

AMBROSE CHAPEL

by

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FIFTH DRAFT

TITLE:BEIRUT-1992

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.BEIRUT-DAY

CHRISTE RIVERA, a late twenties TV NEWS FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT stands in the rubble of a bombed out building. She's holds a mike up to her mouth as she speaks directly into CAMERA.

CHRISTE

I'm reporting from the bombed out site of the National Children's Hospital. As you can see-there's little left of the building. Standing next to me is Mr. Ali Abu of the Organization of the Oppressed on Earth. This is the group that's still holds the six Americans hostages.

(turning to ALI ABU)

Were there any hostages in this building?

ALI ABU

No. Only innocent children. Look what your new President has done!

CHRISTE

But according to US intelligence, you were using American hostages as "human shields" to project this missile factory.

ALI ABU

No missiles-just babies killed by your President.

CHRISTE

So you deny that this was a secret missile manufacturing installation?

ALI ABU

(pulling a 9mm pistol on her)

You come with me!

CHRISTE

I'm sorry. I don't think I understand...

ALI ABU

(waving the gun in her face)

Move!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE
BUT YOU JUST CAN'T...

ALI ABU knocks the mike out of CHRISTE'S hand and grabs her roughly by the arm.

CHRISTE
(trying to pull away)
LET GO OF ME!

He smashes CHRISTE across the face with the pistol.

The shot (A STAND UP) that we have been watching closes in on the falling girl. ALI ABU turns his gun ON THE CAMERA.

ALI ABU
Stay where you are! I will shoot!

The CAMERAMAN backs off and the SHOT WIDENS. TWO OTHER ARABS, brandishing machine guns, come into the FRAME and surround the defenseless girl.

Pulling CHRISTE to her feet, they drag her off to a waiting green Mercedes. Shoving her inside, ALL THE KIDNAPPERS pile in and car and speed off.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO INTERNATIONAL NEWS DESK-NIGHT

A grey hair ANCHOR reads the news.

ANCHOR
(looking directly into camera)
These scenes of the dramatic kidnapping of Christe Rivera were taken six months ago. Today we received from the the Organization of the Oppressed on Earth this videotape made by our abducted correspondent, Christe Rivera.

CUT TO:

TIGHT CLOSE UP OF THE BRUISED AND BATTERED FACE OF CHRISTE RIVERA. Her eyes are glassy and dull. She speaks in a painfully slow monotone.

CHRISTE
Over the past months I have come to understand the hopeless plight of the Shiite people. We of the United States news media have falsely misinformed the world. They are not hostile aggressors
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE (cont'd)
 but simple, peace-loving, people who want
 nothing but harmonious co-
 existence. Their most powerful and
 honorable leader, Ali Abu, has repeatedly
 extended the olive branch of peace only
 to have it shot down by Criminal America
 and it's Zionist Puppet. This must
 stop! You, Mr. President, must shed no more
 Arab baby's blood! Or you, Mr. President,
 will suffer the consequences.

CHRISTE abruptly stops talking as though she was a tape
 machine that was shut off.

PULL BACK:

FROZEN FRAME OF CHRISTE'S BROKEN FACE behind grey-haired
 ANCOR.

ANCOR
 The White house said today that all
 options were under consideration to
 obtain the release of Christe Rivera and
 the other hostages. When asked if the
 President had any type of direct
 military intervention in mind, there was
 no comment.

EXT. A BACK STREET IN BEIRUT-NIGHT

A beaten up VAN is parked on deserted city street. Twenty
 yards in front of the VAN, intersecting the street, is a
 narrow ALLEY. Five yards down the ALLEY is a manhole cover.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN-NIGHT.

CODE NAME: PRINCE CHARMING sits in the driver seat. He's a
 big, muscular man in his late forties. He speaks with a
 DISTINCTIVE SOUTHERN ACCENT. Next to him is BROOKS. In the
 back seat are THREE OTHER MEN. They are all dressed in dark
 clothes and carry automatic weapons. PRINCE CHARMING is
 giving them their final instructions.

PRINCE CHARMING
 I'm going to take off in five minutes. I
 want you guys to follow in five. That
 means Kelly, Parsons, and O'Dell should be
 blowing the door at 23 hundred. I'm going
 to be taking the girl out the back.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

PRINCE CHARMING (cont'd)
 (pointing to a MANHOLE COVER
 in the middle of the alley)
 They'll come out first and should be
 easy targets. Brooks and Terri, you be
 waiting for her there. If you do anything
 stupid, I'm going to have to shoot you.
 Remember, I'm one of them. Any questions?

The men shake their heads no. PRINCE CHARMING takes an
 envelope from his pocket and gives it to BROOKS.

PRINCE CHARMING
 If I don't get killed, make sure the Jay
 Bird gets this. If I don't make
 it, destroy it.

BROOKS
 Yes sir.

PRINCE CHARMING
 (checks his watch)
 Let's go.

EXT. VAN-NIGHT.

The driver's side door opens, and PRINCE CHARMING steps out.
 He quickly crosses over to the opposite side of the
 street. Behind him, the rest of the COMMANDO SQUAD piles out
 of the van. BROOKS and TERRI move up toward the ALLEY. The
 OTHER THREE MEN duck out of sight.

Crossing the ALLEY and continuing halfway down the
 block, PRINCE CHARMING comes to a stop in front of a
 nondescript two-story structure. He looks around, the street
 is empty. He knocks on the door: Three fast, then two slow. A
 panel slides open. Through the slot, a pair of dark eyes
 study him for a moment. Then the door swings open. PRINCE
 CHARMING goes inside.

INT. HOSTAGE HIDEOUT-NIGHT

PRINCE CHARMING enters. ALI ABU closes the door behind him.

PRINCE CHARMING
 We got to move her quick.

ALI ABU
 What's wrong.

PRINCE CHARMING
 In about five minutes, a United States
 commando squad is going to be blasting
 open that door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALI ABU

How did they find us?

PRINCE CHARMING

Who knows? Somebody gave you up. What difference does it make?

Five other YOUNG ARABS, packing machine guns, drift into the front room.

ALI ABU

I want to know who's betrayed me!

PRINCE CHARMING

Look, that's the best information I've got. If you want me to find out where the leak is, it will take a lot of time and more money than you've got.

ALI ABU

Maybe it's take no time. Maybe it's you!

PRINCE CHARMING

Me! Don't be stupid. You pay me a lot better than the CIA. Look, I know you don't trust me. I know you don't even like me. But I know one thing.

ALI ABU

What do you know?

PRINCE CHARMING

You need me.

(looking at his watch)

And in two minutes your going to know how much.

PRINCE CHARMING brushes past ABU and is ARAB GOONS and goes up the stairs to the second floor.

INT. SECOND FLOOR-NIGHT

At the end of a short corridor, PRINCE CHARMING stops in front of a locked door. Using his own key, he opens it and goes inside.

INT. HOSTAGE ROOM-NIGHT

Against one wall is a cot, where CHRISTIE lies asleep. In the middle of the room is a TREADMILL. She wears a grey work out suit and looks surprizing strong and healthy for a hostage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On a table next to the TREADMILL is a headset. A thick cord of wires are plugged into the back. They snake over to a COMPUTER resting on the floor. Against the far wall is a work out mat, weights, a punching bag, and a trampoline.

PRINCE CHARMING crosses the room and rouses CHRISTE. She's seems sedated and he has difficulty getting the groggy girl to her feet.

PRINCE CHARMING
(speaking to her in a soft
fatherly way)
C'mon baby. You can make it.

INT. SECOND FLOOR-NIGHT

PRINCE CHARMING walks CHRISTE down the corridor to the staircase.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS ROOM-NIGHT

PRINCE CHARMING helps CHRISTE down the stairs. When he turns around he's faced with a grim faced ABU, backed up with his FIVE ARMED GOONS.

ALI ABU
Why didn't we keep her with the other
hostages? And why so long?

PRINCE CHARMING
Brainwashing her. Remember? That's what
you wanted, right? She gave a very
moving speech. Just the way you wrote
it.

ALI ABU
What did you need all that equipment
for? Where did you get it?

PRINCE CHARMING
What do you care? It got the job done.

ALI ABU
I want answers! Why is it only you that
has a key to her room?

PRINCE CHARMING
(suddenly mad)
Because I was sick of your goons
sneaking in there and fucking with her!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALI ABU
(turning philosophical)
They're just bored and restless
boys, they need a release.
(with sudden anger)
You took the key because you wanted her
for yourself! Isn't that so?

PRINCE CHARMING
(causally looking at his
watch. It reads seven seconds
before eleven)
Could we talk about this later, we've
got to get out of here.

ALI ABU
(cocking his gun)
We talk about it now!

On the word "NOW" all hell breaks loose.

THE DOOR EXPLODES OPEN.

PRINCE CHARMING KNOCKS CHRISTE TO THE GROUND, COVERING HER
WITH HIS BODY.

SHATTERED WOOD AND PLASTER SPRAY ACROSS THE ROOM.

THE TWO ARABS CLOSEST TO THE DOOR ARE BLOWN DOWN. THE OTHER
TWO START FIRING AT THE SMOKE FILLED DOORWAY.

THEIR FIRE IS IMMEDIATELY RETURNED FROM THE STREET.

PRINCE CHARMING GRABS HOLD OF CHRISTE AND DRAGS HER OUT OF
THE ROOM.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

PRINCE CHARMING carrying CHRISTE, enters the kitchen. He
puts her gently down on the floor. He shoves the kitchen
table aside and pulls up the rug underneath. There's a trap
door in the floor. He yanks it open. He picks up CHRISTE and
carefully lowers her down inside. When she's safely resting
on the floor of tunnel, he jumps through the opening and
lands on the ground beside her.

INT. TUNNEL-NIGHT

PRINCE CHARMING picks CHRISTE up, throws her over his
shoulder and carries her down the tunnel. It's illuminated by
a string of Christmas tree lights that stretch some thirty
yards in front of them ending where the dirt tunnel cuts
into the much larger sewer tunnel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRINCE CHARMING moves quickly through it and into the sewer. Directly in front of him is a ladder. He slips CHRISTE off his shoulders and rests HER against it.

PRINCE CHARMING
Can you hold on to this?

CHRISTE weakly grasps onto the ladder.

There's a series of short machine gun bursts from the kitchen end of the dirt tunnel. PRINCE CHARMING looks back to see ABU and one of his men running toward him. They stumble through the dirt tunnel onto the floor of the sewer. ABU pulls himself to his feet.

ALI ABU
They're all dead.

PRINCE CHARMING
C'mon. Get up the ladder.

ALI ABU shoves the OTHER ARAB up the ladder. The ARAB climbs to the top, pushes open the cover, and looks around the alley.

THERE'S A BLAST OF GUN FIRE AND HIS IS HEAD IS BLOWN OFF.

His body falls off the ladder and onto ABU, knocking him to the hard floor of the sewer. They both lie in a bloody heap on the ground. Motionless.

PRINCE CHARMING throws CHRISTE over his shoulder and climbs up the ladder. He stops inches below the opening out to the street and calls out.

PRINCE CHARMING
BROOKS! IT'S ALL CLEAR.

There are sounds of running feet. Then BROOK'S HEAD appears over the opening.

BROOKS
Yes sir.

PRINCE CHARMING
Take her.

BROOKS reach down and pulls CHRISTE out of the tunnel.

PRINCE CHARMING
Take care of my baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS

Yes, sir.

BROOKS, now holding CHRISTE in his arms, turns to leave.

PRINCE CHARMING

And Brooks.

BROOKS

(turning back)

Yes Sir.

PRINCE CHARMING

Shoot me.

BROOKS

Sir?

PRINCE CHARMING

I said shoot me! When Abu wakes up he's not going to believe you took her from me unless I'm shot.

BROOKS

(nervous for the first time. His training never prepared him for this)

Yes, sir.

BROOKS reluctantly points his gun at PRINCE CHARMING'S HEAD.

PRINCE CHARMING

I said shot me. Not kill me.

BROOKS

(now completely unnerved)

Yes, sir.

PRINCE CHARMING

The shoulder will be just fine.

BROOKS raises his gun and points it at PRINCE CHARMING left shoulder.

WE ZOOM INTO THE BARREL OF THE GUN.

IT EXPLODES.

CUT TO:

PRINCE CHARMING'S ENVELOPE.

IT BEING SLICED OPEN WITH A SOLID GOLD LETTER
OPENER. ENGRAVED ON IT IS THE NAME: JAY JEFFERSON KEEN.

WE'RE OVER HIS SHOULDER, SO WE CAN'T SEE HIS FACE. BUT KEEN'S
BODY IS LEAN. HIS HEAD IS BALD.

KEEN PULLS OUT A WHITE PIECE OF PAPER OUT OF THE GUTTED
ENVELOPE.

IT HAS WRITING ON IT.

HE FLATTENS IT OUT BEFORE HIM AND STARTS READING:

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT LETTER.

WE HEAR PRINCE CHARMING VOICE READING THE LETTER.

"SLEEPING BEAUTY HAS BEEN PUT TO SLEEP. SHE HAS A PASS
WORD. SHE'S USELESS WITHOUT IT. LOOKING FORWARD TO HEARING
FROM YOU AROUND ELECTION TIME."

It's signed.

PRINCE CHARMING

PS. SHE'S PREGNANT."

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE INTO:

TITLE: MEXICO CITY-THE SUMMER OF 1996.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTE'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

CHRISTE lies in bed sleeping. The door opens and CHRISTE'S
MOTHER enters the darkened room. She's carrying a cup of hot
coffee. She walks over and places the cup on the table next
to her daughter's bed. She gently shakes CHRISTE'S shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTHER
Honey, it's four.

CHRISTE'S EYES slowly open. Now a striking blonde, in her early-thirties, she see her MOTHER and smiles up at her.

CHRISTE
Thank's mom.

INT. KITCHEN -NIGHT

CHRISTE'S MOTHER has laid out some fresh fruit, milk, and cold cereal on the kitchen table. CHRISTE enters the room dressed in a bright red, low-cut, two piece business suit. She finishes drying her hair with a towel. She hands her mother the towel and takes a banana from the table.

CHRISTE
This will be fine.

MOTHER
Won't you have a little cereal?

CHRISTE
(looking at her watch)
I don't have time.

CHRISTE'S MOTHER sits down at the table and pours the milk into the cereal bowl.

MOTHER
Will you promise me something?

CHRISTE
What?

MOTHER
Will you talk to your boss today.

CHRISTE
(They've had this conversation a million times)
Yes. Yes.
(changing the subject)
I'll see you at the park at nine.

MOTHER
Okay.

CHRISTE'S MOTHER picks up a spoon and starts to eat the cereal. CHRISTE kisses her MOTHER goodbye, picks up her nandbag and goes out the door.

EXT. MEXICO CITY STREET-JUST BEFORE DAWN

A lone cab, with CHRISTE inside, moves down the deserted city street.

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM AT THE TELEVISA-DAWN

CHRISTE sits in a makeup chair as TWO MIDDLE AGED MAKEUP AND HAIR LADIES work on her sleepy face. The MAKEUP LADY holds up a bright red eye pencil. CHRISTE'S brushes it away.

CHRISTE

No, no.

MAKEUP LADY

What's the matter with you?

CHRISTE

I don't like that color.

MAKEUP LADY

It's perfect. It matches your dress.

CHRISTE

(picking up a mirror and a
brown pencil)

This will be fine.

MAKEUP LADY

That ugly brown again?

CHRISTE

(dabbing the brown pencil on
her eye lids)

I'm suppose to look like a reporter, not
a whore.

HAIR LADY.

(jamming a curler into her
hair)

Really!

MAKEUP LADY

Maybe if you let me make you up
right, you'll get off this shift.

CHRISTE

You mean only the dogs go on at six in
the morning?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAKEUP LADY

Your not a dog,my dear,you just make
yourself look like a dog.

INT. TELEVISION NEWS DESK-EARLY MORNING

CHRISTE is on the air reading the 6 o'clock news.

CHRISTE

It was announced today by press
secretary Nassaro that President Colosio
and the President of the United States
will sign the revised NAFTA accords here
in Mexico City at the end of the
week. Antono Bassar, director of the
Mexico City Opera extended an invitation
to both Presidents to his production of
Puccini's Tosca. Mr. Nassaro said he
didn't know, at this time, if the
President's busy schedule would
permit....

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA OF LUIS RAMON OFFICE-DAY

CHRISTE sits on a chair across from a reception desk. The
door to RAMON'S OFFICE swings opens and a tall, leggy, blonde
bombshell walks out. This is REBBECA VILLA, the latest rising
star at the station. She walks over to CHRISTE and sits down
next to her.

VILLA

Whose's making you up?

CHRISTE

What's wrong?

VILLA

That horrible brown shit on your eyes.

CHRISTE

I did it.

