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MOON OVER PARADOR

Revised Final Draft Screenplay

by

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MOON OVER PARADOR

FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY 1

FULL SHOT of the Public Theatre. Red and white flags of Shakespeare hang from the building. A light snow is falling over the grim winter streets as JACK AARON makes his way into the building.

2 INT. OFFICE - FULL SHOT - DAY 2

Jack Aaron pauses and shakes the snow from his parka. He is a handsome man in mid to late thirties. He gives his name to a fat GIRL behind a desk. This small room is filled with actors waiting for a reading for Shakespeare In The Park.

SECRETARY

You for "Richard Two" or "All's Well"?

JACK

Richard.

SECRETARY

For...

JACK

The king.

TOBY (O.S.)

Jack... Jack --

Jack turns to see a bald man with a purple scarf, TOBY. He stands at a coffee urn with a black actor, DESMOND FEREE.

JACK

Toby.

TOBY

Where have you been, man? I saw Phyllis last week and she said you disappeared. She thought you were the victim of foul play.

JACK

I was. Got a lifesaver or something?

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

TOBY

I expected to see you at the Neil Simon casting call. A perfect part for you. The Jewish uncle who drinks.

DESMOND

Here's a lozenge. Swedish.

JACK

Thanks. Who got the part?

TOBY

Ed Asner.

JACK

Fuck him.

TOBY

(laughs)

You know Desmond Feree.

JACK

(laughs)

Hello, Desmond... I saw you in "Endgame" at the South Street Playhouse.

DESMOND

Yeah, last year...

JACK

You were great.

DESMOND

Thank you. I saw you in "Evita." And on TV and stuff. I like your work, Jack Aaron.

JACK

Why don't we hire each other?

TOBY

Didn't you go out of the country to do a film or something?

JACK

Yeah. How did the Shepard play turn out?

TOBY

Shit. Fake art. So how long have you been gone?

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED (2)

2

JACK

A year.

TOBY

A year!? What a gig.

JACK

It was a weird job.

TOBY

So what else is new.

DESMOND

I was a Nubian space slave... last week. With an aluminum foil jock strap.

TOBY

Remember when I played a sperm? And I begged for that part.

They all laugh.

JACK

It was your pinnacle.

TOBY

I had the look of the sperm... I thought like a sperm. That one in a million that gets the egg.

His eyes narrow and his shoulders arch. They laugh at the thought of another absurd job.

DESMOND

They wouldn't take me. No black sperm.

TOBY

So what was the part?

JACK

It's hard to talk about.

TOBY

Porno or something?

JACK

You're not gonna believe it.

TOBY

I'm trained to believe and... understand.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED (3)

2

JACK
(sips his coffee)
You ever hear of Parador?

TOBY
Parador? Near Ecuador?

DESMOND
Americans don't know shit about
the third world. It's in Central
America.

JACK
Almost... It's in the Caribbean.

TOBY
Well, wherever it is. It's some
scrub-ass third-rate little
dictatorship. Right?

JACK
Can I have another lozenge?

TOBY
...Did you at least get laid?

JACK
Endlessly....

DESMOND
They just been through some
turmoil down there. Yeah. In
Parador. I hear the dope is
sublime.

TOBY
Stop stalling, Jack.

JACK
(can't wait)
It's an amazing story.

TOBY
Begin, then, damn you!

CAMERA MOVES IN on Jack.

JACK
Well, if you ever see the moon
over Parador... floating over the
Gulf... of Sorrows.

3 EXT. PARADOR - PLAZA CAFE - NIGHT

3

The full moon hangs in the sky behind the palm trees while a soft breeze carries the romantic SOUND OF A MARIMBA BAND.

JACK (V.O.)

...and smell the gardenias in the air... if you see that moon and you happen to be with a warm woman... you'll never forget it. Never.

PULL BACK to reveal Jack dancing with a lovely blonde WOMAN. The Woman leans against him; sad, passionate, clinging. Jack, handsome in his dinner jacket, pushes her away. Half a dozen customers sit in this small outdoor cafe. Could be "Miami Vice."

JACK

Go. Now.

WOMAN

I won't leave you.

JACK

It's our only hope, baby.

She brushes back the tears.

WOMAN

I'll wait for you.

He shrugs.

JACK

Go.

A passionate kiss and she leaves his arms and exits the cafe. Jack sits at the table and pulls a .45 from his cummerbund. He checks the clip and clicks off the safety. He seems sad, resigned. Suddenly, a motorcycle with a side-car pulls up. A MAN in the side-car fires at Jack. We see the blood explode over his thigh and chest. BULLETS splinter the cafe walls. A last SHOT knocks Jack backward. A blood stain enlarges on his white jacket. People at the tables SCREAM. Jack FALLS dramatically.

DIRECTOR

Cut! Absolutely great. Clint. Jack. Jenny. Fabulous! That's a wrap, folks. We are finished! "Blood in the Plaza" is an official wrap. Don't forget the wrap party at the hotel bar.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

3

NEW ANGLE - THE SET

We see that this is a film location. Jack rises from the floor as the special effects man, CLINT, runs to unwire him.

The audience cheers and claps and among them in a white, perfect uniform is the Dictator of Parador, ALPHONSE SIMMS, Presidente, General.

The Dictator leads the applause with a standing ovation.

MED. SHOT OF CLINT, JACK AND THE DIRECTOR

Clint is removing the wires.

JACK

I had no emotion. It was flat.

DIRECTOR

What flat? You were fabulous.

JACK

I know I can do it better.
Please. One more take.

DIRECTOR

Too late. We lost the light.

JACK

I was really, truly bad. One more
take, please.

DIRECTOR

(laughs)

We don't have the money for one
more take. Besides you were
fabulous, Jack.

The Director moves away.

JACK

The stunt felt great, Clint.

CLINT

Pretty smooth. Looks like the
Dictator loved it.

JACK

Probably was a familiar scene.

4 ANGLE ON DICTATOR

4

The Dictator shakes hands with the principals. He stands erect as he gives out words of encouragement. He is handsome with a small, clipped moustache. He has a slight tic. His vanity exudes from every gesture. He comes to Jack.

DICTATOR

Incredible moment... very convincing.

JACK

Thank you, Mr. President.

DICTATOR

You are a wonderful actor. Wonderful. And you are a marvelous actress. Simply marvelous.

He turns to the blonde actress, his hand slides to her waist.

JENNY

Thank you. You should see him do you, sir.

DICTATOR

Do me?

JENNY

Yes, sir... he does a great impersonation of you.

DICTATOR

Really?

JACK

Not really... It's not good.

JENNY

He's being modest.

DICTATOR

(tic)
So let me be the judge.

DIRECTOR

Go ahead, Jack.

The Dictator takes a chair.

JACK

(to Jenny)
I'm gonna kill you.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

JENNY

I had to do something. He was gonna pinch my ass or worse.

JACK

You've slept with everybody else on the crew. Why not the President of the country?

JENNY

He's a foreigner.

DICTATOR

Please... don't be shy.

Jack now has an audience.

JACK

May I borrow your cap, sir?

DICTATOR

Certainly.

The Dictator's tic flares up. Behind him glaring with their reflective sunglasses are his security. To one side is the bearded rat-like face of ROBERTO STRAUSMANN, Minister of the Interior and the power behind the throne. CARLO, the Dictator's everpresent bodyguard, stands on the other side.

JACK

Please understand that this is done with deep respect... I can only... impersonate... someone who has great style... and personality ...I saw you on T.V....

Placing the hat on his head, Jack imitates the distinctively regal walk and the hand flourishes of the Dictator. Suddenly he turns to the crowd in an exaggerated expression of love.

JACK

(as Dictator)

My people, please come to me...
I open my arms to you...

(he moves to Jenny as
the object of his
desire; he does the
tic)

Come... Oh, Parador... let me
fondle you...

Dramatic embrace leaves Jenny gasping.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED (2)

4

ANGLE ON THE DICTATOR

No one makes a sound, waiting for the Dictator to react. Suddenly he bursts with laughter, and begins to applaud. Soon everyone applauds, but the shadow of his omnipotence hangs in the air.

5 EXT. PARADOR PLAZA - DAY

5

The magnificent old plaza, the reason film companies come here, is packed with a multi-colored crowd. The usual tourist stuff is being hawked. Huge banners with the Dictator's face hang from balconies. Everywhere you look there is a statue or a photo of Alphonse Simms. Every hundred yards or so we see an armed khaki-clad soldier.

CLOSE SHOT

PAULO and FORTE two drummers in the Army band, are examining two political posters on a wall. One poster is green, the other white. Both have identical photos of Alphonse Simms. They read "Vote Green." "Vote White."

PAULO

I'm going to vote Green.

FORTE

The Green party is full of shit.

PAULO

Vote for who you want. This is a free dictatorship.

Jack is buying half a dozen gaudy Paradorian T-shirts. A large American man wearing a baseball cap and golf slacks spots Jack and calls to him. The man (RALPH) has a wide friendly face, but his eyes are small, grey marbles, which belie his amiable smile.

RALPH

What's the deal, Jackie? When you headed back?

JACK

Hey, Ralph. I've got a flight tomorrow.

RALPH

You should stay for carnival. Shouldn't miss that sucker.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

JACK
When is it?

RALPH
Starts tomorrow at sunset... goes
for a week. It's the big deal
down here... the biggest.

Jack pays for the T-shirts. He and Ralph cross the plaza.
Ralph nods to locals here and there as they walk.

JACK
How long you been down here,
Ralph?

RALPH
'Bout fourteen years now. Retired
from the military. Had a trailer
over in Ocala, Florida... it got
expensive and crowded and so me
and my little Midge, we said the
hell with it. Sold the whole kit
and caboodle and came down to
Parador. Got a bungalow in the
heights with fruit trees and a
regular maid. It's a secret
paradise.

JACK
They certainly make a nice
T-shirt. Wish I could stay, but
I got to get back to New York,
start hustling.

RALPH
I used to be that way. Got to
smell the roses, son.

JACK
So you're retired now?

RALPH
Hell, no. I got some businesses
that keep me going... the gringo
habit. I export hammocks to the
States... they make the finest
hemp hammock in the world down
here.

NEW ANGLE - SIDE STREET

As Ralph and Jack approach.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED (2)

5

RALPH

And I import fungicides for the coffee boys and air conditioning parts. Just enough business to keep me alert.

JACK

Sounds like a good life.

6 EXT. POOLSIDE - HOTEL PARADOR

6

As Ralph and Jack come down the steps towards the pool. Parrots in the palm trees. The pool and cabana are used by the local rich as a kind of country club, a place to indulge themselves and mingle with people from the larger world. A small COMBO plays RUMBAS but even here there are well-placed armed soldiers.

RALPH

(to a black waiter)

Samuel, what's the deal here? Give us two poonas. And heavy on the ice, Amigo.

(to Jack)

You got to kick ass here from time to time. The locals just don't get it, if you know what I mean. Midge. Come over here.

MIDGE is a small woman in a blue jumpsuit. She smokes a Chesterfield and squints towards her husband. Her skin is dark and leathery from the sun and her thin hair is hidden under a pink turban.

RALPH

Get over here, honey.

She saunters over.

MIDGE

Hold your water, Ralph.

RALPH

Look who I got here...

MIDGE

One of the movie people.

RALPH

Midge... This is Jack Aaron. He's an actor... He was on that soap opera you used to watch... "Life's Path." You recognize him?

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

MIDGE

I'll be goddamn. It's him. Lance Farrington. What a bastard. I don't know if I should even shake your hand.

(to Ralph)

He raped five women on that show.

The WAITER brings two huge rum drinks served in parrot-shaped mugs.

WAITER

Your poonas, gentlemens.

RALPH

(to Jack)

Drink up.

JACK

I love the fact that they all speak English.

RALPH

That's thanks to Saint Reggie... Wasn't a real saint... by a long shot. See, the place was settled by some Spanish and your regular Indians and black slaves from the Ivory Coast, but Reggie Simms... this English pirate came and took over. To keep the peace, he married three wives... a black, a Senorita... and an Indian... that's why so many people named Simms here... including His Excellency the Dictator. Speak of the devil. Watch your eyes, boy.

A beautiful girl walks by. She is Latin. She climbs to the high diving board.

RALPH

You know who that is?

JACK

No.

RALPH

That's Madonna Mendez... the Dictator's girl friend. Piece of ass, ain't she?

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED (2)

6

MIDGE

What you boys whispering about?

The girl pauses and does a lovely swan dive into the pool.

JACK

I met the Dictator. He visited
the set.

Ralph laughs a big hearty laugh.

RALPH

He's a dude. People love him.
He's romantic -- macho. That's
why them damn guerrillas don't
have a chance as long as Alphonse
Simms is alive.

Jack rises. He's a bit drunk.

JACK

Well, I got to get packed.

RALPH

If you change your mind, I'm in
the book, buddy.

JACK

Thanks a lot. Boy, these poonas
are powerful.

Midge runs up and gives him an impulsive kiss on the cheek.

MIDGE

I'm just a horny old broad.

JACK

See you, Midge.

He pulls away and brushes past MADONNA MENDEZ. Their eyes meet
for an instant. She looks away. A bodyguard lurks in the
shade.

7 INT. HOTEL PARADOR - DAY

7

A German tour group, mostly in lederhosen, are checking in.
Bellhops are loading luggage onto several vans. Cast and crew
are checking out and saying goodbyes. Jack kisses Jenny.

JACK

You'll pay for making me imitate
Simms, Bitch.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

JENNY

See you in the Apple, love.

Jack spots Clint, who's loading his special effects equipment onto a van.

JACK

Clint.

CLINT

We had some fun.

JACK

How many times have you killed me so far?

CLINT

This is the fourth time. You die good. When you leaving?

JACK

I'm scheduled out tomorrow, but I've got a wad of per diem cash... and I was thinking about staying for the carnival. How about you?

CLINT

Can't. I got a Burt Reynolds show in New Mexico. Starts tomorrow.

JACK

Anything in it for me?

CLINT

Naw. A lot of stunts and broads.

JACK

I think Burt saw me in "Evita."

CLINT

I'll say hello for you.

JACK

Shit! Out of work three minutes and I'm already panicky. It's sick.

CLINT

(responds to a whistle)
Stay and have fun. Call me if you get to the Coast.

Jack watches his friend walk away.

