A mother, father, three children. The whole family was dying of tuberculosis.

It's a painful memory. She is silent for a moment. Then:

BETH

Charlie came to me with tears in his eyes, and he said: 'What kind of a world is this?'

Brief pause.

BETH

A few weeks later we arrived here where health care was free, and every child received a half liter of milk a day. There were sidewalk cafes, warm friendly people. Charlie said, 'I love it. This is where I want to be...'

Purdy breaks away and crosses toward Horman and Beth.

PURDY

It appears Teruggi was picked up for a curfew violation, detained in the stadium, then released.

PURDY

Later that night, Carabineros
found him dead on the street.

HORMAN

How come the State Department told
me he had left the country?

PURDY

Probably some screw-up with local
immigration.

114 INT. HORMAN'S HOTEL CARRERA ROOM - NIGHT

114

Dressed in a robe, Ed is seated next to the bedside
table, talking on the phone. On the table is a Bible,
a travel alarm that reads 1:22, and a small framed
photograph of Elizabeth. His voice is drowsy with
fatigue.

HORMAN

... No, it's just that every new
turn seems to lead us right back
to the beginning. We're going
around in circles.

(pause)

Sure, I'm fine. Really... just
pooped. Hello?

(he taps the
receiver)

Elizabeth? Hello? ... Yeah, that's
better.

(pause)

Yes, okay... you too. I will.
... God bless.

He hangs up, stares at the phone a moment, then lies
back on the bed, closing his eyes.

A few seconds pass. Then the phone starts to vibrate,
giving off a RINGING SOUND. Horman's eyes blink
open. Turning to lift the receiver, he notices the
clock and the photo are also vibrating. A SHARP
CRACK follows. And the room is jolted by the opening
tremor of an earthquake.

Horman sits up just as the second shock hits. He swings
his feet onto the floor and is about to rise...

He braces, awaiting the next jolt. When it doesn't hit,
he rushes to the door and enters the hall.

115 INT. HALL

115

Beth is racing out through her door, pulling on a robe. Other doors bang open: panicky, half-dressed guests surge into the hallway. Then a big jolt hits, triggering SCREAMS and SHOUTS. Horman grabs Beth's hand and they head for the staircase.

116 INT. LOBBY

116

Pandemonium here. Disoriented people stagger around crying, hysterical. Perched on a chair, the night MANAGER shouts alternately in Spanish and English:

MANAGER

Be calm! The hotel is earthquake-proof! No need for alarm! You are all safe...

But the next tooth-rattling giant tremor stampedes guests toward the front door. Leaping off his chair, the Manager races to the exit, and tries to fight back the terrified crowd.

MANAGER

No, please... the curfew. Don't go out!

A man jostles him aside and shoulders open the door, dragging his wife and child outside. Others follow into the night. The Manager pleads with the rest not to follow.

MANAGER

You must not go outside. The soldiers...

A BURST OF AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE from outside. Then, the first man out bangs into the door, and he and his family topple back into the lobby, followed by the others who escaped.

117 THE LOBBY MEZZANINE

117

Horman and Beth have descended to this level. A large window behind them looks down onto the street. MORE GUNFIRE. They rush to the window and look down.

118 EXT. THE STREET

118

People tumble out of their houses in panic. Soldiers race up and down, waving rifles, shouting threats. Terrified civilians in pajamas and bathrobes are shouting back at them angrily. A soldier raises his AR-16 and FIRES into the air. The civilians are torn between two terrors in a crazy, Catch-22 scene.

119 INT. MEZZANINE

119

Beth's fingers dig into Horman's arm, and they lurch away from the window, heading for a railing that circles the upper level.

Everybody is rigid, poised, awaiting the next after-shock. Seconds tick by -- nothing happens. We hear SHOTS again -- but from farther away.

The stillness is gradually broken. Snippets of dialogue carry from the lobby. Somebody laughs nervously. Slowly, things return to normal. Lights in the upper level bar snap on. And in no time, a small gang troops upstairs toward the bar.

Beth still grips Horman's arm. He gives her a fragile smile. Suddenly, aware that she's been clinging tightly, Beth relaxes her hold. She's about to let go, when he touches her hand tenderly.

HORMAN

It's all right. I don't mind.

