

# **IRRESISTIBLE**

**by TOD DAVIES**

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**SIXTH DRAFT**

INTERROGATION ROOM      INT      DAY

Dingy and smoke-filled. Too hot. Sweat beads up on the face of a seated STATE DEPARTMENT OFFICIAL. He wipes his forehead and lets the drops fall on an open dossier.

He shakes his head over the dossier.

STATE DEPT OFFICIAL  
Unbelievable, the mess you made.

A stocky CIA OPERATIVE with a military haircut studies the file.

CIA OP  
Marital problems? You say your  
judgment was fucked because of  
marital problems?

The STATE DEPT OFFICIAL offers a cigarette pack across the wood table to the man he interrogates.

HARRISON CALLOWAY, JR. Mid-40s. Boyishly handsome, even as disheveled and disoriented as he is now.

HARRISON shakes his head.

HARRISON  
I don't smoke.

CAPTAIN TORRES enters. Clad in the dress uniform of Police Chief, blackened by smoke, arm in a sling. He leans against the wall.

CIA OP  
Somebody's got a lot of clean-up  
to do.

All stare at the increasingly agitated HARRISON, who reaches across the table for the pack of cigarettes. Hands shaking, he lights one up.

STATE DEPT OFFICIAL  
Start at the beginning. How did  
it happen?

HARRISON looks an appeal to TORRES.

HARRISON  
You remember. It was the day the  
governor came to town.

PUERTO MATANZAS        EXT        DAY

An ugly port town at the edge of a jungle.  
A trading town -- jumbled, mismatched, charmless, but crawling with energy. At the harbor, a STREET MARKET vibrates with people.

ON A DOCK IN THE HARBOR        EXT        DAY

Even more activity than usual. It is obvious by the CRUSH OF PEOPLE, by the MILITARY BAND tuning up in a bandshell, by the banner that reads, "BIENVENIDOS SEÑOR GOBERNADOR" that someone important is awaited.

TORRES looks over this scene as he waits for the GOVERNOR.

Behind him, his men frisk onlookers as they move onto the dock and into the bandstands.

A SMALL SCUFFLE breaks out. The POLICE have found a KNIFE hidden in a SCRUFFY YOUNG MAN's boot.

They hustle him off the dock.

TORRES nods to himself, satisfied with the security measures.

All is under control.

He signals to another OFFICER who mans a WALKIE-TALKIE, communicating with the GOVERNOR'S LAUNCH out on the bay. It's safe for the GOVERNOR to land.

The LAUNCH ceases circling the bay and heads for shore.  
The MILITARY BAND strikes up its welcoming song.

BEHIND TORRES - A WHITE SHIP ON THE WATER

Makes its way into dock from the opposite direction.

THE WHITE SHIP        EXT        DAY

An anxious but cheerful MAN studies a map and a handful of guidebooks, juggling them, dropping them, banging himself with the old PAN AM BAG slung over his shoulder as he bends to pick them up. A tourist, a gladhandler, a clumsy but nice guy. VICTOR MORALES.

Beside him, a dark-haired, clear-faced woman moves serenely into frame, preparing to disembark. Imperturbable, extraordinarily beautiful. ILSA MORALES. VICTOR's wife.

With effortless efficiency, she bends, scoops up the fallen guidebooks, and disentangles VICTOR from his flight bag.

She heads out of frame. VICTOR happily follows.

THE DOCK - A FEW MOMENTS LATER        EXT        DAY

TORRES moves forward to greet the GOVERNOR'S LAUNCH as it heads towards the dock.

BEHIND HIM

The PASSENGERS from the WHITE SHIP disembark.

VICTOR's attention is caught by the fuss on the other side; he pulls ILSA's arm and points. ILSA smiles, and moves on, already attracted by the sights of the town.

VICTOR watches the GOVERNOR'S ARRIVAL with friendly interest, until a POLICEMAN asks him to move on. He gives a start and a smile, apologises, and hurries to catch up to ILSA.

AT ILSA AND VICTOR

He links his arm through hers affectionately, and they turn a corner toward the street market.

THE STREET MARKET        EXT        DAY

ILSA looks at the stalls. VICTOR continues to gaze with open interest at everything that passes by.

ILSA stops to finger some goods.

The muted SOUND OF AN EXPLOSION a block or two away can be heard.

VICTOR peers down an alley toward the street closest to the harbor.

DOWN THE ALLEY

Billows of SMOKE can be seen. A CROWD races down the street, chased by POLICEMEN, who arrest everyone in sight.

AT VICTOR AND ILSA

VICTOR turns to call ILSA's attention to this, but, as usual, she's moved ahead of him and inspects the wares of a FRUIT VENDOR.

VICTOR hurries again to catch up, and charmingly grabs up three mangoes, juggling them in the air to ILSA's obvious amusement.

He tosses them back into the bin. One... two... as he's about to lob the third, he hears the CLICK OF GUNS.

He is surrounded by THREE POLICEMEN, led by the same POLICEMAN who told him on the dock to move along.

Their GUNS ARE DRAWN.

ILSA cries out as the POLICE march VICTOR away...

THE U.S. CONSULATE OF PUERTO MATANZAS EXT DAY

A second floor office in a dreary building. ILSA stands in the first floor doorway, ringing the bell.

No response.

The LABEL over the doorbell says: "HARRISON CALLOWAY, JR. UNITED STATES CONSULATE." A notice lists hours, the office phone number and an EMERGENCY TELEPHONE NUMBER.

ILSA pulls out a mobile phone and dials the number. Worried and distracted, she looks around her. Angle on --

AT THE OTHER END OF THE BLOCK - A BAR EXT DAY

A CAR is parked in front. THREE BODYGUARDS wait inside. TWO MEN emerge from the bar. HARRISON, less harried-looking than we've just seen him, but still distracted. And BUZZ PHELPS, a stocky, connected, American-businessman-abroad, who downs the last of a beer.

BUZZ

Anyway. So there I am, sitting next to the Ambassador's wife. I'm -- what was I then? Don't remember. Cultural attaché? Small business consultant? Some bullshit. Anyway, I gotta do this, but I'm completely fucked up, and the Ukrainian... or, wait a minute...

HARRISON points to BUZZ's BODYGUARDS in the car.

HARRISON

Do they want something? A beer or something. They must be hot.

BUZZ

What? Naw. They're working.  
(takes another beer out from under his vest)  
... maybe it was the Lithuanian.  
Some Nazi, anyway...

HARRISON

I want to check the office a second.

He walks towards the office.

BUZZ whistles; the car follows.

A RINGING SOUND. HARRISON pulls out his MOBILE PHONE.

HARRISON

Calloway here.

BUZZ

To get this, you have to have seen (MORE)

BUZZ (CONT.)  
the Ambassador's. It's like the  
fucking Alhambra.

HARRISON  
Hello? Hello?  
(puts phone away)  
Bad connection.

THE CONSULATE OFFICE STAIRWELL EXT DAY

ILSA listens anxiously to her phone. Frowns. Redials.

U.S. CONSULATE OFFICE BUILDING - FRONT SIDEWALK EXT DAY

HARRISON hears his phone again. Answers. Shakes his head. Still no  
connection.

BUZZ  
Harrison, buddy, you haven't heard  
a word I've said.

HARRISON  
Yes I did. The Ambassador lives in  
the Alhambra.

AT ILSA - she notes the regular office number, dials it, going out onto  
the sidewalk, where she passes BUZZ and HARRISON.

BUZZ does a double take at her beauty.  
HARRISON doesn't notice her. He hears the PHONE RINGING IN HIS OFFICE  
ABOVE and takes the stairs TWO AT A TIME as ILSA disappears down the  
street and around the corner.

U.S. CONSULATE OFFICE INT DAY

Obviously a minor consulate. One room. One desk. A FRAMED PHOTO of  
a pretty but discontented-looking YOUNG WOMAN next to the PHONE and  
ANSWERING MACHINE.

The PHONE rings. The ANSWERING MACHINE picks up.

ANSWERING MACHINE  
You have reached the offices of  
the United States Consulate. The  
Consulate will be closed for the  
4th of July weekend, reopening on  
Tuesday, July the 5th...

HARRISON bursts in, eagerly grabs the phone.

HARRISON  
Katherine? That you, honey?

STREET EXT DAY

ILSA snaps her phone shut, hails a cab.

U.S. CONSULATE OFFICE INT DAY

HARRISON, disappointed, hangs up the phone. Looks at the answering machine.

No messages.

BUZZ picks up the WOMAN's picture.

BUZZ

Ah. Now I understand why you have not been hanging on my every fascinating word.

(shakes his head)

Women.

HARRISON

She said she wanted some time to herself. She's been saying that a lot lately.

BUZZ

Why doesn't she use your cell?

HARRISON

She says she hates them. She says she Hates me knowing where she is all the time.

He goes to the COMPUTER, studies the screen. Sighs.

HARRISON

I've been getting these weird emails lately. Like they're in code. I can't figure out what they're about, who they're for...

(at BUZZ's expression)

Not THAT kind. Not Viagra ads, or pleas from Nigerian princes. These are more... official.

BUZZ

Blow it off. Hold onto them, see if anyone turns up. If it's important, they'll find you.

BUZZ belches. HARRISON laughs.

BUZZ

It's how I operate. Trust me, Bubba, a little denial is a wonderful thing.

HARRISON

I miss you when you're not around,  
Buzz. God knows why, but I miss you.

BUZZ

That's because you're a nice guy.  
Nice guys like you love assholes  
like me.

HARRISON

Yeah, well, asshole - how about  
dropping me home on your way to  
the airport?

BUZZ

Where's your car?

HARRISON

Loaned it to the housekeeper. Her  
nephew had to go to the hospital.

BUZZ rolls his eyes.

HARRISON opens the door for BUZZ, then follows him out.

KATHERINE stares disconsolately from her picture.

PUERTO MATANZAS POLICE STATION EXT DAY

POLICE herd more SUSPECTS into the building.

POLICE STATION - JAIL CELL INT DAY

A cowering VICTOR presses up against the bars of an overcrowded cell.  
All around him, languages he apparently can't understand.

He clutches his PAN AM BAG protectively to his side.

Two MEN eye the BAG, mutter. VICTOR quakes.

Two POLICEMEN appear, point to the BAG.

SCREAMS come from the back cells.

CALLOWAY HOUSE EXT DAY

An expensive, two-story, forcibly cheerful fake Tudor at the edge of  
the jungle.

The main feature of the garden is a netless overgrown tennis court.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - LIVING AREA     INT     DAY

KATHERINE CALLOWAY, mid-20's, as pretty as her picture, leans forward, really concerned.

A distressed ILSA sits across.

KATHERINE helplessly offers her another cup of tea.

ROAD TO THE CALLOWAY HOUSE     EXT     DAY

BUZZ'S CAR drives down the road.

BUZZ'S CAR     INT     DAY

HARRISON and BUZZ sit in the back seat.  
HARRISON goes through a stack of printed-out emails.     Sits back, puzzled.

HARRISON

Do you ever feel like you just  
don't get your life?

BUZZ

All the time, buddy.

He belches again.

HARRISON

But like -- like you could get it.  
You could meet just this one person,  
or hear just one key sentence... and  
that's it, your fate.     Everything  
else just falls into place.

The car stops.

CALLOWAY HOUSE     EXT     DAY

BUZZ, HARRISON and BODYGUARDS get out.

BUZZ

There's one thing that's certain,  
Bubba.     You get what you want in life.  
(shakes his head)  
It's a fucking tragedy.

HARRISON laughs.     The DOOR opens.     KATHERINE runs out.

KATHERINE

Harrison!     This is Ilsa Morales.  
Her husband's in awful trouble.  
You have to help her.

ILSA walks into the sunlight.

All the MEN - BODYGUARDS, BUZZ, but especially HARRISON - are stunned into silence.

ILSA stands there, bathed in late afternoon sun, looking with clear eyes straight at HARRISON.

ILSA

My husband is a good man, Mr Calloway.  
Maybe too good to defend himself against  
something really bad. I'm afraid of  
that jail.

BUZZ rushes to ILSA's side.

BUZZ

Good God! Anything I can do...

HARRISON murmurs to KATHERINE.

HARRISON

I hate to say it, but she's got a  
good reason to be scared...

KATHERINE

Harrison...

HARRISON doesn't respond. He's looking at ILSA.  
ILSA looks over at him.

HARRISON

I'll get him out. But I'll  
have to take your car, Katherine.

She looks at him with a curious expression.

HARRISON

You okay?

KATHERINE

Yes, of course.

HARRISON

Maybe we'll go away together  
somewhere next week. Just us.

He kisses her hurriedly on the cheek, and turns toward the garage.

BUZZ

(to ILSA)

You know, this could be tricky.  
Listen, I know what. I'm going  
to the Ambassador's Fourth of July  
shindig Monday. Just a couple  
hundred dignitaries, nothing special. (CONT.)

BUZZ (CONT.)

You could come with me! We'll work  
it out with the Ambassador...

HARRISON turns back to KATHERINE, who holds out her CAR KEYS without speaking.

KATHERINE

Buzz, don't you have a plane to catch?

BUZZ

Plane? What plane?

ILSA mouths a THANK YOU to HARRISON.  
He swallows, kisses KATHERINE again, and goes.  
KATHERINE leads ILSA into the house.

PUERTO MATANZAS POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION CELL INT

The CELL where HARRISON is soon to be interrogated --  
but now VICTOR, scared, sits handcuffed to the table.

SCREAMS continue to issue faintly from down the corridor.  
An unshaven COP slumps against the door, pouring himself coffee from a  
thermos.

CAPTAIN TORRES' OFFICE INT DAY

TORRES sits at his desk. HARRISON stands in front of him.

HARRISON

This is too much. You can't just  
pick up innocent American tourists  
every time someone tries to blow  
up the governor. Someone's always  
trying to blow up the governor.