8 EXT. PARADOR SKY - FULL SHOT - NIGHT 8

A huge FIREWORKS EXPLOSION begins the carnival.

9 STREET - ANGLE ON BAND 9

A band of black men dressed in rat costumes with rat heads and swinging tails start their drum beat and dance down the middle of the street. Coffee-colored women in skimpy mouse costumes spin in their wake dancing as if in a trance.

10 ANGLE ON FLOAT 10

SAMMY DAVIS, JR., the King of the carnival, glides past on a luscious float. He is singing to the Queen of the carnival, who stands next to him. It is Madonna Mendez. She is gorgeous.

She waves to the crowd, surrounded by her court of six bikini-clad maidens. The crowd shouts out her name as the float passes.

11 FULL SHOT OF REVIEWING STAND 11

The Dictator, flanked by Roberto Strausmann and other governmental cronies and aides, stands as Madonna passes. The crowd loves this moment, understanding the secret passion between the girl and the ruler. Madonna smiles at the Dictator. He smiles at her. Sammy sings. The Dictator waves to Sammy. The crowd ROARS. The Dictator's tic flares up.

12 NEW ANGLE 12

The crowd is frenzied, pressing forward against the soldiers who hold them back. The Rats dance by in a wild cha-cha. A man in top hat and tails on giant stilts steps INTO THE SHOT and hands Jack a drink. Jack chugs it down.

JACK

Sammy! Jack Aaron from the Big Apple.

13 ANGLE ON JACK IN THE STREET 13

He is getting into the rhythm of the night. He joins a group of DANCERS.

JACK

Where you going?

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

GIRL
What's the difference? Come on.

She grabs his hand and leads Jack into the crowd. FIREWORKS
BURST above them as Jack and the Girl dance away.

14 CLOSE SHOT OF JACK

14

Dazzled, drunk... He waves to a passing float.

FLOAT

Madonna and Sammy pass and wave to Jack and the others.

15 NEW ANGLE

15

Jack is caught in the crowd.

RALPH
What do you know?

Jack turns to see Ralph and Midge in the midst of the mob.

MIDGE
I'll be goddamn.

RALPH
Decided to stay... Thought you
would.

MIDGE
Come here, Lance!

She grabs him for an impromptu dance. Midge is totally drunk.
Jack does a few spins with her and is finally captured by Ralph.

RALPH
Let's head for the Red Zone and
do some real partying.

Suddenly a mass of armed police push through the crowd to open a
route for the limousine of the Dictator. The headlights come
straight at Ralph and Jack. Alphonse sits in the back, waving.

RALPH
I don't care if that sombitch is
the Dictator or not. I never did
like a road hog!

16 INT. CAR - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

16

The Dictator leans to Roberto, who is next to him.

 DICTATOR

They love me.

 ROBERTO

Without question.

 DICTATOR

I need a steak. A big one.

 ROBERTO

 (to driver)

Poona Beach Club.

 DICTATOR

 (smiles)

After my steak -- then I need my
Madonna.

 ROBERTO

I'll send a car.

 DICTATOR

You know, I should marry her...
the wedding would be the biggest
carnival of all.

 ROBERTO

That's impossible.

 DICTATOR

Which makes it all the more
desirable.

Roberto smirks.

17 EXT. STREET - CLOSE SHOT OF JACK - NIGHT

17

He has eluded the Wilsons and now is kissing the GIRL, who
dances him into a corner.

18 EXT. LIMOUSINE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

18

The car zooms through the outskirts of the city. The pitch only
illuminated by the headlights of the limo and two motorcycles.

19 INT. LIMOUSINE

19

Roberto holds forth, puffing on a cigarette. The Dictator sips a poona from a parrot-shaped mug.

ROBERTO

We have known each other a long time, you know. A long time. And I must tell you with all respect that this girl, well, we have to be careful. The people love her because she is one of them. They see the romance. But to marry her, well, that's another matter. The Fourteen Families would never approve.

DICTATOR

Eight.

ROBERTO

Never.

DICTATOR

I met her in your damn club. She's a great dancer.

ROBERTO

Don't get ideas. She is almost a prostitute. Get your mind on other things... you meet with the Archbishop next week... and the new Soviet Ambassador is coming to present his credentials... and your speech for Saint Reginald's Day... it must be confident... strong...

Suddenly, the mug drops from the Dictator's hand and into his lap. He is oddly still, and then he slumps over. Roberto nudges him in the darkness.

ROBERTO

Alphonse... Your Excellency.
Drunken bastard!

The body slumps over and the head rests on Roberto's shoulder. The head is heavy and there is no breathing. Roberto, agitated, checks to see who is watching and checks the pulse. Nothing. His eyes dart around with apprehension but he can reveal the fear.

20 EXT. STREET - ANGLE ON JACK - NIGHT

20

In the corner of a park, the Girl has enticed him to a shadow away from the crowds.

GIRL

I want to make love.

JACK

I pray you don't have any social diseases.

She laughs and as he moves to her, a figure hits him from behind, knocking him to the ground. The Girl and her accomplice quickly roll him over. He is drunk and disoriented as they take his wallet and watch and leave him coughing in the grass. He passes out.

21 EXT. BACK ENTRANCE OF POONA BEACH CLUB - NIGHT

21

The limousine has stopped. In the distance we see CARLO, a bodyguard, and Roberto lift the limp figure from the car.

ROBERTO

Carlo... take the feet.

CARLO

He is so heavy.

ROBERTO

He can't drink anymore. His liver is totally damaged.

22 INT. STOREROOM - POONA BEACH CLUB

22

They lift him through the door and into the warehouse of the restaurant. Canned goods and vegetables are stacked on the floor.

ROBERTO

Now get out and make sure... the door is secure. Nobody comes in.

CARLO

Understood.

The Dictator stays upright in the chair until Carlo exits. Then slowly the body tosses forward to the floor.

ROBERTO

Jesus.

Roberto is a man in extremis. He is searching for what to do. A rat scurries through his feet, scaring him.

23 EXT. PARK - FULL SHOT ON JACK - NIGHT

23

Jack raises himself to one leg. He comes out of his fog.

He checks his clothes. The wallet is gone. He looks to his wrist for the time and sees that his watch is gone. He gets on his feet and realizes he doesn't know where he is. He heads towards the MUSIC.

24 PARADOR STREET - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

24

Jack is moving through the streets. Only a few revelers remain. He stops in front of a lonely DRUNK in a rat costume.

JACK

Hotel Parador... which way?

DRUNK

Straight on... man. Got some silver, man?

JACK

I haven't got shit.

DRUNK

Don't be hostile, Americano.

Jack slogs on through the confetti; weary, angry and depressed. A dark station wagon appears from an alleyway and slowly edges in behind him. The street is narrow and Jack moves over to let the car pass. Instead, the car cuts him off and out of the doors two men emerge with guns in their hands.

JACK

You're too late... I've been rolled already.

He turns his pockets out. This doesn't interest them and they throw him inside the car.

25 OMITTED

25

26 EXT. CAR - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

26

The car speeds through some revelers leaving the hotel nightclub and heading home. Even though the car almost hits them, they do not curse at the driver, they are familiar with these black cars and the violence that attends them.

27 INT. CAR - NIGHT

27

A black bag is forced over Jack's head and he is shoved down to the floorboard.

JACK
I'm getting tired of this shit,
okay? I'm just a fucking actor...

CARLO
Shut up.

28 INT. ROBERTO'S OFFICE - POONA BEACH CLUB - NIGHT

28

A Frank Stella painting is prominent in this yuppie paradise. On the walls are diplomas and photos of Roberto with various world celebrities. Roberto sits at his desk eating a big T-bone as Jack is dragged into the room by Carlo. The bag is ripped from his head and he is shoved forward. Roberto smiles. Jack is scared and angry. Roberto's calm, agreeable manner barely covers the malevolence that characterizes him. Carlo exits.

ROBERTO
Sit down, please.

JACK
Sit down? What the fuck is this?
Take me to the goddamn American
Embassy right now...

ROBERTO
Would you like something to eat?

JACK
I want out of here now, pal.
Understand? I'm a well-known
American actor.

ROBERTO
Not that well-known.

JACK
Are you a critic? An agent?

ROBERTO
But you are very talented.

JACK
Look, I've got appointments in
New York... I'm up for the lead
in a revival of "Anna Christie."

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

ROBERTO
I read that play when I was at
Harvard. I didn't like it.

JACK
You went to Harvard?

ROBERTO
Yes.

JACK
Boston College.

ROBERTO
I like Boston. Modern but old.
You know what I mean?

JACK
If you went to Harvard, I'm sure
you are smart enough to know you
got the wrong guy... I'm Jack
Aaron... actor... out of work
actor as of yesterday.

ROBERTO
No, I got the right guy...

JACK
Then would you tell me what the
fuck is going on?

ROBERTO
Are you a good dancer?

JACK
(nervous)
Sure. Very good. I started in
the chorus.

ROBERTO
Excellent. I've got a part for
you to play.

JACK
Who are your casting agents...
the Gestapo?

ROBERTO
It's a very serious part.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED (2)

28

JACK

Every part is serious... no matter how small.

(he takes a roll from Roberto; he is relaxing)

God... I feel better... I was thinking I was gonna get the cattle prod in the balls. What a nightmare to be tortured for information when you don't have any.

Roberto laughs and wipes his mouth again.

ROBERTO

So right.

JACK

What's your name?

ROBERTO

Roberto... Strausmann.

JACK

So what's the part, Roberto?

Roberto motions for Jack to follow him. They walk to the enormous meat locker.

29 INT. LOCKER - FULL SHOT

29

Sides of beef hang in long rows. Jack is totally mystified as they step into the frigid air.

ROBERTO

Omaha beef... Japanese beef.

Roberto pushes back the carcasses until suddenly Jack sees the frozen body of the Dictator hanging.

JACK

Jesus Christ.

ROBERTO

Alphonse Simms.

JACK

Damn... the Dictator. He's dead?

ROBERTO

Very dead.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

JACK
What happened to him?

ROBERTO
Heart attack. Too many damned
poonas.

JACK
(looking around)
Is this some sort of Paradorian
funeral ritual?

ROBERTO
No.

JACK
(realizing)
Don't tell me what you're
thinking.

ROBERTO
Are you an actor or not?

JACK
He is a real person.

ROBERTO
So was Richard III... Henry the
Fifth... I saw Laurence Olivier
play those men. Totally
convincing.

JACK
But this is a real man.

ROBERTO
You did a very good impersonation
on the set.

JACK
Damn that Jenny! That was a bit!
A minute. I'm sorry. You'll have
to call my agent.

ROBERTO
Where's your confidence? I
wouldn't do this if I didn't think
you had talent.
(more)

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED (2)

29

ROBERTO (Cont'd)
(he pulls a paper from
his coat)

This is from the New York Times.
"Jack Aaron sparkled, giving a
fresh dimension to Richard the
Second."

JACK

I was great. Let me see that.

Roberto teases.

ROBERTO

But then... "Newcomer Jack Aaron
seemed utterly lost as Bradley."

JACK

It was a bad play and the director
was a coke freak.

ROBERTO

This is a great play.

JACK

Do you have my review when I
played Biff at the City Center?

ROBERTO

No.

JACK

They said I was "resonant and
ferocious, devouring the stage."
I thought my career would take
off then. I got a "Fruit of the
Loom" commercial.

(he jolts back to the
moment)

Why are you doing this? Why not
a simple cremation... a day of
mourning?

ROBERTO

Parador is at a delicate moment
in her history. For the Dictator
to die like that--

(he snaps his fingers)

--that's too much of a shock to
the system. It would be chaos.

JACK

He can't live forever.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED (3)

29

ROBERTO

We need time to plan the transition. You would be saving lives.

JACK

If I wanted to save lives, I'd have been a paramedic.

ROBERTO

This is the part of a lifetime. Besides, it's only for a day or two.

JACK

You're asking me to be an imposter... it's fraud.

ROBERTO

The essence of the stage. Isn't your real name Aaron Blumberg? Haven't you assumed a totally new identity?

JACK

But Simms was taller than me.

ROBERTO

(pulling a boot off the body)
No problem. He wore four-inch lifts.

JACK

He's darker haired than me.

ROBERTO

Fortunately, our Dictator was vain.

He yanks a dark wig off the Dictator's head.

JACK

(desperate)
I still need makeup.

Roberto lifts a small black case from the floor and sets it on a table. He unlatches the lid.

DETAIL SHOT

Elaborate makeup case.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED (4)

29

BACK TO SCENE

ROBERTO

This is the case of Parador's
greatest actor... Liano Boule.
He died about twenty minutes ago.

JACK

Okay. But what about his voice?
It was so high-pitched.

Roberto instantly grabs Jack by the balls. Jack's voice raises
several octaves.

JACK

(in new voice)
When do I start?

ROBERTO

Now.

Jack bolts in an attempt to escape.

ROBERTO

Don't try it, my friend.

NEW ANGLE - JACK

He dashes for a door and, jerking it open, he finds himself face
to face with Carlo. All the while, Roberto saunters towards
him, shaking his head with amusement. Jack stops, breathless
and distraught.

JACK

It's not going to work, Roberto.
Don't you understand?

ROBERTO

Why are actors so much like
children... they need the
caress... the compliments... and
then they need the whip... the
scolding... the orders. You must
do it.

Roberto heads for a door.

JACK

Where are you going?

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED (5)

29

ROBERTO

To mingle with my customers...
It is important that I show
myself. When I come back I expect
to see my president.

JACK

Why don't you get Bob DeNiro or
Dustin Hoffman?!

ROBERTO

Not available.

The DOOR SLAMS, leaving Jack alone in the room.

JACK

God damn it.

He stares at the kit and then lifts it as if to hurl it against
the floor. But something in his actor's soul stops him. The
smell of the paint and the glue entice him.

JACK

This has to be a set-up... or a
joke...

He picks a mustache that matches the Dictator's and stares at
it.

30 INT. RESTAURANT - FULL SHOT

30

The place is crowded and in a party atmosphere. Everyone is
eating steaks and drinking wine. A floor show is in progress.
Four scantily-clad girls with giant feathered headdresses samba
while a woman with huge tits and ample ass sings sad love songs.

Roberto mingles. He glides from table to table, kissing the
ladies and patting the men. A BALD MAN whispers.

BALD

Where is His Excellency?

ROBERTO

Delayed.