VILLA

Christe, would you listen to a little
advice from the resident bimbo?

CHRISTE

(smiling)

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VILLA

The Macho assholes around here think all girls on television are servants, gatos, whores. The more we live up to their expectations, the better the job we get.

CHRISTE

I know Rebbeca. Believe me, I know

VILLA

Christe, you a real reporter. You've worked all over the world. That stuff you did in the middle-east was unbelievable...

CHRISTE

That's all ancient history.

VILLA

I understand. But if your going to join the TV swimsuit completion, don't walk down the runway in a flour sack.

(looking at the bags under
CHRISTE'S eyes)

Boy, do you look tired. How long have you been on the graveyard shift?

CHRISTE

Three years.

VILLA

When was the last time you had a date?

CHRISTE

Who remembers.

VILLA

You got something against men?

CHRISTE

I like men all right. I just I'm too tired to get very interested.

VILLA

Well, get interested! Men will do anything for you as long as they think they can fuck you. It's like the dog races. You got to always keep the rabbit just a little ahead of the pack. Too close, it gets ripped apart. Too far, and the dogs stop running.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

(yawning)

All this bunny want's to do is lie down
and sleep.

VILLA

Is that what your going to talk to Ramon
about?

CHRISTE

Yeah,giving me a day off.

VILLA opens the two top buttons of CHRISTE'S RED JACKET.

VILLA

Lean over as much as possible and when
he asks you if you'd like to taste his
money, say yes.

INT. RAMON'S OFFICE-DAY

CHRISTE sits across from her boss, MR. LUIS RAMON.He's a
hefty man in his late forties.He stares at CHRISTE with
increasing irratation.She's re-buttoned her jacket.

LUIS RAMON

But I've offered you other time slots.

CHRISTE

I know.

LUIS RAMON

You didn't seem interested.

CHRISTE

(smiling)

I was interested.It just seemed that
there was more to it then that.

LUIS RAMON

What's that suppose to mean?

CHRISTE

I think you know what I'm talking about.

LUIS RAMON

I have no idea what your talking about.

CHRISTE

I guess that means I don't get Saturday
off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUIS RAMON

Mrs. Rivera, I don't quite understand you. When you first came to work here, you refused to take any hard news assignments. I might remind you that we hired you specifically for your experience in this area.

CHRISTE

I don't know why you keep calling me Mrs. Rivera today, Luis, Christe, use to be just fine. And I don't do hard news anymore, and I told that when I took this job. I perfectly happy to read news like the rest of the starlets around here, I just asking for a little break in the hours.

LUIS RAMON

Then I think you should be a little more accommodating.

CHRISTE

What did you have in mind?

LUIS RAMON

Julio Bassar.

CHRISTE

Give me a break Luis, the guy's a pig. Send Rebbeca, she'll be able to handle him.

LUIS RAMON

He doesn't want Rebbeca, he want's you.

CHRISTE

They only reason he wants me is that he hasn't had me yet.

LUIS RAMON

Work it out! Then, perhaps, we'll discuss a different night schedule. Good bye, Mrs. Rivera.

EXT. PARK-DAY

CHRISTE'S MOTHER sits on the grass playing with CHRISTE'S THREE YEAR OLD SON, RUBEN. In the distance, is a MAN SELLING BRIGHTLY COLORED BALLOONS. CHRISTE walks over and sits down next to her son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

Hi, Honey.

RUBEN

(delighted to see his mother)
Mommy!

CHRISTE

Are you having fun with grandma?

RUBEN

Yes.

(pointing at the BALLOON MAN)
Balloons!

CHRISTE

Would you like Mommy to get you a
balloon?

RUBEN

(big smile)
Yes.

MOTHER

Did you talk to your Boss?

CHRISTE

Yes.

MOTHER

What did he say?

CHRISTE

He's going to think about it.

MOTHER

That's great.

CHRISTE

That doesn't mean his going to do
anything.

MOTHER

Christe, don't be so negative. You done
so well in the last three years. And it
hasn't been easy. Raising a child by
yourself...

CHRISTE

Hardly by myself, Mom.

(CONTINUED).

CONTINUED:

MOTHER

Well that husband of yours doesn't do anything.

CHRISTE

I wasn't talking about Manuel.

MOTHER

Me? I do nothing.

CHRISTE

You do everything.

MOTHER

(pulling Ruben into her arms)
Well I can't help loving him.

RUBEN

Balloon ,grandma?

MOTHER

In a second, honey. Your mommy's going to get you a balloon.

(continuing her conversation
with CHRISTE)

I'm just so sorry your tired all the time.What kind of life can a young woman have when she has to go to bed at eight o'clock every night?

RUBEN pulls himself out his grandmother's embrace and wanders off toward the BALLOON MAN.

CHRISTE

It's going to be all right.I just have to play the game a little better.

MOTHER

What do you mean?

CHRISTE

You watch me. Tomorrow morning at six.
Bright red eye shadow.

MOTHER

(laughing)

What?

RUBEN starts running toward the BALLOON MAN.He's about thirty yards away with his back turned toward the scampering child. CHRISTE sees RUBEN ,jumps up,and starts running after him.She catches up with him about twenty feet away from the BALLOON MAN.She grabs him by the hands and swings him around

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

in the air.RUBEN squeals with delight.CHRISTE looks at the BALLOON MAN.They lock eyes for a brief second.

CHRISTE freezes in shock.

THE BALLOON MAN turns away.

The balloons fly into the air.

THE BALLOON MAN races off after them.

RUBEN points up into the sky as the balloons fly away.

RUBEN
Mommy!Mommy! Look at the balloons!

But CHRISTE is speechless.

SHE'S SEEN A GHOST.

INT. CHRISTE'S BEDROOM-NIGHT.

CHRISTE'S asleep.Her head rolls back and forth and her face grimaces with anxiety.She's in the midst of a terrible nightmare.

CUT TO:

CHRISTE'S DREAM

SHE stands in the center aisle of a LARGE ENGLISH CONCERT HALL.

CHRISTE looks up to her left to see a FOREIGN AMBASSADOR sitting in a box watching the concert. She looks to the right. AN ARAB ASSASSIN enters a another box and sits down.The ASSASSIN takes a casual peek at the AMBASSADOR.He smiles.

CUT TO:

CHRISTE'S FACE.

SHE hear a voice say in a SOUTHERN ACCENT:

"IF YOU SAY ANYTHING,TO ANYBODY, YOUR CHILD WILL DIE!"

CUT TO:

CHRISTE'S POV OF THE ORCHESTRA. In the the last row in a TALL DISTINGUISHED MAN in a tuxedo.He looks down at the musical score in front of him.

CUT TO:

THE TALL DISTINGUISHED MAN (THE CYMBAL PLAYER) POV:

It pans across the staff ending on a single whole note. He turns and picks up a large pair of CYMBALS. He holds them up and looks up toward the CONDUCTOR.

Shooting through the CYMBALS the VIEW ZOOMS into the CHRISTE'S FACE. She looks back and forth from the AMBASSADOR to the ASSASSIN. Her face becoming more anguished.

CUT TO:

ASSASSIN'S BOX

The ASSASSIN places his hand inside his coat towards his holster. CHRISTE is desperate. She looks up to see the ASSASSIN moving forward and exposing the tip of his gun.

The CONDUCTOR looks up toward the CYMBAL PLAYER.

The PLAYER raises the CYMBALS.

A CLOSE VIEW of the poised gun in the ASSASSIN'S HAND.

CHRISTE looks at the AMBASSADOR. He thoroughly enjoying the concert and has a pleased smile on his face.

THE ASSASSIN'S GUN IS POISED. HIS FINGER SLOWLY GRIPS THE TRIGGER.

CHRISTE CLAMPS HER HAND OVER MOUTH TO KEEP HER FROM SCREAMING.

THE CYMBALS are held in the foreground and through them we can see the orchestra and the CONDUCTOR beyond. The CONDUCTOR looks up from his score and points deliberately to the CYMBAL PLAYER.

THE CYMBALS CLASH TOGETHER AS CHRISTE THRUSTS HER HAND AWAY FROM HER MOUTH UNABLE TO STOP HER SCREAM.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTE'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

She's jolted awake by the sound of her own scream. She stares wide-eyed around the dark room. Frightened and breathless.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHRISTE'S OFFICE-MORNING

A haggard CHRISTE sits behind her desk leafing through the phone book. REBBECA VILLA walks in.

VILLA
So how did it go with Ramon?

CHRISTE
He's thinking about it.

VILLA
Really. Which head?

CHRISTE
(smiling)
The little one.

VILLA
Very little.
(turns to leave)

CHRISTE
Rebbeca, come in for a second, I want to ask you a question.

REBBECA sits down in a chair across from CHRISTE'S desk.

VILLA
What's up.

CHRISTE
Did you ever go to a psychiatrist?

VILLA
Sure.

CHRISTE
What for?

VILLA
I was depressed. I was when I was having a lot of problems with my rock and roll boyfriend.

CHRISTE
Did the psychiatrist help?

VILLA
After a few sessions of talking about my mother, I got bored. And it was getting expensive! So I got rid of the shrink and the boyfriend and felt a lot better. What do you need a shrink for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

I've been having these terrible nightmares. Every night for the last week.

VILLA

Well you picked a good week. They're having an International Convention at the Sheraton. Every shrink in Mexico and the rest of the planet is there. I was over there yesterday and booked the world expert on eating disorders for my morning show.

CHRISTE

Do you ever have the feeling you're being followed?

VILLA

All the time.

CHRISTE

Really?

VILLA

Yeah. And I am. Look Christe, if your on television everyday, every man out there thinks your sleeping with your boss. So when he sees you on the street he figures, "Why not me too?" So they follow you and try and pick you up. They would die to spend five minutes in you.

CHRISTE

It's not that.

VILLA

Maybe you just need some sleep?

CHRISTE

I'm afraid to go to sleep.

VILLA

Then you better see someone because your not looking to good. And when that happens, your history in this business.

EXT. MARIA ISABEL SHERATON-DAY

A SLOW PAN UP THE BUILDING.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LARGE HOTEL MEETING ROOM-DAY

DR. NICK WOLFE, an attractive man in his early forties, stands before a lectern giving a medical paper to a group of about sixty psychiatrists.

DR. WOLFE

Mysteries intrigue us all. Attempting to solve them promises an encounter with the unknown and the unexpected. A crime of passion executed with imagination and violence is emotionally compelling. Sometimes it gets our heart pumping faster...

Three rows back, and staring at him with utter fascination is CHRISTE. There's more than just intellectual interest in her large electric blue eyes now made more dramatic by the liberal use of bright red eye shadow. In fact DR. WOLFE finds it hard to keep from staring back at her.

DR. WOLFE

...others times it can chill us to the bone. The unexpected death, however grotesque, is spellbinding. So, too, are the tantalizing clues left for the reader to unravel, the false leads, the sudden moment of revelation and finally the unsuspected culprit is exposed and brought to justice.

CHRISTE gives DR. WOLFE such a sly, sexy smile that he has to look away from her.

DR. WOLFE

Perhaps it will surprise you to learn that each of us is a great mystery writer. Every night we create our stories, filling them with passion and adventure and colorful characters-some villains, some victims, some witnesses. We leave ourselves puzzling, often disturbing clues that summon us to the role of detective.

He looks up from his notes. CHRISTE is still staring at him.

DR. WOLFE

These mystery stories are of course our dreams. And it is through our dreams that we work over the emotion "crimes" perpetrated each and every day, past and present. The dream is a mystery that only

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFE (cont'd)
the dreamer can solve. And yet, in the
solution lies the knowledge that the
dreamer may not wish to have.

Something dark clouds CHRISTE'S EYES. She's abruptly looks
away from Dr. WOLFE. He turns back to his notes.

DR. WOLFE
Why analyze a dream in the first place?
Does the effort give you enough reward
to justify the time, work, and anxiety
involved...

He looks back up. CHRISTE is gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL HOSPITALITY SUITE-DAY

A large group of PSYCHIATRISTS sip cocktails and talk shop.
DR. MARIA MATEOS, DR. WOLFE, and old American colleague of
his, DR. ROSS MONTANA are in a heated discussion.

MONTANA
From my experiences it refutes all
conventional dream analysis theory.

MARIA MATEOS
C'mon Ross that's ridiculous.

MONTANA
I telling you Rebbeca, you have to come
to my clinic in Atlanta and see for
yourself. We're working up cases where
the subconscious has been erased and
reprogrammed.

MARIA MATEOS
Do you buy this Nick?

DR. WOLFE
(shaking his head)
You can't wipe clean a lifetime of
experience, Ross. No matter what kind of
mind altering experiments you run. It's
all there in subconscious whether you
can find it or not. And it will
ultimately emerge in the patient's
dreams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTANA

Sure it can emerge. But your so called
lifetime experiences can be altered and
disguised...

Over MONTANA'S shoulder, DR.WOLFE sees the CHRISTE. She's
staring at him from the entrance to the suite.

DR.WOLFE

(looking by at Ross)

I'm sure it can, would you excuse me for
a minute.

DR.WOLFE starts walking toward the CHRISTE. She turns around
in the open doorway and vanishes down the hallway. DR.WOLFE
pushes through the TIGHT CONVERSATION GROUPS, finally
reaching the doorway.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY-DAY

DR.WOLFE enters the hallway. He sees the CHRISTE standing in
front of elevator at the far end of the corridor. She stares
at the CLOSED ELEVATOR DOORS. DR.WOLFE walks down the
corridor. He comes to a stop next to her, pushes the elevator
button, and waits.

Feeling a little awkward about exactly what to say, DR.
WOLFE finally turns to CHRISTE when he hears MARIA calling
his name.

MARIA MATEOS

(standing in the doorway to
the suite)

Nick, where are you going?

DR. WOLFE

(thinking fast)

I was going down to the lobby to make a
call.

The elevator doors open. The CHRISTE steps in, turns around
and stares back into DR.WOLFE'S EYES.

MARIA MATEOS

Why don't you use the phone here?

DR. WOLFE

Where?

CHRISTE opens her handbag and reaches into it. DR.WOLFE sees
the glint of a WHITE PAPER ENVELOPE before the elevator
doors start to close. He looks up into the CHRISTE'S FACE. Her
lips slowly part as though she's about to say something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFE
(eyes on CHRISTE but still
talking to MARIA)
There's a phone there?

The elevator doors shut and CHRISTE is gone again.

MARIA MATEOS
Yes.It's in the other room.I'll show you.

Covering his disappointment with a smile,DR.WOLFE turns
toward REBECCA and walks back up the hallway.

EXT. MARIA ISABEL SHERATON-DAY

DR.WOLFE, carrying a MEXICO CITY GUIDE BOOK,exits the hotel
and walks down the Paseo de la Reforma.Across the street is
CHRISTE.She follows him.

EXT. MUSEUM OF ANTHROPOLOGY-DAY

DR.WOLFE walks up the steps and goes inside.CHRISTE follows.

INT. MUSEUM -DAY

DR.WOLFE stands before a huge circular AZTEC CALENDAR
reading from his guide book.He has a few hours off and he
finds it relaxing to wander through the exhibits of
murals,sculptures,reconstructed temples,altars,and tombs in
the museum galleries.The AZTEC CALENDAR reminds him of
something and he takes out his appointment book and crosses
out a two o'clock appointment.He slips the book back into
his jacket and suddenly realizes that CHRISTE is standing
right next to him.

DR. WOLFE
(he turns to her)
Haven't I seen you before?

CHRISTE
(seductive smile)
That's not very original.

DR. WOLFE
(smiling back)
I'm not trying to be original.I trying
to be accurate.

CHRISTE
Possibly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFE
The lecture yesterday. You were there.

CHRISTE
Yes.

DR. WOLFE
Are you interested in dream analysis?

She looks over her shoulder. A short, DARK MAN has entered the deserted gallery. She studies the man carefully then turns back to DR. WOLFE.

CHRISTE
I'm interested in you.

DR. WOLFE
Why?

CHRISTE
(shoving an envelope in his hand)
We can't talk here. I have a very jealous husband.

She quickly walks away. DR. WOLFE watches her leave the gallery. He looks over to the DARK MAN that seemed to have frightened CHRISTE away. He's intensely studying a mural.

DR. WOLFE looks down at the ENVELOPE in his hand. It's the same one that was in CHRISTE'S handbag at the elevator. He rips it open. In it is a MARIA ISABEL SHERATON ROOM KEY. There is also a slip of paper. On it is written:

"MEET ME IN ROOM 113 AT NOON TOMORROW. YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED."

INT. DR. WOLFE'S HOTEL ROOM-EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

DR. WOLF lies in bed reading. He has had a restless night. He looks over at the ROOM KEY resting on the bedside table. He picks it up, studies it for a second, then flips it into a waste basket. He looks at his watch. It's six am. He picks up his REMOTE CONTROL and presses it. The TELEVISION SET across the room clicks on. He looks at the screen and his mouth drops.