Beth shivers, brushing her head against his shoulder.

BETH

Whew. Thank you...

HORMAN

Do you want to go up?

BETH

Not just yet. I'm still trying to 'come down.'

Ed doesn't get it at first. Then he understands the play on words, and chuckles.

It's starting to swing. A guest at the piano plays Scott Joplin. Horman is drawn to the scene.

HORMAN

Do you feel like a drink?

She hesitates.

HORMAN

Might help you get back to sleep.

BETH

All right. But not in there.

Looking around, he spies two chairs at a small round table in a nearby alcove.

HORMAN

(pointing)

You go sit down. What would you like?

BETH

A triple shot of bourbon, neat, with a vodka chaser.

He blinks: she chuckles sadly.

BETH

I'm only joking. ... A glass of white wine?

For a second, Beth watches him walk toward the bar. Then she heads for the alcove.

120 INT. ALCOVE - MINUTES LATER

120

Horman arrives, placing two drinks on the table. He settles opposite Beth. This is an awkward moment, as each takes their glass in hand. There's a pressure to offer a toast. But, given the circumstances, what kind of toast could they possibly suggest?

Then Beth raises her wine glass, extending it toward her father-in-law.

BETH

Ed...

He lifts his own glass. They clink rims.

BETH

L'chaim.

HORMAN

What does that mean?

BETH

To life. Charlie and I always say it.

They drink.

Then a rude little aftershock brings them both to the edge of their seats. They await, anxiously, but there's no further disturbance... and they settle back a little.

His drink between his hands, gazing down into it, unable to look up, Horman gathers the courage to speak.

HORMAN

Beth, I owe you an apology.

She starts to shake her head softly.

HORMAN

For a long time I have sold you short... both of you. I don't know why. I guess I'm older... and stubborn.

He halts. Still unable to look up.

Beth stares straight at him, her eyes wide open with intense compassionate concern. She is very tired, also depressed.

And yet, in this light, in this circumstance, listening to what this man is quietly and humbly saying to her, she appears extraordinarily beautiful.

HORMAN

In the past week, I feel as if my heart has been ripped out of my chest, and beaten to a pulp, and then stuffed rudely back in my body again.

Beth reaches, almost touching his hand.

BETH

Ed, it's all right.

He looks up.

HORMAN

I feel very guilty...

BETH

Charlie once told me guilt feelings are like fear -- given us for survival, not destruction.

After another pause, Ed speaks: quietly, passionately.

HORMAN

For what it's worth, Beth, I think you are one of the most courageous people I have ever met.

Now it's her turn to look down, biting her lips to stop the tears.

HORMAN

I mean it.

She nods, refusing to look up.

BETH

Thank you.

They allow their feelings to settle for a moment. When she is in control, Beth looks up.

BETH

Can I ask you a real hard question?

He nods: sure.

Beth gathers herself for a moment. Then:

BETH

Do you think he's dead?

His eyes flicker away. In turmoil, he sips his drink.

HORMAN
(vaguely evasive)
I don't know...

BETH
(gently)
But that's not how you feel, is
it?

Slowly, Horman shakes his head. He looks very close to defeated. Then, after a while, in a truly weary voice, he changes the subject:

HORMAN
I spoke with Elizabeth tonight.

BETH
And...?

HORMAN
She talked with somebody at the Ford Foundation today. They think we should contact Peter Tell. The man who heads up their office here.

BETH
Do you mind if I skip that one?
They lift their nearly empty glasses to each other again.

HORMAN
... I guess you kids love each other.

BETH
Very much.

We see in his eyes, suddenly, an apprehension for her ... if Charles should be dead.

121 INT. RECEPTION ROOM - FORD FOUNDATION - DAY

121

A middle-aged WOMAN looking PAST CAMERA shakes her head.

WOMAN
I'm very sorry, sir, but Mr. Tell is out of the country till Monday.

Horman stands across a desk from the Woman. On the wall behind her glitters a huge brass Ford Foundation plaque. A door opens and a young MAN appears, asking politely:

MAN

Can I be of any help?

HORMAN

No. I was just paying a courtesy call on Mr. Tell.

Suddenly interested, the young Man sticks out his hand.

MAN

You're Mr. Horman, aren't you?

Nodding yes, Horman shakes hands yet one more time, very mechanically.