TORRES sighs, nods his head toward the corner of the room. HARRISON  
follows his look. VICTOR'S PAN AM BAG. A COP guards it longingly.  
Open, it reveals A LOT OF CASH.

TORRES

Innocent American tourist...

INTERROGATION CELL INT DAY

HARRISON lights a cigarette for the handcuffed VICTOR.

VICTOR

Don't you want one?

HARRISON

I don't smoke.

VICTOR

Look, there's a perfectly reasonable explanation for all of this. I'm no saint, sure, no question, but that doesn't mean I would want to assassinate some guy I've never even heard of.

(gives a nervous laugh)

Why would I do that? Could someone in this crazy place just tell me that? Me, a terrorist! It's insane!

OUTSIDE THE CELL - CORRIDOR INT DAY

POLICE herd another GROUP OF SUSPECTS into the hall.  
MUCH NOISE.

INTERROGATION CELL INT DAY

HARRISON gets up, shuts the door to the corridor.

VICTOR

Talk about being in the wrong place at the wrong time! Can I have another cigarette?

HARRISON

(hesitates)

Look -- I don't want to offend you. But it is suspicious, that money you're carrying.

VICTOR tries to throw up his hands, but is jerked back by the handcuffs.

VICTOR

The money! Christ, if that wasn't the stupidest thing I ever did. I should never, ever, ever have said yes to this job. Never do anything you don't feel a hundred percent right about, that's what my father used to say, and he was right!

(ashamed)

The money's for bribes. We were told that's how things are done down here. I work for an investment group -- the Tiffany Group of Companies buying up jungle, clearing it for development, golf courses, that kind of thing. Okay, it's sleazy -- but it's not murder.

He broods for a moment.

VICTOR  
I'm sorry. I'm just really  
embarrassed, you know?  
(despairing)  
Jesus, it's so tough in a foreign  
country! You don't speak the language,  
you can't get the cues, nothing's the  
way it looks...

OUTSIDE THE CELL - CORRIDOR INT DAY

The SUSPECTS protest loudly. POLICE blow whistles.  
MUCH SHOUTING.

INTERROGATION CELL INT DAY

VICTOR cringes at the noise.

VICTOR  
I'm telling the truth. Listen --  
you think I'm a real jerk, don't you?

HARRISON protests lamely. He was, indeed, thinking something of the  
kind.

HARRISON  
Oh -- no, no, no...

VICTOR  
You know what? I don't blame you  
one bit. I am a jerk. A first class  
moron. And you wanna know what's  
the worst thing about this? My wife.

HARRISON  
Yes, I've met her.

VICTOR  
She didn't know about any of this.  
I knew she'd tell me not to do it.  
But I thought if I could just bring  
it off...

He stares into space. HARRISON hesitates, takes out a pen and paper.

HARRISON  
Listen, they need to check your story.  
You work for...

VICTOR  
The Tiffany Group. In Cleveland.  
Phone number's --

HARRISON

It's the 4th of July weekend.  
Everything's closed in the States  
till Tuesday.

VICTOR claps his hand to his forehead.

The GUARD, alerted by the increased NOISE OUTSIDE, opens the door.  
The GUARD SHOUTS, goes to the aid of his fellow officers.

VICTOR

That's three days away! I can't stay  
here three days!

His voice rises hysterically.

VICTOR

I just thought -- if I could pull off  
one more deal. Move up a notch.  
Look effective, know what I mean?

HARRISON, uncomfortable, stands.

VICTOR

You know that disappointed look women  
get? It drives you crazy! You ask  
them what's wrong, and they say, oh  
nothing, nothing. Everything's fine.  
I hate that! I JUST DON'T WANT TO  
SEE THAT LOOK!

HARRISON

Wait here.

He goes out. VICTOR slumps despairingly in his seat.

TORRES' OFFICE INT DAY

HARRISON leans on the desk, filling out forms.

TORRES

Be realistic.

HARRISON looks at him.

HARRISON

I can't leave him here, Torres.  
He's an American citizen. I'll take  
custody of him for the weekend, till  
you can check his story.

TORRES

What's that American expression?  
A white knight. You're acting like a white  
knight. You don't have to do that.

HARRISON looks at the COP who still covetously guards the BAG.

HARRISON

And I'll take the money. All of it.  
There's a safe at the house.

The COP'S FACE registers dismay.

TORRES

Think about what can go wrong.  
Is it worth that kind of risk?

HARRISON stops writing, looks at him. TORRES shrugs.  
The COP sullenly hands over the ancient flight bag.

POLICE STATION EXT LATE AFTERNOON

HARRISON, carrying the flight bag, appears at the door with a relieved  
and gesturing VICTOR.

Each indicates the other should go first through the door.  
A slight bottleneck ensues.

TORRES' OFFICE INT LATE AFTERNOON

TORRES watches this from the window.

TORRES

(in Spanish, subtitled)  
I don't want to wait three days.

COP

(same)  
When does the Governor leave?

TORRES

(same)  
Tuesday.

The COP dials the phone, hands the receiver to TORRES.

KATHERINE'S CAR INT LATE AFTERNOON

HARRISON drives VICTOR home.

VICTOR

Jeez, you did me a favor back there.  
Jesus. Me, Victor Morales, hack  
businessman - an Osama bin Ladin!

He looks around uneasily.

VICTOR

JESUS.

HARRISON

You understand I've got to keep  
your money in custody till Tuesday.

VICTOR

What? Oh, yeah, sure! At your  
orders!

(runs his hand nervously  
through his hair)

Listen, I didn't mean to lay my  
personal problems on you back there.  
I mean, I'm not usually a big whiner.  
And I didn't mean anything with that  
Osama crack, either.  
It's just... I'm just feeling kind of  
stressed...I mean --

HARRISON

It's okay. I understand.

VICTOR

(brightens)

Yeah? Good, good.

Pause. They look at each other and then start to laugh with relief.

HARRISON

I think I might have felt a little  
stressed out myself!

VICTOR

(whistles)

No shit, Shylock. Hey -- but what  
about my wife? She okay?

They turn into the CALLOWAY DRIVEWAY.

Through the windshield, VICTOR and HARRISON see BUZZ escort ILSA from  
the house, arm around her waist.

VICTOR doesn't look happy about this. HARRISON notices his look.  
VICTOR notices his noticing, and makes a little shrug -- a "what can  
you do?" resigned sort of gesture.

VICTOR

(sincerely)

I appreciate you looking out for us.

HARRISON

No problem. Happy to do it.  
Fellow Americans, all that.

They SMILE at each other again.

CALLOWAY HOUSE      EXT      SUNSET

ILSA sees VICTOR, gives a cry.  
He jumps from the car, folds her in a passionate embrace.

HARRISON goes to BUZZ.      They watch ILSA and VICTOR.

HARRISON  
You still here?

BUZZ  
The great broads always go for  
the wusses. Go figure. And I  
was just wondering how she'd  
look tied up.

HARRISON gives him a look.

BUZZ  
I know, I know -- I've got a plane  
to catch.

VICTOR gives a friendly wave to them both, escorts ILSA inside.  
BUZZ claps HARRISON on the back and heads for his waiting car.

The car drives away.

HARRISON, still holding the PAN AM BAG, turns to enter the house.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - LIVING AREA      INT      EVENING

Opens onto the front hall, stairs rising from it to the second floor.

As HARRISON enters, KATHERINE gaily chats with ILSA.

KATHERINE  
It'll be so much fun to have company.  
I've got this beautiful little guest  
room, and you know what? I don't  
think anyone's ever used it!

HARRISON looks at ILSA, struck again by how beautiful she is.

She sees this, ducks her head a little in embarrassment, then recovers,  
laughing, and reaches to take VICTOR'S PAN AM BAG.

HARRISON  
(awkwardly pulling back)  
I'm sorry. This has to go in the  
house safe until Tuesday.

He goes to the living area, and moves a PORTRAIT OF KATHERINE AS A  
YOUNG DEBUTANTE aside to show a SAFE installed over the mantelpiece.

HARRISON

See? It'll be okay here.

ILSA, confused, looks at an embarrassed VICTOR.

VICTOR

I'll tell you later, okay?

She looks at him steadily. He won't meet her eye. KATHERINE hurriedly intervenes to save the situation.

KATHERINE

Well, come on up, and I'll get you settled.

She takes ILSA's arm and leads her upstairs. ILSA looks back once more at an ashamed VICTOR. They disappear.

Pause.

VICTOR

That's a conversation I'm not looking forward to having.

(sighs)

Listen - would it be an imposition if I used your phone? They took my cell at the jail, and the bastards never gave it back.

(HARRISON looks at him sympathetically)

I gotta cancel the hotel and rental car whatchamacallit at our next stop. Only fair to let them know we're not coming.

HARRISON hands him the CORDLESS PHONE from a side table.

HARRISON

We're kind of primitive here. Katie and I have this deal -- that I'll keep as much work as I can at the office. So there's just one landline.

VICTOR

One's all I need.

HARRISON leaves him to it, goes to the SAFE. As he spins the tumblers, VICTOR punches a long, long string of numbers into the phone.

HARRISON opens the safe. Empty except for a WEBLEY SERVICE REVOLVER. He shoves the bag beside it.

VICTOR'S VOICE

Something wrong with the phone.

HARRISON JUMPS. VICTOR stands right behind him, holding out the phone apologetically.

VICTOR

Sorry. Didn't mean to scare you.

HARRISON closes the safe on the bag, replaces the portrait, takes the phone, listens to it.

HARRISON

Must've gone out. They do that all the time down here. It'll be okay later. Here, use my cell...

KATHERINE appears at the foot of the stairs.

KATHERINE

Ilsa's ready for you, Victor.

VICTOR, distracted by this, doesn't take the phone. He looks so apprehensive, that HARRISON can't help an impulse of sympathy.

HARRISON

Kind of early to turn in.

KATHERINE

They've both had a pretty full day!

VICTOR

(heartily)

Absolutely. Best to get a full recharge and hit the deck tomorrow at 100 per cent capacity. Right?

(heads upstairs; turns back)

Listen -- thanks again to you both. I'll... I'll use the wife's phone, thanks.

He braces himself, goes upstairs.

Pause.

HARRISON

Want to go upstairs, Katie?

KATHERINE

If you want.

He turns to put the phone back in its cradle.

HARRISON

They seem like a nice couple.

KATHERINE

(with more enthusiasm)

Oh, I really like her. It's such a relief! It's so hard to make friends around here.

HARRISON

I know. It's not Zurich. Or Barcelona.

KATHERINE  
I wasn't thinking about that.

HARRISON  
No?  
(pause)  
Listen. About that trip.

KATHERINE  
Let's talk about it after the party, okay?

She turns and heads upstairs. HARRISON follows.

HARRISON  
If you want.

VICTOR AND ILSA'S ROOM INT NIGHT

ILSA unpacks, deliberately controlling herself.  
VICTOR stands, shamefaced and awkward.

ILSA  
That was stupid, Victor.

VICTOR  
I know.

ILSA  
Maladroit. Shouldn't you tell me  
these things? Aren't we partners?

VICTOR  
I knew what you'd say.

ILSA  
So just tell me why, Victor.

He doesn't answer. She sits on the bed, rubs her forehead.

VICTOR  
That man today. That Buzz guy.  
He came on to you.

ILSA  
Men always come on to me, Victor.

VICTOR  
I know.

She looks at him. His expression is so miserable, she can't help herself. Her face softens. She holds out her arms.

ILSA  
Come here.

He goes to her, kissing her. She sighs, but begins to return his kisses with increasing fervor. They push the suitcase to the floor.

HARRISON AND KATHERINE'S BEDROOM INT NIGHT

HARRISON and KATHERINE lie in bed, asleep, as far apart as two people sharing a bed can be.

The SOUND of a SUITCASE THUMPING TO THE FLOOR in the next room wakes HARRISON.

HARRISON  
What? What?

He lies there in the dark, momentarily disoriented. Then hears SOUNDS OF LOVEMAKING coming from Victor and Ilsa's room.

He sighs, tries to turn over and get comfortable. But the sounds are too distracting.

He tentatively reaches across the bed and touches KATHERINE on the shoulder.

Her eyes open, then quickly shut. She continues to pretend to sleep.

HARRISON withdraws his hand.

VICTOR AND ILSA'S ROOM INT NIGHT

ILSA and VICTOR lie in each other's arms after making love.

ILSA  
Better?

VICTOR  
Mm.  
(pause)  
Did you like it?

ILSA  
Did I like what?

VICTOR  
That guy coming on to you today.

ILSA  
You're being very boring, Victor.

VICTOR  
You didn't seem to find him so boring,  
I noticed.

ILSA  
AND stupid.

VICTOR

Buzz. What kind of a name is Buzz?  
It's a sound, not a name.

ILSA

I'm going to sleep now.

Pause. VICTOR kisses her hair apologetically, settles in beside her.  
ILSA's eyes close.

VICTOR

One of these days you're going  
to leave me for one of these stupid  
fucks. You'll think I'm a has-been,  
you'll find out how shallow I really  
am, and...

ILSA

After fifteen years, I think I've  
had time to plumb the depths of  
your shallowness, Victor.

He laughs.

ILSA

Good night.

She pretends to sleep.

VICTOR gets up, puts on a robe, goes out.

ILSA's eyes open slowly, and she stares thoughtfully in the dark.

CALLOWAY HOUSE EXT NIGHT

A NOISE in the house disturbs a FLOCK OF BATS.  
They fly across the garden.

HARRISON AND KATHERINE'S BEDROOM INT NIGHT

The BATS brush against the window. HARRISON sits up.  
A SOUND from downstairs. He gets up, pulls on his plaid flannel robe,  
goes out.

KATHERINE's eyes open and stare in the dark.