IT'S CHRISTE READING THE MORNING NEWS.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM- NOON

DR.WOLFE sits in a chair waiting. He looks at his watch.It's a little past noon. The door opens and the CHRISTE walks in.She closes the door,locks it and hooks the chain.She turns around to face DR.WOLFE.

DR. WOLFE
Hello Mrs. Rivera.

CHRISTE
(panicky)
How did you know my name?

DR. WOLFE
I saw you on the news this morning.

CHRISTE
(relieved)
Oh that.
(suspicious)
Nobody has talked to you about me,have they?

DR. WOLFE
No.

CHRISTE
Good.Would you like something to drink?

DR. WOLFE
No, thank you.So what are we doing here?

CHRISTE
There's going to be an assassination.

DR. WOLFE
Why don't you call the police?

CHRISTE
Because it's has happened yet.

DR. WOLFE
How do you know it's going to happen?

CHRISTE
Because I keep dreaming about it.

DR. WOLFE
Now all of this is making a little sense.You got me here because my specialty is dream analysis.But why the seduction routine? You just had to make appointment and come to...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

I couldn't do that. I think I'm being followed. If I was seen with you, they'd find out who you are. And your life would be in danger.

DR. WOLFE

Why don't you let me worry about that.

CHRISTE

You don't believe me?

DR. WOLFE

Of course I believe you. I would just like to know more. Who's going to put my life in danger?

CHRISTE

The Arabs.

DR. WOLFE

I see. Let's go back a little bit. Tell me about your dream.

CHRISTE

I'm in a concert hall. The orchestra is playing. There's an important ambassador there. Somehow I know there's a plot to assassinate him but I can't tell anybody because they have my little boy. I see an assassin sitting in a box. He's going to shoot him when...

DR. WOLFE

The cymbals clash.

CHRISTE

Yes. That's right. How did you know that?

DR. WOLFE

(searching his memory)

I don't know. I just remembered it from somewhere.

CHRISTE

Looks like I found the perfect doctor. He has the same nightmares I do.

DR. WOLFE

Let's hope not. Go on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

So the assassin aims the gun at the ambassador. He's about to pull the trigger. When the cymbal clashes and I scream and wake up.

(shaking her head)

It doesn't make much sense, does it?

DR. WOLFE

On the surface, dreams are created to make no sense. If they did, you wouldn't have them. I need more information. Tell me about your jealous husband?

CHRISTE

Ex-husband. And he isn't jealous. I made that part up.

DR. WOLFE

Where do you live?

CHRISTE

In an apartment with my mother and my son, Ruben. He's three.

DR. WOLFE

Were you born here?

CHRISTE

Yes.

DR. WOLFE

What did your father do?

CHRISTE

He was an American. Working here for the State Department. He met my mother, they got married and after I was born, moved to Virginia. That's where my father comes from originally. It was great there, I had a lot of American friends at school and then when I was about fifteen my mother left him and we returned to Mexico.

DR. WOLFE

What happened to him?

CHRISTE

He left the government and when to work for Bacon telecommunications in the Mid-East.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFE

The crazy Georgia Billionaire that lost the election?

CHRISTE

Yes, and looks like he's going to run again.

DR. WOLFE

You never saw your father again?

CHRISTE

No. He died in a terrorist explosion.

DR. WOLFE

Why did you break up with your husband?

CHRISTE

Because Manuel said Rubin wasn't his son.

DR. WOLFE

Wasn't he?

CHRISTE

No.

DR. WOLFE

Who was the father?

CHRISTE

I don't know...

(she stops not wanting to go on, then emphatically)

I never should have had a child!

DR. WOLFE

Why?

CHRISTE

Because he going to be kidnapped.

DR. WOLFE

But that's in your dream.

CHRISTE

It doesn't make any difference, it's going to happen anyway.

DR. WOLFE

You think your dream is some kind of premonition?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

I guess so.

DR. WOLFE

Who's going to kidnap your child?

CHRISTE

An English couple. I meet them in Marrakash. But there is an Arab too. He's going to shoot the ambassador.

DR. WOLFE

An Arab?

CHRISTE

Yes.

DR. WOLFE

Do you know any Arabs?

CHRISTE

Do I know any Arabs?

(Bitterly)

Intimately. They abducted me in Beirut four years ago. I was rescued by a commando team.

DR. WOLFE

(thinking back)

Oh yes I remember. Around 91, 92? How long where you a hostage?

CHRISTE

Six months. I don't remember any of it.

DR. WOLFE

Why not?

CHRISTE

I was drugged, hypnotized, brainwashed. That's what they told me.

DR. WOLFE

Who told you?

CHRISTE

Some US Intelligence guys. They put me under observation for six weeks after I was rescued and found nothing. It's like one big blank to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFE

But now your dreaming about it?

CHRISTE

No.Nothing about being a hostage.Just the assassination.

DR. WOLFE

(trying to make some sense
out of CHRISTE'S confused
story)

So the English couple takes your child
to keep you from telling the police?

CHRISTE

I would tell the police in a minute.What
the hell do I care about some diplomat.
But my husband won't let me.

DR. WOLFE

Your husband?

CHRISTE

In the dream I have a husband.

DR. WOLFE

When did you get married?

CHRISTE

I don't know.

DR. WOLFE

I don't mean your dream husband.

CHRISTE

Oh.About five years ago.

DR. WOLFE

Before Beirut.

CHRISTE

Yes.

DR. WOLFE

Did you and Manuel ever want children?

CHRISTE

Oh sure.

DR. WOLFE

What changed your mind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

I don't know. I just felt if I had a child it would be kidnapped.

DR. WOLFE

When did you feel this?

CHRISTE

(thinking)

When I got back from Beirut.

DR. WOLFE

So something changed.

CHRISTE

Yes.

DR. WOLFE

After you were a hostage?

CHRISTE

Yes.

DR. WOLFE

They did something to you?

CHRISTE

(bitterly)

They certainly did and I have Ruben to prove it. It was hard on my macho husband. He tried to forget what happened to me but the older Ruben got the more arabic he looked. After a few years I got tired for feeling guilty for something I couldn't even remember, so we broke up.

(shaking her head)

Does this make any sense at all?

DR. WOLFE

Sure. But I need more information. Especially about your dream. I want you to keep a tape recorder by your bedside so that the next time you have the dream you can record your memories of it immediately after you wake up. The longer you wait the most important information will be forgotten.

CHRISTE

Then you're going to help me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFE

Yes. But let's stop for now. Next time I want you to come to an office. I have a friend here who...

CHRISTE

I can't do that. I won't put you in danger.

DR. WOLFE

Okay, we'll meet here for now.

(He takes out his appointment book.)

How about Friday, same time?

CHRISTE

That will be fine. Thank you.

DR. WOLFE

By the way, when did you start having the dream?

CHRISTE

Last month.

DR. WOLFE

Anything happen that was unusual?

CHRISTE

Yes. I thought I saw my father in the park. He was selling balloons.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHRISTE'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

CHRISTE lies on her back in bed asleep. On the bedside table is a small cassette recorder.

CHRISTE is dreaming.

CUT TO:

CHRISTE'S DREAM

CHRISTE is standing on a treadmill.

On her head, covering her eyes and ears, is a headset. A thick cord of wires are plugged into the back. They snake down CHRISTE'S shoulder and are plugged into a COMPUTER resting on the floor to the right of the treadmill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the screen of the computer is what CHRISTE is seeing in the headset. It's a VIRTUAL REALITY PROJECTION of a OPERA HALL. If she looks straight ahead. She sees a computer generated picture of the audience on the floor and the OPERA BOXES directly above them. In the center box is a computer animated figure of the PRESIDENT.

She hears PRINCE CHARMING VOICE in her head. He speaks in a DISTINCTIVE SOUTHERN ACCENT.

"AMBROSE CHAPEL"

She head jerks.

The voice again.

"AIM THE GUN AT THE PRESIDENT!"

CHRISTE obeys like a programmed robot. She raises her hand. In it is a ELECTRONIC GUN. She points the gun at the computer generated figure of the PRESIDENT sitting in the opera box.

The voice again.

"SHOOT THE PRESIDENT!"

She presses the trigger. There's a sound of a shot as part of the opera box explodes in an electronic puff of smoke to the PRESIDENT'S left. CHRISTE has missed her target.

The voice again.

"AIM THE GUN AT THE PRESIDENT"

CHRISTE aims again moving a few degrees to the right.

The voice again.

"SHOOT THE PRESIDENT!"

She presses the trigger again. There's a second electronic gun shot sound. This time CHRISTE'S on the mark and the COMPUTER GENERATED IMAGE of the PRESIDENT falls back dead.

The voice again.

"YOU WILL REMEMBER NOTHING."

CHRISTE nods her head.

Next on the screen is a CONCERT HALL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It cuts to a computer image of a BLOND WOMAN standing in the aisle.

Her face is filled with anxiety.

The image freezes.

The voice again.

"YOU ARE THIS WOMAN.THEY HAVE KIDNAPPED YOUR CHILD.IF YOU SAY ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING TO DO. YOU WILL NEVER SEE YOUR CHILD AGAIN! DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME!"

CHRISTE nods.

The voice again.

"NOW WATCH THIS AND REMEMBER IT!"

The image unfreezes.

THE BLONDE WOMAN HAS MORPHED INTO CHRISTE.

CHRISTE looks to left and there's the AMBASSADOR sitting in his box.She looks to the right and again the ASSASSIN enters his box,sits down, and looks over at the AMBASSADOR.

CUT TO:

CHRISTE'S FACE.

IT FILLS WITH ANXIETY.

SHE LOOKS AT ORCHESTRA ON STAGE.

THE CYMBAL PLAYER RAISES THE CYMBALS.

THE ASSASSIN'S GUN IS POISED TO FIRE.

CHRISTE COVERS HER MOUTH WITH HER HAND.

THE CYMBALS CLASH TOGETHER AND CHRISTE'S SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Again CHRISTE'S awakens to the sound of her own scream.She takes a second to get her bearings.Then she picks up the cassette recorder from the bedside table and starts talking into it.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY MARIA ISABEL SHERATON-DAY

CHRISTE waits at a busy bank of elevators. The doors before her open and large group of noisy tourists piles out into the lobby. CHRISTE get into the vacant car and is quickly surrounded. The elevator fills and the doors are just about to close when a tall, swarty man wearing MIRRORED SUNGLASSES steps inside.

INT. ELEVATOR-DAY

The car heads upward. At each stop, people get off until the elevator is empty except for CHRISTE and MIRRORED SUNGLASSES. CHRISTE looks over at him. He looks back at her.

THE ELEVENTH FLOOR.

The elevator doors slide open and CHRISTE gets out. MIRRORED SUNGLASSES follows.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR-DAY

CHRISTE walks down the hall. MIRRORED SUNGLASSES walks behind her. He's about thirty feet away when CHRISTE stops. MIRRORED SUNGLASSES stops. CHRISTE adjusts her skirt, taking a peek over her shoulder. MIRRORED SUNGLASSES pretends he's looking for a room number. At the far end of the hallway a door opens, and a YOUNG COUPLE emerges. They walk down the hall, stop before the elevator and push the down button. CHRISTE, now suspicious, proceeds down the hall at little farther stopping one door before ROOM 113. She pretends to search in her purse for her room key. She sneaks another peak at MIRRORED SUNGLASSES. He watching her. The elevator doors open. The YOUNG COUPLE walks inside. CHRISTE abruptly turns around, racing past MIRRORED SUNGLASSES, and jumps inside the elevator. SUNGLASSES moves after her. But the elevator doors close just before he reaches them. He turns away, smiling to himself.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-DAY

DR. WOLFE sits in a chair waiting for CHRISTE. The phone rings. He picks it up.

DR. WOLFE

Hello.

CHRISTE

(on the phone)

Dr. Wolfe, it's me. A man followed me up to your floor. I lost him but can't we meet there. Meet me in the subway at Insurgentes. Get on the west bound platform. You'll see me get on the train.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFE

But Christe are you sure you were...

CHRISTE

(on the phone)

Yes. Hurry!

The line goes dead. DR. WOLFE takes a deep breath and slowly hangs up the phone. What has he gotten himself into? A crazy paranoid who insists on having therapy sessions on a subway car? He shakes his head and walks toward the door.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

CLOSE SHOT. A HEADSET. WE PULL BACK TO SEE DR. WOLFE LISTENING TO CHRISTE'S CASSETTE RECORDER. They sit next to each other on a moving subway train. The car is packed with mid-day commuters. Through the ear phones, DR. WOLFE hears :

CHRISTE

(her breathless voice coming
from the recorder)

...I couldn't let him be shot so
screamed out...and then I wrote up.

DR. WOLFE switches off the recorder and slips off the earphones.

DR. WOLFE

Is that everything you remember.

CHRISTE

No, there was another part when I
shoot...Oh, I can't remember...

DR. WOLFE

You think you remember shooting someone
but then you forget it?

CHRISTE

Yes. It's like when I try to remember
the shooting part I suddenly turn into
that blonde woman watching the
assassin...

DR. WOLFE

(cutting her off)

But what about the part before you
became the blond woman?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

Yes

(then when she tries to
remember)

No.No.No.The more I try to remember, the
more I think I'm the blond woman.And
then I hear this man's voice in my head.

(parroting PRINCE CHARMING'S
VOICE)

"If you say anything,to anybody, your
child will die!"

DR. WOLFE

Who's that?

CHRISTE

Who's what?

DR. WOLFE

You just said something in an southern
accent.

CHRISTE

What did I say?

DR. WOLFE

(Imitating Christe's SOUTHERN
ACCENT)

"If you say anything,to anybody, your
child will die!"

CHRISTE

(suddenly fearful)

You sound like my father!

DR. WOLFE

You heard your father in your dream?

CHRISTE

(trying to remember)

Yes...saying just what you said

DR. WOLFE

(repeating)

"If you say anything, to anybody, your
child will die?"

CHRISTE

(more fearful)

STOP SAYING THAT!

A couple of MEXICAN WORKERS look at them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFE
What's the matter?

CHRISTE
MY CHILD WILL DIE!
(Starting to get up)
I can't talk about this anymore.

DR. WOLFE
Why?

CHRISTE
(very upset)
Because Rubin will die!

More looks from the passengers. CHRISTE stands up to leave.

DR. WOLFE
Okay Christe. I understand. We're not
going to talk about it anymore. I
promise. Now will you please sit down.

CHRISTE
I have to go.

DR. WOLFE
Just give me a few more minutes.
(looking around)
And couldn't we go to a little less
public place?

CHRISTE
(realizing they're in a group
of staring passengers)
Okay.
And you won't ask me anymore questions?

DR. WOLFE
No. Christe, you've got to trust me.

CHRISTE sits back down next to the doctor.

CHRISTE
(still not convinced)
What are we going to talk about?

DR. WOLFE
Anything you want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE
(the panic subsides)
Okay. Let's talk about you.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP OVERLOOKING THE CITY-DAY

DR. WOLFE and CHRISTE sit at a table drinking coffee.

DR. WOLFE
Now let's see you do your Barbara
Walter's.

CHRISTE
Okay.
(warming to the challenge)
Where do you live?

DR. WOLFE
Chicago.

CHRISTE
Are you married?

DR. WOLFE
Divorced.

CHRISTE
What happened?

DR. WOLFE
My wife thought I got too involved with
my patients and didn't have enough time
for her.

CHRISTE
Did you?

DR. WOLFE
Not really, but it's hard to leave your
work in the office.

CHRISTE
What made you become a psychiatrist?

DR. WOLFE
I like to help people.

CHRISTE
(imitating Barbara Walters)
Oh doctor, you can do better than that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFE

It makes me feel good,worthwhile?

CHRISTE

Ah.A Mother Teresa complex!

DR. WOLFE

The pay's a little better.

CHRISTE

Do you have a girlfriend?

DR. WOLFE

I have old girlfriends.

CHRISTE

What's that mean.

DR. WOLFE

Women I used to go out with,who know me very well and don't expect to much.

CHRISTE

Do you sleep with them?

DR. WOLFE

Sometimes.

CHRISTE

But nothing more than that?

DR. WOLFE

It's enough for me.

CHRISTE

Is it enough for them?

DR. WOLFE

Probably not,but that's the best I can do now.

CHRISTE

Haven't you ever been in love?

DR. WOLFE

Oh yes.

CHRISTE

And wasn't it great?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFE

Yes and no.

CHRISTE

We only have time for the "yes" part.

DR. WOLFE

(smiling)

Okay. First it's that look in their eyes. It burns right through you. The fevered anticipation. The first time your fingers touch. The smell of her hair. The feel of her body pressing against yours. And then the first kiss. Oh God. If there could only just be one. But of course there can't. And then you drown in those kisses.