BALD

Who is it tonight?

ROBERTO

State secrets.

The Bald Man smiles.

31 INT. MEAT LOCKER - CLOSE SHOT - JACK 31

The makeup gives him both a place to hide and something to do. Convinced that this is an impossible task, he still tries. He now wears the loose pants.

32 INT. RESTAURANT - CLOSE SHOT - ROBERTO 32

Roberto talks to a near-naked showgirl, obviously giving her instructions.

STAGE

A female impersonator in a gaudy gown amuses the crowd.

33 INT. MEAT LOCKER - FULL SHOT 33

The actor is driving Jack now as he peers at the face of the dead Dictator. He applies the final touches to his face. The breath clouds his mirror, so that we cannot see if it's good or not.

34 INT. STOREROOM - MED. SHOT 34

Roberto enters. There is only silence. He scans the room looking for Jack. He sees that the locker door is ajar and sneaks forward. Suddenly as if on cue, amid a cloud of vapor from the freezer, Jack appears as the Dictator. Roberto freezes with surprise. It surpasses all his expectations.

JACK
(as Dictator)
Roberto... I feel cold. What
happened? I woke up in the meat
locker.

He does the tic.

ROBERTO
(applauds)
Bravo!

35 INT. RESTAURANT - NEW ANGLE - DOOR 35

The door from the storeroom opens and the showgirl Roberto spoke to earlier stumbles from the door, embarrassed as she hurries through the patrons. The Bald Man smiles and then suddenly the door opens.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

35

DOOR

Jack, looking just like the Dictator, checks the zipper on his fly. Roberto follows as two bodyguards appear as if by magic.

WIDE ANGLE - THE ROOM

as the Dictator (Jack) and his entourage pass through the room. The Bald Man bows to Jack.

BALD MAN

Good evening, my President.

JACK

Good evening, old friend.

The Bald Man shouts the name of the President and soon the entire crowd stands and shouts his name.

JACK

Scared shitless, but pleased.

36 EXT. FRONT OF POONA BEACH CLUB - NIGHT

36

The limousine is parked beneath a gleaming neon sign. Jack, followed by Roberto and Carlo, emerges. Carlo gets behind the wheel.

37 INT. LIMO

37

JACK

To the airport. And hurry.

The limo leaps forward.

ROBERTO

Ha. Ha. Ha. Please don't joke.

(to the driver)

To the Palace, Carlo.

Carlo looks straight ahead and follows orders.

JACK

I almost fainted. These boots are killing me

ROBERTO

Did you see the people in the restaurant... hear them?

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED

37

JACK

Two hundred drunks in the dark.
But what about the personal staff
...secretaries...

ROBERTO

I would be amazed if they said
anything.

JACK

They are going to know, pal.

ROBERTO

Knowing and saying are two
different things.

Fearful people wait on the curbs for the Dictator to pass. Jack
senses the fear of the pedestrians.

JACK

When this thing blows up... and
I have Mike Wallace jamming a
microphone in my face, I'm going
to sing like a canary. You
understand?

ROBERTO

You know we eat canaries in
Parador... We're coming to the
Palace. Let's practice the
salute.

Roberto salutes. Jack returns the salute.

ROBERTO

Not that way... like this... with
a flip... You must learn it.
Alphonse loved to salute.

JACK

Like this?

ROBERTO

Perfect. You have to give a big
speech soon.

JACK

Like when?

ROBERTO

Tomorrow afternoon.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED (2)

37

JACK
Impossible! I need rehearsal
time.

38
thru OMITTED
39

38
thru
39

40 EXT. PALACE - NIGHT

40

The limo pulls up. Heavily-armed guards snap to attention. Jack and the entourage emerge. A detail officer salutes. Jack salutes back. In fact, he salutes everyone he sees. They enter the Palace.

41 INT. PALACE - FULL SHOT

41

As Jack, Roberto and Carlo head up the huge stairway. Jack can't help but look around him, scared and mesmerized.

JACK
(Sotto voce)
Looks like Radio City Music Hall.

ROBERTO
We're coming to your entourage.

41A HALLWAY

41A

It's huge, ornate and overpowering. Lined with plumed troops and entourage. Each staff member will look directly at CAMERA as Jack passes.

ROBERTO
(sotto voce)
Alejandro is your valet. Madame Loop is your personal maid. Dieter Lopez is your secretary. Gunther Feldmark is your barber and his daughter, Magda, is your masseuse and manicurist.

JACK
Manicurist? At this rate, I'll bite my fingers off.

42 DICTATOR'S BEDROOM - FULL SHOT

42

Roberto and Jack enter. The bedroom is huge with a large elevated bed. Jack sighs with relief and slumps into a chair just when ALEJANDRO, the sixty-year-old valet, arrives and begins laying out the Dictator's bedclothes: a silk dressing gown with slippers and silk pajamas. The Paradorian crest is embroidered on all items. Roberto watches Alejandro like a hawk. But Alejandro never shows a sign of anything being wrong.

ALEJANDRO

Should I draw your bath, sir?

JACK

No. Thank you, Alejandro.

ALEJANDRO

Should I undress you, sir?

JACK

No thank you, Alejandro. I need some exercise.

The valet shows no reaction to the voice.

ALEJANDRO

(exiting)

Good night, sir.

JACK

(sighs)

Well, he didn't seem to notice.

ROBERTO

You're a great actor.

JACK

Thank you... When do I get the speech?

ROBERTO

I'll drop it by tomorrow. We can rehearse.

JACK

I'm tired.

ROBERTO

It's been a difficult time. But you seem more relaxed.

Jack slips into the robe.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

JACK
(Dictator's voice)
Ah, what the hell.

ROBERTO
That's the attitude.
(he steps for the door)
I'll get some video tapes of Simms
for you to study.

JACK
I do the speech tomorrow and
that's it.

Jack smiles, looking elegant in his sleeping clothes.

ROBERTO
Excellent...Buenos noches.

JACK
And bon soir to you.

Roberto exits and Jack stays serene for one instant until he is sure Roberto is gone and he dashes for the window.

JACK
Got to get the fuck out of here.

He opens the door a crack.

HIS POV

Carlo sits watching the door

NEW ANGLE - JACK

He dashes for the window.

JACK
It's a total set-up. Could call
the American Embassy. That's it.

He sprints to the phone.

JACK
(changes voice)
Hello... hello... This is your
Dictator.

He can't make any sense out of the buttons, so he dashes back to the stubborn window. He is muttering and cursing when a tap on his shoulder makes him yelp and leap backward.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED (2)

42

ALEJANDRO
Your Excellency.

He carries a silver tray with a glass of brandy.

JACK
I needed some air.

ALEJANDRO
Allow me.

He flips a hidden latch and the window opens to reveal the bars for the Spanish grate. A doberman SNARLS through the bars. Alejandro, without looking, picks up the dirty clothing and disappears.

ALEJANDRO
Good night, Your Excellency.

The door closes again and Jack's panic returns. He paces. He sees himself in a mirror. He can't help admiring the image.

He pauses and picks up the brandy. He watches himself in the mirror as he takes a sip.

JACK
To Alphonse... poor bastard. Long
may he live!

With those last words everything goes black.

43 EXT. PALACE - DAY

43

Drill team. Army band. Flag raising. Paulo and Forte are the drummers.

44 INT. PALACE HALLWAY

44

CLOSE ON a large breakfast cart loaded with silver-lidded dishes being pushed down the hall.

45 INT. ROOM - FULL SHOT

45

Jack is passed out where he fell during the night. The sexy maid, MADAME LOOP, enters rolling the large breakfast cart.

MADAME
Breakfast, Your Excellency.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

ANGLE - JACK

He is still groggy. He groans awake. He tries to pull his legs off the floor and get into a more dignified position. Madame is opening window curtains so that the bright light floods the room. Alejandro enters.

ALEJANDRO

Your morning bath, Your Excellency.

MADAME

A hearty breakfast, Your Excellency. We have your favorite blood sausages this morning.

She curtsies and is gone. Jack pulls himself up.

ALEJANDRO

Mr. Lopez would like to see you this morning if he may.

JACK

(real voice)

Why not...

(changes voice)

Who?

ALEJANDRO

Dieter Lopez...
(opens bathroom door)
Your bath. Your Excellency.

46 INT. BATHROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

46

The bathroom is huge. Jack staggers towards the mammoth marble tub. He pauses to look in the mirror as Alejandro discreetly closes the door.

JACK

Great. I'll do twenty laps around the tub.

MED. SHOT - ALEJANDRO

A curious doubt crosses his usually totally controlled face.

46A OMITTED

46A

47 FULL SHOT - BREAKFAST TABLE - DAY

47

He sits at a mammoth table and uncovers the platters. Eggs and sweet rolls and bacon and every dangerous food one could have.

JACK
Butter and cream cheese. No wonder he's dead.

Roberto enters.

ROBERTO
Good morning. Sleep well?

JACK
What was in that drink? You mickeyed it, right?

Roberto slaps his forehead and chortles.

ROBERTO
I'm sorry. I should have told you. Every night Alphonse had a sleeping potion. He had insomnia. He was a nervous man.

JACK
I wonder why... Where are my sides?

ROBERTO
Sides?

JACK
My script. The speech, goddamn it.

ROBERTO
Never curse. His Excellency never cursed. He was elegant... charming.

Jack is elegant and charming.

ROBERTO
Sit straighter. Laugh.

Jack laughs.

ROBERTO
Wrong.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

Jack laughs again.

ROBERTO
Better. He loved to laugh.

JACK
I remember.

They both laugh together. When DIETER LOPEZ, the secretary, swishes in carrying a small briefcase.

LOPEZ
Your Excellency.

ROBERTO
Who sent for you?

LOPEZ
His Excellency.

The man, forty, gay and very fastidious, does not like Roberto and the feeling is mutual as he moves towards Jack.

JACK
Mr. Lopez...
(he sees the eyes)
Dieter.

LOPEZ
The document needs your signature.

ROBERTO
He has to read them first.

LOPEZ
Of course.

ROBERTO
Leave us.

LOPEZ
But these papers are urgent, Your Excellency. It's for the new dam.

JACK
(mock anger)
Damn the dam! Can't you see I'm barely awake? Out, out, out!

Dieter, in tears, sashays out of the room.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED (2)

47

ROBERTO

Wonderful. I'm beginning to believe you myself... Here are some videotapes of speeches by Alphonse.

(he places the tape in the VCR)

I will rehearse with you later.

JACK

I'm only giving a superficial result performance, Roberto. It's cardboard and I know it. I just don't think I can do this...

ROBERTO

Just get me through today.

JACK

What if I won't?

ROBERTO

Just play the part or I'll kill you.

JACK

You'd make a great director.

Roberto exits. Jack goes to the cabinet and starts the VCR tape.

FULL SHOT - TV SCREEN

The Dictator comes on and begins a speech. He was charming, charismatic, powerful...

MED. SHOT - JACK

Watching the screen, his natural instincts as an actor take over and he begins to imitate the words and gestures of the character he is watching.

CUT BACK AND FORTH between the real Dictator on the TV and to Jack imitating him.

He is so engrossed that he fails to hear or see Madame Loop come in and take his table of half-eaten food away. There is something very strange about the Dictator watching himself on TV and imitating himself, but Madame Loop takes absolutely no notice of these strange doings.

48 MED. SHOT - BEDROOM - DAY

48

Alejandro leads Jack into a mammoth closet of clothes. The outfits are on a turning device like in a dry cleaners.

ALEJANDRO

I was thinking, Sir, of the summer-white Bavarian with the Firefighter's Cross... or, perhaps, the campaign grey with the Saint Reggie Medal of Valor and the blue cravat. What do you prefer?

He has been overwhelmed by the costumes.

JACK

You don't have anything from Calvin Klein, do you?

ALEJANDRO

So informal, Sir.

Finally their eyes meet and no one blinks.

JACK

The grey, Alejandro.

ALEJANDRO

Excellent, Your Excellency.

49 FULL SHOT - PLAZA - DAY

49

In the Plaza Independencia, people are gathering in a festive mood.

50 EXT. BALCONY - DAY

50

Two soldiers put a plexiglass bullet-proof screen on the balcony.

Below, the Army band tunes up.

PAULO

A new bulletproof screen.

FORTE

I hope it's better than the last one.

51 INT. BEDROOM - ANGLE - GUNTHER AND MAGDA

51

Jack is rehearsing the speech into a mirror. The two round Germans hurry into the room prepared for their daily shave and manicure.

GUNTHER

Good day, Your Excellency.

MAGDA

Beautiful day, Your Excellency.

At first he doesn't know who the hell they are, but then he sees the aprons and clippers. Gunther yanks a steaming hot towel out of a barber's tureen.

52 MED. SHOT - JACK

52

As the hot towel hits his face, Jack covers the fake mustache with his hand.

GUNTHER

Wonderful day for a speech. Clear sky. Happy people... reminds me of Nuremberg...

His daughter gives him a swift kick.

JACK

I would like to give a good speech.

MAGDA

You always do, mein President.

JACK

Don't trim my mustache.

GUNTHER

Some people have that ability and others don't. But a great orator like...

Another kick.

53 INT. BATHROOM - MED. SHOT - JACK

53

He now dresses into his campaign greys. He keeps studying the speech he is to give. Alejandro pokes a head into the room.

ALEJANDRO

Your Excellency.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

JACK
What is it?!

ALEJANDRO
Can I help you with...

JACK
Can't you see that I'm preparing!
Can't you see that?!

ALEJANDRO
Your Excellency.

Alejandro starts to back out but can't resist because his medal and sash are on the wrong side. He moves them deftly and quickly.

JACK
Thank you.

ALEJANDRO
I beg your forgiveness for the intrusion.

JACK
You know, Alejandro... I think the sleeping potion is making me irritable.

ALEJANDRO
I will reduce the...

JACK
Eliminate it.

ALEJANDRO
Yes, Sir.

JACK
That will be all.

54 INT. HALLWAY - FULL SHOT

54

The hallway is packed with dignateries. Both military and civilian. Roberts and Jack enter. They walk. We see each person Roberto describes.

ROBERTO
(sotto voce)
Aurelio Lopez. Old but
dependable. Gilbert Flaksman,
(more)

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

54

ROBERTO (Cont'd)
a raving Queen. General Kurt
Sinadlo. Tough. Dependable.
Psychotic.