LIVING AREA INT NIGHT

VICTOR smokes a cigarette, spills the ash down the front of his robe -  
a black satin kimono with a dragon snaking up the back - stirs a  
martini in a martini shaker from off the well-stocked consular bar  
cart.

He looks around him -- at the TIME-LIFE WORLD WAR II books. The Tom  
Clancy novels. The BOB SEGER CD's. He pours his martini and goes to

study KATHERINE'S PORTRAIT over the mantlepiece. There is a FRAMED WEDDING PHOTO of HARRISON and KATHERINE below it. He picks this up.

HARRISON comes quietly up behind him and CLEARS HIS THROAT.  
VICTOR jumps, sloshing his martini on the carpet.

VICTOR  
Whoa! You scared me there.  
And look -- I went and made a mess.  
(cocks his fingers like a gun)  
My wife'd kill me.

HARRISON  
Making yourself at home?

VICTOR laughs, very embarrassed.

VICTOR  
Christ, I know. I'm sorry.  
But it's been a bitch of a day.  
It's not every day a guy gets  
accused of being a terrorist.  
And has to admit to his wife that  
he's a complete asshole.  
(bitterly)  
Sometimes it's worse when they  
forgive you, you know?  
(holds up the martini apologetically)  
I'm taking liberties. I'm sorry.

He puts down the martini, heads for the stairs.

HARRISON  
It's okay.

VICTOR turns, looks at him half-hopeful.

HARRISON  
Have another one. It's on  
the U.S. Government, anyway.

VICTOR bounces back, relieved.

VICTOR  
Hey, and I'm a tax payer!  
(Bela Lugosi accent)  
Oh, beautiful for sacred skies  
above the fruited plain!

HARRISON laughs.

VICTOR  
Join me?

HARRISON  
Sure. But I'd rather have something  
lighter.

VICTOR  
At your orders, amigo.

CALLOWAY KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER     INT     NIGHT

PARTY SUPPLIES sit in paper bags against the wall.

VICTOR looks at these, sips his martini meditatively, as HARRISON mixes himself a cup of instant cocoa.

VICTOR  
Having a party?

HARRISON  
Day after tomorrow. Usual Fourth  
of July thing--beer, Doritos, pigs  
in a blanket. You're invited  
if you can stand it.

VICTOR  
Me? Pigs in a blanket and me  
are like this.

He holds up two fingers. Both men laugh.

HARRISON  
Actually, I hate parties.

VICTOR  
Oh, thank God! Me, too!

HARRISON  
You, me, and every other guy in the world.

VICTOR  
What about the women? You think the  
women hate 'em, too?

HARRISON  
Who knows what the women like.

VICTOR  
Boy, isn't that the truth.

They grin, pleased with each other.

VICTOR  
Cheers.

HARRISON  
Cheers.

PUERTO MATANZAS AIRPORT     EXT     DAWN

A PLANE taxis up a deserted runway, stops.

Disgorges KENDALL JAMESON, a disciplined, purposeful, slightly mad-looking black man of indeterminate age. Dressed in black, he carries a briefcase that glints in the morning sun.

He strides towards the CUSTOMS BUILDING.

AIRPORT - CUSTOMS INT DAWN

KENDALL JAMESON continues his purposeful walk, straight through, straight past CUSTOMS OFFICIALS who simply watch his back as he disappears out the door onto the street.

ILSA AND VICTOR'S ROOM INT DAWN

ILSA stirs in her sleep at the sound of a BURST OF LAUGHTER from downstairs. Wakes. Sees VICTOR is gone. Gets out of bed.

CALLOWAY KITCHEN INY DAWN

VICTOR and HARRISON sit companionably at the table together. The gin bottle in front of VICTOR is almost empty. HARRISON tips brandy into his hot chocolate.

VICTOR

How do we know they're happy? Women, I mean. How do we know anything about them at all. Take Ilsa. My wife. Maybe SHE'S a terrorist. My point is: you never know who you're married to. Am I right?

He shrugs.

VICTOR

Still, what the hell, right? I still get a hard-on every time I look at her. You?

HARRISON

What?

VICTOR

Do you get a hard-on every time you look at my wife?

HARRISON stares at him for a moment, then BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

HARRISON

You are one crazy guy, Victor.

VICTOR

Hey. Tell me about it. And my shrink. And my priest. And my rabbi...

They both LAUGH HELPLESSLY.

THE TOP OF THE STAIRS - CALLOWAY HOUSE      INT      DAWN

ILSA stands there, listening. KATHERINE emerges from her bedroom, goes to her.

KATHERINE  
They wake you up, too?

ILSA nods a little grimly.

KATHERINE  
Sounds like a major bonding session to me.

ILSA  
That's good for us. Gets them off our backs for awhile.

KATHERINE  
But your husband seems so crazy about you!

ILSA  
Maybe. Or just plain crazy.

They both laugh.

ILSA  
How about yours?

KATHERINE  
Well. He says he's crazy about me.  
He says it all the time. I was crazy  
about him when I was a teenager.  
He was a friend of Daddy's. He seemed  
so... nice.

(pause)  
I kind of have the impression he married  
me to be nice.

ILSA  
There're worse reasons to get married,  
I guess.

They both LAUGH again.

KATHERINE  
Listen, I was going to go shopping later  
-- you want to come?

ILSA  
Oh, I'd love to. I'm feeling kind of  
claustrophobic.

KATHERINE  
Me, too.

ILSA  
Just what I needed.

They smile at each other.

CAPTAIN TORRES' HOUSE     EXT     MORNING

A narrow-fronted, tall, whitewashed house.

KENDALL JAMESON walks purposefully up the steps and RINGS  
THE BELL.

A MAID opens the door.

TORRES' HOUSE     INT     MORNING

Surprisingly large and airy inside.     KENDALL JAMESON is led  
by the MAID through glass doored rooms to a PATIO where TORRES  
breakfasts with his WIFE and GRANDSON.

A picture of domestic happiness.

JAMESON looks on the scene with disapproval.

JAMESON  
Kendall Jameson.     They told  
me I'd find you here.

TORRES raises his eyebrows at the interruption, then rises,  
kissing his WIFE affectionately as he leaves the table.

He leads JAMESON through another set of rooms to his study.  
They pass TORRES' DAUGHTER teaching his GRANDDAUGHTER to play the  
piano.

TORRES' STUDY     INT     MORNING

TORRES leads JAMESON inside, sits at his desk, and gestures with his  
hands for JAMESON to begin.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - ILSA AND VICTOR'S ROOM     INT     MORNING

VICTOR watches as ILSA dresses.

VICTOR  
We're in big trouble, and you're  
going shopping?

ILSA  
I need a break, Victor.

Pause.

VICTOR

I remember when I was doing that job for the Shah. Everything had to be just so. Then Farah Diba decides she needs another Chanel bag. Another one! The woman must've had thirty. So we...

ILSA

I've heard this story.

VICTOR

You used to like hearing my stories.

ILSA looks at him.

ILSA

Victor, this is what a normal woman likes to do on vacation.

She kisses him on the cheek.

ILSA

Have a good day.

She goes out.

TORRES HOUSE - THE STUDY INT DAY

JAMESON lays a set of MUDDY PHOTOGRAPHS on the desk. They are of a totally unidentifiable couple. JAMESON's intensity is scary.

JAMESON

Is that them?

TORRES eyes him warily, picks up the photos. He shakes his head.

TORRES

It's impossible to tell from these photographs, Señor. This could be any couple.

JAMESON

It's better not to take any chances.

TORRES hesitates. Then reaches for the PHONE.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - THE KITCHEN INT DAY

HARRISON, newly showered and wearing a fresh SHORT-SLEEVED SHIRT, pours himself some granola and lowfat milk.

Through the window, he sees KATHERINE and ILSA laughing together, heading for KATHERINE's car. HARRISON's eyes stray to ILSA. KATHERINE appears to glance his way. He waves. But she doesn't respond.

The PHONE rings from the next room.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - LIVING AREA INT DAY

HARRISON heads for the PHONE, picks it up.

HARRISON  
Calloway.

Behind him, VICTOR makes his way down the stairs and into the kitchen, where he sits absentmindedly reading the STACK OF PRINTED EMAILS left on the table, and eating HARRISON'S CEREAL.

TORRES' HOUSE - THE STUDY INT DAY

TORRES talks, still watching JAMESON cautiously.

TORRES  
I have a man here from your government.  
He is looking for two people, and he  
thinks they might be your friends.

JAMESON grabs the PHONE away from TORRES.

JAMESON  
Let me talk to him.  
(to phone)  
Sir, this is Kendall Jameson, National  
Security Agency. That's right, sir.  
Col. Torres here alerted a friend of his  
who alerted us that the individuals in  
question may be a couple we have been  
very interested in for some time.  
Do you understand me, sir?

CALLOWAY HOUSE - LIVING AREA INT DAY

HARRISON paces the living room, listening to the phone.

HARRISON  
Interested, how?

JAMESON'S VOICE  
These are dangerous people, sir.  
Very, very dangerous.

HARRISON looks in the KITCHEN DOOR at VICTOR, who, oblivious to being watched, pauses in eating the cereal to pick his nose.

TORRES' HOUSE - THE STUDY     INT     DAY

JAMESON

We have to meet, sir. As soon as possible. You know the road by the oil refinery outside of town? There in half an hour? Good.

He hangs up.

TORRES

It would be better if you met in my office.

JAMESON POUNDS HIS FIST ON THE DESK.

JAMESON

I KNOW MY JOB, GODDAMMIT!

He gathers up his PHOTOS and strides out of the study, kicking aside a TRICYCLE and sending TORRES' GRANDSON fleeing in tears to his MOTHER.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - LIVING AREA     INT     DAY

HARRISON, shaken, puts down the PHONE.  
He goes to the KITCHEN.

CALLOWAY KITCHEN     INT     DAY

VICTOR gives HARRISON a friendly wave.

VICTOR

Hey -- you don't look so bad for a guy who's been up all night, amigo.

HARRISON

That's my breakfast you're eating.

VICTOR stops, startled by HARRISON's aggressive tone.

VICTOR

Oh, yeah. Gee. Sorry.  
(pause)  
What if I was this terrorist guy, huh?  
Sitting here, eating your breakfast?  
(holds up cereal bowl)  
U.S. Government property! I bet that'd cause a few problems at work!  
Pretty funny, huh?

HARRISON

Not particularly. Are you?

VICTOR

Am I what?

HARRISON  
A terrorist.

VICTOR looks at him, astonished.

VICTOR  
What? A terrorist? Me? Are you NUTS?

HARRISON pours himself out another bowl of granola and milk.  
Only there's no more granola.

HARRISON  
Forget it. It was just a joke.

VICTOR  
(really hurt)  
It wasn't very funny.  
(pause)  
Listen, I'm really sorry about the cereal.  
I get nervous, I eat everything in sight.  
Look -- let me make you some pancakes.

HARRISON  
No, thanks.

Then HARRISON catches sight of VICTOR'S FACE -- he looks like a kicked dog.

HARRISON  
I have to go to the office. Maybe we  
could get together later.

VICTOR  
(eagerly)  
Dinner! Let me make us all dinner!  
That's something Ilsa and I'll always  
have in common. Food. You gotta  
have something in common, you know?  
Very important in a marriage.

HARRISON  
Yeah, well -- dinner.

VICTOR  
Absolutely, amigo! The best damn  
dinner you ever saw!

HARRISON goes out.

VICTOR waves a friendly good-bye, and, humming, begins bustling around the kitchen, checking out the pots and pans, and what's in the refrigerator.

CALLOWAY HOUSE           EXT           DAY

Clouds scud across the sky. THUNDER sounds. HARRISON gets in his car and drives away.

THE ROAD TO THE OIL REFINERY           EXT           DAY

HARRISON peers through the RAIN as it beats down on his windshield. TRAFFIC slows to a crawl. He anxiously checks his watch.

STATE DEPT OFFICIAL V/O  
(from INTERROGATION ROOM)  
You did WHAT?

INTERROGATION CELL           INT           DAY

Where we were at the start of the story. The PILE OF CIGARETTE STUBS in front of HARRISON has grown.

TORRES shakes his head, goes out of the room.

STATE DEPT OFFICIAL  
Didn't you wonder when he wouldn't meet you officially? Where were your brains?

HARRISON  
(defensively)  
Look, I was doing the best I could.

THE ROAD TO THE OIL REFINERY           EXT           DAY

HARRISON finally reaches the turn-off for the road where he has agreed to meet JAMESON.

HARRISON V/O  
It was a very weird situation.

A DESERTED ROAD NEAR AN OIL REFINERY           EXT           DAY

RAIN beats down. A rented BLACK JEEP waits, parked.

HARRISON'S CAR - ON THE ROAD           INT           DAY

HARRISON peers through the rain. Pulls up beside the Jeep.

DESERTED ROAD           EXT           DAY

KENDAL JAMESON gets out of the Jeep, into HARRISON'S CAR.

HARRISON'S CAR - A MOMENT LATER        INT        DAY

HARRISON looks down at the murky photographs.

HARRISON  
You know, these really don't look  
anything like...

JAMESON  
They could have had plastic surgery. I don't  
know. I have to see them up close.  
(darkly)  
It's the woman who's the worst.

HARRISON  
The WOMAN? You mean, ILSA?

JAMESON  
Is that what she's calling herself?  
And the guy -- the worst kind of murderer.  
Lowest scum on the planet. He killed a  
man in Tangiers just for wearing a short-  
sleeved shirt.

HARRISON  
Did you say you were NSA?  
Don't you guys usually have a partner?

JAMESON  
I had a partner.

He broods over the photos.

HARRISON  
Look -- I don't mean to be rude. But  
can I see some identification?

JAMESON  
You remember the 767? Filled with  
honeymoon couples heading for Tenerife.  
Blown up in the sky. That was them.