CHRISTE

You'd drown if kissed me?

DR. WOLFE

Just a figure of speech.

CHRISTE

Why don't we just try it? I forget the last time I was kissed.

DR. WOLFE

It's unethical.

CHRISTE

I don't mind.

DR. WOLFE

You don't have to mind. But I do.

CHRISTE

Because your the doctor.

DR. WOLFE

That's right. And your the patient.

CHRISTE

Too bad. You're the first man I've even thought about kissing. Every since Beirut, I haven't felt very sexy.

DR. WOLFE

I don't think being sexy is the problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

No.

DR. WOLFE

Your very sexy Christe. There's just nothing intimate about it.

CHRISTE

You mean like a Barbi doll?

DR. WOLFE

Not exactly. You want to be touched, you just can't be now.

CHRISTE

How do know that?

DR. WOLFE

Remember your seduction routine? You went through the motions like a pro. But there was no surrender in it.

CHRISTE

What am I suppose to do? Lie down and spread my legs.

DR. WOLFE

Making love is opening up for both a man and a women. What's better than to surrender in your lover's arms?

CHRISTE

I don't even know what your talking about.

(sighing)

I'm just a tight assed neurotic with a reoccurring nightmare.

DR. WOLFE

Don't lose heart. We'll figure it out. We made a lot of progress today. But I need more background, so what I would like you to do is talk to your mother.

CHRISTE

About what?

DR. WOLFE

About why you father left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

I told you.

DR. WOLFE

I know but that was years ago. Maybe now
that your older, she'll tell you more.

INT. LARRY KING SHOW-NIGHT

KEEN stands beside a live TV camera. He's six six, bald and built like a cobra ready to strike. His eyes are hooded and he has a disarming alligator grin. His Spin Doctor, HARLEN SPECTOR walks over and whispers something in his ear. SPECTOR is a bright, young, ferret of a man. KEEN smiles at SPECTOR and turns back to the stage. There LARRY KING is questioning MAJOR JOHN BACON. Everyone calls him MAJOR and it's not because it's his rank. He's a small man with an ego ten feet tall. A self-made billionaire, he use to getting what he wants. Even the presidency of the United States.

KING

So, do you think, then, the pollsters are
reading it wrong, not getting it right? I
mean, you're a sharp businessman...

MAJOR

Just wait 'til next week.

KING

Why wait? You can announce your
candidacy, right now, live on my show.

MAJOR

Just hold on there, Larry. I not getting
into this race until I'm absolutely sure
the people really need me.

KING

But according to the polls, if the
election were held today, you get beaten
worst then you did in '92.

MAJOR

(Smiling)

You know Larry, I just love everyday
people. A guy in a little country town
the other day came up to me and asked me
a question. He says, "Major, have you
ever had a pollster call you at home?" I
said, "No." He said, "I've called all over
town. I can't find anybody that's ever
talked to a pollster, I guess they miss a
lot." And he's the kind of American

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAJOR (cont'd)
that's going to be voting for me if I do
get into this race.

KING
And I bet you think there's a whole lot
of them too?

MAJOR
You bet.

KING
(turning to the CAMERA)
We'll be back with Major Bacon. Is he in
the race, or not? We'll try to get him
to tell us in the next half hour. And
we'll include your phone calls. Don't go
away.

The show goes off the air. KEEN walks on to the set.

KEEN
Great show Larry.

KING
Major is always a great show.

He stands up and stretches.

KING
(calling to the sound man)
Unhook me a second. I got to walk this
off.
(to Major)
My foot fell asleep.

MAJOR
(laughing)
I told you I was boring, maybe you didn't
know it but you can't fool a foot.

Smiling, KING walks away from the desk. MAJOR motions to KEEN
and SPECTOR. They walk over. MAJOR whispers in KEEN'S EAR.

MAJOR
So when am I getting into this election?

KEEN
When you made me campaign manager, you
said one thing, remember? "Just made
sure I win and I don't care how"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAJOR

That's right.

KEEN

And I said, "the cat's in the bag and the bag's in the river" but don't ask me who put her there.

MAJOR

Okay. I made you a promise. But I don't like flying blind, son. It's not my style.

SPECTOR

It's takes more than style to get in the White House.

MAJOR

But boys, we've got to get this show on the road.

SPECTOR

You have to enter the election at the right dramatic moment. Timing is everything. And I just got some good news from inside the President's campaign.

MAJOR

What?

SPECTOR

It's definite. He's is going to the Opera in Mexico City.

MAJOR

So?

KEEN

This could be the place.

SPECTOR

And the time.

INT. CHRISTE'S OFFICE

She sits behind her desk talking on the phone.

CHRISTE

Mom, I'm going to try and get home early tonight. No. No. Don't cook anything special. Just put Ruben to bed and I'll see you later.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE (cont'd)

She hangs up the phone. Her BOSS, MR. LUIS RAMON walks in the office.

PRODUCER

What have you done about Bassar?

CHRISTE

We've been missing each other.

RAMON

I just got off the phone with him. He still wants you.

CHRISTE

You mean he want's to go after my bones.

RAMON

C'mon you're a big girl, you can handle him.

CHRISTE

I don't want to handle him. I don't want to be within ten miles of him.

RAMON

Hey, don't give me hard time, just do it!

CHRISTE

Just answer one question for me, you've already delivered my ass on this one haven't you, Luis?

RAMON

What are you talking about?

CHRISTE

You've already set up the interview?

RAMON

Yeah, so what? I'm a producer that what I'm suppose to do.

CHRISTE

You mean your a pimp! Where am I suppose to do it?

RAMON

At his apartment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE
Day or night?

RAMON
Friday night.

CHRISTE
What time?

RAMON
Nine o'clock.

CHRISTE
Sounds like a good job of pimping to me.

RAMON
What's he going to do? Fuck you in front
of the cameraman?

CHRISTE
Believe me, he'll find a way to get me
alone.

RAMON
Then wear a chastity belt for Christ
Sakes, just get the interview.

RAMON slams out of CHRISTE'S office.

INT. CHRISTE'S MOTHER'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

CHRISTE sits across a breakfast table from her MOTHER.

CHRISTE
I wanted to talk to you because I've
been having some problems.

MOTHER
What kind of problems?

CHRISTE
Bad dreams. Very upsetting. I think I'm
being followed. I worry about Ruben all
the time.

MOTHER
What about Ruben?

CHRISTE
I just have this feeling he's in
danger. I want you to take him to Uncle
Miguel's. He'll be safe there

CONTINUED:

MOTHER

But I can't stand that wife of his. She keeps a house like a museum. I'm afraid to sit in her precious livingroom. I might disturb something.

CHRISTE

I know Mom. She's impossible. But you're going to have to put up with her for a few days. I'm sorry. I know I'm acting crazy. I went to see a doctor.

MOTHER

What did he say?

CHRISTE

We're kind of stuck. He says he needs more information. About my childhood.

MOTHER

Like what?

CHRISTE

Like why you and dad broke up.

MOTHER

What does that have to do with anything?

CHRISTE

In my dream I keep hearing Daddy telling me things?

MOTHER

(suddenly very suspicious)

What kind of things?

CHRISTE

Daddy says if I say anything, to..."

She stops, grimacing with pain

MOTHER

(concerned)

What's the matter?

CHRISTE

I just said something to somebody.

MOTHER

So?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

I suddenly got this terrible headache. I can't talk about this anymore.

MOTHER

I'll get you so aspirin.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

DR. WOLFE is discussing CHRISTE'S CASE over dinner with DR. ROSS MONTANA.

MONTANA

...Given the fact that she was a hostage for six months and the Intelligence guys found nothing but a blanked out memory it seems like a good possibility that she was a guinea pig for some kind of mind control experiment. Especially since when she tries to remember the first part of her dream she experiences a tremendous amount of anxiety and remembers something else. Sounds like mis-addressing to me.

DR. WOLFE

Mis-addressing?

MONTANA

It's a mind control technique to cover up programmed instructions. You give the conscious mind the address of a false memory.

DR. WOLFE

So all this stuff about the ambassador being shot could be a cover for something else?

MONTANA

That's right. The problem with hypnotic programming is that it always leaks out into the subconscious. There's no way to absolutely contain it. That's why she's having all these mixed up nightmares. You may have a Sleeping Beauty on your hands.

DR. WOLFE

A Sleeping Beauty?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTANA

A programed assassin. One of the well kept secrets of the CIA. I heard they ran some experiments in the early eighties parceled out to private venders, real hush hush stuff. The only reason I know about it is that they had a couple of burnouts that they dumped in my clinic. I thought it was strange we were getting all this similar cases and when I checked their records I found they all came from the same hospital in Virginia.

DR. WOLFE

What could Christie be programmed to do?

MONTANA

Blow up a building, a plane, assassinate somebody. Maybe she's being run by that Shiite terrorist group? Wasn't she on television saying that the President has to pay for all those Arabs he killed?

DR. WOLFE

Yes. But she was doped up. She didn't know what she was saying.

MONTANA

And she's not going to know what she's doing when she shoots someone either.

DR. WOLFE

But what can I do?

MONTANA

Nothing. This isn't your normal vanilla neurotic with some bad dreams, this is a time bomb just waiting to be kissed.

DR. WOLFE

Kissed?

MONTANA

That's hypno-jargon for waking her up and putting her to work. But that's not your problem.

DR. WOLFE

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTANA

Look doctor, your a psychiatrist not a member of the American mind police. You should refer her to a good deprogrammer and gracefully bow out.

DR. WOLFE

I can't do that.

MONTANA

Why not?

DR. WOLFE

I don't think at this stage, she would trust anybody else.

MONTANA

(studying Nick's face
carefully)

Are you getting involved with woman?

DR. WOLFE

I don't think so.
I'm just very concerned.

MONTANA

Then get her to the right doctor! And that's not you.

DR. WOLFE

I hear what your saying, Ross. But I'd like one more session with her. Is their any good test to absolutely determine that's she's been programmed?

MONTANA

Well you can try hypnotizing her and looking for the kiss word. You know she's like a computer that needs a password. Once you hit it, she should open right up.

DR. WOLFE

Then what?

MONTANA

Call me tommorrow. I'll do some research around here and find her the right doctor. Then if he concurs with us, we better get the CIA in on this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFE

The CIA?

MONTANA

That's right, Nick. And we've got to move fast. Did you see the papers today? The President is coming to town.

INT. CHRISTE'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

She lies on her back in bed. Her MOTHER presses a cold compress to her forehead.

MOTHER

Feel better?

CHRISTE

Thanks mom.

CHRISTE'S MOTHER sighs deeply and then slowly starts to speak.

MOTHER

I left your father because he was sleeping around.

CHRISTE

With who?

MOTHER

Oh don't remember who. There were millions young nurses at the hospital.

CHRISTE

What hospital?

MOTHER

Where your father worked.

CHRISTE

You never told me he worked at the hospital?

MOTHER

Well he didn't always work there. It was just where he was assigned in Virginia.

CHRISTE

Assigned by who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTHER

The government.

CHRISTE

What part of the government?

MOTHER

Some secret part. He never said which.

CHRISTE

You mean he was some kind of spy?

MOTHER

He never used that word.

CHRISTE

Well, what did you think?

MOTHER

I wasn't allowed to think about that. He wouldn't have told me the truth anyway.

CHRISTE

You mean you were married to this man for over sixteen years and you didn't know what he did?

MOTHER

Oh no. He told me a million things. Just none of them were true. We were in an car accident once while you were still a baby. I broke my arm. The pain was unbearable. He hypnotized me and told me I would feel nothing. The next thing I remembered was waking up in the hospital with a cast on. That was the only way I found out he had some kind of psychological training.

CHRISTE

(sarcastic)

And you left him because of another women?

MOTHER

(turning away from her daughter)

Yes.

CHRISTE

Mom, look at me. Are you telling me the truth?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE'S MOTHER remains silent.

CHRISTE

Did it have something to do with me?

MOTHER

I don't want to talk about this anymore.

CHRISTE

Mom we have to. It's screwing up my life.

MOTHER

(extremely upset)

I'm sorry honey. I did the best I could. I was terrified of him. When I ran away, I was sure he was going to come after us and kill me.

CHRISTE

Why?

MOTHER

(bitterly)

Because I took you away from him.

CHRISTE

It must have hurt him. I was hurt too. I missed him terribly.

MOTHER

(bitterly)

I bet you did.

CHRISTE

What do you mean by that?

MOTHER

Nothing.

CHRISTE

No mother it isn't "nothing".

(incredulous)

Where you jealous of me?

MOTHER

(defensive)

Why should I be?

CHRISTE

Because he spoiled me. I remember every night him coming into my room and reading to me. Sleeping Beauty was our favorite story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTHER

(bursting out with long
suppressed anger)

He was obsessed with you! It was sick!
What was he doing in your bedroom every
night? For hours and hours. Sometimes all
night long!

CHRISTE

He was never in my room all night.

MOTHER

How would you know? You never remembered
anything. Just like I didn't remember my
broken arm. I had to find out what he was
doing. So I tried to listen at your door
but he caught me. He said what you and he
were doing was top secret! I laughed in
his face.

"Is that what you call the things you do
with your daughter at night?" He hit
me. Hard. When I woke up the next morning,
he was gone. I took you and left. I never
want to see that man again.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

MAJOR stands at the edge of the green, lining up a put. Across
from him, on the far side of the hole, are KEEN and SPECTOR.

SPECTOR

(whispering to KEEN)

I have an interesting chat with Prince
Charming.

KEEN

(whispering back)

Did he tell you the kiss?

SPECTOR

(whispering)

No. I don't think he trusts us.

KEEN

He's no fool. He knows once he's
completed the contract, he's nothing but
a dangerous liability.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAJOR hits his ball. It rolls past the hole stopping next to SPECTOR'S ball. MAJOR strides over to KEEN.

MAJOR

I can't hear a God damn word you two are saying?

KEEN

We're trying to keep our voices down. This conversation could be dangerous.

MAJOR

Will you stop being so melodramatic. Nobodies going to hear what you're saying out here.

SPECTOR reaches down and picks the golf ball up from the grass. He holds it up in front of MAJOR'S FACE.

SPECTOR

This could be bugged.

MAJOR grabs the ball out of his hand, drops on the green, and smashes it down the runway.

MAJOR

Feel better now?

SPECTOR

No. That was my ball.

MAJOR

(pulling another ball out of his pocket)

Here's another one. Now what's going on?

KEEN

Everything's set. We're going to announce your candidacy.

MAJOR

When?

KEEN

Friday night in Mexico City.

MAJOR

What?

EXT. OPERA HOUSE-NIGHT

PRINCE CHARMING slowly walks around EL PALACIO DE BELLAS ARTES -MEXICO CITY OPERA HOUSE. He studies each entrance and exit. Because of the late hour, the MAIN FRONT ENTRANCE is completely locked. There's a sign directing any late night deliveries to the rear. PRINCE CHARMING walks around to the back of the building.

AT THE REAR OF THE OPERA HOUSE PRINCE CHARMING finds a secluded tree area that faces the THREE REAR EXITS. He opens a small bag he is carrying and removes a CAMCORDER. He lashes the CAMCORDER to the trunk of the tree and positions it to frame in the THREE REAR EXITS. He adjusts the foliage around the tree so that it completely conceals the camera without obstructing its view. He pushes the CAMCORDER record button and walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

DAWN

PRINCE CHARMING returns to the CAMCORDER at the REAR OF THE OPERA. He unties it from the tree and slips it into his bag.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM-DAY

PRINCE CHARMING is viewing on a TV set the video tape recorded on the CAMCORDER. On the television screen is the view of the THREE REAR EXITS of the OPERA HOUSE. He holds a remote in his hand. His finger is pressed down on the fast forward button. At the bottom of the screen a time notation whizzes by.

A few SECURITY GUARDS enter and exit in fast motion at midnight. The next three hours there is no activity. At about FOUR AM, A NIGHT WATCHMEN spins from door to door as he checks to see if their locked and secure. He exits screen left and the rear of the OPERA is still once again.

AT FOUR TEN AM a large, over weight man in a floor length trench coat walks up to the far right exit door, pulls a long gold key chain from his pocket, inserts A SHINY BRASS KEY, opens the door and enters the building. One hours goes by and then the man emerges from the same door. He walks toward camera, stops, takes out a cigarette, and lights it. PRINCE CHARMING freezes the video tape and zooms into the face of the man smoking the cigarette.

IT IS JULIO BASSAR, OPERA DIRECTOR.

DISSOLVE TO:

BINOCULAR POV OF JULIO BASSAR

He racing around his magnificent high rise apartment preparing for a seduction. His mouth moves as he sings TOSCA.