(X)

CLOSE SHOT - GENERAL SINALDO

An ugly pockmarked face that smiles.

CLOSE SHOT - UMBERTO SOLAR

A man with long sideburns and elegant grey mustache.

ROBERTO
Umberto Solar... President of the
Assembly. A moron.

(X)

CLOSE SHOT - ROBERTO - JACK

Roberto checking around.

ROBERTO
Of course you suspended the
Assembly two years ago and rule
by decree under a State of Siege.

JACK
Why did I do that?

ROBERTO
National security matters.

JACK
I don't feel well.

ROBERTO
Do you get stage fright?

JACK
Always. Let's not talk about it.
What's the drill?

ROBERTO
First... the orchestra plays the
National Anthem.

JACK
How does it go?

Roberto realizes that this is a gap in his knowledge.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED (2)

54

ROBERTO

You have to know that. You have
to sing it.

JACK

All I know is "God Bless America."

Roberto urgently leads Jack back to his suite.

55 INT. KITCHEN PANTRY - FULL SHOT

55

Madame Loop smokes a black cigarette and jumps as Alejandro pinches her. Gunther is making a giant sandwich. Magda having her afternoon port. Lopez is knitting.

MADAME

Well, it's not him.

ALEJANDRO

Of course it's not him.

MADAME

The belly is gone.

ALEJANDRO

The eyes too innocent.

MAGDA

The hands of a peasant.

GUNTHER

Say it!... A Jew.

MAGDA

You think, Papa? It figures.

MADAME

So who is it?

GUNTHER

A spy.

ALEJANDRO

Perhaps it's a trick.

GUNTHER

A test... for security... The
Fuhrer did...

A swift kick.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

55

MADAME

We should tell someone.

LOPEZ

For what earthly reason?

ALEJANDRO

Roberto is obviously involved.

MADAME

Absolutely. So opening your mouth is a good way to get killed.

GUNTHER

I for one... don't care who I serve. If they say he's the Dictator and he acts like a Dictator... and I'm paid my salary and benefits, what's the difference? Why rock the boat?

ALEJANDRO

You are scared the boat will rock and you will fall out of it. And be discovered for what you are.

GUNTHER

And what's that?

ALEJANDRO

A Nazi... S.S....

GUNTHER

A damn lie! A slander to my entire family.

MAGDA

My father was on the Eastern Front for the whole war.

LOPEZ

I saw your dossier, you worm.

MADAME

So who is the imposter here? It's you, Gunther and Magda.

ALEJANDRO

We are all imposters... because we are servants. We hide our true selves in order to survive.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED (2)

55

LOPEZ
How philosophical.

GUNTHER
I feel like challenging you to
a duel.

ALEJANDRO
Hair clippers at ten paces.
General laughter. Even Magda snorts.

GUNTHER
Everyone should mind his own
business.

MADAME
Well, I don't want to lose my job.

MAGDA
And Papa doesn't want to be in
an Israeli court.

GUNTHER
In two years I retire... and I
go to my farm in Chile.

ALEJANDRO
So let us play out the charade.

LOPEZ
Where ignorance is bliss... 'tis
folly to be wise.

MAGDA
How eloquent.

MADAME
Well put.

ALEJANDRO
The Dictator is the Dictator is
the Dictator.

56 INT. BATHROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

56

Roberto sings to Jack.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

56

ROBERTO

"Oh, Parador, your mountains and
your sea and air
We defend you with our blood
And our dreams...
Oh, Parador, we are vigilant.
Oh, Parador, we are diligent."

JACK

Awful.

ROBERTO

Written by a shipwrecked Viennese
ventriloquist.

JACK

What a country.

He scans the speech.

JACK

What a speech. Who wrote this
crap?

ROBERTO

My wife and I. Are you ready?

JACK

I want to run this a few more
times. Prepare my head.

ROBERTO

Stanislavsky?

JACK

Modified slightly. I studied with
Stella Adler.

ROBERTO

I understand... just remember...
you are the ruler.

JACK

Numero uno.

ROBERTO

Proud.

JACK

(inflating)
Strong.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED (2)

56

ROBERTO

Fearless.

Jack stands proudly for a beat and then throws up on Roberto.

57 PLAZA - DAY

57

BAND. DRUMS ROLLS. (Paulo and Forte) they begin the NATIONAL ANTHEM. It sounds like The Wedding March and O Tannenbaum combined.

58 FULL SHOT - VESTIBULE - DAY

58

The dignitaries wait. Suddenly, Jack and Roberto appear. Roberto's jacket is clean but damp. Jack is sweating. They walk to the General and the Assembly President.

Then slowly, like a man going to his execution, Jack heads for the large balcony doors. We DOLLY BEHIND him so we PASS Roberto and see the flush on Jack's neck and then we can see what he sees as he steps outside to the bunting-draped balcony overlooking the Plaza Independencia. Thirty thousand people pack the entire square.

59 OMITTED

59

60 EXT. BALCONY

60

Jack mouths the National Anthem. Ditto Roberto, Carlo, the Archbishop, the Generals, etc.

61 EXT. POV FROM CROWD

61

He is a speck in grey on the large balcony. TV cameras focus in on him. The Anthem finishes. The crowd cheers. (Simms! Simms!)

JACK

My fellow Paradorians... You are my brothers and sisters. My sons and daughters... my nephews and nieces... and my parents ...we are all a family of the same soul...

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED

61

MED. SHOT - JACK

Roberto, Carlo and several Generals stand behind him. They try to position themselves so they are safely behind the bullet-proof screen. Jack is getting into it now. He rises on his toes. He juts his jaw forward sensing the attention of the thousands.

JACK

We have struggled in the past together... and we have struggles in the future to overcome. But as your family Leader, I promise to be faithful to your trust and to your dreams. As your son, I promise to learn from your tears and from your advice. All is possible... if we are together.

The CROWD ROARS. Jack's feet hurt.

DETAIL

Jack's boots. He wiggles his toes.

FULL SHOT - CROWD

They look up to their Leader scanned by watchful security guards.

CLOSE SHOT - JACK

He wipes his brow. He does the tic.

JACK

The unity of our family is sacred and to those who would destroy it, I say... "Beware... you will be crushed."

More APPLAUSE.

62 CLOSE SHOT - ROBERTO

62

Anxious, but pleased. It's working.

JACK

We must dream the impossible dream
...Fight the unbeatable foe...

63 MASSIVE SHOT FROM REAR OF CROWD

63

Jack is a tiny figure on the balcony. As he finishes his speech, CAMERA WILL SWOOP over the heads of the crowd and SWOOP AND ZOOM to Jack until the SHOT ENDS IN A HUGE CLOSEUP of Jack... the Dictator.

JACK

We will reach the unreachable
star... Before the days dwindle
down to a precious few... God
bless you. Long live Parador!

There is a tear in the corner of Jack's eye, so moved is he by his own speech. CROWD ROARS.

64 OMITTED

64

65 INT. HALL - DOORS OPENING - FULL SHOT - DAY

65

Jack returns from the balcony to the applause of the dignitaries and minions. A pat on the back from Roberto and like Saul on the road to Damascus, Jack has been transformed by the moment. His step is buoyant and his gaze transcendent. He accepts the congratulations with a smile.

ROBERTO

(escorting him back to
his quarters)

You were magnificent.

JACK

Thank you. I just went for it.

ROBERTO

That last part... "Man of La
Mancha"?

JACK

I hope you didn't mind. I thought
the speech needed some punch...
some pizzazz... a close.

He can hear the CHANTING OF THE CROWD IN THE DISTANCE.

JACK

Should I go out and take another
bow?

ROBERTO

No. Always leave them wanting
more.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED

65

JACK
You're right. I hate too many
curtain calls.

66 INT. BEDROOM - NEW ANGLE

66

Jack enters, still puffed up.

JACK
Was it always like that before?

ROBERTO
You surpassed it.

JACK
I think I can do a lot better when
I'm relaxed.

Alejandro enters to get Jack's jacket.

ALEJANDRO
Your greatest speech, Your
Excellency.

JACK
You really think so, Alejandro?
(sits down offers boot)

ALEJANDRO
Absolutely, Sir. Would you like
a refreshment?

JACK
Can I have a diet Coke?

ALEJANDRO
(surprised)
Whatever you wish, Your
Excellency.

Alejandro exits.

ROBERTO
Alphonse never drank sodas. Only
poonas.

JACK
Well, I'm putting him on a diet.
For the good of his health.

Jack pulls the padding from his waist. Roberto laughs.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

ROBERTO
Improvisation. Fine. You can
play him thinner. I like that.

JACK
You're a great director.

ROBERTO
You're a great Dictator.

A NOISE gets Roberto's attention and they both look back to see
a tan Great Dane glowering at them.

ROBERTO
Ah, Bobo. I forgot to tell you...
the Dictator's dog... Bobo.

JACK
Handsome.

ROBERTO
Good boy. They were inseparable.
(nervous)
I'll see you later.

Roberto exits, leaving Jack staring at the slightly confused and
irritated dog.

JACK
(still in character)
Well, Bobo... come here.

He takes a step or two towards the animal, only to be alarmed by
a DEEP GROWL.

JACK
Bobo, sit!

The SNARL becomes a leap and Jack sprints for the bathroom with
the Great Dane in hot pursuit.

67 INT. BATHROOM - FULL SHOT

67

He carefully catches a view of himself cringing behind the door.
He straightens himself up, still filled with his role. A KNOCK
makes him jump.

ALEJANDRO (O.S.)
I will leave your drink on the
table, Sir. Diet Pepsi, no Coke.

JACK
Thank you, and take Bobo for a
long walk.

68 INT. POONA BEACH CLUB - DAY

68

All the tables but one have the chairs stacked on top of them. Eight MEN sit listening to Roberto, but we can't see their faces.

ROBERTO

I took a chance and it has worked. The cameras didn't go too close today and in a few months... everyone will have forgotten the old Alphonse. That miserable alcoholic.

MAN

He could be better than Alphonse. More energy... less family bullshit.

ROBERTO

Precisely... we write his part and he plays it.

GREY MAN

And how about Madonna... she could ruin everything.

ROBERTO

I have made a suggestion to her... that she leave... go to Miami.

MAN

With an ass like that she could make a good living in Miami.

GREY MAN

If she refuses...

Roberto makes a gun with his hand and fires it into the Grey Man's head. They chortle and this seems a cue for a kind of Three Musketeers ritual. They join hands over the table and chant together.

THE MEN

(chanting)

Parador... profit and Christ.
May we rot in hell if these
secrets leave this chamber. St.
Reggie, help us. To the fourteen
families. Amen.

ROBERTO

Eight.

68A EXT. PARADOR - NIGHT

68A

The moon over Parador.

69 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

69

It is early evening in Parador City. Jack is back in his monogrammed pajamas and dressing gown. He sits on the huge circular bed reading a book: "HISTORY OF PARADOR: THE SIMMS FAMILY."

DETAIL

A page of the Dictator's family. His grandfather was the first Alphonse. His father was the very malevolent Alphonse II. They all, including women, look exactly alike except for the hairstyle.

A SOUND AT THE DOOR.

Jack sits up, surprised.

SUITE - ANGLE - DOOR

The door opens and Madonna enters stealthily, quickly closing the door behind her. She wears a black cape over a red gown. She looks very sexy. Jack CLICKS A LAMP OFF, leaving the room in shadows.

MADONNA

(breathless)

Hello, darling. I had to bribe Alejandro to let me upstairs. Don't tell Roberto, that bastard. No. You know I had to come... I had to find out the truth. All right... I had a few drinks. I'm sorry.

She removes her cape to reveal her strapless gown and the bronze of her shoulders. She kicks off her heels. She is a little drunk. Jack is totally confused.

MADONNA

You know what Roberto has told me? He said I had to leave... He's sending me to Miami and putting me in a condo there. Me... in Miami?!

She slips quickly out of her dress and he sees her gorgeous body. She slips on a diaphanous robe. Jack hides his face behind the book.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED

69

MADONNA

(continuing)

So I say to Roberto that I don't want to go. I ask him if he has talked to you. He says, "Yes, of course," and that it's your wish that I leave for my own safety, blah blah blah.

Madonna, obviously doing a familiar thing, hits two buttons on a console. The circular bed begins to turn slowly. HOT DRUM MUSIC STARTS UP. Jack steadies himself as the bed turns.

MADONNA

So I say to myself... you and Phonse have a good relationship ...more a friendship. I mean, God, if you want me to leave for some reason... tell me yourself but don't send that rat. If you tell me to go... I will go and ask no questions. It might be something political that I don't understand. Did you talk to him?

JACK

No.

MADONNA

(sexy dancing for him)

I knew it! You are going to have to be a little tougher with him. Despite what he tells you... and the other jackasses... he needs you. Without you they are exposed. Really.

(she climbs into bed)

So you gave a nice speech today. Very emotional. That's why Roberto needs you. We Paradorians are so romantic. It makes us fools.

(she snuggles against him)

When you didn't call, I knew something was wrong. At first I was jealous. I thought it might be someone else. You can play. You're a free man. I didn't even mind that Jenny with the movie. She was just an actress.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED (2)

69

JACK

That bitch.

MADONNA

We are more than lovers. Let's face it. You're decadent. You really like me because I dance good.

(she tickles him)

Sex you can get anywhere, but a friend... who can dance...

She closes her eyes and wraps herself around him.

MADONNA

Oh, Phonse...

She smothers him with kisses, ripping at his robe and pajamas.

FULL SHOT - SKY

Fireworks from the carnival start EXPLODING outside, drowning out her sighs and yelps.

MED. SHOT - BED

They are entwined.

FULL SHOT - WINDOW

The climax of fireworks.

MED. SHOT - BED - NIGHT

Madonna (astride Jack) holds his head and then in a wild orgasmic motion, his wig slips off into her hands.

MADONNA

My God... you are not Phonse.

She leaps up, wrapping bedclothes around herself.

JACK

Madonna... don't scream.

MADONNA

Who are you?

JACK

I am... the Dictator.

MADONNA

You put the dick back in Dictator.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED (3)

69

She flips on the light.

MADONNA
You're an imposter.

JACK
Was I that bad?

MADONNA
No, you were that good. Usually
I have to do all the work.

JACK
I think you're wonderful.

MADONNA
Who are you?

JACK
Jack Aaron. I'm an actor.

MADONNA
You should get an Oscar for
tonight.