HARRISON  
I'm sorry, I don't remember that.  
Can I see your credentials?

JAMESON drags him by the shirt, stares him in the eye.

JAMESON  
This whole thing could blow up in your  
face. Are you willing to risk that?

HARRISON  
(angrily)  
Look, I have no reason at all to suspect  
this couple. You come here with these  
crazy accusations...

JAMESON snatches the photos back.

JAMESON  
(shouts)  
DO I LOOK CRAZY TO YOU?  
IT'S THEM WHO'RE CRAZY!

He opens the car door, gets out.

JAMESON  
You'll be hearing from me.

He disappears into the rain.

HARRISON looks after him. Then sees, on the seat, one PHOTO that he's left behind. HARRISON looks at it. Can make nothing of it.

INTERROGATION ROOM - THE PRESENT INT DAY

The STATE DEPT OFFICIAL and the CIA OP stare at HARRISON as if unable to fully comprehend the breadth of his insanity.

HARRISON  
(defensively)  
I knew there was something weird  
about the guy. I went right to the  
office and called in to run a check!

U.S. CONSULATE INT DAY

HARRISON talks on the PHONE. He locks the door of his office, goes to the desk, gets out a box and opens it to reveal MARIJUANA and ROLLING PAPERS.

HARRISON  
Just to be on the safe side, Buzz. Do me  
a favor. Have your pals run a check on the guy.  
(smiles faintly)  
Yeah, yeah, I know you're just a humble businessman...  
yeah, yeah, yeah...

AMBASSADOR'S VILLA INT DAY

A cavernous place. THUNDER AND LIGHTNING outside. BUZZ talks on his cell phone as he walks through the vast rooms.

BUZZ  
These NSA guys are tricky. They can be  
entirely legit and still completely nuts.  
Jameson, Jameson... the name's kind of  
familiar, but I don't remember where.  
Why do I think Morocco?

U.S. CONSULATE        INT        DAY

HARRISON rolls a joint as he talks.

HARRISON  
(to phone)  
And look, while you're at it, is there some way we could check up the Morales story before Tuesday? Yeah. Just lay the whole thing to rest, I tell Torres, everybody's happy, and we can get on with suffering through the holiday like we're supposed to. Okay?

AMBASSADOR'S VILLA        INT        DAY

BUZZ  
(to phone)  
Sure, Bubba, sure. But listen -- you're okay, right? You're not... you know.

U.S. CONSULATE        INT        DAY

HARRISON sits on the window sill, smoking the JOINT, waving the smoke out the window with his free hand. Drops of rain.

HARRISON  
(to phone)  
Of course not. I told you, all that's behind me.

AMBASSADOR'S VILLA        INT        DAY

BUZZ  
(to phone; soothingly)  
Just checking, Bubba, just checking. And Katherine? She good?

U.S. CONSULATE - BATHROOM        INT        DAY

HARRISON flushes the roach and pot detritus down the toilet.

HARRISON  
(to phone)  
Couldn't be better, Buzz. It was just a little cloud on the horizon, you know? Look -- I gotta run. Call me the minute you know anything. Yeah. Great.

He HANGS UP.

U.S. CONSULATE        EXT        DAY

HARRISON appears in the doorway, peers into the rain.  
Makes a run for it, and DISAPPEARS INTO A BAR DOWN THE STREET.

A moment after he does, the SUN breaks through the clouds.  
The rain stops.

ANOTHER STREET IN PUERTO MATANZAS        EXT        DAY

ILSA and KATHERINE stand, laughing together, sheltering from the rain  
in a doorway.

KATHERINE  
Just let up enough for me to get to  
that money machine!

ILSA  
Look, look! The sun! Run for it!

Laughing, they RACE to the ATM.

KATHERINE  
Lots of money. I want that dress. You?

ILSA mischievously holds up a FAN OF CREDIT CARDS. They BOTH LAUGH.

ILSA  
Ohhh. The mark of the dissatisfied  
wife. The shopping expedition.

KATHERINE  
(as she punches numbers in the machine)  
It's not that Harrison and I don't have  
things in common...

ILSA  
No, you seem like a great couple.

KATHERINE  
That's just it. That 'seem' thing.  
I don't know how to explain it. It's  
like our marriage is this kind of  
construct, and I'm outside of it,  
somehow. It just goes on without me.  
I don't know. Maybe it's me.

ILSA  
He looks like a good husband to me.  
One who'd remember birthdays, anniversaries...

KATHERINE  
Exactly! He uses our wedding anniversary  
for the PIN number on his credit card.

She collects her money, and they continue walking companionably up the street.

ILSA  
But it's not very passionate.

KATHERINE  
No, it's not.

She looks at ILSA thoughtfully.

KATHERINE  
Somehow, though, I don't get the feeling that's a problem for you and Victor.

BEHIND THEM - KENDALL JAMESON slides out of a doorway and FOLLOWS THEM.

ILSA  
(laughs)  
Lack of passion? No, that's definitely not the problem.

KATHERINE  
(gives an exaggerated sigh)  
I'm soooo jealous!

They COLLAPSE in each other's arms, giggling.  
KENDALL JAMESON sweats with tension behind them.

LIGHTNING. THUNDER. ANOTHER SUDDEN DOWNPOUR.  
And, SHRIEKING, ILSA and KATHERINE run for the car.

ILSA AND VICTOR'S BEDROOM INT DAY

VICTOR lies on the bed paging through one of HARRISON's TIME-LIFE books.

ILSA enters, laden down with shopping bags. He looks at her as she takes off her clothes and heads for the shower.

VICTOR  
Have a good time?

ILSA  
She's a dissatisfied wife.

VICTOR  
What does that mean? That you knew exactly how to talk to her?

ILSA  
Her husband's way of showing affection is to use the date of their wedding anniversary for his PIN number.

VICTOR follows her into the BATHROOM, kissing her naked shoulders as he goes.

VICTOR  
I've got other ways of showing my affection.  
You should have stayed with me. In here.

He turns on the shower, sheds his clothes, follows her in, kissing her throat.

ILSA  
Mmmm. Better I went out with Katherine.  
If you're going to get us in trouble  
wherever we go, better to have as many  
people as possible on our side.

She MOANS softly as he kisses her.

VICTOR  
My question is: do you do this because  
you enjoy it? Or to keep me in line?  
Or for reasons of your own?

ILSA  
(murmurs)  
If we only had one reason for the things  
we do, life wouldn't be half so interesting.

They KISS. And disappear into a cloud of steam, the water beating steadily down.

ILSA AND VICTOR'S BEDROOM INT DAY

KATHERINE stands outside the bathroom door, listening to MOANS.

Outside, it rains.

CALLOWAY HOUSE EXT LATE AFTERNOON

The CLOUDS clear away.

HARRISON pulls up, gets out of the car with bags filled with plastic and styrofoam party accessories. He pops a couple of BREATHMINTS into his mouth and heads to the door.

He starts with surprise as an ERRAND BOY scurries past him toward the house laden down with a box overflowing with lush produce.

HARRISON follows.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - THE KITCHEN INT LATE AFTERNOON

HARRISON enters.

HARRISON

Katherine? I've been shopping  
for the party...

He stops. The kitchen is transformed.

Food everywhere. Mangoes, papayas, plate-sized mushrooms.  
A small mountain of oysters. Coiled piles of freshly-made noodles.

Bottles of champagne.

KATHERINE sits on a counter, legs swinging under the front slit of a  
new, expensive, very sexy dress. She eats a pomegranate, and giggles  
at her own attempts to keep the juice from spilling down her front.

ILSA, wearing a shirt that slips off her shoulders, mixes something  
creamy in a bowl.

VICTOR tutors a giggling ancient HOUSEKEEPER in the preparations.

VICTOR

(to HOUSEKEEPER)

Mira, Señora. ¡Con el aguacate, así!  
¡Pues, un poco de limon, y presto!  
¡Pero solo con las frutas mas perfectas,  
las botellas de champagne francesca,  
y las setas mas eroticas!

HARRISON

You speak Spanish.

ILSA looks at him.

KATHERINE

(gaily)

Ilsa and Victor are cooking dinner!

HARRISON

I see that.

VICTOR

Do me a favor, would you? I need  
the salmon roe out of the frig.

HARRISON

Salmon roe.

He goes to the refrigerator. ILSA gets there before him.  
Hands him the plate, looks him gravely in the eye.

VICTOR

Little reddish gold eggs...  
(kisses his fingertips)  
... just barely warmed on a bed  
of greens!

HARRISON  
(staring at ILSA)  
Beautiful.

She doesn't blink at this, but finally turns away.  
He shakes himself back to reality, hands VICTOR the plate.

KATHERINE  
Ilsa makes her own skin cream!

ILSA  
Very good for the shoulders. Here.

She rubs a bit of the mixture on KATHERINE's wrist.  
HARRISON stares at them, goes to the frig, opens it, blindly reaches  
for a beer.

KATHERINE  
Let me!

KATHERINE takes a dollop of cream and rubs it on ILSA'S SHOULDERS.

HARRISON stares, takes a slug of the beer, looks at it, startled.  
He'd meant to get a soda. Puts the beer back with the cap jammed on  
it, gets a soda. He's totally rattled.

ILSA  
Mmm. That feels good.

CALLOWAY DINING ROOM INT NIGHT

Candles everywhere. KATHERINE has done her hair like ILSA's.  
All except HARRISON drink champagne.

VICTOR spears an oyster and holds it up in the candlelight

KATHERINE  
(giggling)  
You know they're still alive when we  
eat them. It would be horrible if  
only they didn't taste so good.

VICTOR  
(eating his)  
As my father used to say -- every so  
often you get a bad one, but it's so  
delicious, it's worth the risk!

HARRISON raises a bottle to pour more champagne in ILSA's glass.  
She stops him by putting her fingers around his wrist. They look each  
other in the eye.

VICTOR  
Viva el ostion!

KATHERINE  
Viva el ostion!

ILSA continues to look steadily at HARRISON.  
As he looks back, his FINGERS REACH AROUND HER WRIST.

The DOORBELL rings.

KATHERINE  
Doorbell!

HARRISON gives a start, drops ILSA's wrist.

HARRISON  
The housekeeper will get it.

KATHERINE  
Harrison, don't you remember? You gave  
her the night off.

HARRISON  
Oh, that's right -- excuse me.

He gets up and goes off.

KATHERINE  
(behind him)  
He's always giving the maids time off.  
He loves being a nice guy.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - FRONT ENTRY WAY INT NIGHT

HARRISON opens the door. JAMESON muscles past him, heads for the dining room.

HARRISON  
Wait a minute!

JAMESON  
I have to see them.

DINING ROOM INT NIGHT

JAMESON barges in, his shadow falling across the table.  
KATHERINE heads for him, friendly, assuming he's a colleague of HARRISON's.

KATHERINE  
Hello. I'm Katherine Calloway...

But he stalks past her, grabs ILSA's chin and TWISTS her face so he can look at it in the candlelight.

VICTOR  
HEY!

HARRISON enters.

HARRISON  
That's enough. I want you out of here.

KATHERINE  
What is it?

JAMESON drops ILSA's chin, grabs a napkin, dumps out the champagne from her glass, wraps the glass in the napkin.  
He goes to VICTOR, plucks his glass from him, wraps it.

JAMESON  
I've gotten what I came for.

He goes out.

HARRISON  
(to ILSA)  
Are you all right?  
(she nods)  
Wait here.

HARRISON follows.

KATHERINE  
I don't understand! I'm scared!  
I think I've had too much to drink.

ILSA recovers, goes to KATHERINE, puts her arm around her shoulders.

ILSA  
(soothingly)  
It's all right, Katherine. Shh.

FRONT ENTRYWAY INT NIGHT

HARRISON  
Give me back those glasses.

JAMESON  
You don't know who you're dealing with.  
That woman could seduce a saint. Started  
her career as an East German agent.  
Seducing Western officials for blackmail.  
She's a viper.

HARRISON  
But you're not sure it's her.

JAMESON  
Inconclusive. Plastic surgeons.  
Trained in Manchuria or the former  
Soviet Union. Impossible to be sure.

He hands HARRISON a card.

JAMESON

If you doubt me-- call this number.

He goes out. HARRISON goes to the PHONE, punches in the number.

VOICE OVER THE PHONE

NSA offices will be closed for the  
4th of July weekend...

DINING ROOM INT NIGHT

VICTOR and ILSA comfort a scared KATHERINE, who insists on drinking more champagne.

VICTOR

Oh, Kathy, don't worry, it was  
just some nut. Come on, I'll  
cheer you up. How 'bout a song?

He waves his hands and SINGS.

VICTOR

"Soy Chicano;  
Soy Chicano;  
Well I'm brown  
And I'm proud  
And I'll do it in my own way..."  
Come on, Kathy, you sing.

VICTOR is getting way too excited. ILSA gives him a look that says "Calm down." HARRISON enters.

KATHERINE

Harrison!

She jumps up, spilling her champagne all over her dress.

ILSA

(bustling)

Oh, Katherine! All over your new dress.  
Come with me, I'll take care of that.

(to VICTOR)

Victor, I'll take care of Katherine.  
You stay and find out from Harrison  
what that was all about.

She leads KATHERINE out. KATHERINE grabs another bottle as she goes.

KATHERINE

(to ILSA as they go)

Did you notice my hair? I did  
it just like yours.

The door shuts behind them.

VICTOR  
What was that all about? I don't  
mind telling you, amigo, that guy  
freaked me out.

HARRISON paces restlessly back and forth.

HARRISON  
Look -- you want to go for a walk?

VICTOR  
(uncertainly)  
Sure, sure.

He takes a bottle of CHAMPAGNE as they go out.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - THE STREET EXT NIGHT

A FULL MOON shines.