The BINOCULAR VIEW is from a building across the street. WHERE PRINCE CHARMING is also singing TOSCA into a CASSETTE RECORDER sitting on the window ledge in front of him. PRINCE CHARMING'S BINOCULAR VIEW pans back and forth as BASSAR moves from the bedroom to the living room to foyer and back again. Finally BASSAR stops abruptly like he's heard something and walks to the foyer. A door opens and CHRISTE and her TWO MAN CAMERA CREW enter the apartment. PRINCE CHARMING'S rhythmic breathing suddenly halts as he watches his SLEEPING BEAUTY being ushered into the living room and sat down on the couch. BASSAR plops down right next to her and gives CHRISTE a familiar pat on the thigh.

PRINCE CHARMING reads CHRISTE'S LIPS as she speaks.

PRINCE CHARMING

"Thank you, wouldn't you feel a little more comfortable over there?"

CHRISTE points to an armchair opposite her.

CUT TO:

INT. BASSAR APARTMENT-NIGHT

BASSAR

This will be just fine.

CHRISTE

(laughing)

I'm sure but I have to sit opposite you for the interview.

(she points to the two young men holding a television camera, tripod and the lights)

BASSAR

We're going to do the interview now?

CHRISTE

Yes, Mr. Bassar. Didn't my office explain to you...

He get up and starts pacing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BASSAR

Isn't it a shame and I have so much news. Both Presidents have accepted my Invitation!

CHRISTE

That's wonderful! As soon as the guys get the camera up, I want you to tell me what this means to you.

BASSAR

(jumping to his feet and starting to pace)

I can't be filmed now. Not in the state I'm in. Do you know where I was last night?

CHRISTE

No.

BASSAR

The opera. I woke in the middle of the night. My muse was speaking to me. It's four o'clock in the morning and she refuses to let me sleep. "What do you want?" I say. "Let me sleep. Let me rest." "No!" she cries, "You must go to the opera now!" "Now!" "Now!" I say, "It's four o'clock in the morning." "Now!" she says. So I get up, get dressed and drive over to the Opera.

BASSAR stands up and pulls his key chain out of his pocket. He firmly grasps a DISTINCTIVELY MARKED BRASS KEY.

BASSAR

I have my own key for just these special occasions. They didn't want to give to me. It was against policy. "You can't go into the opera anytime you want!" They said. "We have security guards with schedules!" Well my muse has no schedules. She comes to me anytime. Night or day. I must be ready to serve, so either make me a special key or get someone else to direct your Tosca!

He laughs defiantly dangling the key up in front of CHRISTE'S NOSE.

CUT TO:

BINOCULAR POV OF JULIO BASSAR

PRINCE CHARMING studies the key. The BINOCULAR POV PANS BACK TO BASSAR'S MOUTH.

PRINCE CHARMING

(reading BASSAR lips)

"Isn't it beautiful? The brass was my idea. It makes it so easy to see in the dark."

CUT TO:

INT. BASSAR'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

BASSAR

So last night I go back to the opera. I walk on to the stage. There's the set for the final scene. I sit in the first row and imagine the singers on stage. Spoletta, the sergeant, has assembled the firing squad. The sky slowly brightens; it's almost dawn. Spoletta approaches Cavaradossi, Tosca lover, to blindfold him, but he refuses, pushing it away. And there huddled on the floor is Tosca!

(singing Tosca's part)

"How long this delay is! What are the still waiting for? The sun's up already... I know it's only play-acting... but the suspense seems endless!"

(narrating the action)

Spoletta gives the firing squad their orders. They slowly raise their rifles and aim them at defiant Cavaradossi. He stands directly across the stage from them on the right.

(jumping to feet shaking his head)

"Wrong! Wrong! Wrong!" my muse screamed. "What's wrong!" I said. And then I saw it.

BASSAR suddenly stops in mid-sentence. He stares at CHRISTE'S CAMERA CREW like he's seen them for the first time.

BASSAR

Who are this people?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

It's my crew.

BASSAR

Get them out of here. I can't spill out
soul to STRANGERS!

CHRISTE

But I need them for the interview...

BASSAR

Do you realize what I'm telling you? My
most intimate secrets! Things I've never
told any living being! And you want the
world to hear them. How can you be
so...brutally insensitive! There will be
no interview!

And with a dramatic flourish, BASSAR storms off into the
bedroom slamming the door behind him. CHRISTE turns to her
VIDEO CREW, slowly shaking her head.

CHRISTE

I knew he was going to pull this.

She opens her bag and pulls out a CELLULAR PHONE.

CHRISTE

Jose, I want you and Luis to go down
stairs and wait. In twenty minutes and
not one second later I want you to call
me on the cellular. The number is...

CUT TO:

BINOCULAR POV OF CHRISTE MOUTHING THE NUMBERS.

PRINCE CHARMING

(reading CHRISTE'S LIPS)

402 1895

CUT TO:

CHRISTE looking at her crew.

CHRISTE

Now get going.

The VIDEO CREW leaves by the foyer door. CHRISTE puts the
CELLULAR PHONE back in her bag. She throws the bag over her
shoulder and turns to face the closed bedroom door. CHRISTE
takes a deep breath and crosses over to it. She
knocks. There's no response. She knocks again. Still
nothing. She calls out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

Mr. Bassar?

Still no answer. She slowly opens the door. BASSAR is sitting on the bed with his back to CHRISTE. He stares out the darkened bedroom window. CHRISTE takes a long look at the petulant fat spider perched in his web. How is she going to get her ass out of this one?

CHRISTE

Mr. Bassar? Are you all right?

BASSAR

(Whimpering)

Yes. It's just the enormity of it all.

CHRISTE

(No hearing a word he's saying)

Excuse me?

BASSAR

(even quieter)

The horrendous enormity. But how could you understand?

CHRISTE

I'm sorry I can't hear you.

BASSAR

(quieter still)

It doesn't matter.

CHRISTE crosses over to bed. She's closer now but still out of his reach.

CHRISTE

Please tell me what you saw.

BASSAR

Come closer.

CHRISTE walks around the bed and stands in front of BASSAR.

BASSAR

I saw that the firing squad was shooting in the wrong direction. The firing squad is stage right, Cavaradossi is stage left, Tosca's downstage center. What a feeble concept! Why not put Cavaradossi on the apron of the stage with his back to the audience? Put the firing squad stage center, then when they shoot, the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BASSAR (cont'd)
audience will scream in terror because
the guns are shooting right at them!

CHRISTE
What a fantastic idea!

BASSAR
Yes!
(pulling CHRISTE into his
arms)

BASSAR
I knew you'll understand.

CHRISTE
Please, Mr. Bassar!

CHRISTE tries to fight him off, but BASSAR is strong and
wrestles her onto the bed.

BASSAR
You're so beautiful I can't stop
myself. Don't try and fight it, our
passion can not be denied!

CHRISTE
(trying to push him off)
Please Mr. Bassar we can't do this.

A MUFFLED PHONE RING.

This distracts BASSAR long enough for CHRISTE to spring out
of his grasp. She backs away from the bed, fumbling to get
the CELLULAR PHONE OUT OF HER BAG.

CHRISTE
(breathless)
It's the office. They only call when
something urgent...

BASSAR's body sags with frustration. The fly has
escaped. CHRISTE hits the SEND BUTTON and puts the phone to
her ear.

EXTREME CU OF PHONE PRESSED TO CHRISTE'S EAR

PRINCE CHARMING
(voice over the phone. The
same voice in CHRISTE'S
DREAM, the DISTINCTIVE
SOUTHERN ACCENT of her FATHER)
Ambrose Chapel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE'S HEAD JERKS.

SLEEPING BEAUTY HAS JUST BEEN KISSED.

SHE AWAKES AND WAITS FOR INSTRUCTIONS.

PRINCE CHARMING

Get the brass key from his key
chain.Slip it under the hallway door.

CHRISTE returns the cellular phone back into her bag.She drops the bag to the floor.She walks around the bed and faces BASSAR.He looks up at her.A confused expression on his face.CHRISTE unbuttons her blouse and lets it drop to the floor.She unzips her skirt and steps out of it.Never talking her eyes off of BASSAR.She unhooks her bra and takes off her panties.She stands naked before him.He's stunned by his good fortune.

CHRISTE

(sultry like we've never seen
her)

Get those clothes off. I want to see you
naked.

BASSAR springs into action tearing his clothes off until
he's as naked as she.

CHRISTE

Lie down on your back and close your
eyes.

Like a trained dog, BASSAR flips over on his back and closes his eyes.CHRISTE reaches down,picks up his pants,pulls out his key chain.

BASSAR

What's that?

CHRISTE

Shut up! You'll know soon enough.

CHRISTE slips the BRASS KEY off the key ring and returns the chain to the pocket of BASSAR'S PANTS.

CHRISTE

Where's the record player?

BASSAR

In the living room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

I'm going to put on some special music.If you open your eyes before my return I will be gone forever.Do you understand me?

BASSAR

Yes.

CHRISTE

One little peak .
(she lightly brushes his
penis)
And you will never see me again!

BASSAR

Yes. I understand.

CHRISTE silently picks up her bag and her clothes and leaves the bedroom.She crosses the living room to foyer,kneels down and slips the BRASS KEY under the door and out onto the hallway carpet.

NOW THAT CHRISTE HAS COMPLETED HER INSTRUCTIONS,

HER HEAD JERKS AND SHE WAKES UP.

Naked,kneeling on the floor in front of the apartment door.Christe springs to her feet.Shocked at what's happened to her.

She has no memory of anything after she heard AMBROSE CHAPEL on the CELLULAR PHONE.She frantically pulls her clothes on.

THE CELLULAR PHONE RINGS.

She looks at the bag on the floor, afraid to open it.

THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN.

She finally reaches down and opens her bag.

THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN.

She takes it out the CELLUAR PHONE and presses it to her ear.

THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN.

She pushes the send button.

It's Jose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSE

Hey, Christe. It's Jose. Has the spider pounced yet?

CUT TO:

THE SPIDER

Still on his back

Eyes closed

Forever obedient.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY-NIGHT

THE BRASS KEY LYING ON THE CARPET.

A hand reaches down and picks it up.

INT. DR. WOLFE'S HOTEL ROOM-DAY

CHRISTE sits in a chair facing DR. WOLFE. She's been talking non stop. DR. WOLFE is trying to take notes but he can't keep up with CHRISTE'S rapid fire delivery. Finally he interrupts.

DR. WOLFE

Slow down. Slow down. I can't get this all down if you speak so fast.

CHRISTE

I'm sorry. Just so much has happened.

DR. WOLFE

Let's go back to your mother first.

(referring to his notes)

She says your father may have done things to you but you say you have absolutely no memory of anything like that happening?

CHRISTE

I don't know what he was doing but it wasn't abuse.

DR. WOLFE

But why would she say that?

CHRISTE

I don't know.

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFE

I think the key here is you have no memory of anything happening. Just like you have no memory of taking your clothes off in Bassar apartment.

(looks down at his notes again)

In your dream you remember you father saying, "If you say anything, to anybody, your child will die!" What's important here is not the instructions but who's giving the instructions.

CHRISTE

My Father.

DR. WOLFE

The same father that you thought you saw in the park.

CHRISTE

But I must have been mistaken.

DR. WOLFE

But even if you thought you saw him, that would trigger the dream. And there's something about this dream that isn't a dream. Why would I remember the cymbals? I thought about it. I never remember having a dream with cymbals in it. It's from something else. Like Hypnotic Programming. I talked to a friend of mine here at the convention. He's an expert in the field. When I told him about your case he was sure you were a Sleeping Beauty.

CHRISTE

A what?

DR. WOLFE

A Sleeping Beauty. Someone that has been programmed to do something that their conscious mind is totally unaware of. They are awoken with a pass word, it's called a kiss, and given instructions. Once the instructions are carried out, they return to their normal conscious state with no memory of what happened. What was the last thing you remember before you woke up in the Bassar's living room?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE
I got a phone call.

DR. WOLFE
From who?

CHRISTE
I don't remember.

DR. WOLFE
Was it your father?

CHRISTE
How could it be?

DR. WOLFE
Christe, your father had some type of psychological training, he worked for some secret government organization in Virginia, this organization developed mind control programs that he may have used on to you when you were a child. Now your having dreams about shooting somebody or witnessing an assassination, could your father be using you again?

CHRISTE
Are you telling me my father is some kind of mad Dr. Frankenstein? That's ridiculous. Anyway, he's dead.

DR. WOLFE
Did anyone ever identify his body?

CHRISTE
No, it was destroyed in the explosion.

DR. WOLFE
But he turned up in the park?

CHRISTE
I must have been mistaken.

DR. WOLFE
Maybe not. How would he know to call you at Bassar's?

CHRISTE
(sarcastic)
He followed me. Isn't that what ghost's do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFE
What were you doing there?

CHRISTE
(exasperated)
Trying to interview a horny opera
director!

DR. WOLFE
Doesn't your dream take place at an
opera?

CHRISTE
No. It's a concert hall.

DR. WOLFE
What is Mr. Bassar directing?

CHRISTE
Tosca. It's opens tomorrow. It's Bassar's
big night because the President of the...
(suddenly CHRISTE get it)
Is that who's going to assassinated!

DR. WOLFE
It's a possibility.

CHRISTE
Someone is going to assassinate the
President?
(shaking her head)
C'mon! You can't prove any of this.

DR. WOLFE
What happens if you get another call?

CHRISTE
I guess like a good robot I'll do what
I'm instructed.

DR. WOLFE
And if that includes shooting the
president?

CHRISTE
That's ludicrous. I've never even fired a
gun.

DR. WOLFE
That you remember.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

I would remember that!

DR. WOLFE

Did you remember taking your clothes off?

CHRISTE

(sarcastic)

Okay. So maybe I took shooting lessons under hypnosis. I'm sick of all this and you too, Doctor. None of what you say makes any sense to me. So why don't we just call it quits?

CHRISTE gets up to leave.

DR. WOLFE

Wait a minute. Will you give me a chance to convince you?

CHRISTE

How?

DR. WOLFE

I want to video Sleeping Beauty.

CHRISTE

How do you plan to do that?

DR. WOLFE

When do you interview Bassar?

CHRISTE

Backstage. After the performance.

DR. WOLFE

Do you mind if I'm there with my camcorder?

CHRISTE

No, why?

DR. WOLFE

If you get any calls, I'll get it on tape. I'm sure it will be quite convincing when I play it back to you. It's a technique we use for multiple personality patients.

CHRISTE

Dr. Jekyll get to see video of Mr. Hyde??

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFE
Something like that.

CHRISTE
Okay. But you must promise me something?

DR. WOLFE
Yes.

CHRISTE
If I pull out a gun and start blasting away, you'll put down your camera and stop me.

DR. WOLFE
Of course.

CHRISTE
Thanks.
(gets up to leave)
Call me tomorrow. I'll be...

DR. WOLFE
(interruptong)
Christe, I'm going to be by your side from now on. You could be "kissed" anytime.

CHRISTE
Only by you, doctor. What would like for dinner?

DR. WOLFE
One other thing. This meeting ends our formal doctor to patient relationship. I can't treat you anymore.

CHRISTE
One kiss joke and it's goodbye Christe?

DR. WOLFE
I'm getting too involved with you. Very unprofessional. But I can't pretend it's not happening.

CHRISTE
(touching his hand)
It's happening to me too.

DR. WOLFE
(gently pulling away)
Let's try to get through this thing without any more complications. When
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFE (cont'd)
everything's back to normal, I call you
up and make a date to take you to the
movies.

CHRISTE
(staring him straight in his
eyes)
Will there be any kissing?

DR. WOLFE
(smiling)
I don't know about kissing on the first
date.
(trying to change the subject)
But, right now, I looking forward to
meeting your mother.

CHRISTE
Not tonight. She's staying with Ruben at
her brother's house. My uncle's Chief of
Police.

DR. WOLFE
Good idea. It will just take a second for
me to throw a few things in a bag.

CHRISTE
I'll wait downstairs, Dr. Wolfe.

DR. WOLFE
No. No. I'm just plain Nick now.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN IN CHRISTE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

It's a little after nine. CHRISTE finishes loading the dirty
dinner dishes in the dishwasher. She walks out in the living
room where NICK is checking out his CAMCORDER.

CHRISTE
Is everything working okay?

NICK
I think so. I'm just trying to get the
time and date set right.
(holding up the manual in his
lap)
You have to be an nuclear physicist to
figure these things out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

I have to be up at five so I'm going to bed. I hope you'll be comfortable on the couch.

NICK

I'll be fine. Thanks a lot and I'll see you in the morning.

CHRISTE

Good night.

CHRISTE leaves the living room. NICK turns back to the CAMCORDER.

INT. CHRISTE BEDROOM-NIGHT

CHRISTE enters her bedroom. She takes off her clothes and pulls on a white night gown. She gets into bed, turns on a reading light, and picks up a book from the bedside table. Suddenly the phone rings. CHRISTE reaches over to answer it.