JACK
Thank you. Thank you very much.

MADONNA
Where's Phonse?

JACK
(pauses)
He's dead.

Madonna truly gasps.

MADONNA
Oh God, Phonse is dead... poor
bastard.
(angry)
Who did it? Roberto?

JACK
They say it was... his heart.

MADONNA
(cries softly)
Too many poonas.

JACK
You loved him?

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED (4)

69

MADONNA

In a fashion. We were friends.
He was so dumb and sweet.

JACK

(he shrugs)

I'm sorry. When do you leave for
Miami?

MADONNA

I'm not going.

JACK

Isn't that dangerous?

MADONNA

To be alive is dangerous. I can
help you study your role. I knew
Phonse better than anyone. You
tell that to Roberto.

(X)

JACK

Why do you want to help me?

MADONNA

Why should I go to Miami and work
in a cocktail bar or sell
cosmetics in Saks when I can be
the Dictator's mistress?

JACK

The Dictator is dead.

Madonna sits on the bed.

MADONNA

I don't think so.

JACK

You hardly know me.

MADONNA

I know a dictator when I see one.

She touches his face and Jack grabs her, pulling her to him.
She doesn't resist.

70 INT. SUITE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

70

The wind wafts the curtains as the two new bereft lovers
embrace. Outside, we see the moon over Parador.

71 EXT. STREET - NEW YORK - FULL SHOT

71

Toby and Desmond stand with mouths agape staring at Jack, who is loading more mustard on the hot dog he has just bought from a street guy.

TOBY

I knew it was porno.

JACK

Two dogs for the gentlemen.

DESMOND

She was gorgeous?

JACK

Like Rita Hayworth, Marilyn Monroe. Cheap, smart, sexy, funny.

TOBY

He's jerking us off, man.

JACK

I'm telling you straight. I knew you wouldn't believe it.

DESMOND

(to Toby)

Don't insult the man. Wait until the end.

JACK

Yes. Act Two is beginning.

TOBY

I'm enjoying your performance in any case, Jack.

DESMOND

So you are now ensconced with the dame...

JACK

Not exactly ensconced... but she had a condo near the Hotel Parador.

DESMOND

Where you first saw her.

TOBY

We should get back to the theatre.

They start back to the theatre.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED

71

DESMOND

So everything was cool and Roberto didn't fight this... thing with Madonna?

JACK

No, he used her. She knew the Dictator.

72 INT. PALACE HALLWAY - NIGHT

72

JACK (V.O.)

Besides, he was hot for her, too.

Madonna hurries out of Jack's suite. Roberto steps out of the shadows and pulls her to him. We see Jack peeking through his partially-opened door.

ROBERTO

I see everything you do.

MADONNA

I'm only trying to help.

ROBERTO

There's only one way you can help me.

He grabs her ass with his hands. Jack closes the door.

73 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

73

Madonna and Jack lie on the turning bed. She feeds him.

JACK (V.O.)

Madonna helped me flesh out the character... she gave me specifics ...gestures... expressions.

MADONNA

"This is a pochotoo."

JACK

"This is a pochotoo." What's a "pochotoo"?

MADONNA

It's a flour tortilla filled with albacore and guacamole.

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED

73

JACK

My pochooto is beginning to hurt.

He kisses her.

74 INT. PALACE - ENTRY HALL - DAY

74

The Paradorian Army band plays "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Jack, in his bathrobe walks down a line of generals and embraces each of them.

JACK (V.O.)

They celebrated Simms' birthday.
Somehow it moved me.

CLOSE UP

Jack embracing a wounded, one legged veteran. Jack has tears in his eyes.

75 EXT. PARADOR AIRPORT - DAY

75

Helicopter on the ground, propellers whirling. Jack, accompanied by Roberto, a general and Carlo, waves to reporters ala Reagan. The reporters shout questions and he shouts answers, none of which we can hear.

JACK (V.O.)

They exposed me to the press but
they made sure the press never
got too close to me.

76 FULL SHOT - TV STUDIO

76

The audience applauds as the Dictator joins the Miss Parador contestants on stage. Thirty bathing-suited girls squeal and run towards Jack as he moves through them. His style has evolved into a sexy disdain, an imperial saunter as he touches and congratulates the girls. They flirt openly with him. One girl slips her name and number in his pocket.

JACK (V.O.)

Most of the things I did... were
ceremonial... and I learned real
fast how power... attracts. I
found I could do what I wanted...
so I tried to do some good.

77 INT. PALACE GYM

77

Jack is wearing a Khadafy-style warmup suit. He's in his personal gym doing sit-ups on a mat.

JACK (ON TV)

Fellow Paradorians... you know that I have recently lost twenty unneeded and unwanted pounds. All of you tell me that I look better. Well, I feel better too.

78 EXT. ROAD - FULL SHOT - DAY

78

Jack jogs followed by ten generals and Carlo also jogging.

JACK (V.O.)

So as your Leader I have been inspired to lead this nation to a healthier, happier existence. Now our Paradorian diet... is tasty but dangerous. That's why Parador leads the world in heart disease and amoebic dysentery.

79 FOOD STAND - PLAZA - DAY

79

Paulo and Forte are about to bite into their pochotos.

JACK (V.O.)

This food can kill you.

They don't bite.

80 INT. GYM - FULL SHOT - JACK

80

Lifting weights now.

JACK

Now I like Machicatis and beans just as much as the next person, so I am not saying stop eating that tasty food. I am saying eat less... and exercise. Just thirty minutes a day can help undo all the harm a giant Pochooto can cause. So first... let's warm up and do some aerobics.

- 81 INT. PALACE PANTRY 81
MUSIC - PARADORIAN AEROBIC MUSIC.
The staff does aerobics. Lopez, Gunther, Magda, Madame Loop and Alejandro all stretch in place. They wear jogging suits, etc.
- JACK (V.O.)
Right hand up and... stretch.
- 82 EXT. CHURCH - FULL SHOT 82
Three priests in cassocks bend and stretch. One farts, the others laugh.
- JACK (V.O.)
Bend and stretch... move and reach.
- 83 EXT. BARRIO - DAY 83
Fifty ragged poor people do aerobics. Jack's voice comes from speakers on a moving car.
- JACK
Bend and again...
- 84 EXT. ROADSIDE - FULL SHOT 84
A roadside construction site with prisoners doing the work. Under the watchful eye of a machine gun, eight prisoners do the stretching.
- JACK (V.O.)
And once again... Jog in place and stretch and bend.
- 84A EXT. PLAZA - FULL SHOT - DAY 84A
Ten thousand people doing aerobics.
- 85 INT. BALLROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY 85
Huge, ornate. Madonna teaching Jack a hot rhumba. They are alone with the PHONOGRAPH. MUSIC - HOT RHUMBA.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED

85

JACK (V.O.)

So I was dancing through it...
literally... and falling for
Madonna... more each day.

MADONNA

Just let the music carry you.

They start together. He is tentative.

MADONNA

Let the hips go... be passionate.

JACK

My back hurts.

MADONNA

I thought you were a good dancer.

JACK

I lied. Anything to get a job.

MADONNA

That's it. With the music.

They swirl across the enormous room.

JACK

How am I doing?

MADONNA

Good... you have the feeling.

He swoops and dips with a violent, macho turn.

JACK

Was he really a great dancer?

MADONNA

It was his best talent.

JACK

Did he love you?

MADONNA

He said so.

JACK

You're getting to me too.

MADONNA

Don't overact.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED (2)

85

Another swirl.

DISSOLVE TO:

86 INT. BALLROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

86

Now the ballroom is filled with Paradorian society. Overdressed women and short tuxedoed men. Roberto dances with his overweight wife. The Dictator, elegant in uniform and medals, sweeps a beautiful redhead (CLARA) to the floor. It is the same rhumba but with a full orchestra.

ROBERTO'S WIFE

Either get us a better table or I'm leaving.

ROBERTO

Yes, my darling.

CLARA

So why haven't you called? It's been months.

JACK

Forgive me... but I've been busy.

CLARA

Not too busy for Madonna Mendez. Don't look surprised.

JACK

I'm surprised you're jealous.

CLARA

I'm not jealous. I'm disgusted. She's not worthy of you.

JACK

You're blushing.

CLARA

You said... you adored me... loved me...

JACK

Well... I did.

CLARA

You wanted to be with me forever.

JACK

You never leave my dreams.

CONTINUED

Suddenly, the dancers all switch partners. Now Jack is dancing with TILDE, a stunning brunette.

TILDE
You deceived me.

JACK
Would I do that?

TILDE
You have done it to all the others, but it won't work with me.

JACK
You are different.

TILDE
Yes, I am. But I know as many tricks as your low-class whore.

JACK
You're so lovely when you're angry.

The MUSIC CHANGES and Jack dips and swirls back into the arms of Clara, the redhead.

CLARA
It's time for you to marry. Your mother loves me.

JACK
So she tells me.

CLARA
You can't play Casanova forever. People are talking.

The MUSIC ENDS. Jack does the patented swirl dip.

JACK
Thank you for the dance.

CLARA
Call me when you're serious, Your Excellency.

Roberto leads Jack away. MUSIC - A SAMBA begins. The dancers go for it.

JACK
She wants to be First Lady.

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED (2)

86

ROBERTO

Not a bad choice. An engagement would be a good public diversion ...with a festive wedding a few months later.

JACK

No way, Jose.
(beat)
Do I have a mother?

ROBERTO

Of course and, coincidentally, I must inform you that she is arriving from her Paris shopping trip... tomorrow at three.

JACK

She'll know I'm not her son.

ROBERTO

Don't worry. She has bad cataracts and a touch of memory loss. You have never been very friendly.

JACK

And what do I call her?

ROBERTO

Momma.

87 INT. PALACE STAIRWAY - FULL SHOT

87

We see a tiny WOMAN with bow legs dressed in a Yves St. Laurent outfit. She lights a long filter-tip and barks orders in a low raspy voice, as she ascends the stairs.

She is followed by an entourage of porters and servants. Suitcases arrive as well as boxes and boxes from Dior, Hermes, Chanel... etc. They keep coming all through the scene. Jack arrives to see his mother. Alejandro watches.

JACK

Momma.

MOMMA

Don't Momma me.

JACK

Welcome home.

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED

87

MOMMA

(squints)

You do look thinner. Everybody said you lost weight. I thought you had contracted syphilis like your Uncle Orlando.

She offers a pink-powdered cheek for his kiss.

JACK

How was your trip?

MOMMA

Well... everything is ruined by repetition. Even Paris. I bought some excellent caviar on the Rue de Rivoli.

(to a porter)

Put the Diors in the closet, you swine! Don't worry. I'm not staying long.

JACK

You're welcome here, dear Momma.

MOMMA

So why does Roberto make arrangements to move me to the Summer Palace tomorrow? Eh? Isn't it odd how when you're at the Winter Palace I am always at the Summer Palace. When you are at the shore I am at the mountains. I know you don't like me. Who cares? Your father and I hated each other and we managed to have a child.

Jack can't stand the Mother hating her son. He speaks impulsively.

JACK

Momma. Please, listen to me. I love you. No matter what has happened before, I love you as only a son can love a mother. Yes, I made mistakes in the past, but now I beg your forgiveness.

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED (2)

87

MOMMA
(shocked)
What's that? What? Dites-moi
une autre temps s-il-vous plait.
Love me?

JACK
I said you are the dearest thing
a son can have. You are my
mother.

ALEJANDRO

wipes a tear from his eyes.

FULL SHOT

Jack kneels before his Mother and kisses her hand.

JACK
I love you, Momma.

The Old Woman squints at Jack in total disbelief. Alejandro
blows his nose, weeping now.

MOMMA
Love! Merde to love!
(she waddles away)
Watch that box of fox furs, you
swine!

And she is gone.

88 FULL SHOT - BEACH - DAY

88

It is afternoon and we see Jack alone on a sandy arc of beach.
He wears a large robe and sits under a tented gazebo. There is
not another soul on the beach. Not even footprints.

LONG SHOT - MADONNA - DAY

She body surfs in the waves and then swims out beyond the
breakers to float on her back for a moment's rest. Her reverie
is broken by a military helicopter which patrols the beach.

FULL SHOT - CROWD - DAY

Now we see why the beach is empty. A large crowd of people is
held back by the Army. Some hang from hotel balconies. Police
dogs keep the people back. They stare out at the Dictator in
passive silence. But they're dressed for the beach with pails,
shovels, etc.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

88

SKINNY MAN

How long will the President swim today?

SOLDIER

Could be ten minutes. Could be all day.

SKINNY MAN

We came all the way from Mount Pochooto to swim.

SOLDIER

Who cares. No swimming until the President is finished.

MED. SHOT - JACK AND MADONNA

As she comes dripping from the surf and sits next to Jack, who is reading the Sunday New York Times.

JACK

I hate this fucking security.

MADONNA

It's the price of power.

JACK

It's like being a star.

MADONNA

Don't you want to be a star?

JACK

(reading)

The Sunday New York Times. They really do deliver.

(sniffs the paper)

It smells great. It's like the city... raucous... refined... smart. You'd love it. One day in the Big Apple is like a year in Parador. Wow! They're going to do "All My Sons" at the Long Wharf next spring. Bill King is directing. Bill King loves my work. Shit... I wonder if I'll be back by then...

MADONNA

You're doing well here.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED (2)

88

JACK

I think it's working.

She takes his hand. They rise and begin to stroll. Wherever they go soldiers follow, as does the helicopter.

JACK

It gets easier every day. In fact, it's getting boring.

MADONNA

Maybe you could do some good for the country.

JACK

I'm trying. Hey, I suggested the beautification project for the airport. That's the gateway to Parador.

MADONNA

I was thinking about something more profound.

JACK

I've decided to replace the national anthem.

MADONNA

You're beginning to get crazier than you-know-who was.

JACK

(sings to the melody of "Besame Mucho")

"Parador... my country so lovely...
Your flowers, your mountains...
Your valley beckon to me."

The crowd and the soldiers surge forward. They like it.

JACK

"Parador... Parador, I love you.
Hold me forever...
This land of the brave and the free."

The crowd APPLAUDS. Jack bows. Madonna laughs.

MADONNA

It's better than the old one.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED (3)

88

JACK
I'm dying to kiss you, but... how
would it look?

MADONNA
Paradorians are hot blooded. I
don't think they would mind.

