

Our Brand Is Crisis

BLACK.

We hear the opening of *Ecce Gratum* from Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*.

FADE IN:

THE SKY

A brilliant blue - or it would be, if we could see it. As it is, it's almost completely obscured by a magical rain of PINK CONFETTI (*mixture*) falling down towards us...

SLOW MOTION - A CROWD OF BOLIVIANS

...straining against a cordon, cheering, reaching out to touch us, throwing handfuls of the pink confetti.

There is NO SOUND except the music, which swells - JUBILANT, TRIUMPHANT.

Supered TITLES read "*La Paz, Bolivia.*"

REVERSE

A stocky man in his forties walks past the crowd, shaking the outstretched hands, beaming.

This is PEDRO IGNACIO GALLO and he's just been elected President of Bolivia.

Gallo stops at a small BOY and ruffles his hair. More pink confetti is thrown.

Gallo looks up at the sky.

OVERHEAD

Looking down at Gallo's beaming face as the confetti rains down on him.

The joyful music crashes to a climax.

A TITLE CARD READS: *Fifteen Years Later...*

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON GALLO

...as he wakes up and finds himself lying in his bed, now silver-haired, pugnacious. SILENCE.

He stares up at us. An ALARM CLOCK suddenly bleeps beside him.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

TRACKING WITH A PAIR OF EXPENSIVE MEN'S SHOES

...as they clip-clop along the grubby linoleum of an aisle.

AISLE

We are PUSHING Gallo as he walks ahead of us down a brightly lit EMPTY AISLE in the supermarket.

We follow him as he turns a corner. Another DESERTED AISLE stretches ahead. Gallo trudges on.

LOOKING UP CENTRAL AISLE

...to the junction with an intersecting aisle. Gallo's little figure appears, crossing the junction and disappearing from sight again. Seconds later a small gaggle of REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS follow him.

ANOTHER AISLE

PULLING Gallo as he walks towards us. His media retinue trail behind him.

GALLO'S P.O.V - the aisle stretching ahead - an arid, over-lit desert - shelves of pointless goods slipping endlessly past. Something dream-like, or nightmarish, about the image.

CHECK OUT TILLS

Gallo's small, reptilian CAMPAIGN MANAGER - HUGO (50's) - stands talking into his cell-phone, in Spanish. The SUPERMARKET MANAGER stands nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUGO

(Subtitled)

No, he decided he wants to meet
some shoppers. (Beat) No, there
aren't any photo ops. (Beat)
Because there aren't any shoppers.

SUPERMARKET MANAGER

(Murmuring sadly)

No money.

Hugo stares murderously at the Manager, walks further
away from him.

HUGO

(Hissing into cell)

I'm trying to get him out...

OVERHEAD SHOT

The supermarket aisles are laid out below us like a MAZE.
We can see Gallo walking, the gaggle of reporters behind
him.

AISLE

Gallo walks towards us, breathing hard. He slows and
stops. Behind him the Reporters also stop, puzzled.

Gallo closes his eyes, wipes his forehead with a
handkerchief, trying to contain a sense of mounting
PANIC. Something is wrong. He can't remember what he's
doing here. Or where here is.

The moment hangs. Then...

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)

(Subtitled)

Are you alright, sir?

Gallo opens his eyes and sees one of the Supermarket
Staff standing in front of him.

This is EDDIE CAMACHO (twenties) - a good looking, shy
Aymara kid.

Gallo looks at Eddie - bewildered and vulnerable. Eddie
stares back with concern, unsure what to do. Something
strangely intimate passes between them...

Then Hugo hurries up and steps smoothly between the two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUGO
(Subtitled)
I'm sorry sir, we're going to have
to go.

He starts to lead Gallo away.

HUGO (CONT'D)
We're running late as it is, so...

He turns back to Eddie.

HUGO (CONT'D)
Vote for Gallo. Thank you.

The two men and the press entourage head off down the
aisle.

Eddie stares after Gallo.

BENJAMIN CARVER (V.O.)
I think it was clear to Gallo from
the beginning that he was in
trouble.

EXT. BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS - VIRGINIA - EVENING

A car winds it's way up the snowy mountain road.

BENJAMIN CARVER (V.O.)
So we got a phone call, asking if
we could help. I said to Max I
thought maybe we could do with
someone different on this, someone
a little...
unorthodox? (He laughs) First
thing Max said was "Wild Bill
Bodine."