NICK

(yelling from the other room)
DON'T PICK IT UP!

CHRISTE freezes. She looks at the telephone. It rings again. SHE looks at her watch.

CHRISTE

(Yelling back)
It's Ruben, he always calls before he goes to bed.

NICK

Just wait one second, I'll be right there.

CHRISTE folds her arms and waits. The phone rings again.

CHRISTE

(calling to NICK)
He'll be very upset if I don't answer.

NICK comes through the door holding the camcorder. He zooms into CHRISTE'S FACE.

NICK

Okay. I'm ready. Answer it.

CHRISTE picks up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

Hi Mom...Just a few more days, I promise...So don't go in the living room...Okay, put him on...hi honey...I was just reading...Yes, that's right, Grandma did call mommy on the phone...Did you have a nice dinner?

(Cupping her hand over the phone.)

It's Rubin.

NICK drops the CAMCORDER from his eye. He smiles and leaves the room.

CHRISTE

(taking her hand away from the phone)

No honey, you can't play with Anna's figurines...They're not toys...I can't go tomorrow. Mommy's got to work...

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

NICK walks in, puts the CAMCORDER down on the table. It's pointed toward the television set.

IT'S STILL RECORDING.

NICK sits back down on the couch. Landing right on top of the remote control. The television switches on at full volume.

INT. CHRISTE BEDROOM-NIGHT

CHRISTE jumps. The television is blaring from the living room.

CHRISTE

(to her son on the phone)

Look Honey, something wrong with the TV. I'll call you right back.

CHRISTE hangs up the phone, gets out of bed and walks into the living room.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

On the television screen is Hitchcock's THE MAN THAT KNEW TOO MUCH. When CHRISTE enters the room JIMMY STEWART is speaking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY STEWARD
AMBROSE CHAPEL! It's not a person, it's
a place!

CHRISTE JERKS.

SHE'S JUST BEEN KISSED.

NICK
(hardly audible over the
EARSPLITTING TELEVISION SET)
I sorry.I sat on it.
(fumbling with the REMOTE
CONTROL)
Does this turn it off?

NICK is turned toward the television set.HIS BACK IS TO
CHRISTE.The button he's pushed just changes the channel.It's
another movie- A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE.It's the credit
sequence.A TRACKING SHOT of a BLACK CAT walking through a
garbage littered street.The sound track is an ear splitting
song carrying one simple command:

"TAKE A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

I SAID TAKE A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE!"

CHRISTE'S HEAD JERK AGAIN.

SHE'S GOTTEN HER INSTRUCTIONS.

SHE TURNS AROUND AND WALKS OUT THE DOOR.

NICK doesn't see CHRISTE leave. He too occupied with
hitting buttons on the remote control. The television
switches back to THE MAN THE KNEW TO MUCH. FINALLY he hits
the mute button and the television goes silent.He turns back
to face CHRISTE. She's not there.

NICK
Christe?

He walk toward the bedroom.

INT. CHRISTE'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

NICK enters. She's not there.He crosses the room to the
closed door leading to the bathroom.He knocks on it.

NICK
Christe?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No answer. He pushes the door open and looks inside. She's not there. He turns around and leaves the bedroom.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

NICK walks into the kitchen. Still no CHRISTE.

INT. HALLWAY-NIGHT

NICK comes into the hallway from the kitchen. He walks down to the room at the end. He pushes open the door.

INT. RUBEN'S ROOM-NIGHT

NICK looks inside. No sign of CHRISTE. He closes the door.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT

NICK walks out of the building and looks up and down the street. Still no CHRISTE. He walks back into the building.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

NICK enters the room and sits down on the couch. He doesn't know what to think and has no idea where CHRISTE'S gone. He looks up at the television set where THE MAN THAT KNEW TOO MUCH is still playing. There's a blonde woman, JO (played by DORIS DAY) standing in the concert hall. From her viewpoint she sees the complete hall and the orchestra playing up on stage. The camera moves into the back of the stage where a TALL DISTINGUISHED MAN in a tuxedo sits next to a chair. On the chair rests a large pair of CYMBALS.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF NICK FACE.

NICK
(REALIZING THIS MOVIE IS
CHRISTE'S DREAM)
Jesus!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WILD SIDE -NIGHT

The most dangerous street in Mexico City. Peopled with hookers, pimps, drug dealers, beggars, punk, thugs-the absolute dregs of the city.

Walking down this street, bare foot and in her white night gown is CHRISTE. The people she walks by stare after her in shocked disbelief. Is this some crazy woman on a suicide stroll?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She passes THREE BURLY THUGS. They exchange leering looks and take off after her.

CUT TO:

MOUTH OF A DARK ALLEY

CHRISTE crosses the street leading into the alley. The THREE THUGS come up behind her and drag her into it. One clamps his forearm around her throat and backs her up against a brick wall. The other two stand in front of her. THUG ONE pulls out a gun and points it right between her eyes.

THUG ONE

You see this honey? It's gunna give you a third eye.

CHRISTE, completely emotionless, stares back at him.

THUG ONE

Now you listen to me, and listen to me good. Who told you you could pedal your pretty ass down here?

CHRISTE

(emotionless)

I was taking a walk.

THUG TWO

(mocking her)

Taking a walk?

CHRISTE

(dead serious)

That right, taking a walk.

THUG ONE

Don't you know you just don't walk down here.

CHRISTE

Why not?

THUG ONE

Because this is my block!

CHRISTE

Why?

THUG ONE

Because I say it is!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

That doesn't make any sense.

THUG THREE

Let's just fuck the bitch!

CHRISTE

(unafraid)

Would you please get out of my way. I
have to finish my walk.

THUG ONE

(can't believe the nerve of
this girl)

You have to do what?

CHRISTE

(firmly)

To finish my walk.

THUG ONE

Am I in your way?

CHRISTE

Yes.

THUG ONE

Excuse me.

THUG ONE back away a few steps.

THUG ONE

(to THUG TWO)

Give the girl some space.

THUG TWO takes a step backwards.

CHRISTE

(to THUG THREE who holds her
from behind)

Let me go. I have to finish my walk.

THUG ONE

(to THUG THREE)

You heard the lady? Let her go.

THUG THREE slowly relaxes his grip.

CHRISTE

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THUG ONE
(cocking the gun)
Now down on your knees bitch, and show us
how good you suck...

CHRISTE JOLTS INTO ACTION.

SHE BRINGS HER KNEEL UP HARD INTO THUG ONE'S GROIN.

HE DOUBLES OVER, GRASPING IN PAIN.

THE GUN DROPS FROM HIS HAND BUT BEFORE IT CAN HIT THE
GROUND, CHRISTE GRABS IT.

SHE WHIRLS AROUND DELIVERING A ROUND HOUSE KICK TO JAW OF
THUG THREE. HIS HEAD SMASHES INTO THE BRICK WALL.

THUG TWO, KNIFE DRAWN, LUNGES AT CHRISTE'S BACK.

CHRISTE TURNS TOWARD HIM.

SHE RAISES THE GUN AND FIRES AT HIM POINT BLANK.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTE'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

NICK is on the phone. He has the CAMCORDER in his hand. He's
hooked up to the television and he's playing it back.

ON THE TELEVISION IS A SHOT OF THE TELEVISION FROM OVER
CHRISTE'S SHOULDER.

SHE HAS JUST ENTERED THE ROOM

JIMMEY STEWART IS SAYING "AMBROSE CHAPEL"

CHRISTE JERKS.

NICK HITS THE STILL BUTTON

THE FRAME FREEZES.

NICK
I'm sure the kiss is "Ambrose Chapel"

MONTANA
(on the phone)
What happened then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK
She disappeared.

MONTANA
(on the phone)
What's the next thing she heard after
"Ambrose Chapel"?

NICK
Let me look.

NICK HITS THE PLAY BUTTON.

THE TELEVISION CHANNEL CHANGES TO "TAKE A WALK ON THE WILD
SIDE"

THE SOUND IS DISTORTED BY DEAFENINGLY CLEAR.

"TAKE A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE"

CHRIST'S SHOULDERS JERK.

SHE TURNS AROUND AND WALKS OUT OF THE CAMCORDER FRAME.

NICK HIT THE STILL BUTTON.

THE FRAME FREEZES.

NICK
Take a walk on the wild side.

MONTANA
(over the phone)
I heard it.

NICK
What does it mean?

MONTANA
(over the phone)
She took a walk.

NICK
Where?

MONTANA
(over the phone)
On the wild side. Where ever the hell
that is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

What should I do?

MONTANA

(over the phone)

Nothing. She'll come back after the walk.

NICK

(concerned)

She was in her nightgown.

MONTANA

(over the phone)

There's nothing you can do about her now. How long has she been gone?

NICK

(looking at his watch)

Over an hour. Shouldn't I call the police?

MONTANA

(over the phone)

Give her another hour I'm sure she'll come back.

NICK

Okay. So I watched it to the end and it's is her dream.

MONTANA

(over the phone)

Damn smart idea.

NICK

How do you mean?

MONTANA

(over the phone)

When you program a Sleep Beauty ,years in advance, you have to give them a good cover memory in case they fall into enemy hands. A story that's like what their programed to do. Then if they get captured and someone starts poking around in their heads, all they come up with is the cover memory with looks sinister enough but of course is all make believe. But using a movie is really ingenious, you don't have to gives them a verbal scenario, you just sit them down, dope them up, and feed it right into their subconscious. Movies are

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTANA (cont'd)
constructed to make you identify with
the characters anyway, in CHRISTE case
they just told she was the character.

NICK
So what do I do now?

MONTANA
(on the phone)
Just watch her. She's going to go into
action at the opera tomorrow and you'll
see what's she's programmed to do. If she
starts to do anything dangerous just say
"Ambrose Chapel." That will stop her
dead.

The doorbell rings.

NICK
It's the doorbell.

MONTANA
(over the phone)
That's probably her. I'll see you
tomorrow.

NICK
Tomorrow?

MONTANA
(over the phone)
Didn't you know I was an opera lover. And
I wouldn't miss this Tosca for the world.

NICK hangs up the phone and goes to the door.

He opens it. In the doorway stands CHRISTE.

Her white nightgown is covered with blood.

Her anguished face stares up into NICK eyes.

CHRISTE
What's happening to me?

EXT. TEXAS SKY-DAY

A large private jet streaks across the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. JET -DAY

MAJOR, SPECTOR and KEEN sit around a table. Drinks, chips, cards and snacks are spread out before them. They're playing Back Jack.

MAJOR

This is the craziest idea you ever had.

SPECTOR

That how you win elections, hit them with the unexpected. When Carvel got Clinton to play his saxs on the Tonight Show, now that was genius!

MAJOR

Well this ain't no tonight show. Those Mexicans hate me. Hit me!

KEEN deals MAJOR a card. It's an Ace.

KEEN

That's why you have to be there! To show your not a hard loser. You've got to press the flesh, mend a few fences.

MAJOR

Shit I do. When I'm President the first thing I'm going to do build a border wall thirty feet high. Hit me again!

KEEN

But your not president yet.

MAJOR

Judging by today's poll, I never going to be. C'mon, I said hit me.

KEEN puts the deck down. He reaches below the table for his briefcase. He opens it and hands MAJOR a hand written speech.

KEEN

Take this with you tonight.

MAJOR

What is it?

KEEN

It's your "Out of tragedy comes a new beginning" speech.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAJOR
Sounds a little depressing.

KEEN
It will be historic.

MAJOR
But why tonight?

SPECTOR
Your time has come.

MAJOR
It has?

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE OF CHRISTE'S UNCLE, MIGUEL SERRANO-DUSK

PRINCE CHARMING dressed as MEXICAN POLICEMAN walks up to the front door and rings the doorbell. After a few seconds ANNA SERRANO opens it. She's a tank of a woman with a perpetual sour expression on her face. She's buttoning up her coat.

ANNA
Yes.

PRINCE CHARMING
Is Ruben Rivera here?

ANNA
He certainly is. But you're not coming in here like that.

PRINCE CHARMING
Excuse me?

ANNA
Would you please wipe that dirt off your feet?

(calling upstairs)
Miguel, it's one of your boys for Ruben.

PRINCE CHARMING carefully wipes the dirt off his feet on the doormat. ANNA stares down at his shoes with a critical eye.

ANNA
You better just take them off.

PRINCE CHARMING starts taking off his shoes.

ANNA
Do you know what that brat did yesterday?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRINCE CHARMING

No, mam.

ANNA

He took my favorite porcelin giraffe off
the mantle piece! The way they raise
children today is crime.

PRINCE CHARMING

Yes, mam.

ANNA

And it was a miracle it wasn't in a
million pieces all over my white carpet!

PRINCE CHARMING

Yes, mam.

ANNA

You'll have to talk to my husband. I'm
late.

(looking down at his socks)
And stay out here. I don't like the look
of those socks..

ANNA dashes past him. PRINCE CHARMING watches her disappear
down the street. He slips his shoes back on. He turns around
to face a massive man in his late fifties. This is MIGUEL
SARRANO. He's dressed in a light colored business suit and
he's eyeing PRINCE CHARMING with suspicion.

MIGUEL SERRANO

Yes?

PRINCE CHARMING

Is Ruben Rivera here?

MIGUEL SERRANO

(looking at PRINCE CHARMING'S
uniform)

Who are you?

PRINCE CHARMING

City police. There's been an accident.

MIGUEL SERRANO

No kidding.

(pulling out his service
revolver and pointing it at
PRINCE CHARMING)

Why don't you come in and tell me about
it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRINCE CHARMING

What are you doing?

MIGUEL SERRANO

Just get your hands up and turn around.

PRINCE CHARMING raises his hands.MIGUEL pats him down.

MIGUEL SERRANO

(standing up behind him)

Now drop you gun belt!

PRINCE CHARMING slowly unbuckles his gun belt.Gripping it tightly, he suddenly whips it around,knocking the gun out of MIGUEL'S HAND.It falls to the floor. As MIGUEL lunges for it,PRINCE CHARMING smashes him in the jaw.MIGUEL falls back through the doorway onto the immaculate white rug covering the floor of ANNA SERRANO'S PERFECT LIVING ROOM.On every table,mantle piece>window ledge.Every inch of flat space in the room is a delicate porcelain animal.

MIGUEL jumps to his feet and he and PRINCE CHARMING start to fight.They're both big men and equally matched in combat skills.It's violent,brutal, and dirty.They punch,kick,scratch,bite until they, and everything else is wrecked.Not one figurine survives.And either does MIGUEL. Who finally gets caught in the vise like grip of PRINCE CHARMING forearms.Life is literally squeezed out of him.PRINCE CHARMING slowly stands up, dusting shattered glass off his chest and arms.

RUBEN

(calling from upstairs)

Uncle Miguel? Did grandma get the ice cream?

PRINCE CHARMING turns toward the staircase leading upstairs.RUBEN comes bounding down.He stops at the sight of the trashed livingroom and his GREAT UNCLE stretched in the middle of the floor.

RUBEN

(looking at PRINCE CHARMING)

He fell down.

PRINCE CHARMING

That's right, son.

RUBEN moves off the staircase and over to his prone GREAT UNCLE.He kneels down next to his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUBEN
Uncle Miguel?

PRINCE CHARMING moves around behind the boy. Suddenly he loops his forearm around RUBEN'S THROAT clamping down on his windpipe. The boy grasps for breath, struggling to free himself from his attacker. But it's all over in a few seconds. PRINCE CHARMING gently places the unconscious boy down next to SERRANO. He reaches in his pocket and out a small case. He pops it open and removes a syringe, a bottle of alcohol, and a cotton ball. He carefully sterilizes the syringe needle.

The phone rings. PRINCE CHARMING doesn't even react to it. He takes a small bottle of clear liquid out of his pocket and plunges the syringe into it

INT. CHRISTE'S OFFICE-DAY

CHRISTE is on the phone. After three more rings she hangs up. She turns to NICK who sits across the desk from her.

CHRISTE
Still no answer. Where can they be?

NICK
She said they was going to home tonight?

CHRISTE
Yes. Mom said she was going to start dinner at five. Something's wrong. I'm going over there.

NICK
Maybe they all when out for a hamburger or something.

CHRISTE'S PRODUCER walks into office.

RAMON
I don't know what you did to Mr. Bassar but he's refusing to talk to you or anyone else from this station. You better get over there and straighten this out.

CHRISTE
I can't go now.

RAMON
Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

I'm worried about my son..

RAMON

(Blowing up)

Jesus Christe, I don't have any time for your family problems. You fucked up Bassar interview and now we can't cover one of the most important events this city's ever had. Now get over there and make nice to that asshole so we can get our cameras in there tonight or get yourself another job.

The PRODUCER slams out of CHRISTE'S OFFICE.