JACK
Does it... demean the Presidency?

MADONNA
Torture and hunger demean the
Presidency... not kissing.

With that, Jack gives her a passionate kiss. Deep and long.

CROWD

They applaud.

HELICOPTER

spins around and around, almost in a salute to the kiss.

ROBERTO

On balcony watches the kiss through binoculars.

89 INT. OFFICE - DAY

89

A military briefing by General Sinaldo drones on. Slides are projected onto a screen illustrating the General's talk. Jack is hard-pressed to stay awake.

GENERAL
Here in Sulla there have been two
incidents... a kidnapping and a
power line destroyed, but
effective action was taken... In
the region of Ochito there has
been no activity for six months...
Here are secret shots taken at
guerilla headquarters in the
jungle. There you can see their
leader Danta Guzman being visited
by some American liberals.

SLIDE

We see Ed Asner embracing Guzman. They're in a small guerilla compound in the jungle.

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED

89

JACK
(whispers to Roberto)
Wow. That's Ed Asner.

ROBERTO
I love Lou Grant.

90 INT. LIMO - DAY

90

Jack splashes some cologne on his face while Roberto bumps against him. The limo is driving through a poor neighborhood.

JACK
That was frightening.

ROBERTO
Relax. We have everything under control.

JACK
Those guerillas don't seem very fond of me.

ROBERTO
Communist bastards. Don't lose your energy. You have a very important meeting in a few moments.

JACK
I thought we were going to the soccer game.

ROBERTO
This is more important.

JACK
Who is it with?

ROBERTO
The C.I.A.

The limo pulls over and a MAN steps into it. The man is none other than Ralph from the hotel pool, only now his joviality seems more malevolent. He sits in the front and turns to Jack. Jack, in shock, quickly yanks a handkerchief out of his pocket and semi-covers his face with it, pretending for the rest of the scene to have a cold. Lots of coughing and sneezing.

RALPH
You boys are late!

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED

90

JACK
(sneezes)
I've got a cold.

RALPH
I've had the shits last couple of days. Hey, amigo, how long we been doing business? Eight -- nine years? You know I'm not the kind of guy to beat around the bush.

JACK
No, you're not.

RALPH
And what did I tell you two months ago? Well, it's happening, my friend, and I'm getting the nervous ninnies. You got to take action to defuse this mess or there's trouble. I don't want to watch you tinhorn bastards let things slide to the Commies.

Jack looks at Roberto.

RALPH
I'm tired of it and we're keeping our options open. The natives are restless. And don't bring up that sovereignty shit again because Parador wouldn't even be a damn country if the U.S.A. hadn't set it up and given it to your forebears in eighteen and ninety.

JACK
(coughing heavily)
You are absolutely correct.

RALPH
You can forget what those fags in the State Department are telling you. We ain't backing no more bad horses. This is a stakes race, understand? So holster your dick for a few months and take care of business or move your hammock to Miami... that is if we'll let you in.
(more)

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED (2) 90

RALPH (Cont'd)
(to the driver)
Pull over. I got to find me a
john.

Ralph smiles and hops out of the limo.

91 OMITTED 91

92 EXT. STREET 92

As Ralph hurries off and the limo pulls away, we are left with a clear view of a wall covered with grafitti that reads "Down With The Dictator."

93 INT. SUITE - NIGHT 93

Jack alone. He tries to get to the bathroom but Bobo won't let him pass.

JACK
(as Jack) (X)
Hi, Bobo. Jack loves you.

Bobo SNARLS. Jack becomes the Dictator.

JACK
Hello, Bobo. Alphonse loves his
sweet dog.

Bobo SNARLS.

JACK
Fuck you, Bobo.

Bobo rolls over like a puppy. He likes to be cursed. Jack goes into the bathroom.

94 FULL SHOT - DEDICATION SITE - DAY 94

JACK (V.O.)
...And I promise the people of
Parador new housing, good
apartments, modern plumbing, hot
water... even tennis courts and
saunas. God bless you!

CONTINUED

A ceremony on the outskirts of the barrio. Start TIGHT on a magnificent color rendition of the proposed new Simms Towers, an urban renewal project that looks almost like a fantasy in contrast to the barrio we see right behind it. The PARADORIAN ARMY BAND is playing. A large crowd of citizens and press watches the ceremony. Jack has brought Madonna along, which makes Roberto bristle. Carlo stands nearby.

JACK

(whispers to Madonna)

This is the worst slum I have ever seen. It's worse than East Harlem.

MADONNA

This is the good neighborhood.

ROBERTO

(sotto voce)

You shouldn't have brought her.

JACK

I wanted company.

ROBERTO

You're going too far.

JACK

I'm the Dictator.

ROBERTO

I can always recast the part.

JACK

I should live so long.

The Band strikes a new tune. The entourage heads for the ribbon cutting. Jack smiles and cuts the ribbon. Jack heads for the car, but before he gets in, Madonna catches his sleeve and points out the little girl with a bouquet of flowers. Jack stops and turns back. Just as he turns back his car EXPLODES.

ANGLE - EXPLOSION

The car is totally destroyed in an instant. Suddenly, the air is filled with GUNFIRE and MORTAR ROUNDS.

ANGLE - JACK

He is slightly injured, bleeding from a cut. He searches for Madonna. She has covered the young girl. Jack grabs her.

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED (2)

94

ANGLE - ROBERTO

Two dead security men, their bodies still smoldering from the bomb, give Roberto cover. HEAVY FIRE pins him down. Security forces try to find the source of the attack. Carlo tries to cross the road but is pinned down.

95 ANGLE - JACK AND MADONNA

95

They fall down a ravine by the road, scrambling.

MADONNA

This way.

MED. SHOT - GUERRILLA

A man rolls a grenade to the road. It EXPLODES.

MED. SHOT - JACK

Madonna leads Jack into an unimaginable slum that borders the road.

96 EXT. BARRIO - FULL SHOT - DAY

96

The slum is made up of flimsy structures of packing crate wood and corrugated metal scraps. It is filled with frightened people who have been through this panic before. It is a maze of lanes and paths. A HELICOPTER STRAFES the darting figures.

MED. SHOT - GUERRILLAS

Guerrillas use this slum as a cover. They FIRE at Jack and Madonna.

ANGLE - CLOTHESLINE

Madonna rips a garment off the line and hands it to Jack.

MADONNA

Disguise yourself. Quickly.

FULL SHOT - MILITARY - DAY

The Military enter the slums with GUNS BLAZING. Carlo kills a guerilla

MED. SHOT - MAN

A man is dragged from his house as Roberto has now joined the hunt for guerrillas.

CONTINUED

96 CONTINUED

96

When the man talks back, Roberto SLAPS him in the face and herds the poor inhabitants from their shacks. The methods are brutal as the men put their hands over their heads and squat in the dust.

MED. SHOT - JACK AND MADONNA

Jack emerges dressed like a woman with a dress and a bandanna over his head. The CHOPPER FIRES at them.

MADONNA

This way... come.

97 TRACKING SHOT (HAND-HELD)

97

They race through the complicated maze of this slum, into and out of endless passageways. Madonna seems to know just where she is going. Finally she knocks on the door of a shack.

A WOMAN with a child opens the door. She stares at the two people.

WOMAN

(in sudden tears)

Madonna.

98 INT. SHACK

98

As Jack and Madonna go in and the woman shuts the door. Dirt floors, bare bulb, dark. Madonna embraces the woman.

MADONNA

Carmen. Thank you.

(to Jack)

I grew up here. Carmen was my friend.

The two women embrace again.

99 EXT. MAZE

99

As the GUERRILLAS kick open doors.

GUERRILLA

Have you seen the Dictator?

WOMAN

No.

He goes to another shack.

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED

99

GUERRILLA

Have you seen the Dictator?

People shake their heads no.

The Guerrilla kicks open the door to Carmen's shack.

GUERRILLA

The Dictator's here with a woman.
Have you seen them?

CARMEN

No.

The guerrillas go on to the next shack.

100 INT. SHACK

100

Carmen turns to Madonna and Jack, who are hiding behind a curtain.

CARMEN

Get him out of here... They'll
kill him.

101 EXT. BARRIO - DAY

101

The lane is full of dust and terrified people. The chopper whirrs overhead. Soldiers are all around.

MED. SHOT - ROBERTO

He stands on a hillside overlooking the slum. He holds the Dictator's and Madonna's hats.

ROBERTO

(to a soldier)
Burn it.

MED. SHOT - SOLDIER

He makes a torch out of straw and rags and lights it with his Zippo. He sets the first shack on fire and the dry wood catches immediately.

ANGLE - ROBERTO

He storms back to Carlo.

ROBERTO

Any sign of the President?

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

101

CARLO
No. They've both disappeared.

ROBERTO
Find them.

102 FULL SHOT - ROAD - MAGIC HOUR

102

An embankment where we see Jack and Madonna making their way out of the barrio. A burro eats garbage.

The sun is falling fast as they sit in this hiding place. They see the smoke in the distance.

MADONNA
They are burning the barrio.

JACK
Miserable bastards.

MADONNA
They have done it before.

JACK
And the people will think it's me.

MADONNA
Yes.

JACK
I'm a monster.

MADONNA
I don't think so.

In this moment, Jack's affection meets the intensity of this escape and he touches her beautiful and dirty face. They kiss.

102A FULL SHOT - MAGIC HOUR

102A

The fabulous Simms Tower Dedication sign goes up in frames.

103 FULL SHOT - PALACE - NIGHT

103

POV from driving jeep. Roberto is being driven to the Palace. Tanks have taken positions in front of the Palace. Roberto leaps out of the jeep and up the steps.

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED

103

ROBERTO
(to police)
Round up the usual suspects.

POLICE
Immediately, sir.

ROBERTO
I will interrogate.

104 INT. PALACE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

104

Roberto marches up the hallway, his heels clicking on the marble. In his furious wake is a gaggle of police and military. Roberto's coat is covered with dirt and dried blood.

ROBERTO
(to Carlo)
When did His Excellency arrive?

CARLO
Moments ago, Sir.

Roberto marches towards the President's suite. He pushes past the armed soldiers.

105 INT. SUITE - FULL SHOT

105

Jack, still in the dress, is collecting his personal items. Alejandro is opening a diet soda.

ROBERTO
Out!

Jack looks up with a smirk. Alejandro exits.

ROBERTO (cont.)
Where did you and Madonna
disappear to?

JACK
I went shopping for a new dress.

(X)

ROBERTO
Don't fuck with me, Jack Aaron.
Why are you packing?

JACK
I was thinking of spending the
weekend in the Hamptons.

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED

105

Roberto knocks over his bag.

ROBERTO
You're not going anywhere.

JACK
I didn't sign on for this shit.
I was almost blown into a million
bits...

ROBERTO
Relax, my President.

JACK
I'm an actor. This is fucking
real, baby.

Roberto smiles.

ROBERTO
(reasonable)
Tomorrow you are going on
television to reassure the people
that you are okay... and that the
government is in control. The
murderers will be caught... and
dealt with.

JACK
Sorry, I'm not doing anymore TV.

ROBERTO
You will be on television
tomorrow. Or I'll cut
your balls off.

JACK
(at the same time)
...cut my balls off. I
know.

Roberto is menacing. His jacket open and the butt of his gun
jutting out. His face is flushed and wild.

Roberto pulls the speech from his pocket and hands it to Jack.

ROBERTO
(hissing)
You know... I hate actors.

JACK
I'm not crazy about dictators.

Roberto smiles and exits.

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED (2)
NEW ANGLE

105

JACK
(reading)
"My fellow Paradorians... my
children... God has saved me for
the nation..."

He walks to the large windows of his room.

106 OMITTED

106

107 CLOSE SHOT - JACK

107

OCCASIONAL GUNFIRE CRACKS the silence. SIRENS SCREAM. He lights a cigarette as he watches the violence out there. Then he lights the speech with his Dunhill lighter and tosses the flaming paper from the window. Bobo barks at the flame.

JACK
(to Bobo)
Fuck Roberto, eh Bobo?

Bobo licks Jack's hand.

107A EXT. PARADOR PALACE - STATE OF SIEGE - DAY

107A

Paulo and Forte watch as the troops put up barbed wire. (X)

FORTE
I wish I had the barbed wire
concession.

108 INT. BEDROOM - FULL SHOT - MORNING

108

A hot towel covers Jack's face. Gunther prepares the lather. Madga massages Jack's fingers. Dieter Lopez stands by with documents to sign. Alejandro is putting Jack's boots on.

GUNTHER
I believe... great leaders... have
great luck... It's in their stars.
Their horoscope. And you are a
Taurus... my leader... I
remember... when they tried to
kill the Fuhrer...

(X)

Magda kicks him.

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED

108

LOPEZ
This is the final decree.

JACK
(from under the towel)
Send it out immediately by
courier.

LOPEZ
(clicking heels)
At your command, Your Excellency.

JACK
Finished?

GUNTHER
Ya vohl, Mein Fuhrer.

Another kick. Jack peels the towel off to look at Gunther.

109 EXT. PLAZA - DAY

109

The plaza is empty except for soldiers, trucks and tanks. Madonna crosses the plaza. Suddenly, the SOUND of Jack's voice on speakers fills the Plaza. Madonna stops and listens.

JACK (V.O.)
Fellow Paradorians... I am happy
to be here with you today. First
let me send my sympathies to the
families of the people killed in
yesterday's attack.

110 INT. OFFICE - FULL SHOT - DESK

110

The TV camera focuses in on the President. Bobo sits next to him. They are now good friends.

JACK
They made the supreme sacrifice
for their country. The attack
was meant for me and they suffered
the injury. After the attack I
had to think about why someone
would want to kill me... what
forces could unleash such anger?
Being close to death has made me
review my life and my rule.
Today...