MAN

Peter Jarvin. I'm an economic advisor with the Foundation. Would you come with me for a moment?

HORMAN

I don't want to bother...

JARVIN

It's no bother. Please.

HORMAN

All right.

Jarvin walks off, and Ed follows. At the end of the hall, Jarvin opens a door, ushering Horman through it.

122 INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM

122

The large, panelled room is dominated by an enormous oval table surrounded by ten chairs. Jarvin points to a chair.

JARVIN

Please. Have a seat.

Horman obeys. Jarvin plants a hip on the edge of the table, looking down at him.

JARVIN

I have a friend I play tennis with. I won't identify him except to say that he works for an English-speaking embassy here, and is close to someone with good contacts in the military.

(beat)

He thinks your son was executed in the National Stadium on September 20th.

A tiny rush of air escapes Horman's lips. He sits there for a long moment, then checks the date window on his wrist watch.

HORMAN
(bewilderedly)
That was almost a month ago.

Jarvin nods.

HORMAN
Can I speak with your friend? Or with his contact?

JARVIN
I'm afraid not. These are very dangerous times.

Suddenly, Horman's eyes grow sharp and urgent. He realizes that if he doesn't grab this opportunity, he may never have another one like it. And his words spill out in a rush as his whole demeanor, as every molecule in his body, positively aches for a break:

HORMAN
I'll go anywhere. In any way.
You can take me blindfolded with my hands tied behind my back!

JARVIN
I can't do that. I'm sorry.

Standing, he walks to the window.

JARVIN
I probably should not even have told you.

Horman gets up shakily, peering at Jarvin, who's silhouetted against the light.

JARVIN
This is a terrible tragedy.

With all the controlled intensity and conviction and heart he can muster, Horman begs:

HORMAN
Please. Just give me a name...

But the man's silence is absolute. Ed confronts that, blinking. He can't accept it. But then he realizes that Jarvin is giving him no choice at all. And so, sagging, he must accept it.

HORMAN

All right... I understand. Thank you for telling me.

He heads in the wrong direction for the door, corrects his error, and walks out.

123 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

123

Horman stops, disoriented. Where is he, and why? What should he do now? Befuddled, he gestures helplessly, to nobody, in the deserted, shiny hallway.

124 INT. U.S. EMBASSY - HALL - DAY

124

At his desk, Purdy is reading a copy of the Oct. 21, 1973 New York Times headlining Nixon's "Saturday Night Massacre." Glancing up, he spots Horman passing in the hall. Purdy hurries out.

PURDY

Mr. Horman...

Horman is moving with wounded purpose toward the Ambassador's suite. Purdy trots after him, catching up at the Ambassador's door.

PURDY

I've been trying to call you all morning.

Oh? Ed cocks his head.

PURDY

We've got some good news for you.

HORMAN

What is it? That my son was executed in that stadium two days after his arrest?

PURDY

(startled)

Who told you that?

Horman opens the suite door, crosses to the Ambassador's office, and enters, Purdy on his heels.

125 INT. AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE

125

The Ambassador sits behind his desk, Ray Davis is nearby.

A rotund, middle-aged MAN in a rumpled blue suit is seated across the desk. The Ambassador smiles.

AMBASSADOR

Ah, good, Consul. You found him.

Purdy isn't that overjoyed about his "find." In fact, he plays the next minutes with a nervous frown, aware of what is about to be said, and unable to warn the others.

AMBASSADOR

Mr. Horman, this is Mr. Timothy Ross.

Ross starts to get up. But Horman looks very tense and sort of lopsided, and he's obviously uninterested in amenities. So Ross slumps back down.

AMBASSADOR

Mr. Ross is a journalist with good access to left-wing circles down here. And he's dug up some interesting information about your son.

Horman fixes the Ambassador with a strangely inexpressive eye, and makes no comment.

ROSS

I believe that your son is alive and well, Mr. Horman.

Ed's expression doesn't change. But Purdy cringes.

ROSS

Captain Davis asked me to inquire about Charles' whereabouts. I spoke with a guy who's currently helping political refugees escape. He told me his organization had secured credentials for three Americans to leave Santiago. And one of them was your son.

HORMAN

(flat, unemotional).

And where is he now?