INT. VIRGINIA BAR - EVENING

CLOSE ON WILD BILL BODINE

...staring at us. He doesn't look wild. In fact he looks
incredibly ordinary - except for a MOURNFUL quality he
seems to have. He's in his forties, wearing a short-
sleeved shirt and tie.

BENJAMIN CARVER (O.S.)
It wasn't easy finding you, but
here we are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVERSE

Bodine sits facing BENJAMIN CARVER and MAX TALBY.

Carver is a little younger, slim, precise, quietly spoken. You'd take him for an exceptionally mild person, except that there's something intense, something Jesuit about him.

Talby is fifties, owlsh with a kindly air.

BENJAMIN CARVER (CONT'D)

We choose the people we work for,
Bill, people who are *progressive*,
who are *modernisers*, who are going
to use globalisation to expand
prosperity in their countries.

Bodine makes an effort to focus, nods in what he hopes is a thoughtful manner, looks down at the PHOTOGRAPH OF GALLO in his hands.

BENJAMIN CARVER (CONT'D)

He was President before, early
nineties, and he made
some...mistakes. Early on in the
coca-eradication policy. There was
a stand off with some farmers,
some casualties. But he's learnt
from those mistakes. Bolivia is in
bad shape. Poorest country in
South America.
Only 16% of the population has
sufficient income to cover their
basic needs.

A faint look of pain crosses his face.

BENJAMIN CARVER (CONT'D)

I mean just terrible poverty.
Terrible. This is a nation verging
on collapse. I think Gallo is the
only candidate who can turn things
around. I
really do.

A WAITRESS approaches their table.

BENJAMIN CARVER (CONT'D)

(To Bodine)

Oh, a beer or something?

BILL BODINE

No thanks, I don't drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bodine avoids eye contact with Talby as Carver continues.

BENJAMIN CARVER

So the stakes are high, Bill. And
it's going to be a tough fight.
They've got a history of rich,
white guys stealing from them and
here's this white, rich guy,
pushing free market economics.
It's not an easy sell.

Carver hands Bodine another photograph - a handsome
moustached man in his forties - VICTOR RIVERA.

BENJAMIN CARVER (CONT'D)

Main opposition. Victor Rivera.
Mayor of La Paz. He's a populist,
he's an opportunist and he's
leading the field. We're polling
28 points behind.

MAX TALBY

So we were thinking...
(laughing) we were thinking who's
the King of the Comeback?

Bodine nods, smiling glassily.

INT. WASHROOMS - LATER

A pale Bodine washes his hands. He dries them and holds
one up. It's SHAKING. Max appears beside him. Bodine
tries to arrange his face, and Max tries not to notice.

MAX TALBY

So what do you think?

BILL BODINE

Well...interesting.
Definitely...uh...

MAX TALBY

(Chuckling)

It's a challenge isn't it?

Bodine joins in the chuckling.

BILL BODINE

It's a challenge. No mistake.
(Beat) I don't know, Max. I don't
know I'd be much use. (Beat) I've
been a little...down and, uh...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He searches for a way of finishing the sentence. He fails. Talby tries to cover the moment with a laugh.

MAX TALBY

I'm not surprised, living out in the woods. (Beat) Look, I saw Dean a while back. He told me you'd been, you know...

Bodine flushes, nods.

MAX TALBY (CONT'D)

But you've got things together now, right? And this might be what you need, Bill. You're a soldier. What else are you going to do?

He rubs Bodine's shoulder.

MAX TALBY (CONT'D)

It could be like old times.

BILL BODINE

(managing a chuckle)

Yeah, that's...that's what I'm afraid of.

Talby hesitates and then gives him an awkward hug. To his horror, Bodine feels like he is about to cry. He gazes at his reflection over Talby's shoulder, struggling to control his face.

BILL BODINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Great Wheel was turning. I could hear it.

EXT. OUTSIDE BAR - EVENING

Bodine stands in the snow, waving off the two men as they drive away.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)

I didn't know what to feel. Part of me felt like I was being rescued, that I was being taken back into the world. But part of me was afraid.

Bodine watches as the tail-lights disappear into the darkness.

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CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Afraid of what I would do when I
got there.