HARRISON and an uneasy VICTOR walk toward the jungle.

VICTOR  
(offers HARRISON a cigarette)  
Ooops. Forgot you don't smoke. Sorry.

Pause. VICTOR sings nervously.

VICTOR  
"Night moves... dum, diddy, dum, diddy...  
night moves..." I saw your Bob Seger  
CDs. He's my kind of guy, too.  
(laughs)  
Know what Ilsa calls him? The white  
Elvis.

HARRISON looks at him, points to the jungle.

HARRISON  
Let's go that way.

VICTOR  
Sure, sure.  
(pause)  
Weird goings on, buddy, I'm here to  
tell you.

HARRISON doesn't respond. They walk towards the moonlit JUNGLE.

CALLOWAY HOUSE EXT NIGHT

A light shines dimly from a side room.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM INT NIGHT

A small lamp glows in the corner.

KATHERINE, wearing her slip, sits on top of the running dryer, watching as ILSA puts her dress in the washing machine. She drinks more champagne. Gives a half-hiccupping laugh.

KATHERINE  
Somehow this doesn't seem really you.

ILSA  
When I was on a kibbutz in Israel, I organized the laundry for the whole camp.

KATHERINE  
You're such a... woman of the world.  
(pause)  
You must have had a lot of experience with... things.

Pause. ILSA looks at her.

ILSA  
What kind of... things.

KATHERINE  
Oh. You know. Things.

Pause. ILSA moves closer to KATHERINE. The CLOTHESDRYER thumps.

ILSA  
Look. The champagne soaked through to your slip.

She points gently, putting her forefinger on the front of KATHERINE's slip.

Pause.

KATHERINE  
Yes. It did.

ILSA  
We should wash it too.

KATHERINE  
Yes.

They look each other in the eye.  
KATHERINE puts down the champagne bottle.

A CLEARING AT THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE EXT NIGHT

VICTOR sits on a stone, stunned.

VICTOR  
So this guy says I'm not only a terrorist,  
I'm a paid assassin TOO? What am I  
supposed to have done?

As HARRISON reels it off, VICTOR anxiously downs champagne.

HARRISON  
You killed a guy in Tangiers.  
You blew up a jet. You...

VICTOR  
JESUS. Is THAT all?  
(laughs nervously; drinks;  
offers HARRISON the bottle)  
Sorry. Forgot you don't drink.  
(shakes his head)  
Wow. I just can't get over it. Wow.  
Well, you're pretty ballsy if it's true,  
huh? Coming here alone with me.

HARRISON  
(trying to make a joke out of it)  
Oh, I figure I'm safe enough. If you're  
a professional, you won't risk anything  
while he's watching you. You won't hurt me.

VICTOR  
And if I'm innocent?

HARRISON  
You won't hurt me.

VICTOR  
What's the difference, then?  
How can you tell which one I am  
if we both act the same?

VICTOR, in his nervous state, forgets and offers the bottle again.  
HARRISON, in his nervous state, forgets and takes a healthy swig.

HARRISON  
That's the problem. I can't.

He takes another slug.

VICTOR  
Well, fuck you! Thanks a million for  
your vote of confidence, buddy. Listen,  
I don't need this kind of hospitality.  
My wife and I can stay in a hotel!

HARRISON  
How are you going to do that? I have  
all your money, and the only other  
place you'd be allowed to stay is jail.

VICTOR jumps up and starts walking angrily back to the house.  
HARRISON groans.

HARRISON  
Aww, come on. VICTOR. Hey. Wait up!

He goes after him, carrying the bottle.

THE STREET FROM THE JUNGLE EXT NIGHT

CRANE DOWN from a magnificent view of the BAY in moonlight and the OIL REFINERY lights to reveal a ROAD cut into the jungle.  
Construction vehicles.

HARRISON and VICTOR walk back, silently passing the bottle back and forth.

VICTOR  
(finally)  
I know you're just doing your job.  
But try and see it from my point of view!  
It's like that Hitchcock movie. You know  
the one. Guy's accused of forgery or murder  
or some bullshit, everything's against him,  
no one believes him, and then-- no. Wait.  
I think that guy did turn out to be  
the killer. You see that one?

HARRISON  
I think so. Yeah. I liked it.  
His brother was a priest.

VICTOR  
Yeah. Yeah. I think so.  
(pause)  
I wanted to be a priest. Couldn't  
find a religion that suited me, though.  
Seeing as how I didn't believe in God.  
Just kidding.

HARRISON laughs. They turn into the --

CALLOWAY GARDEN EXT NIGHT

KATHERINE stands, half-wrapped in a sheet, looking raptly up at the sky.

HARRISON  
Katherine?

KATHERINE  
Isn't it a beautiful night?

HARRISON  
Katherine, what have you been doing?

KATHERINE  
(round on him furiously)  
Oh, don't get that Daddy tone with me,  
Harrison Calloway, Jr.! It isn't anything  
you're not dying to do yourself!

Realizing what she's said, she claps her hand over her mouth and flees into the house.

HARRISON gives VICTOR a look of appeal.

VICTOR  
(laughs)  
Uh-uh, buddy -- I've been here before.

HARRISON sighs, nods, hands VICTOR the bottle, follows KATHERINE.

CALLOWAY DINING ROOM INT NIGHT

KATHERINE dodges HARRISON as she runs around the dining room table.

KATHERINE  
I don't want to go to bed!  
Ilsa's doing my horoscope!

HARRISON  
Katie, go upstairs right now!  
You're drunk!

KATHERINE  
So what?

She stops running, suddenly throws herself into HARRISON'S ARMS.

KATHERINE  
Kiss me, Harrison!

HARRISON  
Katie, I've had a very stress-producing  
day! I don't have time for games right now!

She looks at him, shrugs with fatalistic disappointment, goes out.

HARRISON  
(groans)  
Oh, Katie! Don't give me that look.

He's just about to follow her, when ILSA'S VOICE sounds from the door through to the living area.

ILSA'S VOICE  
Where's Katherine?

HARRISON turns. ILSA stands in the doorway, holding VICTOR'S BLACK ROBE around her obviously naked body. He moves toward her, into the living area.

ILSA  
I'm doing your horoscopes - yours and hers.

HARRISON stares. The LIVING AREA appears to be COVERED WITH FLOWERS. Flowers everywhere. Peonies on the bar cart. Oriental poppies on the couches. Roses on the mantelpiece.

ILSA stands superbly in the midst of all this.

HARRISON moves forward, stunned, crushing a vine of jasmine underfoot.

He BLINKS. There are still flowers when he opens his eyes -- just nowhere near such an insane profusion.

But ILSA still stands as beautiful as before. She smiles at him.

ILSA  
Katherine gave me your birthdays --  
but when were you married?

Pause. HARRISON continues to move toward her.

HARRISON  
Married? On the 4th of July.  
Tomorrow.  
(pause)  
We never celebrate it. Katherine  
doesn't like to.

ILSA moves gravely toward him. They stand, inches apart.

ILSA  
Ah.

They move naturally toward each other and lightly KISS.

ILSA  
And you. Are you in love with Katherine?

HARRISON  
(staring at her)  
No. No, I'm not.

He stops, aghast at what he's said.

ILSA  
I didn't think so.

HARRISON  
I can't believe I said that.

ILSA  
Harrison.

He looks at her. Her robe falls open. He goes to her, and, taking her in his arms, kisses her with increasing passion.

HARRISON

Why are you doing this?

ILSA

There are a lot of reasons why I do what I do. But in the end, there's only one. Because I want to.

HARRISON feverishly kisses, pushing the robe off her shoulders. She sinks to the floor, pulling him with her.

HARRISON

I can't do things just because I want to! I have to understand them!

ILSA

Then you're a better man than I am.

They make quick and furious love on the floor. After he's come, HARRISON rolls off her, stunned at what he's done.

ILSA sits up and looks at him.

ILSA

For my birthday last year, Victor gave me an emerald and diamond necklace. It was very beautiful.

She gets up, stretches luxuriously, adjusts the robe around her.

ILSA

I really wanted a canoe.

She smiles and heads up the stairs, the black silk trailing behind her as she goes.

HARRISON quickly zips up his pants, stands at the foot of the stairs, helplessly watching her disappear.

ILSA AND VICTOR'S BEDROOM     INT     NIGHT

VICTOR sleeps on the bed, arms wrapped around the champagne bottle. ILSA silently enters, slides out of the robe and under the sheets. VICTOR's eyes fly open.

VICTOR

Ilsa?

(pause)

What have you been doing?

ILSA

Nothing.

Pause.

VICTOR

We're in big trouble, Ilsa.

ILSA

I don't want to think about it right now, Victor. Right now I want to sleep.

VICTOR

I'm real nervous, Ilsa. You know how I get when I'm really nervous.

ILSA

I know, Victor.

VICTOR

I get this craving for candy bars.

ILSA

I know, Victor.

VICTOR

I mean, I REALLY WANT A CANDY BAR.

She sighs, turns on the bedside light and looks at him.

ILSA

So get one.

VICTOR

They're in my Pan Am bag. In the safe.

ILSA

So ask Harrison to open it for you.

VICTOR

I'm embarrassed.

ILSA

Why?

VICTOR

I'll tell you in the morning.

He kisses her apologetically. She turns off the light and lies down again.

ILSA

(drowsily)

Tell me in the morning. It's their anniversary tomorrow. We should get them a present...

She falls asleep. VICTOR covers her sleeping face with LITTLE KISSES. Then gets up, picking up his robe, and goes out.

KATHERINE AND HARRISON'S ROOM     INT     NIGHT

KATHERINE lies, passed out, arms strapped around a STACK OF FRESHLY LAUNDERED TOWELS.

HARRISON, sweating, sits looking at her.  
He gets up, goes into the bathroom.

KATHERINE AND HARRISON'S BATHROOM     INT     NIGHT

HARRISON kneels by the bathtub, turns on the cold water faucet full bore.

LIVING AREA     INT     NIGHT

VICTOR, penlight in hand, walks to the safe. Holds KATHERINE's horoscope. Looking at the numbers, tries the safe's lock.

He can hear the sound of running water from the upstairs bathroom.

ILSA AND VICTOR'S ROOM     INT     NIGHT

ILSA has not moved. But her eyes, open and glittering in the moonlight, appear a deeper green.

KATHERINE AND HARRISON'S BEDROOM     INT     NIGHT

KATHERINE murmurs in a happy dream, tightens her hold on the TOWELS.

KATHERINE AND HARRISON'S BATHROOM     INT     NIGHT

HARRISON, naked, steps into the cold water. Shivers, pushes himself down. Ducks his head under water, comes up gasping.

LIVING AREA     INT     NIGHT

VICTOR tries one last combination. The safe swings open.

He appears stunned at his success.

He OPENS the PAN AM BAG, digs under the money, pulls out TWO CANDY BARS and a box of DENTAL FLOSS. Pockets these. Puts the bag down.

Looks at the WEBLEY SERVICE REVOLVER.

He takes it out. Opens the chamber. It's loaded. He puts it back.

He hears the water running upstairs. Quickly closes the safe, pulling KATHERINE'S PORTRAIT down over it. But in his hurry, he leaves the PICTURE ASKEW.

KATHERINE AND HARRISON'S BATHROOM INT NIGHT

HARRISON repeatedly submerges himself in the cold water.

ILSA AND VICTOR'S BEDROOM INT NIGHT

VICTOR enters, gets into bed beside ILSA.

VICTOR  
Ilsa?  
(pause)  
What are you thinking about?

ILSA  
Nothing.

KATHERINE AND HARRISON'S BEDROOM INT NIGHT

HARRISON enters, dripping wet. KATHERINE sits up in bed and STARES at him.

HARRISON  
What are you looking at?

KATHERINE  
Nothing.

She pretends to sleep. HARRISON looks at her for a moment, then, too restless to sleep, picks up the STACK OF TOWELS, and goes out.

SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR INT NIGHT

HARRISON puts the TOWELS in the linen closet.  
Still restless, he goes downstairs.

LIVING AREA INT NIGHT

HARRISON paces back and forth, unable to get settled. He sees a SOFA PILLOW on the floor, where he and ILSA made love. He grabs it up, continues to pace.

STOPS. He sees the PORTRAIT IS CROOKED.

He goes to the safe, pushes back the picture, feverishly dials the combination. The last three numbers: 0 - 7 - 4.

Opens the safe. Sees the bag. Sags against the mantelpiece with relief.

Is about to close the safe up when he notices the gun has changed position.

He picks it up. Puts it back on the left hand side.  
Yes. That's where it was the last time.

He stands there, pondering this.

CALLOWAY HOUSE EXT DAWN

Everyone sleeps.

THE WATERFRONT EXT DAWN

A beautiful, serene blue bay.

ON THE BAY - AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP EXT MORNING

It sits immovable on the water.

ON THE BEACH EXT MORNING

KENDALL JAMESON talks into an LST-5C satellite radio.

BATTLESHIP RADIO ROOM INT MORNING

A harassed RADIO MAN works his post. The RADIO CREW prepares for 4th of July, passing out party hats and beers, hanging crepe paper.

RADIO MAN  
(to RADIO)  
I'm sorry, sir. I can't give you that information. The crewman you've asked for is not on board. I don't have the day's password. Things are a mess, sir, what with the 4th and all...

JAMESON'S VOICE  
(crackles on RADIO)  
Urgent! Urgent! This is ESI on CRITICOMM. I need a PLSS after RECCCEXREP...

A CREWMAN hands the RADIO MAN a beer, looks questioningly at the transmitter. The RADIO MAN shrugs.

RADIO MAN  
I don't know. He must be for real, though. I can't understand a word he's saying.

ON THE BEACH EXT MORNING

JAMESON throws the headphone set on the sand in frustration.

CALLOWAY HOUSE      EXT      MORNING

The HOUSEKEEPER sweeps the front steps.