ROSS

In the North. He should be out of the country sometime next week.

HORMAN

Can I contact him?

ROSS
 No, I'm afraid not.
 (smiles)
 But I'll lay odds he's home in
 New York before you are.

Horman studies Ross briefly. Then he locks eyes on the Ambassador, and gestures at the journalist. His voice, when he speaks, is calm, but it projects enormous, possibly dangerous emotion.

HORMAN
 Please. Get him out of here.

AMBASSADOR
 Mr. Hor--

HORMAN
 I said please.
 (indicating Davis
 and the Ambassador)
 I want to talk with you two. Alone.

For an instant, nobody quite knows what to do. Then Ross starts to leave. Purdy begins following, stops, and returns to Horman.

PURDY
 (low)
 I... I'll check your information
 out.

Horman is unresponsive. Purdy backs away: and he and Ross exit. When the door is closed, Ed speaks.

HORMAN
 I have reason to believe that my
 son has been killed by the
 military.

DAVIS
 (almost scoffing)
 Where'd you hear that?

HORMAN
 And they wouldn't have dared to
 kill him unless some American
 official co-signed the kill order.

DAVIS
 Ridiculous! We're here to protect
 American citizens.

His words sound patently hollow.

Horman wavers, trying to maintain his self-control, staring at the Ambassador. His lips quiver. He's also aware that there's something terribly banal and useless in this conversation.

AMBASSADOR

Mr. Horman, this mission has done everything humanly possible to locate your son.

HORMAN

I think you knew he was dead right from the start. And I was hunting a... corpse.

DAVIS

If we knew, why wouldn't we tell you?

Horman peers at him, trying not just to penetrate Ray's eyes, but to understand something about the spirit that drives this kind of man.

HORMAN

I don't know the answer to that. But I am going to find out.

DAVIS

Why would we want him dead?

HORMAN

Maybe because he knew about our involvement in the coup.

AMBASSADOR

We're not involved, Mr. Horman. Our position has been completely neutral.

Ed explodes.

HORMAN

How can you say something that's such a bald-faced lie, sir? You've got naval engineers and army colonels in Vina del Mar! You've got American military people practically running the Ministry of Defense...

He sees them tolerating his outburst with absolute, hard-assed, imperturbable calm. And stops, astonished at both his own fury... and their infinite indifference to it.

He blinks. His face is squinched in disbelief.

HOLD it a beat. Then:

AMBASSADOR

... Please. Sit down.

No thanks. Horman opts instead to go to the picture window overlooking the Embassy gardens. As he walks, Ed staggers uncertainly a couple of times, but he catches himself all right. The Ambassador's eyes follow him across the room.

AMBASSADOR

It's very obvious that you're harboring some misconception regarding our role here.

HORMAN

What is your role? To support a regime that murders thousands of human beings?

AMBASSADOR

Let's level with each other, sir. If you hadn't been personally involved in this unfortunate incident, you'd be sitting home, complacent and more or less oblivious to all of this.

It's hard for Horman to argue with that.

AMBASSADOR

This mission -- is pledged to protect American interests. Our interests, Mr. Horman!

HORMAN

Not mine.

AMBASSADOR

There are over three thousand U.S. firms doing business here. And those are American interests -- in other words, your interests.

Horman looks out upon the garden. He studies the broad, manicured lawns, the neat, carefully-trimmed shrubs. No refugees out there. No tents, no fires, no desperate women and children seeking protection and sanctity. Only a pretty, inescapable emptiness.

AMBASSADOR

I'm concerned with the preservation of a way of life.

DAVIS

And a damn good way of life at that.

Horman flinches, remembering that he used that expression on Beth just a short while ago.

Then he indicates the empty garden: speaking half to himself:

HORMAN

Maybe that's why there's nobody out there...

The Ambassador stands up, looking past him into the garden. He mulls over the words... and gets the message.

AMBASSADOR

You can't have it both ways.

Horman turns away from the window, facing the Ambassador and Davis. It appears he will speak... but what else could he say? And to what avail?

So Horman crosses the wide room. At the door he pauses, looking back at those two for the last time. He is beaten. They are implacable, veiled, serene. Horman understands this more from their posture and attitudes, than from anything else. For now they are dark silhouettes against that picture window framing beautiful lawns and garden areas that positively glimmer with controlled antiseptic radiance.