We hear the opening of *Immigrant Song* by Led Zeppelin, as
we...

CUT TO:

BRIGHT BLUE SKY

As the music continues we see a white speck appear,
growing larger - an aeroplane.

EXT. EL ALTO AIRPORT - DAY

The private plane lands, taxis to a halt.

CLOSE ON PLANE DOOR

...opening, steps descending. A pair of polished shoes
appear at the top.

EXT. EL ALTO AIRPORT - DAY

We are pulling the American CONSULTANTS walking from the
plane towards us, SILHOUETTED against the sun, something
from a Western movie.

We FREEZE FRAME

MAIN TITLES APPEAR: *Our Brand Is Crisis*.

The titles continue over the following...

INT. EL ALTO AIRPORT - DAY

PUSHING the Consultants as they walk ahead of us.

INT. AIRPORT - PASSPORT CONTROL - DAY

The Consultants arriving at passport control...

BENJAMIN CARVER

...hands over his passport. We FREEZE FRAME on him.

SUPERED TITLES read: BENJAMIN CARVER. POLLSTER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX TALBY

...giving his owlish smile. We FREEZE-FRAME. TITLES read: MAX TALBY. POLLSTER.

ANOTHER CONSULTANT

...talking on a cell, twenties, preppy, always likes to look like he's doing something important. We FREEZE FRAME on him. TITLES read: SCOTT BUCKLEY. MEDIA CONSULTANT.

INT. AIRPORT MAIN TERMINAL - DAY

The group stride toward us, Carver leading the way. Their suits look immaculate, they're wearing sunglasses. They look determined, energetic, thrusting...

Then, quite suddenly, the fourth member of the group, who has been walking behind the others, staggers and falls to the ground.

We see it is BODINE, looking pale and sweaty.

The MUSIC CUTS.

A Bolivian AIRPORT WORKER saunters up, wheeling an OXYGEN TANK on a trolley. The others watch a little impatiently as the Bolivian cheerfully kneels beside Bodine, slipping the oxygen mask over his face.

MAX

It's okay, Bill. It's just the altitude.

Bill flops around a little on the floor, eyes bewildered above the oxygen mask. We FREEZE FRAME. TITLES read: BILL BODINE. STRATEGIST.

The MUSIC STARTS AGAIN.

EXT. BOLIVIA - EL ALTO - DAY

The Land Cruiser sweeps out of the impoverished shantycity of El Alto, and down the winding road to "the Hole" - the vast pit that holds La Paz.

LA PAZ - LATER

The SUV has been forced to stop by a large demonstration of Bolivian "Indians". A great procession passes in front of the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There are men, women and children - all dirt poor. Many carry the *Wiphala* - the multicolored patchwork flag of the Aymara. Bodine and Talby are watching the demonstration.

MAX TALBY

(to Bodine)

You've got Aymara and, uh
...Ben, what are the names of
the...?

Carver answers without looking up from his report.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Quechua and Guarani.

MAX TALBY

Quechua and Guarani. Lot of
unrest. Constantly protesting.
They're actually the majority
here.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

It's like, imagine if there were
two hundred million Apache back
home. Imagine that. Speaking of
Indians, I've got to ask - "Wild"
Bill?

Bodine stares out of the window.

BILL BODINE

Oh...another life.

Carver leans forward to the Bolivian DRIVER.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Is there another way? Can you
drive another way?

The Driver shakes his head, shrugging.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

There you go. One road into a
capital city. Welcome to Oblivia.

Bodine stares out at the passing demonstrators.

TITLES END

TITLE CARD: ONE HUNDRED DAYS. RIVERA 36%, GALLO 8%

EXT. GALLO'S HOUSE - DAY

The Consultants troop around the side of the large Hacienda style house.

There is a sudden loud rattle of what sounds like GUNFIRE.

Everyone, except Bodine, drop into startled crouches.

Smoke billows from around the corner of the house. Through this emerges Gallo. He pauses to pour wine from a bottle at the corner of the house. Two Aymara WOMEN, in traditional hats and shawls, follow him, scattering handfuls of flower petals and fruit in his wake.

Gallo starts to lead the procession on, then stops, noticing the newcomers, breaks into his version of a smile. He speaks in a bass rumble.

GALLO

Here comes the cavalry. You're late.