(more)

CONTINUED

- 110 CONTINUED 110
- JACK (Cont'd)
I ask the forgiveness of the poor citizens of my country for the suffering they have endured and I pledge from this moment to make their liberation the first concern of my government.
- 111 INT. BASEMENT OF JAIL - FULL SHOT - DAY 111
- Roberto is washing his hands. We see Carmen bloody and collapsed in a chair behind him. Roberto watches the speech on TV.
- ROBERTO
That's not the speech... He's making up new dialogue.
- 112 FULL SHOT - BARRIO 112
- One hundred people watch the Dictator speak on a beat-up black and white TV set.
- JACK (V.O.)
To indicate the seriousness... I also have the pleasure to make a personal announcement today... which should indicate the course of my new resolve.
- 113 EXT. TROOP TRUCK - DRIVING 113
- Twenty troops in the back listen to Jack on a portable radio.
- JACK (V.O.)
Today I would like to announce my engagement to my long-time companion, Miss Madonna Mendez.
- 114 EXT. PLAZA - MADONNA - DAY 114
- Madonna is stunned.
- 115 INT. OFFICE - MED. SHOT - JACK 115
- Jack grows in confidence.

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED

115

JACK

My advisors have told me that this is a mistake... that Madonna is one of the common people... To me that is her greatest virtue. Through her I understand the suffering and the hopes of the people.

116 INT. PALACE - FULL SHOT - DAY

116

The Dictator's Mother is putting on a wig. She collapses on the floor. Her orderly holds her in his arms.

MOMMA

That stupid son of a bitch! It will ruin the blood line!

She gasps. The orderly gives her mouth-to-mouth. She likes it.

117 INT. OFFICE - FULL SHOT - DAY

117

Jack closes.

JACK

To my fellow citizens I ask that we work together to triumph over evil. To make Parador the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The room is eerily silent. Some technicians furtively applaud. With that, the door of the room bursts open and a frenzied Roberto enters, waving his gun. Bobo SNARLS.

ROBERTO

(to the technicians)

Out!

They exit. Jack is oddly relaxed.

JACK

Would you like a Valium?

ROBERTO

So you think this is amusing.

JACK

I thought it was a good speech.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED

117

ROBERTO

It was suicide. Your suicide.

JACK

You're hyperventilating... you shouldn't be holding a loaded gun.

ROBERTO

I want you to suffer.

JACK

You're a Harvard man. Use your brain. You can't kill me.

ROBERTO

You've played your last role.

JACK

You need me. I'm the Dictator. You won't find another actor who can play the part.

ROBERTO

Actors are a dime a dozen.

JACK

Not this good, Roberto. Now put the gun away.

ROBERTO

(laughs)

Do you really think you are my Dictator? You're as good as dead.

JACK

You can't kill me...I've got an interview tomorrow with Dick Cavett.

The first gleam of doubt comes to Roberto's face.

ROBERTO

Dick Cavett.

JACK

On Network T.V. He is coming here to interview me. Publicity for Parador... but if I'm dead...

ANGLE - DOOR

Bursting through the doors in Bermudas and tropical shirt is a red-faced and elated Ralph.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED (2)

117

Roberto quickly lets go of Jack's throat. Bobo sits back.

RALPH

Brilliant! Brilliant, Your Excellency! The most imaginative goddamn political move since Henry wed Eleanor of Aquitane. Totally castrates the Commies! You're a damn genius! Ain't that so, Roberto?

ROBERTO

Yes... yes. Perhaps he is a genius.

Jack is confident again.

118 EXT. BEDROOM TERRACE - FULL SHOT - JACK AND MADONNA - DAY

118

Jack in tropical suit and Madonna in a Dior outfit are being interviewed by Dick Cavett. An American TV crew is seen doing the shoot.

JACK

Well, Dick... it's hard for anyone to change... very hard.

DICK

And what brought about this change?

JACK

Well, I could mention many reasons but the main reason is my lovely Madonna. She opened my eyes.

DICK

The woman behind the throne. Has the Presidente really changed?

MADONNA

He is not the same man I first met, for sure.

DICK

How do you see the future of Parador, Your Excellency?

JACK

It's a poor country, Dick... we need many reforms. I'd like to
(more)

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED

118

JACK (Cont'd)
have elections for the Assembly soon... so that we can work on land reform. I'd like to meet with the guerrillas and see if we can't stop the violence.

DICK
I think it's very brave of you to extend this hope to people who tried to assassinate you.

JACK
We all have to live with critics ...even you.

DICK
Well, my critics use words, not bullets.
(pause)
What would you like your epitaph to be?

JACK
"He played his part well."

DICK
Thank you, your Excellency and Miss Mendez...you are such a lovely couple. We wish you and your country well.

119 NEW YORK - OFFICE - FULL SHOT - DAY

119

Desmond slaps his thighs with delight.

DESMOND
I saw that interview. That was you? Damn... you were good and that Madonna... Gorgeous.

JACK
So when I say to you that Dick Cavett saved my life, I'm not joking.

SECRETARY
(calling)
Alan Friendly.

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED

119

TOBY
You could sell this story to
Newsweek.

JACK
I couldn't do that.

TOBY
I would. Then I'd make the movie
rights contingent on my playing
the part...

DESMOND
You could make the Dictator black,
but Richard Pryor would probably
get it.

JACK
You haven't heard the rest,
fellows.
(to Secretary)
You know I was here way before
Alan Friendly.

DESMOND
So everything was cool. You were
like... the main man... you were
the Wizard of Oz.

JACK
Yeah... after the thrill of
staying alive... I was back
playing the part again.

120
thru OMITTED
121

120
thru
121

122 EXT. CHURCH - PARADOR - DAY

122

JACK (V.O.)
I tried to make some changes.
I met with the church.

Jack, the Dictator, strolls with the ARCHBISHOP of Parador.

CONTINUED

ARCHBISHOP

We are trying to get the Holy Father to include us on his next tour, but that will take an eager invitation from the government as well as some cosmetic improvements like the road to the monastery at Ulban. It is atrocious... almost impossible for the pilgrims to traverse... And recently we have heard rumors about a government program of birth control... I'm certain that is an unfounded rumor, Excellency...

JACK

Speaking of rumors, they say there are priests who help the rebels.

ARCHBISHOP

Renegades, anti-christs.

Jack takes the Archbishop's hand and looks closely at a ring on the prelate's left hand.

JACK

What is this lovely stone, Your Eminence?

ARCHBISHOP

It's a Paradorian sapphire, Your Excellency.

JACK

Your Eminence, can I speak frankly?

ARCHBISHOP

Certainly.

Jack slips the ring off the Archbishop's finger.

JACK

I think the Church could make a wonderful gesture by donating this priceless ring to the poor members of the flock.

The Archbishop is stunned.

JACK

God bless you, Your Eminence.

122A INT. BATHROOM - DAY

122A

CLOSE UP

Time magazine theatre page fills the screen. Headline reads "A Dazzling 'All My Sons' at the Longwharf. Bill King Triumphs. John Malkovich is Brilliant."

JACK (V.O.)

But somehow my heart was still
in the theatre.

Jack sits on the toilet seat reading the magazine. Bobo sits at his feet.

JACK

(to Bobo)

I'm not saying John Malkovich
can't act. He's very good. He
was brilliant in "True West."
But I would have been great in
"All My Sons." It's a perfect
part for me, Bobo. I'm good,
Bobo. I really am. I'm a
classically trained actor, Bobo.

Jack unwinds some toilet tissue and wraps it around his head like a crown. He is surrounded by mirror images of his kingly self.

"And nothing can we call our own but
death
And that small model of the barren
earth
Which serves as paste and cover to
our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the
ground
And tell sad stories of the death
of kings:
How some have been deposed, some slain
in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have
deposed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some
sleeping killed;
All murdered; for within the hollow
crown
that rounds the mortal temples of
a king
Keeps Death his court."

He does it brilliantly. The dog is impressed.

122B OMITTED

122B

122C INT. BEDROOM - DAY 122C

Alejandro holds a uniform and listens to Jack's performance. He applauds.

ALEJANDRO
Very good, Sir.

JACK (O.C.)
Thank you, Alejandro.

123 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF PARADOR - FULL SHOT - DAY 123

Beautiful view of the Plaza. MUSIC - a BAND PLAYS. Jack and Madonna march on a red carpet past rows of Army men and townspeople. Jack is chewing gum. He wears a cape.

JACK (V.O.)
Like the song says... the thrill
was gone.

They're there for the unveiling of a new Simms statue, a giant figure of the Dictator in a cape. Roberto stands next to Jack. Jack unveils the statue. The crowd APPLAUDS as the BAND PLAYS.

DETAIL STATUE

At this moment, a fat, dirty pigeon lands on the head and craps directly on the statue's nose.

124 EXT. JACK - CLOSE SHOT 124

He sees this and sighs.

JACK AND MADONNA

JACK
(whispers)
You know, when Carnival gets here
I will have been playing this part
for a year. The same part!

125 EXT JACK - FULL SHOT - DAY 125

Jack turns to address the crowd.

JACK
Fellow Paradorians... brothers
and sisters... sons and
daughters...

Jack, distracted, looks to the statue.

CONTINUED

125 CONTINUED

125

DETAIL

Two more pigeons land on the head and crap on it.

JACK (O.S.)

In the last six months we have begun the new Simms sanitation project which will help all of us...

Jack is clearly distracted. Ten more pigeons land on the statue. It is a festival of crappery.

CLOSEUP OF CHILD

A child laughs but is admonished by his mother and then hides behind her skirt.

126 EXT. ROBERTO - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

126

Roberto is annoyed by Jack's distraction. Jack is clearly losing his place with the speech.

JACK

We are marching up the path to the pigeons, I mean a new national consensus, a new peaceful goal. To symbolize this... we will introduce the new national anthem at Carnival.

127 MED. SHOT - DAY

127

Two MUSICIANS IN THE BAND flap at flies while they wait for customers.

PAULO

Bullshit.

FORTE

All of them are full of shit.

PAULO

Why a new national anthem?... I liked the old one.

FORTE

His Excellency wrote it himself.

CONTINUED

127 CONTINUED

127

PAULO

They say the new one sounds just like "Besame Mucho."

They both laugh.

128 EXT. JACK - FULL SHOT

128

The pigeons have now landed on his cap. During the following, Jack keeps waving pigeons off his cap.

He takes the chewing gum and drops it on the floor. The gum gets caught on his boot, further distracting him.

JACK

Together we can reach great heights... we have but to work with each other... to share both pain and joy. We must dare to dream... for ourselves... for our children... and for our nation. God bless you.

APPLAUSE. The BAND PLAYS. Jack steps down and walks with Roberto, the gum still caught on his boot.

129 JACK, ROBERTO AND MADONNA - FULL SHOT - DAY

129

They walk down the red carpet.

ROBERTO

Terrible speech.

Jack stops and removes the gum.

JACK

(he is tired)

You want it better? Get me some decent writers... Carlos Fuentes, David Mamet... Woody Allen... somebody who knows how to write a real sentence.

ROBERTO

It was uninspired.

JACK

I'm losing my reality. I can't seem to concentrate.

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED

128

ROBERTO
You may be losing more than your
reality.

As they exit the frame, the entire statue is covered with
pigeons.

130 INT. POONA BEACH CLUB DINING ROOM - FULL SHOT

130

Roberto cuts into a 20-ounce rib eye while fretting with the
members of the Fourteen.

ROBERTO
The honeymoon is over. He bought
us time, but now he's losing his
charisma. He is distracted and
now he is becoming arrogant.

GREY MAN
Too big for his pants. Did you
hear how he treated Archbishop
Ortiz?

ROBERTO
He may be a KGB agent...How's the
steaks?

A grunt of approval.

GREY MAN
Maybe it's the girl.

ROBERTO
Whatever... But we have to take
action or we'll end up another
Cuba.

GREY MAN
Alphonse still in the freezer?

ROBERTO
Yes, but there's plenty of room.

ROBERTO
Parador! Profit and Christ!

131 EXT. PARADOR STREET - DAY

131

A parade. The streets are lined on both sides with shouting,
waving citizens. Half a dozen troops on horseback precede the
Dictator's limo.

CONTINUED

131 CONTINUED

131

A dozen trotting body guards surround the limo. Jack and Madonna stand in the rear of the open limo. Jack salutes and Madonna waves to the crowd.

JACK
(sotto voce as he salutes)

I don't want to be this son of a bitch anymore. I want to go home to my crappy rent-controlled apartment. I want to watch the Knicks on TV. I'd pay big money to see Hollywood Squares. I'm bored with Alphonse Simms.

MADONNA
Don't fade on me now, Jack.

JACK
(saluting, smiling)
I'm dissolving, Madonna. I've tried to be specific... make up dreams, neuroses... I just can't go on.

MADONNA
Look how the people believe in you, Jack.

JACK
They believe in him. Not me.

MADONNA
Do you want to abandon these people to Roberto?

JACK
I hold back real change. It's not the ruler. It's the process.

132 INT. PALACE BEDROOM - MAGIC HOUR

132

Madonna lies in bed reading. We hear a toilet flush. Jack comes out of the bathroom.

JACK
Now I piss in character...
(taking off wig and mustache)
I dream in character... It scares me. I'm an actor, not a... a
(more)

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED

132

JACK (Cont'd)
ruler, a leader. "Upon a king,
let us our lives, our souls, our
children and our sins lay on the
king. What infinite heart's ease
must kings neglect that private
men enjoy. And what have kings,
that privates have not too, save
ceremony, save general ceremony?"
... Ain't that the truth...
Ceremony! That's Henry the Fifth,
Act. IV. I played that in college
and I was great as Henry, but only
for a few weeks... Not
twenty-four hours a day. A month
later I was the Hairy Ape. Sure!
"Dat's de way she looked at me,
aw right, Hairy Ape! So dat's
me, huh?"... I was doing Eugene
O'Neill.

(he grabs her)

I used to think it was the part...
if I could just get that great
part... like Brando in
"Streetcar" or DeNiro in "Raging
Bull"... I would be happy...
satisfied... Well, I've had the
great part and it's not enough.

MADONNA

You know what I think, baby?

JACK

What?

MADONNA

I think you are playing your
greatest role and you are mad
because there is no audience to
see it.

Jack smiles with recognition of a partial truth. Madonna takes
his hand as they walk out onto the balcony.

132A EXT. BALCONY

132A

The moon is over Parador.

JACK

I'm just a goddamn actor. Nothing
more.

CONTINUED

132A CONTINUED

132A

MADONNA

Well, you'll be happy to know that a group of your fellow actors arrived yesterday at the hotel.

JACK

(his face brightens)
Oh yeah?

MADONNA

Another movie company has come to Parador.

They kiss.

133 FULL SHOT - MOVIE SET - PLAZA - DAY

133

The set is at a picturesque street cafe in the Plaza. The producer, an energetic Israeli, MENACHEM FEIN, prowls nervously at the side of the Dictator. Jack in fancy blue uniform and dark glasses observes the action of the movie set. Madonna sits in a director's chair.