And then Davis adds an epilogue. His matter of fact voice coming out of that faceless silhouette is extraordinarily calm, almost gentle. It seems to come to Horman out of an enormously placid, and yet also profoundly evil dream:

DAVIS

I don't know what happened to your kid, Ed. But I understand he was a snoop, who poked his nose into a lot of dangerous places he didn't belong. Now... suppose I came up to your town, New York, and started messing around with the Mafia... and wound up dead in the East River... and my wife complained to the police that they didn't protect me.

(pause)

She wouldn't have a case, would she?

(pause)

You play with fire, you get burned...

And that's it. Absolute silence. The silhouettes do not move. A butterfly flutters outside the picture window.

126 EXT. HOTEL CARRERA - DAY

126

A police car is parked at the curb, rooftop light flashing. A taxi pulls up behind it. Horman descends and heads for the hotel.

About to push on the revolving door, Horman sees Beth on the other side. She is flanked by two MEN.

One has a grasp on her arm. The other is about to push on the door. Horman grabs the handle, blocking their exit. The Man leans his weight against the door, but Horman struggles to keep it closed. After a brief test of strength, the Man backs off, and Horman pushes inside.

127 INT. HOTEL

127

HORMAN

All right, what's going on here?

Both Men understand instantly that this rather nondescript, exhausted, slightly shabby American is in a dangerous mood.

BETH

They just want to ask me some questions about Charlie.

HORMAN

Who are you?

MAN WITH MUSTACHE

I am Inspector Rojas. I have instructions to bring Mrs. Horman to our headquarters.

HORMAN

For what?

ROJAS

Interrogation.

HORMAN

Oh no. You're not taking her anywhere.

He grabs Beth's hand, firmly leading her across the lobby to the front desk. Rojas and the other man follow.

Horman picks up the phone.

HORMAN
Get me the American Consulate.

BETH
What's wrong, Ed?

He shakes his head -- "nothing" -- obviously lying.

BETH
What did they say at the Ford --

He holds up his hand, speaking very deliberately into the phone.

HORMAN
I want Consul Purdy... My name
is Ed Horman.
(pause)
Fred? There's a man named Rojas
here who's... what? Okay, just
a sec.

He delivers the phone to Rojas.

ROJAS
(very solicitous)
Yes, Consul Purdy... I understand
... Certainly... I will do as you
say... Thank you.

He returns the phone to Horman.

HORMAN
Yes...? Why...? Okay, but if I
have any trouble with these...
yeah, yeah, all right.

He hangs up.

HORMAN
(to Beth)
I'm going with you.

He takes her by the arm. They leave the hotel.

128 INT. INVESTIGATIONS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

128

The interrogation room is a squalid intimidating little cubicle. Beth waits in a straight back chair across a scarred desk from Rojas. Horman stands behind her. Rojas reels a form into his typewriter.

ROJAS
 (to Beth)
 Name of missing person?

BETH
 Look, I've gone through this a
 dozen --

ROJAS
Name of missing person.

BETH
 Charles Horman.

Rojas punches out the name with two fingers.

ROJAS
 Address?

BETH
 4126 Vicuna McKenna.

He types it.

ROJAS
 Date of disappearance?

BETH
 September 17th.

ROJAS
 Time of disappearance?

BETH
 I'm not sure.

He looks up again.

BETH
 He was arrested that afternoon.
 I don't know exactly when.

ROJAS
 Time unknown. Place of birth?

The door opens and the Man with Rojas at the Carrera
 sticks in his head.

MAN
 (to Rojas; Spanish)
 Telephone call for Mr. Horman.

ROJAS
 (to Horman)
 You have a call, sir.

He points to the Man at the door.

HORMAN
(squeezing Beth's
shoulder)
I'll be right back.

He leaves.

ROJAS
(to Beth)
Place of birth?

129 INT. A HALLWAY - DAY

129

Many people mill around. Most are relatives and friends of people being interrogated. Their faces are tensed anxiously. ANGRY SHOUTS come from one room: a woman and a young girl outside the room strain to hear through the door.

Horman follows the Man into an office up the corridor.

130 INT. THE OFFICE - DAY

130

The Man points to a phone lying on a counter. Horman picks it up.