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Shaking hands)

We got held up by a demonstration.

Gallo checks his watch.

GALLO

They're early today.

He shakes Bodine's hand.

GALLO (CONT'D)

The Mystery Man. You're my secret weapon, yes?

He starts to lead Bodine and the others around the side of the house, pouring a little more wine out at the corner.

GALLO (CONT'D)

We've just moved house, so we have to do Cha'lla. For Pachamamma - the Earth Mother.

He cups his mouth, in a mock whisper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GALLO (CONT'D)

It keeps the natives happy. Also
It's supposed to bring luck. God
knows we need it.

One of the Aymara Women throws another lit FIRECRACKER
which explodes beside them.

Gallo flinches and casts a sour look at the woman.

INT. GALLO'S HOUSE - DAY

The four Consultants, Gallo, the Campaign Manager Hugo
and some Senior Staffers have gathered around a table in
the luxurious dining room.

GALLO

I read your report. It was
depressing.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Yes sir.

GALLO

Okay, so - what's the biopsy? Is
it terminal?

BENJAMIN CARVER

We wouldn't be here if we thought
it was. But what I want to do is
start with some Focus Groups.
That's pretty much what I see our
role as here. I'm going to *listen*
to the people. I'm going to listen
very aggressively to what they
have to say, and I'm going to tell
you. That's what we do. We're the
uh, conduit, the, the *hypodermic*
that *injects* the people's voice
into a campaign. But I can tell
you now, that opposition are going
to play you as the Oligarch, the
Elitist. Rivera is going to
present himself as the Reformer,
the Man of the People. Somehow we
have to invert that. We have to
show people that you're not, you
know, the stooge of the
corporations, that you're one of
them. We have to show them the
warm, likeable Gallo...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a slight beat as everyone examines Gallo's grim countenance.

BENJAMIN CARVER (CONT'D)

Bill's going to be thinking of
some strategies to help us there.

They turn to stare at Bodine who has been writing in a notebook. Bodine looks up, blankly.

BENJAMIN CARVER (CONT'D)

Any initial thoughts Bill?

Bodine looks down at the notebook.

BILL BODINE

Um...

INSERT - NOTEBOOK

...in which we see Bodine has drawn a THREE-BREASTED WOMAN.

Everyone watches as Bodine stares silently at the notebook. Suddenly he stands up.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Sorry...I think I'm...

He walks unsteadily out of the french windows and onto the path outside, bending over, hands on knees, trying not to vomit.

The others watch him through the windows.

BENJAMIN CARVER

I'm...I'm so sorry. It's the
altitude, the soroche?

Gallo watches icily for a moment then gives a small nod to a MAID by the door, who slips out of the room.

BENJAMIN CARVER (CONT'D)

(Uncertainly)
Should we...?

GALLO

Go on.

Carver nods to Buckley who stands up.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

I want to start with a very
important principle.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCOTT BUCKLEY (CONT'D)

The principle is "There is no correlation between what WE want to talk about and what the PRESS want to talk about and what VOTERS want to talk about." What we want to talk about is *spinach*.

There is slight puzzled hesitation in the murmur of the TRANSLATOR.

SCOTT BUCKLEY (CONT'D)

What *they* want to talk about is *cheese burgers*. But they can't have cheese burgers. Cheese burgers are bad for them. Every time they ask for cheese burger, we're going to give them *spinach*. Lots of *spinach*.

The Staffers stare at him blankly. Gallo's eyes slide to where Bodine is still bent over outside, making small retching noises, like a cat with a fur ball. He looks over, gives a sickly smile.

BILL BODINE

(Calling)

I'm okay. I'm okay.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Talby and an ashen Bodine walk into Bodine's room, Talby carrying Bodine's bag.

MAX TALBY

(putting the bag
down)

Don't worry, Bill. Most people take a day to acclimatise.

Bodine slumps onto the bed.

MAX TALBY (CONT'D)

Who are you?

BILL BODINE

(mumbling)

Wild Bill.

MAX TALBY

(patting his
shoulder)

That's right. Wild Bill. Okay, Get a good nights sleep. Tomorrow we kick ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks out. Bodine flops back onto the bed.

OVERHEAD SHOT

Bodine stares bleakly up at us.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: *FOUR DAYS LATER*

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Bodine is lying in exactly the SAME POSITION, now wearing only a vest and shorts. We hear a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

CORRIDOR

Carver waits outside. Bodine opens the door and peers out.