CHRISTE

I've got to do something! I have this terrible feeling Ruben's been kidnapped.

NICK

Just think for a second. You know that's the dream. And you know it isn't real. It just a movie.

The phone rings. CHRISTE picks it up.

CUT TO:

TIGHT CLOSE UP OF CHRISTE'S FACE AS SHE PUTS THE RECEIVER TO HER EAR. HER FACE GOES WHITE AS SHE LISTENS.

NICK picks up the camcorder, points it at CHRISTE, and presses record.

CHRISTE slowly put the phone down.

NICK

Who was it?

CHRISTE

My father.

NICK

Your father! What did he say?

CHRISTE

Go to the Opera.

NICK

Is that all?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE

No.

(her face filling with fear)
"If you say anything to anybody, your
child will die!"

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF OPERA HOUSE-EARLY EVENING

PRINCE CHARMING, still dressed as an MEXICAN POLICEMAN, walks to the FAR RIGHT EXIT DOOR. He's carrying A LONG CYLINDRICAL PACKAGE. Using the BASSAR'S BRASS KEY, he unlocks the door and goes inside.

INT. BACKSTAGE-EARLY EVENING

PRINCE CHARMING wanders through the backstage pre-opening opera chaos. He finally stops outside of an open dressing room door.

INT. DRESSING ROOM-EARLY EVENING

Inside are a group of ten actors getting into their SOLDIERS COSTUMES. Some are trying on grotesque skull masks. Right inside the doorway is a barrel filled with PROP RIFLES. Finally one of the actors, dressed and masked, walks out of the dressing room.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF DRESSING ROOM-EARLY EVENING

The ACTOR walks down the hallway. PRINCE CHARMING follows.

INT. STAIRCASE OFF OF HALLWAY-EARLY EVENING

The ACTOR walk out of the hallway and down the staircase. PRINCE CHARMING follows a few steps behind.

INT. HALLWAY AT FOOT OF STAIRCASE-EARLY EVENING.

The ACTOR comes off the staircase and walks toward the MEN'S ROOM at the end of the hallway. PRINCE CHARMING stops at the foot of the stairs and looks up and down the hallway. It's deserted.

INT. MEN'S ROOM-EARLY EVENING

The ACTOR enters. It's a large room with a long row of ten sinks facing one wall and toilet stalls against the other. There are THREE MEN washing their hands. The ACTOR crosses the room and heads for the stall at the far end of the room.

CONTINUED:

A moment later, PRINCE CHARMING enters the room. He watches as the ACTOR goes in the last stall and closes the door behind him. PRINCE CHARMING walks down the line of sinks, stopping in front of the one directly opposite the stall the ACTOR entered. He rests his long package against the wall and starts to wash his hands. In the mirror above the sink, he can see a reflection of the stalls.

PRINCE CHARMING turns to his right and watches the THREE MEN finish drying their hands and go out the door. PRINCE CHARMING turns around and slowly moves toward the only occupied stall.

EXT. AIRPORT-EARLY EVENING

MAJOR'S PLANE sits on the tarmac. Beside it is a long limousine. MAJOR, SPECTOR and KEEN emerge from the plane dressed in tuxedos. A CHAUFFEUR holds the door of the limo open. MAJOR, SPECTOR and KEEN walk down the ramp toward it.

MAJOR

Are you sure you're telling me everything?

KEEN

Of course not. I'm your Mister Deniability.

MAJOR

You're not doing anything that's going to embarrass me?

KEEN

I'm guaranteeing your election and the future of our country. That's all that matters.

MAJOR

If you two are pulling some kind of dirty trick, I want to know about it.

SPECTOR

What dirty trick?

MAJOR

I don't know.

KEEN

That's all you have to remember. YOU DON'T KNOW! Every possible link to you is being eliminated. But of course to be hundred per cent safe you'll have to sacrifice us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAJOR

(a wry smile)

That's not a problem for me. Is it a problem for you?

KEEN

(smiling back)

No, sir!

SPECTOR

No, sir!

MAJOR

Good. Let's get on to the show.

EXT. PASEO DE LA REFORMA-NIGHT

A TV VAN moves slowly through the city traffic.

INT. TV VAN-NIGHT

NICK and CHRISTE sit in the back. The two man VIDEO CREW sits up front with the driver.

CHRISTE

You've got to find Ruben. My uncle's house is not far from the Opera.

NICK

I can't leave you. Suppose your father calls again?

CHRISTE

To give me more orders? To do what? Shoot the ambassador, the president, Tosca? I don't give a damn!

(opening her bag and taking out a pen)

It's off Francisco Sosa.

(writing down an address and a telephone number on a piece of paper)

This is my uncle's address and my cellular phone number. As soon as you find anything, call me.

NICK

(taking the paper)

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE
(calling to the driver)
Juan, pull over here.

JUAN
I was told to make no stops.

CHRISTE
Pull over or I'm getting out right now.

JUAN
Okay, but Mr.Ramon said...

CHRISTE
Just do what I say!

EXT. PASEO DE LA REFORMA-NIGHT

The VAN pulls to the side of the road.The van door slides open and NICK hops out.

EXT. EL PALACIO DE BELLAS ARTES (THE OPERA)-NIGHT

A long line of limousines drop off various dignitaries at the entrance to the opera.There's a huge security force circling the whole building.They are checking everyone's tickets and holding back the PUBLIC and the PRESS from the arriving patrons.

THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO arrives escorting THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.They are surrounded by a court of acolytes and an army of bodyguards.They stop for a moment before the PHOTOGRAPHERS and PRESS,wave and smile,and quickly move on into the theatre.

INT. OPERA BACKSTAGE MEN'S ROOM-NIGHT

A WORM'S EYE VIEW OF THE LAST STALL.

There are a pair of NAKED FEET resting on the floor next to the base of the toilet bowl.

MOVING CLOSER AND CRANING UP AND OVER the locked stall door we discover the ACTOR, unconscious and stripped, seated on the toilet.

PANNING OVER to the next stall we see PRINCE CHARMING, dressed in the ACTOR'S SOLDIER COSTUME, reading a newspaper.His skull mask is pushed away from his face and rests on the top of his head.

Next to him is the contents of the LONG CYLINDRICAL PACKAGE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It leans against the tile wall directly behind him.

IT'S A TURN OF THE CENTURY ROMAN MILITARY RIFLE.

Identical to the prop ones sitting in the barrel we saw in the dressing room.

EXT. OPERA-NIGHT

MAJOR gets out of his limousine and walks toward the entrance. KEEN and SPECTOR are a few steps behind. MAJOR is called over to the CORDONED OFF PRESS.

WOMEN REPORTER

Major Bacon! Major Bacon! Why are you here tonight?

MAJOR

(mischievous smile)

Didn't you know I was a great opera lover.

MAN THE MIKE

Isn't this pretty far to go for Tosca?

WOMEN REPORTER

Does the President know you're here?

MAJOR

(all innocence)

Is he here tonight? Gosh, is that a coincidence. I didn't know he liked opera?

SHORT MAN REPORTER

Aren't you a little uncomfortable here after all the critical things you said about the Mexican people.

MAJOR

(deeply offended)

I love the Mexican People. They're a noble, beautiful, hard-working folk. What I was talking about was those rich businessmen down here that are cheating there own workers out of a fair wage and driving them across the border to take jobs from good Americans. I love America and I love this country too.

WOMEN REPORTER

When are you going to announce your candidacy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAJOR

Only if the people want me.

MAN THE MIKE

Are you going to meet with President...

MAJOR

(backing away)

Hey, folks. I have to go. I don't want to miss the beginning.

INT. BASSAR BACKSTAGE OFFICE-NIGHT

CHRISTE'S CREW waits outside. The door swings open and smiling BASSAR swaggers out and crosses over to the STAGE. CHRISTE is a few steps behind him. She walks over to the CREW.

CHRISTE

Everything's fine. Lets get some shots of him in the wings during the opera.

JOSE

What did you do?

CHRISTE

Promised him my ass, among other things. Let's go.

EXT. THE SERRANO SUBURBAN HOUSE-DAY

A TAXI pulls up and NICK gets out. He walks up to the front door and rings the bell. There's no answer. He moves across the porch and looks in the window.

NICK POV THROUGH THE WINDOW

The living room. No sign of RUBEN or CHRISTE'S UNCLE.

NICK walks around to the side of the house and looks in the kitchen window.

NICK POV THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW.

The kitchen. No one there either.

NICK continues around the house to the backyard. He walks up the back porch steps and tries the back door. It opens.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

NICK enters the kitchen and calls out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

Ruben! Ruben!

There's no answer.

INT. STAGE OF THE OPERA-NIGHT

The set is SCARPIA ROOM in the FARNESE PALACE. The table is laid for supper. Downstage center is a large window that opens on to the courtyard of the PALACE. It's the end of the second act. TOSCA is begging SCARPIA to save the life of her lover, CAVARADOSSI. SCARPIA is making a cruel bargain with her

SCARPIA

(singing)

Do you hear? It's the drums
approaching, escorting the condemned on
their last journey. Time is passing! You
know what grim preparations are being
made down there? They're erecting a
gallows. By your decision, a mere hour of
life is left to your Mario.

TOSCA, overcome by grief, falls onto the settee. SCARPIA coldly continues to gaze at her.

TOSCA

(singing)

I have lived for art, I have lived for
love, and never harmed a living soul!...

PANNING OFF OF TOSCA, OVER TO THE WINGS.

There is BASSAR watching the singers. A few feet farther is CHRISTE'S VIDEO CREW shooting. Next to them is CHRISTE. She is paying little attention to BASSAR or his opera and every few moments looks nervously at her watch.

PANNING OFF OF CHRISTE ON TO THE AUDIENCE AND UP TO THE BOXES.

ZOOMING IN ON MAJOR BACON'S BOX.

It's at the extreme left, adjacent to the proscenium, allowing the MAJOR, SPECTOR and KEEN to see into the wings where CHRISTE stands next to her VIDEO CREW.

In the box is MAJOR, KEEN, SPECTOR and a CONSPICUOUSLY EMPTY FOURTH SEAT. They seem to be enjoying the opera immensely. KEEN takes a look to his left.

PANNING OFF KEEN AND UP TO THE PRESIDENTIAL BOX.

There sits the PRESIDENT OF MEXICO And THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Between them and a few feet behind is THE MEXICAN AMBASSADOR.

PANNING OFF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND DOWN TO THE STAGE.

SCARPIA is impatient with TOSCA

SCARPIA
(singing)
Make up your mind!

TOSCA
(singing)
Must I kneel and beg for pity? Look, I
implore you with clasped hands! See, here
I am, defeated pleading for a single word
of mercy...

SCARPIA
(singing)
Tosca, you are too lovely and too
enchanting. I yield. The bargain is a
poor one: you ask of me a life; I ask of
you but a moment!

TOSCA
(rising, and singing with the
utmost contempt)
Pah! You revolt me!

INT. SECOND FLOOR OF RIVERA'S HOUSE-NIGHT

NICK walks down the hallway, opening each bedroom door and looking inside. There's no sign of RUBEN. Finally he returns to the head of the staircase and goes down.

INT. DOWNSTAIR FOYER-NIGHT

NICK walks over to a small telephone table. Next to it is a door leading to the CELLAR. He picks up the phone and puts it to his ear. It's dead. He reels the cord in and discovers it's been ripped out of the wall.

NOW HE KNOWS NOW THERE'S BEEN FOUL PLAY.

NICK looks around again and notices the CELLAR DOOR next to the telephone table. He reaches for the door knob and twists it. It's locked. He tries to force the latch by violently

CONTINUED:

pulling on the knob. It flies off in his hand, hurling him across the room. He smashes into the opposite wall and slides to the floor. He picks himself up and crosses back to the locked door. He runs his hand across the surface of it. It's hard wood and feels like it could be over two inches thick. He looks around room for something to hit it with.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OPERA STAGE-NIGHT

SCARPIA is giving orders to SPOLETTA, one of his men.

SPOLETTA
(singing)
A firing squad...

SCARPIA
(singing quickly, with marked meaning)
...a sham one!...As in the case of Palmieri!...Is it properly understood?

SPOLETTA
(Singing)
I fully understand.

SCARPIA
(Singing)
Go.

PANNING OFF OF SCARPIA INTO THE WINGS.

BASSAR is into the full emotion of the opera. He mimes along with singers acting the opera out with them.

PANNING OFF OF BASSAR TO CHRISTE AND VIDEO CREW.

JUAN is shooting some great stuff but CHRISTE is going crazy with tension. She's using all of her self-control to keep from running out of the theatre and joining the search for RUBEN.

Behind her are a group of SKULL MASKED SOLDIERS. One of them, PRINCE CHARMING, drifts up behind her. He slips something in her hand as he whispers in her ear.

CHRISTE'S HEAD JERK!

SHE'S BEEN KISSED.

THE OPERA IS SO LOUD AT THE POINT WE CAN'T HEAR WHAT'S PRINCE CHARMING SAYING TO HER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE'S HEADS JERKS AGAIN. PRINCE CHARMING moves back away from her and disappears into a GROUP OF SOLDIERS.

INT. DOWNSTAIR FOYER-NIGHT

NICK smashes the door with the claw end of a hammer. It digs into the wood. With both hands, he pulls the hammer out. A large chunk of wood falls to the floor. He smashes the claw back into the hole. It digs into the shattered wood deeper. He pulls the hammer out a again. Another large chunk of the door falls to the floor. He pulls the hammer back and with all his strength let's it fly.

INT. OPERA STAGE-NIGHT

While SCARPIA is writing, TOSCA approaches the table and with a trembling hand takes a glass of wine. As she raises it to her lips she sees on the table a SHARP-POINTED KNIFE. She casts a quick glance at SCARPIA who at the moment is busy writing, and with infinite caution picks up the knife. She hides it behind her, leaning on the table and watching SCARPIA finishing writing. He stands up, folds the paper, and opening his arms, advances on TOSCA to embrace her.

SCARPIA

(singing)

Tosca, at last you are mine!
(But his tone of rapture
changes to a terrible
cry: TOSCA has stabbed him in
the heart.)

TOSCA

(singing)

That was Tosca's kiss!

SCARPIA, staggering, tries to clutch at TOSCA, who recoils in terror.

SCARPIA

(singing)

Help!...I'm dying...

PANNING OFF OF THE DYING SCARPIA TO BASSAR IN THE WINGS.

He acting out SCARPIA'S DEATH DANCE.

CONTINUE PANNING TO JOSE VIDEOING BASSAR AND THEN OVER TO CHRISTE.

Her face is calm and emotionless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONTINUE PANNING DOWN CHRIST'S ARM TO HER HAND.

IT HOLDING A GUN.

INT. DOWNSTAIR FOYER-NIGHT

NICK SMASHES THE CLAW THROUGH THE DOOR. The hole is big enough for him to stick his hand through it. He turns the lock from the other side and the door swings open. He pulls his hand out of the hole and runs down the CELLAR STEPS.

PANNING FROM THE OPEN DOOR TO THE LIVING ROOM WINDOW .

There on the porch is an APPREHENSIVE NEIGHBOR. She's in her sixties but her hearing is still good. She yells to her DAUGHTER behind her.

NEIGHBOR
Call the police!

INT. CELLAR-NIGHT

It's pitch dark. NICK takes out a lighter and flicks it. The tiny flame illuminates the room. Lying at his feet are the bodies of RUBEN and MIGUEL. He kneels down and checks there vitals signs. SERRANO'S dead but the boy is alive. He shakes RUBEN and his eyes slowly open.

NICK
Are you all right?

RUBEN
So sleepy.

INT. FOYER-NIGHT

NICK comes out of the cellar carrying RUBEN in his arms. He goes out the front door.

EXT. PORCH-NIGHT

NICK comes out on the porch to face the NEIGHBOR. She fearfully backs away from him.

NEIGHBOR
Don't try anything Mister, my daughter called the police.

NICK
Good. Where's your phone? I want to call an ambulance.

INT. OPERA STAGE-NIGHT

IT'S ACT THREE. The set is the Platform of the Castel Sant' Angelo. To the left, a casement, furnished with a table, a bench, and a stool. To the right is a small staircase leading up to the platform the extends out over the orchestra pit. In the background is the Vatican and St. Peter's. The sky is that uncertain grey the proceeds the dawn. CAVARADOSSI sits at the desk and writing a note.

CAVARADOSSI

(singing)

And the stars were shining...the earth
smelt sweet...the garden gate
creaked...and a footstep brushed the
sand. She entered, fragrant, and fell into
my arms.

PANNING OFF OF CAVARADOSSI TO WINGS.

BASSAR is sobbing. JUAN is getting it all on video. Next to VIDEO CREW stands CHRISTE. Still emotionless and waiting.