HORMAN
Yes...?

131 INT. PURDY'S EMBASSY OFFICE - DAY

131

Purdy is at his desk, phone to his ear, facing Ray Davis and Colonel Hon.

PURDY
I've looked into that, uh... Ed.
And it appears you were right.
We've been informed that a body
has been identified through a
re-check of morgue fingerprints.
... Yes, sir, I'm afraid it is...
Yes, he was buried on October 3rd...

132 INTERCUT:

132

HORMAN
In a wall? I don't understand.

PURDY

They do that. It's quite common
down here.

(pause)

No sir, no question about it.
It's him.

HORMAN

Where was he killed?... I see.
... Goodbye.

Horman hangs up, closes his eyes, and pinches the
bridge of his nose. Then he opens his eyes -- they
glisten with wetness. Slowly, heavily, he turns,
can find no one to say anything to, and leaves the
office.

133 INT. HALLWAY

133

Brow furrowed, lips pressed together, Horman begins
to thread down through that corridor of anxious people.
They part for him, or don't realize he's coming and
bump against him, saying "Pardoname." Something
timeless in Ed's face we haven't quite seen there
before. But we've seen it often in the faces of the
people... at the National Stadium, on the sidewalks,
in this corridor. Now Horman and all these people
are kindred.

He arrives at Rojas' open door. The inspector is in
mid-sentence.

134 INT. ROJAS' OFFICE

134

ROJAS

... his party, Mrs. Horman? His
political affiliation?

Beth sees Horman. He can't speak, and so he beckons
her to come over.

HORMAN

(whispering hoarsely)
We're going home.

With that, his face twists in anguish. His lips move
almost grotesquely, tears swell out of his eyes, im-
mediately soaking his cheeks. At the same time, the
full meaning of that line hits Beth, and she moves
disbelievingly into the arms of her father-in-law.

ROJAS

May we please continue?

They hold each other tightly. Beth isn't crying yet, but Horman cannot help it, he is shattered, letting go at last, his face contorted in sorrow and barely able to speak through his almost silent, shaking sobs.

135 EXT. HORMAN HOUSE - VICUNA McKENNA - DAY 135

Beth, Ed and McNally circle around the front house, heading for the Horman's ex-domicile in back.

136 INT. HORMAN HOUSE - DAY 136

Beth and Ed are poking around in the shambles, gathering whatever papers, drawings, books, notebooks, or other things pertaining to Charles that the soldiers left behind. They place everything in the cardboard boxes. There is a desperate kind of softness in their moves, suggesting slow motion, a trance-like quality to the scene tinging it with exceptional sadness.

Ed may not be crying, but there is that air of profound anguish in his look, in his moves. Perhaps his eyes are red, suggesting it is the same day he learned for certain Charles is dead.

McNally stands aside, ineffectually. He's embarrassed to be intruding on this tense, private moment.

Horman halts for a moment, straightens up. He exhales for emotional as well as physical relief. His bewildered eyes take in the mess. Then he goes over and places his hand against a wall in a strange, touching way, almost as if feeling for a heartbeat...

Then he rests his head wearily against that arm.

137 INT. AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP - DAY 137

At a table are Horman, Beth, Purdy and McNally. Horman is calm now, more rested, in control. Beth is signing forms for McNally, who turns the pages for her. When she signs the last page, he shuffles them all into a neat pile and slips them into his briefcase.

McNALLY

I think that does it. Thank you.

BETH

When will he be sent back?

PURDY

In a few days. We have to get some other clearances -- nothing important. We can ship it home by Friday.

BETH

You're sure?

PURDY

You have my word on it.

BETH

(sadly, not bitterly)
For what that's worth.

McNally opens his mouth to speak... then fumbles, embarrassed. Then he decides to broach it anyway.

McNALLY

Did you mention the... ah, shipping charges?

Purdy abhors the gaffe, but, since it has been made:

PURDY

No, I... uh, there's going to be a fee... along with the air freight duty.

BETH

How much?

Purdy checks McNally for the answer.

McNALLY

It comes to 931 dollars. That includes the freight, too, of course.

BETH

You mean you want it now?

McNally starts to say "yes," but Purdy steps on his line:

PURDY

No, no, that isn't necessary. When it arrives... when the body is returned...