BENJAMIN CARVER

How you doing? You're...?

BILL BODINE

Just the same.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Just the same. Right. Wow. Never known it hit someone so hard. You're drinking the coca tea?

BILL BODINE

Yeah.

BENJAMIN CARVER

But...?

BILL BODINE

Nothing.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Nothing. Right. (Beat) Okay, well...

They stand in silence for a moment.

BILL BODINE

How's it going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENJAMIN CARVER

Yes. Okay. Early days. (Beat)
They've got this thing about
llamas. As an economic policy.
Scott's running with it. I...I
don't know.

He looks at Bodine, who is staring at the floor and possibly hasn't been listening. Bodine senses his gaze and quickly nods thoughtfully.

BILL BODINE

Yeah, that sounds good.

A MAID arrives with a breakfast tray. Bodine takes the tray.

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Tight)

Well, I've got some focus groups.
I'll leave you to your breakfast.

He walks off. Bodine slips back into the room and closes the door.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

A NOTICE BOARD. Someone has pinned PHOTOGRAPHS of the eight PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES on it. In the centre of the line are Gallo and Rivera.

EXT. LA PAZ - FOCUS GROUP BUILDING - DAY

We're outside a low, modern building with a sign which reads *PB Estudios de Mercado*.

FOCUS GROUP

We see we're in a medium sized room. The young poor-looking Bolivian MEN sit around a table with a MODERATOR. Behind them a large MIRROR occupies one wall.

MODERATOR

(Subtitled)

So, let's talk about some general things.

He takes off his GOLD WATCH, checks the time, puts the watch on the table and turning to a white board writes *Direccion*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

(Subtitled)

So, thinking generally about the country, are things moving in the right direction or the wrong direction?

He turns back to the table.

His WATCH IS GONE.

He stares at the space where his watch was, then up at the seven young men staring at him.

BACK ROOM

A dark room on the other side of the mirror where Carver and Talby sit with a TRANSLATOR, eerily lit by the displays of recording equipment in front of them.

The TRANSLATOR listens on headphones to what's being said in the next room.

TRANSLATOR

(Translating)

"I didn't take your fucking watch."

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Softly)

Yeah. I think, maybe we...we should stop this.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

A medium sized auditorium. Fifty Bolivians sit watching a large SCREEN. They're all holding PEOPLE METERS.

On SCREEN a Gallo THIRTY SECOND SPOT is playing - a series of images of ordinary Bolivians falling backwards in SLO MO and being caught by the person behind them, as sickly sweet music plays.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Subtitled)

As a successful businessman, Gallo is used to doing deals. Now he has a new deal to offer you.

HANDS OF THE AUDIENCE

...on their response dials.

SIDE ROOM

Gallo, Hugo, Carver, Talby and Buckley are watching the same screening on monitors. A computer generated graph line is superimposed on the screen - the results of the dials turning in the auditorium. The line is FLAT - if it were an ECG the patient would be dead.

ON SCREEN

The last person - a LITTLE GIRL - falls backwards and is CAUGHT BY GALLO.

GALLO

(To camera)

Trust me, and I will bring a brighter future to Bolivia. It's hard, but together, yes, we can make it work!

He gives his lop-sided smile.

The RESPONSE LINE falls off a cliff, dropping to the bottom of the screen.

Everybody looks grim. Buckley shifts uncomfortably.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

I think it's the smile. It's asymmetrical. Kind of a sneer.

Gallo gives him a cold look.

SCOTT BUCKLEY (CONT'D)

It's like the Bush smirk. Rove had to beat that out of him.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

Gallo, Hugo, Talby, Carver and Buckley sit around a table staring at something on the wall.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

He's...I don't know. There's something about his face I don't like. Something dumb or...I don't know.

They examine the wall in silence for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
(pointing elsewhere)
I think it's him. I think he's the
one. Marco. Don't you think?

THE WALL

Someone's hung a BOARD on the wall and it's covered in
Polaroids of LLAMA'S FACES, their names written
underneath.

MAX TALBY
(Tired)
You know, I...there's been so many
of them, they're starting to look
alike to me, so...

Carver turns to a PHONE beside them.