KATHERINE emerges with an American flag and bunting.  
Climbing a stepladder, she pins these to the front entrance.  
HARRISON appears.

HARRISON  
Happy anniversary, darling.

KATHERINE  
What?

HARRISON  
Happy anniversary.

She doesn't respond.

HARRISON  
Do you know where my phone is?  
I have to talk to Buzz.

CALLOWAY HOUSE      INT      MORNING

SERVANTS are busy festooning it with red, white and blue crepe paper.  
HARRISON enters in search of the phone, heads past the dining room door.

A LARGE FLAG HANGS IN THE DINING ROOM'S OPEN FRENCH DOORS.

A strange noise comes from outside. THWONK. THWONK.  
HARRISON pushes the flag aside and looks out.

THE GARDEN - AT THE TENNIS COURT      EXT      DAY

Strangely clear of all vines, weeds, debris. A brand new tennis net.

And VICTOR and ILSA, in spotless white, play a seamless game of tennis. A glowing picture of health and fulfillment.

KATHERINE'S VOICE  
Isn't that nice? They fixed it for us  
for a present.

He turns. KATHERINE stands there, holding his phone. She stares at ILSA and VICTOR.

KATHERINE  
Ilsa's going to teach me to shoot a  
revolver. Or maybe a rifle. I forget.  
(hands him his phone)  
Didn't you want to call Buzz?

HARRISON looks at his cell phone.  
It RINGS. He jumps, startled.

HARRISON  
(cautiously; to phone)  
Hello?

AMBASSADOR'S VILLA EXT DAY

A maze of topiary hedges. Looks very like the garden at the ALHAMBRA.  
BUZZ walks through the grounds, holding his cell phone.

BUZZ  
(to phone)  
Bubba? That you?

CALLOWAY HOUSE - AT THE FRENCH DOORS EXT DAY

HARRISON  
(to phone)  
Buzz?

He looks up. As he and KATHERINE watch, VICTOR effortlessly jumps the net, gathers ILSA in a passionate embrace.

Both KATHERINE and HARRISON'S FACES CLOUD.

VICTOR and ILSA head for the house. VICTOR has his hand inside of ILSA's blouse. He makes enthusiastic animal noises.

VICTOR  
Rrr-rrrowf! Rowf, rowf!

He and ILSA disappear inside. KATHERINE, ashen-faced, runs inside after. HARRISON, agitated without knowing why, walks to the tennis court.

AMBASSADOR'S VILLA EXT DAY

BUZZ  
(to phone)  
Harrison? You listening, bubba?  
You're in danger, man. Understand?  
I'm coming down there NOW.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - TENNIS COURT EXT DAY

HARRISON looks at the tennis net. A price tag flutters from the end. A weeding fork and spade by the side of the court also still have their tags attached.

A GARDENER with a LEAF BLOWER walks by, blasting leaves all over HARRISON.

HARRISON  
(to phone; struggles to hear)  
What?

AMBASSADOR'S VILLA EXT DAY

A BODYGUARD appears, gestures that his car is waiting.

BUZZ  
I'm running to get the last plane.  
In the mean time, watch your back.  
The man's a menace. Bonkers.  
Completely out of his mind.  
Ever since Tangiers.  
(looks at phone)  
Harrison? You there? Harrison?

He pockets his phone and follows the BODYGUARD to the CAR, where the other TWO BODYGUARDS wait.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - FRENCH DOORS EXT DAY

HARRISON retreats from the LEAF BLOWER. But the GARDENER seems to follow him around.

HARRISON  
Hello? Buzz? Hello?

CALLOWAY HOUSE - LIVING AREA INT DAY

KATHERINE stands at the foot of the stairs, staring upward.

LAUGHTER and PANTING SOUNDS from upstairs.

ON THE BEACH EXT MORNING

KENDALL JAMESON monitors the phone call on surveillance equipment.

BUZZ'S VOICE  
(on tape recorder)  
Completely out of his mind.  
Ever since Tangiers. Harrison?  
You there? Harrison?

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF A SAND DUNE

TWO POLICEMEN monitor him. POLICEMAN #1, under earphones, turns to POLICEMAN #2, who holds a cell phone. He circles forefinger to temple in the universal sign: loco.

POLICEMAN #2 shakes his head, holds the phone to his ear.

TORRES' STUDY INT DAY

TORRES listens on the phone, looks at the muddy pictures JAMESON gave him. He gives an order on the phone, hangs up. Looks out the window at his GRANDCHILDREN playing.

ON THE BEACH - AT THE POLICE CAR EXT DAY

POLICEMAN #2 closes the phone, nods to POLICEMAN #1.

ON THE BEACH EXT DAY

The POLICEMEN surround JAMESON, march him toward their car.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - LIVING AREA INT DAY

HARRISON enters. He tries the house phone. Nothing. He shakes it. When the DIAL TONE sounds, he punches numbers into it.

KATHERINE walks upstairs.

UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE ILSA & VICTOR'S ROOM INT DAY

KATHERINE approaches the open door, hears HEAVY SIGHING.

She looks inside.

VICTOR, half-undressed, kneels at the foot of the bed between ILSA's bare legs.

As KATHERINE watches, he turns and looks her in the eye.

KATHERINE flees downstairs.

AIRPORT NEAR THE AMBASSADOR'S VILLA EXT DAY

The CAR screeches to the curb; BUZZ and the BODYGUARDS jump out. A BODYGUARD behind points to his watch, shakes his head.

A PLANE takes off overhead. Too late.

INSIDE THE CAR - THE CARPHONE RINGS, unheard.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS INT DAY

HARRISON listens to the ringing on the PHONE.  
KATHERINE runs down the stairs, yanks at the front door, runs out.

HARRISON throws the PHONE aside, follows.

AIRPORT NEAR AMBASSADOR'S VILLA      EXT      DAY

BUZZ comes out of the airport, shaking his head. Heads for the CAR, hears the PHONE ring. Picks it up.

CALLOWAY HOUSE      INT      DAY

BUZZ  
(squawking on PHONE)  
Hello? Hello? Hello?

THROUGH THE DOOR - KATHERINE can be seen getting into her car. HARRISON tries to get her to roll down her window, then hops into the passenger side as the car takes off.

BUZZ'S CAR      INT      DAY

BUZZ hangs up the phone, gestures for the CAR to GO FASTER.

PUERTO MATANZAS POLICE STATION - TORRES' OFFICE      INT      DAY

JAMESON, wild-eyed, yells at an impassive CAPTAIN TORRES. The TWO POLICEMEN stand wary guard.

JAMESON  
They'll do anything to discredit me!  
Especially her! What's the story this  
time? That my partner fell in love with  
her in Tangiers, and she's responsible  
for his death? Well you know what --  
that's TRUE! And that I went apeshit?  
That's TRUE! Hah! You think I'm crazy,  
don't you? But you know what?  
Sometimes YOU CAN BE CRAZY AND STILL  
BE RIGHT! And I'll tell you something  
else you didn't know. Your governor's  
got some real bad enemies. I mean --  
high up. I mean -- he's been eating  
out of the wrong rice bowl, and  
FORT FUMBLE doesn't like it.

He turns to go. The POLICEMEN block his path.

JAMESON  
You can't touch me!

TORRES shakes his head. They step aside. JAMESON goes out. The POLICEMEN follow.

TORRES thinks. Reaches for the phone.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - ILSA AND VICTOR'S BEDROOM INT DAY

The SOUND OF A SHOWER. In it, VICTOR lustily reprises "SOY CHICANO."

ILSA, nude, stands at the window, watches the CAR drive away.

She thinks, goes to VICTOR's clothes, goes through the pockets.  
Finds TWO CANDY BARS and the DENTAL FLOSS.

ILSA  
(calls)  
Victor!

The SHOWER shuts off. VICTOR appears, towelling himself.

ILSA  
Can I have one of your candy bars?

VICTOR  
Don't you dare. I can't get those  
down here.  
(she looks at him)  
And don't give me that look. I know  
what you've been up to. At least,  
I think I do.  
(conversationally)  
Why does it always turn me on when  
you misbehave, mmm?

ILSA considers what VICTOR has just said.  
She calmly begins to dress for the party.

ILSA  
And what exactly do you mean by that?

VICTOR  
You worried I'm going to MAKE A SCENE?  
Cause some trouble? Behave indelicately?  
(shakes his head)  
You know when it's time to REALLY worry.  
When the mystery's gone out of our  
relationship.

BATTLESHIP - RADIO ROOM INT DAY

The CREWMAN holds a box spilling with excelsior, the TWO CHAMPAGNE  
GLASSES inside. He looks at them, perplexed.

Around him, a 4th of July celebration takes place.  
The RADIO MAN appears.

CREWMAN  
Now what the hell do we do with  
these?

They look at each other. The CREWMAN shrugs, goes out with the glasses, taking a beer with him.

PUERTO MATANZAS - PARKING LOT OF A DISCOUNT STORE EXT DAY

KATHERINE'S CAR parks at a crazy angle.  
KATHERINE gets out, heads for the store.  
HARRISON follows.

HARRISON  
Shopping. For the party. Good idea.

She ignores him, goes inside. He follows.

DISCOUNT STORE INT DAY

A sale on tennis nets and gardening tools.  
KATHERINE moves down the aisles, pushing a shopping cart, tossing items in with wild abandon.

HARRISON follows. Eyes the Barbie doll, barbeque tongs, cloth flowers, cards of buttons in the cart.

HARRISON  
(carefully)  
I've been thinking. Maybe there's  
not enough adventure in our lives.  
Not enough stimulation.

KATHERINE stops. She stares fixedly at a display of LAUNDRY BASKETS AND SPOT REMOVER.

HARRISON looks around desperately. Spots a PLASTIC MOTORCYCLE KIT.

HARRISON  
What if I got a motorcycle?

KATHERINE bursts into tears.

HARRISON stands helplessly by.

CALLOWAY HOUSE INT AFTERNOON

The 4TH OF JULY PARTY is in full swing.

KATHERINE stands, made-up as the consular hostess. Perfectly dressed, coiffed, except she wears a PAIR OF RUNDOWN HUARACHES. She smiles glassily, greets her guests: a motley crew of BUSINESSMEN, EXPATRIATES, LOCAL LUMINARIES, NEW AGE CULTISTS, A MISSIONARY OR TWO.

HARRISON watches this, concerned. He turns and sees ILSA, glowingly beautiful in a flowered dress with buttons down the front.

She turns and looks back at him.

VICTOR bustles by, notes this, eyes narrowing. But he makes his way jovially through the party, pressing hands, greeting people, as if he is the host.

VICTOR  
Glad you could make it. Thank you.  
The decorations are nice, aren't they.  
Great to see you. Try those pigs  
in a blanket. Just like home.

TORRES and his TWO POLICEMEN appear, looming up in front of VICTOR.

VICTOR smiles engagingly. The men pass him by and head for HARRISON. VICTOR watches as HARRISON listens, distracted, to what TORRES says.

ON HARRISON AND TORRES

TORRES  
I'm thinking of putting him in protective  
custody, as a danger to the governor and  
to United States citizens. But I don't  
want to get in any trouble if he's genuine.  
What do you think?

But HARRISON's eyes keep straying to ILSA.

HARRISON  
I'm sure you know what you're doing, Captain  
Torres. Have you seen my wife?

He hurries off. VICTOR materializes in front of TORRES, holding a BOWL OF DIP.

VICTOR  
You guys tried my guacamole? Delicious.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM

HARRISON makes his way towards KATHERINE.

He sees her glassy stare as she continues to greet already-greeted GUESTS.

KATHERINE  
So nice of you to come. Thank you.

ILSA'S VOICE  
Harrison.

HARRISON starts. Turns. ILSA stands there, uncomfortably close.

ILSA  
I need to talk to you.

ON TORRES AND VICTOR

VICTOR watches as ILSA and HARRISON disappear together on the other side of the flag-covered French doors.

ON KATHERINE

KATHERINE, still with her fixed smile, watches the same scene.

CALLOWAY GARDEN     EXT     AFTERNOON

The SUN shines. The FLOWERS bloom. The BIRDS sing. HARRISON and ILSA stand shyly, together for the first time since they made love.

ILSA  
I need help. I have to trust you.

She puts her hand on HARRISON'S ARM. He gets a JOLT OF EMOTION.

ILSA  
It's about Victor.

CALLOWAY HOUSE     INT     AFTERNOON

TORRES chats, relaxed. VICTOR eats a BANANA.  
KATHERINE floats glassily by.

VICTOR  
Excuse me.

He follows KATHERINE. TORRES helps himself to the guacamole.

CALLOWAY GARDEN     EXT     AFTERNOON

ILSA  
First I have to tell you --  
I'm not what I look like.

HARRISON  
You look beautiful.

ILSA  
(smiles)  
You're a good man, Harrison Calloway.  
(pause)  
I know I can trust you. I have...  
I had a problem. I'm attracted  
to men who are... unstable.

HARRISON  
Victor?

ILSA hesitates.

THE JUNGLE - A CLEARING      EXT      AFTERNOON

KENDALL JAMESON squats beside his Jeep, listening to his transmitter.

PUERTO MATANZAS BAY - THE BATTLESHIP      EXT      AFTERNOON

It floats there, waiting.

BATTLESHIP - RADIO ROOM      INT      AFTERNOON

The Fourth of July party has gotten more raucous.  
A drunk RADIO MAN transmits to JAMESON.

RADIO MAN  
I have some initial information  
for you, sir. Are you listening?

JUNGLE CLEARING      EXT      AFTERNOON

JAMESON cups his ear against the transmitter, listens intently.

He puts down the headset, shakes his head in disbelief. Gets in the  
Jeep and, maniacally determined, guns the engine.