MENACHEM

(to Roberto)

Sitting around a movie set is like watching paint dry, you know. But we got a stunt coming up... the President should like...

Jack absorbs all the feelings of the set. Moving constantly. This is thrilling for him. Everything we see now is from his POV.

134 MED. SHOT - MAKEUP MAN - DAY

134

He touches up one of the actors for the scene. They are laughing together.

135 MED. SHOT - ALICE - DAY

135

ALICE, the actress running her lines with an assistant director.

136 CLOSE SHOT - JACK

136

His eyes are wide behind the sunglasses.

137 FULL SHOT - CAMERAMAN

137

The camera crew rehearse their move for the scene to be shot.

- 138 MED. SHOT - BILL BOYD 138
The star of the film prepares alone in a corner. He is focusing himself.
CLOSE SHOT - JACK - DAY
He watches Bill Boyd as if watching himself.
- 139 MED. SHOT - ASSISTANT DIRECTOR 139
She scurries across the set.
A.D.
Places, everybody... rehearsal.
- 140 OMITTED 140
- 141 FULL SHOT - SET 141
As the actors rehearse both line and movement, we see Clint, the special effects man, checking his charges on the set.
EDGAR
(the Director)
Don't look up, Bill... at first...
just wait.
BILL
Should I lift my glasses?
EDGAR
That's a little too much.
Bill gives him the look.
EDGAR
That's perfect. Now remember it's
very, very hot. We're in
Morrocco.
- 142 MED. SHOT - JACK 142
He is enjoying this immensely. At the same time, the camaraderie of the actors and the seriousness of their purpose wounds him.
MED. SHOT - ROBERTO
He studies the set and Jack. He feels uneasy but he doesn't know the reason.

CONTINUED

142 CONTINUED

142

MENACHEM

Your guys know there's gonna be a machine gun in this scene. I don't want anybody getting jumpy.

ROBERTO

They know, Menachem. Just don't aim it at His Excellency.

MENACHEM

No way. No way, Roberto, my friend.

JACK

... I love show business.

143 ANGLE - SET - DAY

143

One of the villains, a short, dark man, reads Variety. As they get ready for a take, he slips the Variety in the pocket of his chair.

144 FULL SHOT - SET

144

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Places everybody. This is a take.

The crew scurries to position with a serious purpose. Jack moves behind the actor's chair.

CLOSE SHOT - JACK

He swipes the copy of Variety from the chair. He leans forward. He is riveted.

EDGAR (V.O.)

Action!

FULL SHOT - SCENE - DAY

The crowd is held back as Alice walks into the cafe where Bill is being served a whiskey. He reads the local paper. The CAMERA TRACKS with her.

Alice is adequately nervous as she approaches Bill.

ALICE

Are you Geoff?

BILL

That's right.

CONTINUED

144 CONTINUED

144

ALICE
Well, I'm Liz.

BILL
Can I buy you a drink?

ALICE
Do they have something dietetic?

BILL
Yeah. Water.

A SQUEAL OF TIRES and a dark sedan speeds in front of the cafe. A gun appears and Bill knocks Alice down just as a spray of MACHINE GUN FIRE hits the front windows of the cafe. The car speeds off.

BILL
(brushing off)
Some friends of yours?

ALICE
I was just going to ask you the same thing.

EDGAR
Cut. That was fine.

The crowd applauds the action. The director goes to the actors.

BILL
I'd really like to do that again,
Edgar. It felt very flat.

Jack smiles with the shock of recognition.

145 FULL SHOT - CAST - DAY

145

Later, the Dictator walks down the line greeting the members of the cast. He sees the actress and kisses her hand.

ALICE
I'm honored.

JACK
You are a marvelous actress.
Simply marvelous.

He pinches her ass.

CONTINUED

145 CONTINUED

145

MENACHEM

And this is Clint Adler... he does all our gunshots and explosions... our special effects.

JACK

Congratulations... it was very realistic. Enjoying your stay?

CLINT

Yes, sir. You may not remember -- but I was here with another film -- about a year ago... and you came to the set.

JACK

Oh yes. I do remember. Glad to see you have returned.

CLINT

I like it here. This time, I hope to stay for the Carnival.

JACK

You must... you must. It's spectacular.

146 NEW ANGLE

146

Jack and Madonna walk toward the palace.

JACK

Did you see Clint... he looked... right in my eyes and I waited on purpose... for the slightest glimmer of recognition... and there was nothing. "Yes, sir... Your Excellency." I must be pretty good.

Jack starts reading Variety.

MADONNA

Feel better?

JACK

They're doing a revival of "Streetcar" at Lincoln Center... look. I'd love to read for that. Shit! I can't stand it anymore... damn it! I hate this play!

From his back we see Jack indicate the PALACE.

147 OMITTED

147

148 EXT. PLAZA - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

148

Spotlights play on the Paradorian flag as Sammy Davis, Jr. sings Jack's new National Anthem, the first romantic anthem in history. He stands on a stage in the Plaza.

SAMMY

(singing)

"Parador... my country so
lovely...
Your flowers, your mountains...
Your valleys beckon to me...
Your fountains, your beaches
Your coffee, your peaches
Your guavas and papayas, too
Your hammocks and bananas
The moonlight in the cabanas
Can make all our dreams come true
Parador, Parador I love you
Hold me forever
This land of the brave and the free"

149 EXT. REVIEWING STAND - NIGHT

149

Jack, Madonna, Roberto, Carlo, the Generals and the NEW MISS PARADOR all stand at attention as Sammy sings.

ANGLE CROWD

A LATIN LOOKING MAN moves suspiciously through the crowd, constantly changing his position as he watches the dais.

ANGLE - POCHOOTO CART

Ralph is devouring a pochooto.

MIDGE

You know those pochootos give you
gas, honey.

RALPH

(chuckles)

I'll just wash it down with a
poona.

CLOSEUP - SAMMY DAVIS, JR.

As he finishes the anthem.

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED

149

CROWD

Cheers and shouts. The LATIN LOOKING MAN reaches into his jacket and only we see him take out a GUN.

REVIEWING STAND

Jack and Madonna step toward the microphone, waving to the crowd. HUGE CHEERS. The crowd is in love with this couple. Suddenly we hear GUNFIRE. Jack is hit three times. Blood bursts from his wounds. Madonna screams. The crowd is in sudden panic. Bodyguards draw their weapons. Jack pulls himself to his feet and, looking up at Roberto, he points.

JACK

Roberto... assassin! Murderer...

He collapses in Madonna's arms and the crowd surges around Roberto.

ROBERTO

(terrified)

He's an actor... just an actor!

JACK

(his death scene)

Assassin...

CLOSE SHOT - ROBERTO

He realizes he's been had.

FULL SHOT

The crowd pounces on Roberto. The Grey Man escapes over the barrier. Madonna kneels and holds the dying Jack in her arms.

JACK

Goodbye, my Madonna... goodbye,
my Parador... goodbye, my beloved
people...

Jack gurgles and dies.

MADONNA

(weeping)

Goodbye, My President.

ROBERTO

(dying)

I hate actors.

150 INT. AMBULANCE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

150

An ambulance arrives and the attendant helps a bodyguard load the bleeding body into the back. Madonna joins Jack in the back of the machine just as it ROARS away, SIRENS wailing.

Madonna, covered in blood, takes a deep breath and Jack jumps up, ripping out the wires that fired the charges attached to his body.

JACK

Some reading, darling. You're a natural.

CLOSE SHOT - CLINT

Clint is driving the ambulance. He strips a disguise mask off his face and we see that he is the LATIN LOOKING MAN who fired the gun.

MED. SHOT - MADONNA AND JACK

Under a cover we find the frozen body of the Dictator.

JACK

He's still frozen.

MADONNA

In a couple of hours... he will be lying in state at the Palace.

Jack takes off the Dictator's wig. He begins to shave his mustache.

151 FULL SHOT - PLAZA - NIGHT

151

A frazzled REPORTER wearing a safari jacket holds a microphone as he stands in front of the palace.

REPORTER

This is Dan Simpson reporting from Parador City... Let me tell you what I know at the moment... advising you that the situation is very confused. First we know that the President was shot as he came to the reviewing stand. Our latest report is that the wounds were fatal. We also know that Roberto Strausmann, Secretary of Interior and head of the National Police, was killed by the crowd.

(more)

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED

151

REPORTER (Cont'd)

Dante Guzman, head of the Revolutionary Front, has denied any involvement. There's also an announcement from labor leaders declaring a general strike for tomorrow. Parador City is a city in chaos and mourning.

Sammy Davis, Jr. steps in next to Simpson.

REPORTER

Here is a first-hand witness. The famed singer, Sammy Davis, Jr. Sammy, did you see it happen?

SAMMY

Yes, Dan. I was about to go into "I've Got You Under My Skin" when the President was shot. It was a heavy thing, man. It really brought me down. I would like to express my sympathy to the people of Parador.

REPORTER

Thanks, Sammy. And now back to New York. This is Dan Simpson reporting from Parador.

152 FULL SHOT - DESERTED FIELD - NIGHT

152

The field is illuminated only by the lights of a small plane whose engine is running waiting for take off as the ambulance pulls up.

ANGLE - AMBULANCE

Jack, Clint and Madonna get out. Jack is dressed like Jack again. The mustache is gone and the hair is normal.

JACK

That took a lot of balls, Clint.

CLINT

Now you know for sure that special effects. men are crazy.

MADONNA

You better hurry.

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED

152

CLINT
Let's roll.

Clint heads for the plane.

ANGLE - JACK AND MADONNA

A whirling propeller and the stark headlights heighten the moment.

JACK
Madonna... please come.

MADONNA
How can I?

JACK
Oh, I'm going to miss you... I'm going to miss this moon... The perfume in the air... I can even hear the music... I don't want to go.

MADONNA
Go!... There's no time.

JACK
Why do these feelings come as you leave? I love you... I love this place. This was the greatest time. I'll never forget you. I'll never forget Parador.

MADONNA
Goodbye. Jack. I love you, too.

JACK
You have my number in New York?
I also have an answering machine
and a service.

MADONNA
(smiles)
I know, Jack. I can always reach
you through your agent.

They kiss with tears streaming down her face.

CLINT
Let's go.

Jack goes to the plane and climbs up.

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED (2)

152

JACK
(his art takes over)
What a moment... what a goddamn
moment.

He sees Madonna wave goodbye. As the sun comes up.

153 INT. OFFICE - NEW YORK - FULL SHOT - DAY

153

Toby is incredulous but Desmond is almost in tears.

DESMOND
Fantastic. It's right out of
Casablanca.

TOBY
A bit more like Tootsie if you
ask me.

Jack looking melancholy.

JACK
It's always tough to end a run.
It was the hardest thing I've ever
done. It just proved how much
I loved acting... I mean, no
matter how bad things get, I will
never have that doubt... that
feeling I should have done
something else with my life.

DESMOND
Bravo.

SECRETARY
Mr. Allen... Mr. Papp can see you
now.

Toby rises and prepares himself for his audition.

TOBY
I'm sorry. I don't buy it, Jack.
But it's a great story.

JACK
Break a leg, Toby.

Toby exits.

DESMOND
A great story, Jack.

CONTINUED

153 CONTINUED

153

ANGLE - JACK

Jack walks to the Secretary to borrow a cigarette.

JACK

May I?

SECRETARY

Sure.

He sees her small black-and-white television. He does a double-take. On the screen is Dan Simpson in front of the Presidential Palace in Parador. Jack leans over and turns up the sound.

REPORTER (V.O.)

The two days of strikes and protests... have ended with members of the presiding council fleeing the country and a new President being chosen by the Revolutionary Council. It's been a revolution but a fairly bloodless one. The President's body lay in state all of yesterday ...thousands paid their respects...

FILE FOOTAGE

153A EXT. PLAZA - DAY

153A

Long line of Paradorans waiting to go into the palace. Ralph and Midge are at the back of the line.

154 INT. PALACE - DAY

154

The casket draped in the Paradorian flag while "Besame Mucho" softly wafts in the air. Madonna, elegant in black, receives condolences from various people. Citizens file by the coffin for a last look at the Dictator. Among them are Ralph and Midge, followed by Alejandro, Gunther, Magda, Dieter and Madame Loop, all weeping.

155 MED. SHOT - REPORTER

155

He is squinting against the light.

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED

155

REPORTER

All the ceremony has led to this remarkable moment. Parador has a new leader. A woman with a chance to change the course of history.

156 FULL SHOT - PALACE BALCONY

156

Dante Guzman applauds as Madonna Mendez comes to the lectern. The Archbishop, Carmen and several other Workers complete the group on the balcony.

157 INT. CLOSE SHOT - JACK

157

He squints at the TV set with amazement, curiosity and a tear in his eye.

158 CLOSE SHOT - MADONNA

158

She is radiant. She is a leader.

MADONNA

(voice echoing)

My Fellow Paradorians... I come here to dedicate myself to the memory of our beloved leader... whose dreams we must keep alive... My first act is to declare amnesty for all political prisoners...

159 CROWD IN PLAZA

159

Waving banners and placards of Madonna. Paulo and Forte wave, too

CROWD

Madonna! Madonna! Madonna!

160 CLOSE SHOT - JACK

160

A shrug of pure admiration.

SECRETARY

Mr. Aaron, Mr. Papp can see you now.

CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED

160

CROWD IN PARADOR (V.O.)
Madonna! Madonna! Madonna!
Madonna!

160A MEDIUM LONG SHOT - PARADOR

160A

The plaza in the distance is almost a dream.

CROWD (V.O.)
Madonna! Madonna! Madonna!
Madonna! Madonna! Madonna!

160B LONG SHOT - PARADOR

160B

CROWD (V.O.)
Madonna! Madonna! Madonna!
Madonna! Madonna! Madonna!

161 EXT. THE PUBLIC THEATRE - FULL SHOT

161

Shakespeare flags waving in the slight wind.

CROWD IN PARADOR (V.O.)
Madonna! Madonna! Madonna!
Madonna! Madonna! Madonna!

We see Jack emerge from the Public and walk down the street.
The MUSIC of Parador is HEARD again. There is an occasional
Latin lilt to Jack's walk as he disappears from view.

FADE TO BLACK.