BENJAMIN CARVER
Bill?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Bodine lies face down on his bed, the phone beside him on
SPEAKER.

SCOTT BUCKLEY (O.S.)
(Over speaker)
Bill? I know you can't (a little
laugh) actually see them, but any
general thoughts on this whole
thing?

Bodine stirs, manages to lift his head.

BILL BODINE
Um, no...that sounds good.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Carver, looking a little irritated, waits to hear if
there's any more. Finally...

BENJAMIN CARVER
Okay.

Buckley is staring at the board.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT BUCKLEY

I think he's the one. He's a beauty. He's a...that's a great animal.

EXT. OUTSIDE CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Carver and Buckley stand outside the headquarters building. Buckley is smoking. He notices EDDIE CAMACHO standing across the road, staring at them. Eddie hesitates then starts to cross the road.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

(Nervously, to
Carver)

Okay, watch it...

Eddie arrives, bobs his head shyly.

EDDIE CAMACHO

Buenos Dias.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

Hi.

EDDIE CAMACHO

Do you work for Senor Gallo?

BENJAMIN CARVER

Yes, we do. Can I help you?

EDDIE CAMACHO

I'd like to volunteer? For the campaign?

BENJAMIN CARVER

Oh, okay. Good for you. You need to go in, see the lady at the desk. Ask for the Volunteer Coordinator.

EDDIE CAMACHO

Thank you.

He walks into the building. Buckley looks after him.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

Hey, lets make *him* a strategist.
At least he's turned up to work.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Buckley is talking to Gallo. Beside them a VIDEO CREW are prepping to shoot a thirty second spot.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

(To Gallo)

Then we cut to you feeding the llama and you say...

GALLO

(Reading, Subtitled)

Llamas. They can supply us with meat, with wool, with milk. Even their dung can be burnt for fuel. With new scientific farming methods they can provide the key to Bolivia's economic recovery. For centuries the llama has led us through the mountains. Now it will lead us to prosperity.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

Great. And we...(To Crew)...we need the jacket? The brown one?

He walks over to where Carver and Talby stand talking quietly.

BENJAMIN CARVER

I mean, what will Gallo be thinking? This is what he's paying for? This is his strategist?

MAX TALBY

He can't help being sick.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Oh, Max, c'mon. This isn't altitude. This is, you know, let's be straight...

He lowers his voice.

BENJAMIN CARVER (CONT'D)

This is *psychological*. Scott was talking to...(To Scott) Tell Max about...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT BUCKLEY

I was talking to Henderson, he's got a weekend place up on Bull Run? He'd heard something about this crazy guy who was living in a fucking wigwam. Guess who *that* was?

BENJAMIN CARVER

Did you know any of this?

Talby shakes his head innocently.

Behind them we see a LLAMA run across the field towards a road.

BENJAMIN CARVER (CONT'D)

I think we've made a terrible mistake. Scott's got the room next to him - says he heard him making noises in the night.

MAX TALBY

What kind of noises?

BENJAMIN CARVER

Just weird...

SCOTT BUCKLEY

Animal.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Weird animal noises.

MAX TALBY

Well, look, Bill *has* got demons. No question. But give him a little more time, Ben. I'm sure he'll...

A TRUCK crests over a hill and DRIVES STRAIGHT INTO the llama.

The three Consultants turn at the sound of the collision.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

Is that...is that Marco?

Some of the RANCH STAFF appear, running over to the prone llama. The Consultants watch, stunned.

SCOTT BUCKLEY (CONT'D)

They ran over our llama?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - EVENING

Bodine stands in his vest and shorts at the basin, shaving. He stares at his reflection. He rubs soap onto one of his EYEBROWS, raises the razor to it, hesitates...

There's a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Max and Bodine sit at a small table, Bodine still in vest and shorts.

MAX TALBY

It was like the thing killed
itself rather than appear in one
of our spots. We've dropped
two points. It's...I don't
know...we're not getting traction.
If you've got
anything up your sleeve, now's the
time to play it, Bill. (Beat)
Maybe if you come in tomorrow we
could....?

Bodine catches his reflection in the mirror behind Max.
He stares at himself. The sound FADES DOWN on Max as we
hear Bodine...

BILL BODINE (V.O.)

Every minute I stay in this room,
I get weaker. And every minute
Charlie squats in the bush...he
gets stronger. Each time I look
around, the walls move in a
little...