STREET TO THE CALLOWAY HOUSE      EXT      AFTERNOON

The Jeep hurtles towards the house, tearing up lawns as it goes.

CALLOWAY HOUSE      INT      AFTERNOON

KATHERINE stands on one side of the AMERICAN FLAG.  
She holds a martini, stares glassily ahead.  
VICTOR leans insinuatingly over her shoulder.

VICTOR  
You know, you have a classically  
beautiful face. Do artists and  
photographers come up to you  
and ask you to be their model?

KATHERINE  
Where's Ilsa?

VICTOR  
What?

KATHERINE  
WHERE'S ILSA?

VICTOR  
Why does everyone always want to  
know where Ilsa is? WHAT ABOUT ME?

CALLOWAY GARDEN      EXT      AFTERNOON

The other side of the FLAG.    ILSA and HARRISON.

                  ILSA  
Victor's my husband, and I love him.  
But he's been on the edge for years.  
That was nuts what I did with you.  
But I don't regret it.

                  HARRISON  
Neither do I.

They SMILE at each other.

                  ILSA  
Now I'm worried he thinks something  
happened. I don't know what he'll do.  
Isn't there some way we can get our  
story checked today, and get out of  
here before tomorrow?

The GARDENER approaches, holding the LEAF BLOWER.

As HARRISON watches, the blower blows her skirt, revealing BRUISES ON  
HER THIGHS.

She covers herself. And looks away, embarrassed.

CALLOWAY HOUSE      EXT      AFTERNOON

JAMESON'S JEEP screeches across the front lawn, halts.

He leaps from it, hurtles through a forest of flags and bunting.

CALLOWAY GARDEN - AT THE FRENCH DOORS      EXT      AFTERNOON

                  HARRISON  
Did you hear something?

                  ILSA  
No. Did you?

CALLOWAY HOUSE      INT      AFTERNOON

JAMESON bursts into the party.

On either side of the AMERICAN FLAG, the TWO COUPLES look up.

JAMESON points to VICTOR, then to ILSA.

                  JAMESON  
Not only are these people murdering      (MORE)

JAMESON (CONT.)  
terrorists... not only are they  
professional assassins and international  
scum... NOT ONLY THAT... but they are  
BROTHER AND SISTER!

KATHERINE screams. She runs from the room.

JAMESON growls with rage, lunges at ILSA.  
HARRISON moves forward, tangling himself in the FLAG,  
lands a punch on JAMESON's jaw.

ILSA moves fast. Goes to JAMESON, pulls a CAN OF MACE from her  
skirt pocket, and lets him have it, full in the face.

PANDEMONIUM.

ILSA moves back against VICTOR. He puts his hands, apparently  
protective, on her shoulders.

And BITES HER NECK.

HARRISON stands, paralyzed with bewilderment, wrapped in the FLAG,  
watching them.

TORRES and the POLICEMEN run up. Clap handcuffs on JAMESON.

TORRES  
(in Spanish; subtitles)  
I arrest you for attempting to  
blow up his Excellency the governor  
in order to frame an innocent man!

JAMESON  
What did he say? I DON'T SPEAK  
SPANISH!  
(shouts at ILSA as they drag him away)  
I'm gonna get you, you witch! See  
you spreadeagled -- whipped -- in the  
village square! Shot at FUCKING DAWN!

TORRES' MEN march him out. TORRES nods to the group, exits.

CALLOWAY HOUSE EXT AFTERNOON

The POLICE bundle JAMESON into a car as the GUESTS spill outside to  
watch. The PARTY is obviously breaking up.

PEOPLE get in their cars and leave.

POLICEMAN #2 realises that his PISTOL is no longer in his holster.  
It has been replaced by a BANANA.

Before he can investigate further, TORRES yells to him to get in  
the police car.

BUZZ'S CAR INT AFTERNOON

His CELL PHONE rings. BODYGUARD #1 listens, hands it to BUZZ.

BUZZ  
Yeah?  
(shouts)  
WHAT?

He punches it off, punches in another number.

CALLOWAY KITCHEN INT AFTERNOON

The PHONE rings, unnoticed.

THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW -- KATHERINE, carrying a small suitcase, gets into her car. HARRISON runs up beside her.

The PHONE goes quiet. HARRISON'S CELL PHONE, on the KITCHEN TABLE, begins to ring.

CALLOWAY HOUSE EXT AFTERNOON

At KATHERINE's car.

HARRISON  
But Katherine! Please! Just tell me  
what it is!

KATHERINE  
I've been telling you for years --  
but you never listen.

HARRISON  
I'm listening now.

KATHERINE  
Harrison, you haven't touched me more  
than once or twice in the last year.  
You married me because you thought my  
father could help your career. I married  
you to get out of the house. We were  
going to have a brilliant partnership.  
Instead, we both did too much coke,  
you fucked around with the wrong wives,  
we got shittier and shittier postings,  
until here we are, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison  
Calloway, Jr., and neither of us know  
where we are.

HARRISON  
I didn't know you felt that way.

KATHERINE  
Goodbye, Harrison.

She gets in the car and drives off. He stares after her.

CALLOWAY KITCHEN INT AFTERNOON

The HOUSEKEEPER eyes the ringing PHONE as if it's a bomb.  
Finally picks it up, but doesn't speak.

MOUNTAIN ROAD INT AFTERNOON

BUZZ'S CAR races around hairpin turns.

BUZZ'S CAR INT AFTERNOON

BUZZ  
(to phone)  
Hello? Hello?

CALLOWAY KITCHEN INT AFTERNOON

The HOUSEKEEPER's eyes widen. But she doesn't answer.

BUZZ'S CAR INT AFTERNOON

BUZZ  
(to phone)  
Harrison?

CALLOWAY KITCHEN INT AFTERNOON

The HOUSEKEEPER listens to BUZZ over the phone.

A bewildered, beaten HARRISON enters, doesn't notice her, passes on  
to the living area.

She follows after with the phone.

BUZZ'S CAR INT AFTERNOON

BUZZ swears, punches off the phone.

BUZZ  
Drive faster!

MOUNTAIN ROAD EXT DUSK

The CAR speeds up, narrowly missing a BUS heading the other way.

CALLOWAY HOUSE INT NIGHT

The house is empty, desolate, scattered with the detritus of the party.

KATHERINE AND HARRISON'S BEDROOM INT NIGHT

Empty. KATHERINE's drawers pulled out. Empty.

ILSA AND VICTOR'S BEDROOM INT NIGHT

Empty.

LIVING AREA INT NIGHT

Leftover plates of food with cigarette butts stubbed out in them. Half-finished glasses of toxically colored punch. Crepe paper half-hanging from the ceiling.

THE TINNY SOUND OF MUSIC OVER HEADPHONES.

At the CD player near the safe, HARRISON sits, under headphones, staring into space. He sings along to Bob Seger's "Night Moves."

The PHONE sits, unnoticed, still switched on, squawking in protest.

ILSA and VICTOR enter. VICTOR goes to the phone, switches it off, tosses it absently from hand to hand. He watches ILSA. She looks at HARRISON.

VICTOR

What did you tell him, hmm? That I was loony? That you needed his help getting me into the bin?

She doesn't answer.

VICTOR

I really don't see why you had to fuck him. Wasn't that going over the top?

ILSA

Anything to get the job done, Victor. You ought to know. It was the first thing you taught me.

VICTOR

Oh yes? And what'll the last thing be? Or have we passed that milestone already?

ILSA

Listen to me, Victor. Tomorrow is the big day. We've been extraordinarily lucky up till now. But if you keep on being reckless, I'll...

VICTOR  
You'll what?

ILSA  
I'll kill you.

VICTOR  
Would you really?  
(pause; she looks at him)  
Yes, you would really.  
(laughs)  
Ah, my fleur de mal. How I love you.  
(points at HARRISON)  
What if I kill him? Is that reckless?

ILSA moves into HARRISON's line of sight.  
He looks at her.

The PHONE beeps.  
VICTOR, watching HARRISON and ILSA, picks it up.

VICTOR  
(to phone; interested voice)  
Yes. He's here. You don't say!

HARRISON puts down the headphones.  
VICTOR hands him the PHONE.

VICTOR  
It's for you. Some guy babbling  
about a couple of lethal terrorists.

Unconcerned, he leafs through a magazine.  
ILSA tenses, watching him.

BATTLESHIP - RADIO ROOM     INT     NIGHT

The RADIO MAN transmits.     The CREWMAN watches.

RADIO MAN  
Sir -- this is I.U.S.S. aboard C.V.N.  
Forrestal -- we have a positive ID on  
those wine glasses, sir. Subjects are  
the suspects in question. We're  
going proactive, sir; I've already  
alerted J.T.I.D.S. and requested  
MILSTAR Satellite Surveillance.  
So we'll be watching your back.  
Be careful, sir.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - LIVING AREA     INT     NIGHT

HARRISON puts down the phone.

VICTOR  
(conversationally)  
So. What'd he tell you? Ilsa and I  
are the real thing? We really are  
here to blow up the governor? I really  
did beat and stab a fucking short-sleeved  
shirt-wearing NSA asshole in Tangiers  
until his goddam eyes popped?  
(pause)  
Know why I killed the guy?  
I thought Ilsa was in love with him.

HARRISON sits still.

VICTOR  
(laughs)  
Don't worry, buddy. You're safe.  
They got us surrounded. Cops,  
Marines, the works.

ILSA  
That man in Tangiers. It was so  
unprofessional. And it's where  
Jameson got the scent.  
(passionately)  
Oh, why did you do it, Victor? Why?

VICTOR  
That man in Tangiers wore short-sleeved  
shirts.  
(shouts)  
I HATE SHORT-SLEEVED SHIRTS!

HARRISON, of course, is wearing a short-sleeved shirt.  
VICTOR looks at him with an unpleasant expression.

VICTOR  
Of course I think what you're wearing  
is very attractive, Harrison.

He laughs again. Stands up, stretches. His coat falls back,  
revealing the missing POLICE GUN.

VICTOR  
Ahhh. Come on, you two. Fiddle while  
Rome burns. I'll buy you a drink.

HARRISON looks at ILSA.

ILSA  
Do what he says. He really is insane,  
you know. I wasn't lying about that.

VICTOR  
(fondly)  
How well she knows me. Better  
than I know myself.

He picks HARRISON's car keys off the table and tosses them to him.

VICTOR

You drive. They don't want  
to shoot you. Not yet, anyhow.

They go out. The PHONE rings, unheard.

PUERTO MATANZAS - OPEN AIR MARKET EXT NIGHT

Now deserted. KATHERINE stands at a PAYPHONE, holds it, listens to it ring. She hangs up, picks up her suitcase, leaves.

CALLOWAY HOUSE EXT NIGHT

HARRISON opens the car door for ILSA.  
VICTOR notes this with an ironic smile.  
HARRISON gets in front, VICTOR in back. They drive off.

AT THE GATE

TWO POLICEMEN lurk in the shadows. One raises a rifle as the car passes. The other stops him with a hand on his arm.

HARRISON'S CAR INT NIGHT

ILSA and HARRISON, in the front seat, stare tensely ahead.  
VICTOR, grinning widely, looks back out the window at the TWO COPS.

VICTOR

I figure we've got till morning.  
That pal of yours is probably on  
his way here now. He'll want to  
make the bust. Good career move.  
I was that way once. A wage slave.

(to ILSA)

Here's an idea. Why don't you  
put your hand on Harrison's thigh?  
Oh, go on. You know you want to.

ILSA hesitates, then lightly puts her hand on HARRISON's leg. He puts his hand comfortingly over hers. She looks at him with surprise.

VICTOR taps the back of HARRISON'S NECK with his gun barrel.

VICTOR

Pretty brave of you, buddy.  
Under the circumstances.

He sits back in his seat with a sigh. Watches them.

PUERTO MATANZAS PORT EXT NIGHT

The CAR crawls down a side street.

HARRISON'S CAR INT NIGHT

VICTOR points. HARRISON turns down an alley.

HARRISON  
I've never been here before.

VICTOR  
How long have you lived here?  
(to ILSA)  
It's sad, really.  
(to HARRISON)  
Cheer up. My treat. You've  
been so nice to us and all.

THE ALLEY EXT NIGHT

A nightmarish, sordid drive. At the end of the street, a SMALL LIGHT illuminates a tattered sign on an anonymous-looking door. CLUB LIBERTAD.

CLUB LIBERTAD INT NIGHT

An utterly decadent dive.

International WHITE TRASH and CONMEN. ABSINTHE-DRINKERS, MERCENARY PILOTS, NAZIS, WHITE RUSSIANS, FORMER EASTERN EUROPEAN PRESIDENTS. A table or two of DISPOSSESSED ROYALTY.

VIGOROUS SALSA MUSIC PLAYS.

VICTOR ushers a tense HARRISON and ILSA in. A BALLOON VENDOR offers them a handful of balloons.

VICTOR suavely shakes his head, greets everyone expansively in a variety of languages.

A EUROTRASH PRINCE, hair highly gelled, kisses ILSA's hand, as his GIRLFRIEND watches, smouldering jealously.

PRINCE  
Carissima.

VICTOR  
Ilsa, you remember Prince Paul.

PRINCE  
Constantine.

VICTOR  
Ah, well...

VICTOR whispers confidentially to the PRINCE.

VICTOR  
You see she's taken. Let me buy  
you a drink, eh?

He turns to HARRISON and ILSA. Points to an empty booth,  
elevated above the crowd.

AT THE BOOTH - LATER

HARRISON and ILSA sit, a jeroboam of champagne and two untouched  
champagne glasses in front of them.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

VICTOR, shirt open, a burning torch between his teeth, limbos under  
a very low limbo stick.

Triumphant, he comes out the other side. Looks up at ILSA and  
HARRISON.

AT THE TABLE

ILSA applauds. Indicates HARRISON should do the same.