PANNING DOWN HER ARM WE PASS THE GUN AND SETTLE ON HER HAND BAG. IT RESTS ON HER HIP. WE MOVE INTO CHRISTE'S BAG AND START TO HEAR SOMETHING UNDER THE VERY LOUD SINGING OF CAVARADOSSI. IT'S THE FAINT RINGING OF CHRISTE'S CELLULAR PHONE.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE-NIGHT

NICK grips the phone in frustration. Across the room he looks at RUBIN asleep in a chair. The NEIGHBOR sits on the arm of the chair gently stroking the boy's hair with motherly concern.

NICK

Damn! Why isn't she answering?

Finally at the tenth ring, NICK hears a click and SINGING from the OPERA STAGE.

NICK

Christe! Thank God! Look I found Ruben.
He was drugged but he's fine. I called an
ambulance and it's on the way.

(There's no response.)

Christe are you there?

CHRISTE

(over the phone, emotionless)

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK
I found Ruben!

CHRISTE
(emotionless)
Yes.

NICK
(suspicious)
Christe. Are you all right.

CHRISTE
Yes.

NICK
What are you doing?

CHRISTE
Waiting?

NICK
Waiting for what?

CHRISTE
The firing squad to shoot.

NICK
Then what are you going to do?

CHRISTE
Shoot the president.

NICK
Oh my God.
(thinking for second, then
loud and commanding)
Ambrose Chapel!

CUT TO:

INT. WINGS -NIGHT

CHRISTE, HOLDING A CELLULAR PHONE TO HER EAR, JERKS.

CUT TO:

OPERA GLASS BINOCULAR SHOT OF CHRISTE'S MOVING.

CUT TO:

THE FACE OF THE MAN HOLDING THE OPERA GLASSES.

He looks familiar but THE OPERA GLASSES OBSCURE HIS FACE.

WE PULL AWAY TO SEE HE'S FILLING THE VACANT SEAT NEXT TO KEEN.

CUT TO:

INT. NEIGHBORS HOUSE-NIGHT

NICK on the phone.

NICK
(Loud and firm)
DO NOTHING BUT ANSWER THIS PHONE.

INT. WINGS-NIGHT

CHRISTE JERKS AGAIN.

She pushes the END button on the cellular phone, disconnecting NICK.

INT. NEIGHBORS HOUSE-NIGHT

NICK listens to a dead line. He drops the phone and races out of the door.

INT. STAGE-NIGHT

TOSCA and CAVARADOSSI are in an embrace. From the small staircase a squad of soldiers wearing skull masks follows an OFFICER up onto the platform. SPOLETTA, the SERGEANT and the JAILOR come behind them. SPOLETTA gives the necessary instructions. The sky brightens: it is dawn. A bell strikes four o'clock. The JAILER approaches CAVARADOSSI, and taking off his hat motions the OFFICER.

JAILER
(singing)
It's time!

CAVARADOSSI
(singing)
I'm ready.

TOSCA
(singing in a very low voice
to CAVARADOSSI, concealing a
laugh)
Now remember: at the first shot, down!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAVARADOSSI
(Singing)
Down.

TOSCA
(Singing)
And don't get up before I call you.

CAVARADOSSI
(Singing)
No, love.

CUT TO:

INT. WINGS-NIGHT

CHRISTE MOTIONLESS.

HOLDING THE GUN IN ONE HAND AND THE PHONE IN THE OTHER.

SHE WAITS FOR THE NEXT CALL.

CUT TO:

MAJOR BACON'S BOX

MAJOR, SPECTOR AND KEEN and the NOW VACANT SEAT next to them.

KEEN is looking through the OPERA GLASSES.

CUT TO:

KEEN'S POV THROUGH THE OPERA GLASSES

He studying the group of soldiers looking for PRINCE CHARMING. He can't tell which one he is because they are all wearing skull masks.

KEEN PANS THE GLASSES OVER TO THE PRESIDENTIAL BOX.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES leans forward caught up in the emotion of the opera.

SPECTOR
(to KEEN)
Who changed her instructions?

KEEN
I don't know. But it's being taken care of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAJOR

Shhhhh! Could you take the conversation
somewhere else!

EXT. OPERA-NIGHT

NICK jumps out of cab and runs up the steps of the OPERA
BUILDING.

INT. LOBBY-NIGHT

NICK races through the lobby heading for the CENTER AISLE
ENTRANCE. An USHER blocks his path.

USHER

Excuse me sir.

NICK

What?

USHER

Could I see your ticket?

NICK

I don't have a ticket. I'm with Christe
Rivera . Channel one.

USHER

Do you have a press pass?

NICK

(urgent)

No I don't have a press pass. Look! You
have to let me in!

USHER

Do you know where Mrs. Rivera is?

NICK

Backstage somewhere. I can't stand here
and talk to you.

USHER

(motioning to TWO SECURITY

MEN across the lobby)

Why don't you just wait here until the
Opera's over. It will just be a few
minutes. Then I'm sure...

NICK tries to push past him but the TWO SECURITY GUARDS grab
him from behind. There's a brief struggle ending with NICK
being pinned to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly he hears a familiar voice.

MONTANA

What are you men doing? That's Dr.
Nichols Wolfe!

DR. MONTANA pulls the SECURITY GUARDS off of NICK.

MONTANA

Don't you realize who this man is?

SECURITY GUARD

Somebody trying to force his way into
the theatre?

MONTANA

Don't be ridiculous. This man is a world
renown psychiatrist. He won the Nobel
prize last year.

SECURITY GUARD

Well, he's sure not acting like any
Nobel Prize winner.

MONTANA

(Helping NICK to his feet)
C'mon Nick, let me get you some water.

DR. MONTANA throws NICK'S ARM over his shoulder and helps him
walk over to a flight of stairs at the far left of the
lobby. The SECURITY GUARDS shakes their heads as the watch
them go.

NICK

(smiling)
Nobel prize, huh?

MONTANA

(chuckling)
I had to tell them something to stop
them from killing you.

NICK

Thank god you did! I've got to find
Christe!

MONTANA

What happened?

NICK

(breathless)
She got her instructions to kill the
President.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTANA

How do you know?

NICK

I talked to her on the phone.

MONTANA

Christ! We've got to stop her.

NICK

I did, I think. On the phone. I said the pass word and told her to do nothing until I called her again.

MONTANA

Are you sure it worked?

NICK

How do I know? I've never programmed anybody.

At the end of the LOBBY, THEY reach the top of a long downward flight of stairs.

MONTANA

Be careful. These stairs are marble.

DR. MONTANA slips his other arm around NICK waist. They slowly move down the stairs.

NICK

(trying to turn to go back up)
But I've got to get to her.

MONTANA

She's waiting to be called, isn't she?
They're some phones downstairs.

(he looks up to listen to the
OPERA)

Hear that? We're missing the best part.

NICK looks up when...

SUDDENLY MONTANA GIVE NICK A BRUTAL SHOVE PROPELLING HIM DOWN THE HARD STONE STAIRCASE.

NICK tumbles violently down thirty bone bruising steps crashing to floor in a twisted heap. DR. MONTANA rushes down the stairs, past the barely conscious NICK, and into a phone booth. He quickly dials a number.

CUT TO:

CHRISTE'S BAG.

THE CELLULAR PHONE IS RINGING.

SHE REACHES IN FOR IT AND PUTS IT TO HER EAR.

MONTANA
(on the phone)
Ambrose Chapel!

CHRISTE'S HEAD JERKS

MONTANA
(on the phone)
After the firing squad shoots, shoot your
father. Then aim the gun into the
audience and continue firing.

CHRISTE'S HEAD JERKS AGAIN.

She drops the phone back into her bag and looks up to the stage.

INT. STAGE-NIGHT

The SERGEANT leads CAVARADOSSI to the apron of the stage. He turns him around so his back faces the audience. The SERGEANT goes to blindfold him but CAVARADOSSI smilingly refuses. TOSCA is on the left of the casement, up stage center. She stands on a slightly raised platform so that she can see her lover clearly.

TOSCA
(singing)
How long this delay is! What are they
still waiting for? The sun's up
already...I know it's only play
acting...but the suspense seems endless!

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS LOBBY-NIGHT

MONTANA grips NICK by his hair. He savagely pulls NICK'S HEAD close to his.

MONTANA
You almost fucked up everything. But I
just gave Sleeping Beauty new improved
instructions. She's now our Jack
Ruby. Wreaking mad vengeance on the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTANA (cont'd)

President's murderer. And you had a part to play too: The professional witness to Christie's tragic psychotic breakdown.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STAGE

The OFFICER and SERGEANT lead the FIRING SQUAD to their position. They line up, down stage center, facing CAVARADOSSI.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS LOBBY-NIGHT

NICK

(barely conscious)

How did you...?

MONTANA

Keen used Bacon's money to finance my mind control research. We put the plan into operation when Christie's father was a double agent in Beirut. The perfect place to program her, because if the plot was ever discovered it could only be traced back to Shiite terrorists.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE-NIGHT

KEEN

(voice over)

Then we waited for '96. Keen knew Major couldn't beat the President in a general election but with the right dramatic circumstances, like what was going to happen in the next few minutes, he knew Major would be swept into office in a huge public outburst of emotion.

The FIRING SQUAD load their rifles. THE LAST SOLDIER on the left turns toward CHRISTIE. He stares at her for a moment.

CHRISTIE looks up into his eyes. SHE RECOGNIZES HER FATHER. He smiles at her. She stares back, emotionless. He's nothing but a target to her. She grips the gun in her hand.

PRINCE CHARMING turns away and mimes loading his rifle.

CUT TO:

INT.DOWNSTAIRS LOBBY-NIGHT

MONTANA

I've read Keen's speech.It's historic.It's too bad you're not going to around to hear it. But you had such a terrible fall...

(grabs hold of NICK'S HEAD
with his other hand)

It snapped your neck.

He grips NICK'S head and gives it a violent counter clockwise wrench.Anticipating this move ,NICK rolls with the counter clockwise motion and instead of MONTANA breaking his neck,NICK rolls over on top of him.NICK immediately grabs MONTANA by hair and bashes his head into the marble floor.MONTANA lies there,still.

NICK pulls himself to his feet.His whole body racked with pain.He slowly turns toward the steps and starts back up.

CUT TO:

THE FIRING SQUAD SLOWING RAISING THEIR RIFLES

CUT TO:

THE PRESIDENT'S BOX.

THE SECRET SERVICE MEN seeing the rifles pointed in the president's direction IMMEDIATELY JUMP UP TO SHIELD HIM.

THE PRESIDENT,smiling,motions them to sit down..

CUT TO:

MAJOR BACON'S BOX

KEEN has his binoculars pointed at CHRISTE.She starts to raise her pistol.

CUT TO:

CHRISTE

Raising her pistol and aiming it at her FATHER.

CUT TO:

CHRISTE'S POV OF HER FATHER.

PRINCE CHARMING aims his rifle.

CUT TO:

PRINCE CHARMING'S POV OF THE PRESIDENT.

PRINCE CHARMING aims his rifle over CAVARADOSSI'S HEAD and at the PRESIDENT.

CUT TO:

TOSCA

She puts her hands to her ears .

CUT TO:

THE OFFICER

Starting to lowers his saber.

CUT TO:

CENTER AISLE DOORS

NICK BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR.

HE RUNS MADLY DOWN THE CENTER AISLE CHASED BY THE SECURITY GUARDS.

HE LOOKS UP AT THE FIRING SQUAD ON THE PLATFORM.

CUT TO:

NICK'S POV OF THE FIRING SQUAD ABOUT READY TO FIRE.

CUT TO:

NICK'S FACE.

A LOOK OF HORROR

THEN HE LOOKS UP AT THE PRESIDENT.

CUT TO:

NICK'S POV OF THE PRESIDENT.

HE LEANING FORWARD IN HIS BOX. TOTALLY CAUGHT UP IN THE DRAMA OF THE OPERA.

CUT TO:

NICK.

HE LOOKS BACK TO THE STAGE.

CUT TO:

THE OFFICER LOWERING HIS SABRE.

CUT TO:

ZOOM INTO NICK FACE.

CUT TO:

NICK'S POV

ZOOM INTO PRINCE CHARMING AT THE END OF THE FIRING SQUAD
HIS RIFLE AIMED AT THE PRESIDENT!

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT NICK'S FACE
HE SCREAMS.

NICK

NO!

THE FIRING SQUAD FIRES.
CAVARADOSSI FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

CUT TO:

THE PRESIDENT LEAPING TO HIS FEET.
HIS SHOULDER IS SUDDENLY BLOODY.
HIS HEAD IS COMPLETE EXPOSED.

CUT TO:

PRINCE CHARMING LINING UP A FATAL HEAD SHOT.HE STARTS TO
PULL THE TRIGGER AGAIN.

SUDDENLY A BULLET RIPS THROUGH HIS SIDE.

HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

HE TURNS TOWARD THE SHOOTER.

CUT TO:

CHRISTE NOW ON STAGE,HOLDS A SMOKING GUN.
HER FACE IS EXPRESSIONLESS.

CUT TO:

MAJOR AND KEEN STANDING UP.

THEY WATCH THE PRESIDENT DISAPPEARS BEHIND A WALL OF BODIES.

MAJOR
What's the hell is going on?

CUT TO:

CHRISTE

SHE SLOWLY TURNS THE GUN ON THE PANICKED AUDIENCE.

CUT TO:

PRINCE CHARMING ON THE FLOOR OF THE STAGE.

HE LOOKS OVER AT HIS BETRAYERS.

CUT TO:

PRINCE CHARMING'S POV OF MAJOR AND KEEN

CUT TO:

PRINCE CHARMING PAINFULLY RAISES HIS RIFLE.

CUT TO:

CHRISTE

SHE WATCHES NICK RACING DOWN THE AISLE TOWARD HER. SHE AIMS
THE GUN AT HIM.

CUT TO:

NICK RUNNING TOWARD THE STAGE WATCHING CHRISTE IN HORROR.

CUT TO:

THE PRESIDENT'S BOX.

A SECRET SERVICE MAN SEES CHRISTE RAISED GUN.

CUT TO:

PRINCE CHARMING FIRES TWO SHOTS.

CUT TO:

SPECTOR AND KEEN FALLING.

THEY ARE BOTH HIT IN THE HEART.

MAJOR DIVES FOR COVER.

CUT TO:

THE SECRET SERVICE MAN AIMING AT CHRISTE.

CUT TO:

CHRISTE

SHE SLOWLY STARTING TO PULL THE TRIGGER.

CUT TO:

NICK

HE JUMPS ON THE STAGE.

CUT TO:

THE SECRET SERVICE MAN'S SHOT IS BLOCKED BY NICK.

CUT TO:

NICK RUNNING TOWARD CHRISTE.HER GUN AIMED RIGHT IN HIS FACE.

CUT TO:

NICK SCREAMING.

NICK
AMBROSE CHAPEL!

CUT TO:

CHRISTE

HER HEAD JERKS.

CUT TO:

NICK

SLOWING UP.NOW JUST A FEW FEET AWAY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK
COME TO ME!

CUT TO:

CHRISTE

HER HEAD JERK AGAIN AND SHE DROPS THE GUN AND WALKS OVER TO HIM.

NICK PULLS CHRISTE INTO HIS ARMS PROTECTING HER FROM THE ARSENAL OF GUNS NOW AIMED AT HER FROM THE PRESIDENT'S BOX.

CHRISTE
(Waking out of the trance)
What happened?

CUT TO:

THE MAN WHO KNEW TO MUCH.

The CYMBAL clash together.

JO (DORIS DAY) leaps forward with a scream.

The DIGNITARY clutches his arm and slumps forward.

The people around JO, startled as they rise in their seat and turn back to her.

BEN (JIMMY SEWART) dashes into the ASSASSIN'S BOX.

The ASSASSIN turns toward him, pulling his gun.

BEN lunges forward with a blow.

The ASSASSIN staggers back and we hear the clatter of the gun as it falls to the floor. He immediately turns toward the CAMERA looking for a means of escape. He leaps to the edge of the box to go over to the next one. He slips.

We see the ASSASSIN fall with a crash into the aisle.

PULL BACK TO:

THIS SCENE BEEN PROJECTED ON A MOVIE SCREEN.

PANNING OFF THE SCREEN, WE DISCOVER WE'RE IN A NEARLY DESERTED MOVIE THEATRE. WE MOVE INTO A COUPLE PASSIONATELY NECKING IN THE TENTH ROW.

IT'S CHRISTE AND NICK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTE PULLS AWAY, TAKES A BRIEF LOOK AT THE SCREEN. IN THAT
LOOK WE SEE THAT ALL OF THIS IS BEHIND HER. SHE THEN LEANS
DOWN AND SMILING, WHISPERS IN NICK'S EAR.

CHRISTE
Drowning yet?

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END