HORMAN
Don't worry. We'll take care of
it.

PURDY
(nods uncomfortably)
Fine, good...

Horman picks up the check and starts to dig into his
pocket. Purdy reaches for it.

PURDY
Please... let me get that.

HORMAN
No. I want to get rid of this
money.

He drops a small wad of Chilean bills onto the table.
They all rise.

138 INT. TERMINAL

138

Purdy and McNally huddle for a moment outside the
coffee shop. Then McNally waves to Horman and walks
off. Horman doesn't return the wave.

The three of them now head across the terminal toward
the customs area where a long line of departing passen-
gers await clearance.

The Officer from Horman's arrival scene hurries up,
salutes Purdy, and ushers them through a VIP gate.

As they emerge from Customs, we hear:

REESE'S VOICE
Mr. Horman...

The newswoman hurries along with a bag in one hand,
a portable typewriter in the other, a trench coat over
her shoulder.

HORMAN
Hello!

Reese walks up, smiling at Beth, ignoring Purdy.

HORMAN
We called your room this morning.
They said you'd already checked
out.

REESE
I'm on my way to La Paz.

HORMAN
Bolivia? Isn't that where Creter
said he was headed next?

REESE
Come to think of it, yes.

We hear the La Paz FLIGHT BEING CALLED in Spanish.

REESE
I've got to go...

Horman offers his hand: Kate juggles the bag into the
typewriter hand, and they shake.

HORMAN
Thanks for all your help, Miss
Reese.

REESE
I'm sorry...

Horman nods understandingly.

REESE
Have a good flight.

HORMAN
You too.

And she's gone.

Davis enters followed by a gold-braided officer. The
officer salutes Purdy, and, speaking in Spanish, points
to the VIP gate. At the same time, Davis addresses
Beth and Horman. But Beth turns her back abruptly to
him.

HORMAN
Oh no -- wait a minute. No more
'American' privileges.

He turns and, with Beth, starts walking toward the
regular customs area. Purdy and Davis follow after
him, uncomfortable, a bit distraught.

PURDY
Listen... I wish there was
something I could say... or do
about it.

Ed turns around and with Beth confronts him face to face:

HORMAN

I'm going to do something about it!

Purdy waits for the "what?" with a "happy" smile.

Davis is attentive and suspicious.

HORMAN

I'm gonna sue you, Fred. You and Davis and the Ambassador... and everyone else who let Charles die. I'll make it so hot for you you'll wish you were stationed in Antarctica.

Beth looks at Horman, surprised, and also happy at his decision. Davis, on the other hand, takes the news with an unconcerned shrug. Purdy fills with gloom.

PURDY

Well... I guess that's your privilege, Mr. Horman.

HORMAN

No, it's my right!

Purdy reacts to the determination in his tone.

HORMAN

Thank God we live in a country where we can still put people like you in jail.

Beth slips her arm through Horman's and they walk off towards the plane -- leaving a visibly shaken Purdy in their wake.

They move down an immense hallway with windows on both sides. The light floods in breaking over Beth and Horman, invading them like hope.

Unless that is nothing but despair.

139 EXT. JFK - DAY

139

It's a mean, dark April afternoon. A hard rain pounds across the runway where a cargo plane is being unloaded. The air freight door is open and a long conveyor belt snakes down from the plane towards our CAMERA.

Various items of freight trundle down the belt, causing a pile-up just past the CAMERA'S RANGE. Then the final:

It's a box -- roughly casket shape -- made of cheap boards, bound together with wire ties. There's a handwritten legend on the side of the box:

CHARLES HORMAN -- from Santiago --

A TITLE BURNS IN OVER the SHOT:

Seven months and sixteen days later, Charles Horman's remains were returned to his family.

The autopsy, even though performed late, revealed that Charles was brutally tortured before being executed by a bullet through his head.

On July 21, 1977, Edward Horman filed suit in the Fifth District Federal Court of New York, charging Consul Frederic Purdy, Capt. Raymond Davis, USN (Ret.); Ambassador Nathaniel Davis and nine other United States government officials, including Henry A. Kissinger and Richard M. Nixon, with complicity and criminal negligence in the death of his son.

The suit is still pending.

FADE OUT.

THE END