ILSA  
You'd better clap. He gets very upset  
if people don't appreciate him.

HARRISON follows her lead.

ILSA  
We'd better drink, too.

They do. A WAITER refills their glasses.  
VICTOR, apparently satisfied, moves off with TWO HOOKERS, necking  
ferociously.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR TO THE BAR

A shifty-looking POLITICIAN enters with TWO BODYGUARDS.

HARRISON  
My God!

ILSA  
What?

HARRISON  
(staring at the POLITICIAN  
as he's seated)

It's the... it's the...

ILSA

The governor? I know.

HARRISON

Well, aren't you going to... I mean, aren't you supposed to...

ILSA

(impatiently)

If you're trying to say, aren't I supposed to kill him, no, Harrison, that's Victor's department. And don't worry. He won't do anything till tomorrow.

ANGLE ON VICTOR

Dancing wildly. He strips off his jacket, dances up to the booth, leaves it draped on a chair.

ILSA reaches into his jacket pocket. Takes out a CANDY BAR and the DENTAL FLOSS CONTAINER. She peels back the CANDY BAR WRAPPER to reveal a kind of PUTTY.

ILSA

Do you know what this is?  
We used it in Namibia. Semtex.  
An explosive.

She pounds it suddenly against the table.  
HARRISON doesn't wince. She looks at him approvingly.

ILSA

It won't go off without a detonator.

She holds up the DENTAL FLOSS, opens it to reveal a FUSE.

She moves forward to pick up her glass.  
And her skirt falls away, revealing the BRUISES.

HARRISON

He did that to you.

ILSA

And did you think I didn't like it?

They stare at each other. And move toward each other.  
And, entwined in a deep embrace, KISS.

The WAITER stands with his back to them, blocking them from the room.

AT THE BAR

VICTOR looks up, sees the WAITER. Motions him to take a drink over to the GOVERNOR.

AT THE BOOTH

HARISON comes up for air, looks at ILSA, astonished.  
They neck passionately.

PUERTO MATANZAS - SHORELINE EXT DAWN

ILSA and HARRISON walk along the sand, herded by VICTOR, who cheerfully carries the BALLOON VENDOR'S ENTIRE STOCK in one hand, and his GUN in the other.

VICTOR  
(to HARRISON)  
You in love with her yet?  
(waves gun at ILSA)  
Everyone falls in love with her. But  
you want to be very careful, buddy.  
She's very... demanding.  
(philosophically)  
Of course, all married couples have  
their problems.

He does a little dance in the surf, water sloshing in his shoes and on his trousers.

The TRIO pass out of the frame.

ON THE BAY EXT DAWN

The BATTLESHIP awaits orders.

ROAD TO PUERTO MATANZAS EXT DAY

BUZZ'S CAR is held up by a FLOCK OF GOATS.

BUZZ'S CAR INT DAY

BUZZ bounces impatiently in the back seat.

BUZZ  
Run 'em over, for Christ's sake!  
My butt's on the line here!

PUERTO MATANZAS JAIL INT DAY

KENDALL JAMESON stands. Two half-drunk SAILORS share his cell.  
A SHORE POLICEMAN arrives, led by a POLICEMAN.

SHORE PATROLMAN  
Okay, you two. Party's over till  
next 4th of July.

The POLICEMAN unlocks the cell. JAMESON grabs him around the throat, takes his gun, jams him up against the SHORE PATROLMAN, hauling them both in the cell. Takes the SHORE PATROLMAN's gun, locks everyone in the cell. Heads out.

PUERTO MATANZAS JAIL EXT DAY

JAMESON gets in the SHORE PATROL CAR, kicks the other OFFICER out, puts the flashing light atop the car, and siren blaring, tears out of there.

A HILSIDE - OVERLOOKING CALLOWAY HOUSE EXT DAY

TORRES stands with TWO POLICEMEN, waiting. They see HARRISON'S CAR pull up in front of the house. ILSA, HARRISON and VICTOR -- still carrying the BALLOONS -- get out and go into the house.

BUZZ'S CAR closes fast on the house.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - LIVING AREA INT DAY

ILSA, HARRISON and VICTOR enter. VICTOR rubs the BALLOONS, making them SQUEAK. ILSA winces.

VICTOR  
All the fun's gone out of our  
relationship, Ilsa. What happened  
to those good times we used to have?

HARRISON  
What do you want, Victor?

ILSA, unexpectedly, SMILES. The PHONE rings.

VICTOR  
Ah. She knows.  
(to HARRISON)  
You know what my problem is?  
My problem is my wife understands me.

HARRISON answers the PHONE.

HOTEL ROOM INT DAY

KATHERINE, phone in hand, paces the floor.

KATHERINE  
Harrison. I want to talk to Ilsa.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - LIVING AREA     INT     DAY

HARRISON wordlessly hands the PHONE to ILSA.

VICTOR  
Invite her over.

ILSA  
(to phone)  
Katherine. Remember what I said.  
Don't come back.

THE SOUND OF A CAR SCREECHING INTO THE DRIVE.

HARRISON looks at ILSA.

When he looks back, VICTOR is gone. ILSA grips his arm.

ILSA  
Harrison. Stay here.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - BUZZ'S CAR     EXT     DAY

BUZZ, wearing a bullet-proof vest and carrying a gun, runs toward the house, shouting to his BODYGUARDS.

BUZZ  
Cover me!

He runs into the FLAGS decorating the front door.  
And VICTOR steps out from behind them, grabbing him around the neck,  
sending BUZZ'S GUN flying to the ground, holding his own GUN to BUZZ'S HEAD.

BUZZ'S BODYGUARDS fall back.

VICTOR  
Tell them not to shoot.

BUZZ  
Don't shoot!

VICTOR takes aim. Using BUZZ as a shield, he picks off the THREE BODYGUARDS. One, two, three.

He gives a sigh of pure satisfaction.

VICTOR  
(blissfully)  
Ahhhh.

He drags BUZZ into the entryway of the house.

HARRISON appears along the side of the house.

He spots BUZZ's gun. Picks it up, inches carefully toward the DOOR.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - ENTRYWAY INT DAY

VICTOR jams BUZZ up against the wall, gun to his head.

BUZZ  
You can't shoot me! I'm Station  
Chief here! I'm worth more to you  
alive than dead!

VICTOR  
YOU THINK I'M IN THIS FOR THE MONEY?

BANG! He shoots BUZZ.

A NOISE. He turns, shoots, misses HARRISON, who stands there, gun leveled.

HARRISON shoots VICTOR.

LIVING AREA - AT THE SAFE INT DAY

ILSA opens the safe, takes the PAN AM BAG and the WEBLEY.  
She checks the GUN, goes out.

ENTRYWAY INT DAY

VICTOR, not dead, stares at HARRISON. Each points his gun at the other.

VICTOR begins to lurch purposefully towards HARRISON, spitting blood as he goes. HARRISON backs off, gun pointed at VICTOR.

They wind through the house towards the stairs, VICTOR crawling, eyes glinting murderously. He BABBLES savagely.

VICTOR  
I like you, Harrison. I've always  
liked you. We're kinda alike, know  
what I mean? We've got things to tell  
each other. Wisdom to impart. Like  
when I started in my line of work, I  
was like every other guy -- I really  
believed I was the BEST! You ever  
see that movie, SUDDENLY, with Frank  
Sinatra? That was my favorite film.  
Old Blue Eyes...

HARRISON aims at VICTOR, pulls the trigger. BUZZ'S GUN JAMS.

VICTOR coughs blood.

VICTOR

Don't you feel tired, Harrison? You ever think it's just about the money? Sure, I wanted to make money. But I was going to do good with it! Schools for poor children! Cancer! My name on public buildings! Statues of Victor Morales and his MONEY! Money...

He FIRES at HARRISON. Misses. Crawls philosophically on.

VICTOR

Know what, Harrison -- you don't mind if I call you Harrison, do you? Your taste in clothing is really bad, man. Doesn't your wife ever laugh at you when you get home from shopping, straighten you out, shirt-wise?

HARRISON starts to back up the stairs. VICTOR follows.

VICTOR

I'm going to tell you a secret. I'm going to tell you why every fuckin' schmuck on this planet does what he does. Women. All my life, everything I've done, everything I've WANTED to do. ALL WOMEN. Every single fucking thing. And are they grateful? Do they ever say, VICTOR, WE LOVE YOU. COME HOME! NO!

He FIRES AGAIN. MISSES AGAIN. But crawls inexorably on. ILSA appears at the HEAD OF THE STAIRS, behind HARRISON. She holds the WEBLEY with both hands, covering VICTOR. VICTOR herds HARRISON towards her.

VICTOR

I killed a man in Oakland once. Ran over him with his own car. A convertible. At night. I had the top down. Ran him over, sat and looked at the stars. It was a really special moment. And I thought -- those stars. They're so far away, they could be dead a hundred thousand years, and I'd still see 'em. I'm looking at these lovely stars --  
(takes final aim at HARRISON)  
-- and they're NOT EVEN THERE!

BANG.

VICTOR falls back, shot, tumbling over into a heap at the bottom of the stairs.

ILSA has shot him. She lowers the gun, staring at VICTOR.

HARRISON jumps down the stairs, kicks the gun from VICTOR's hand,

bends over him.

VICTOR  
(gasps)  
She's gone to the railway station.  
She's gone to kill the governor.

HARRISON whips around. ILSA is gone. HARRISON turns back to VICTOR.  
And with a strange smile of contentment, VICTOR dies.

TORRES and JAMESON burst in.

JAMESON  
Where's the woman?

TORRES  
Where's the money?

All look around. The safe is open. ILSA and the money are gone.

HARRISON  
The airport. She's gone to the airport.

JAMESON rushes out. TORRES shouts after, follows him.

TORRES  
You! STOP!

HARRISON stands, dazed, trying to make sense of things.

CALLOWAY HOUSE EXT DAY

A MOMENT LATER - HARRISON emerges from the house.

Scenes of the recent battle. BODIES, TORN BUNTING, TORN-UP LAWN.

CALLOWAY HOUSE - VICTOR AND ILSA'S BEDROOM INT DAY

HARRISON goes through ILSA'S SUITCASE. Finds a SNIPER'S RIFLE. And a handful of passports, each made out in a different name, each with a different picture of ILSA.

He leaves the room.

THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW

We see HARRISON get into BUZZ'S CAR and drive off.

ON THE BED - THE PASSPORTS

All open to PICTURES OF ILSA.

PUERTO MATANZAS RAILWAY STATION      EXT      DAY

ILSA walks serenely through a crowd. She carries nothing but her shoulder bag.

AN ARMY BAND tunes up on a platform.  
A banner above the platform says: "ADIOS SEÑOR GOBERNADOR."

ILSA walks past, continues into the railway station.

PUERTO MATANZAS RAILWAY STATION      INT      DAY

ILSA buys a ticket. She continues to head up the platform.

An attractive, well-to-do BUSINESSMAN turns to watch her pass.

She walks with great purpose toward her train.

And HARRISON steps out of the crowd, blocking her path.

She looks at him calmly. HER EYES ARE DEEP GREEN.

A LUGGAGE TRUCK carrying a YELLOW CANOE passes by them.

HARRISON

Let me go with you. I'll do  
anything you say.

She looks at him enigmatically. The TRAIN WHISTLE sounds. She makes a decision.

ILSA

Wait for me. I'll call you.

She kisses him PASSIONATELY and runs for her train.

HARRISON watches the train doors close behind her, and the train pull out.

PUERTO MATANZAS RAILWAY STATION      EXT      DAY

HARRISON emerges. A MOTORCADE arrives, carrying the GOVERNOR.

TORRES leans against his police car, watching the crowd.  
HARRISON comes up.

TORRES

Jameson is gone, Morales is dead,  
the governor is safe.

(shakes his head)

I was worried we would make a mistake.

HARRISON

Sometimes mistakes are what make up  
your life.

HARRISON shrugs. The two men watch the CROWD. The ARMY BAND plays something that sounds like "Soy Chicano." TORRES considers this.

DOWN THE STREET - ON A BALCONY RAIL

VICTOR'S PAN AM BAG balances, held up by a MESS OF DACHSUND-SHAPED YELLOW BALLOONS.

As HARRISON and TORRES watch, the bag EXPLODES in a flash of light.

THE MONEY EXPLODES FROM THE BAG AND STREAMS DOWN TO THE STREET BELOW.

The CROWD bellows excitedly and rushes away from the platform toward the SHOWERING MONEY.

As the GOVERNOR climbs the platform, even the ARMY BAND runs away after the money.

The GOVERNOR stands alone.

HARRISON and TORRES look at each other with horror, RACE TOWARD THE GOVERNOR.

KABOOM!

THE PLATFORM EXPLODES IN A LARGE WHITE FLASH.

DOWN THE STREET

The CROWD dances, catches the MONEY.

INTERROGATION ROOM - THE PRESENT INT DAY

HARRISON'S INTERROGATORS stare at him.

STATE DEPT OFFICIAL  
Where is she now?  
(pause)  
WHERE IS SHE NOW?

HARRISON  
(hangs his head)  
I don't know.

THE COUNTRYSIDE EXT LATER

The TRAIN snakes through the landscape.

TRAIN - DINING CAR INT DAY

ILSA sits, dining with the handsome BUSINESSMAN from the station.

She looks abstractedly out the window as he pours her a glass of champagne.

FEMALE VOICE

Hi.

She looks up. It's KATHERINE.

As the two look at each other, we TRACK BACK.

Watching KATHERINE and ILSA from behind a newspaper is KENDALL JAMESON.

THE COUNTRYSIDE - THE TRAIN EXT DAY

Rushes to its destination. A FLOCK of PARROTS, disturbed by its passage, sets up a LOUD CAWING.

The TRAIN disappears into a TUNNEL.

THE END