He realises Max has stopped talking and is watching him
with concern.

BILL BODINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He's stopped talking.

Bodine nods, trying to look thoughtful.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Well, that sounds good.

Max stares levelly at him. Silence. Then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

I don't think I can do this, Max.
I don't have it in me anymore.
(Beat) I think I should go home.

Max opens his mouth to argue, then gives up.

MAX TALBY

(Sadly)

You do what you've got to do,
Bill. I think this thing's pretty
much done anyway.

He gets up, pats Bodine's shoulder and leaves. But Bodine isn't paying attention - he's staring at the newspaper he has left behind - a photograph of VICTOR RIVERA in front of a cheering crowd. We CLOSE in on a small plump, man wearing horn-rim glasses, who stands beside him.

This is PAT CANDY.

Bodine stares at the photo.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)

Pat Candy.

We CLOSE on the picture of Candy, then...

DISSOLVE TO:

PAT CANDY'S FACE

...as a young boy in the Sixties. It's weirdly similar - the same sly expression, the same horn-rimmed glasses.

We PULL BACK to reveal Candy is standing outside his childhood home. He's wearing a shirt, tie and blazer. He has a NIXON BUTTON on his lapel. He starts to walk with determination across the road.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)

Back when he was the only eight
year old Republican in New Haven,
Pat Candy had a fight with the
girl across the street over her
decision to support Kennedy.

Candy reaches a small circle of KIDS, with eight year old SALLY BRYANT in the centre, wearing her KENNEDY BUTTON. The Kids gather solemnly around the two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAT CANDY

I'm going to give you one more
chance to...

WHACK. Sally punches him in the face, knocking his
glasses off. Candy instantly crumples to the ground.
Sally sits on him and punches him some more.

MOMENTS LATER

Candy lies on the ground, nose bloodied staring with
hatred after Sally as she is carried away in triumph on
the shoulders of the Kids.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)

As he watched his opponent carried
away, Candy promised himself two
things. Firstly, that he would
never fight fair again.

INT. CANDY HOME - DAY

Candy sits watching TV - Walter Cronkite.

WALTER CRONKITE

From Dallas, Texas - the flash
apparently official, President
Kennedy died at 1 p.m. Central
Standard Time, 2 o'clock Eastern
Standard Time, some 38 minutes
ago.

Cronkite takes off his glasses, chokes back tears.

Candy gives a small, satisfied smile.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)

And secondly, from that day on, he
swore, whatever it took, he would
always triumph over his enemies.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - THE PAST

1969. A YOUNG PAT CANDY, still wearing glasses and
blazer, stands with a group of Young Americans for
Freedom. They're holding placards with slogans like "Say
No to the Draft," "Liberty first and Last," "Back off
Government."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE (V.O.)
At University, Candy found himself
too physically feeble to compete
in football. Instead
he sought other outlets for the
violence in his dark little heart.

A FRESHMAN HIPPY walks past, reading the placards.

HIPPY
Right man, fuck the draft.

YAF
Fuck you, hippy.

He chases the Hippy off, trying to hit him with his
placard. Candy and the others watch approvingly.

INT. COLLEGE LECTURE ROOM - EVENING

A sign on the door reads "*College Republicans - Practical
Politics Lecture.*"

Candy and some other Students sit listening to a
massively overweight POLITICAL OPERATIVE - GUS AILES.

GUS AILES
I'm eight years old, I'm just
going to bed, and this truck
drives past, music blaring, black
guy inside shouting through a
Tannoy - "Vote Mitchel. Mitchel
for Mayor! More welfare!" My dad,
every family in that white
neighbourhood's thinking "there's
no way I'm voting Mitchel now."
And none of them saw it. Not one
of them realised they were being
played. That's when I got into
politics.

Candy sits, drinking this in.

GUS AILES (CONT'D)
I've spent my life playing the
game: push poles, leaks, wire-
taps, attack spots, wedges and
magnets...I thought I knew
everything there was to know about
dirty-tricks. Then, we get
Watergate. And now, here we are, a
President about to resign, and we
learn our most important lesson...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stares around the class.

GUIDE
Don't. Get. Caught.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

A STUDENT - PAUL WILKINS - is handing out leaflets.

PAUL WILKINS
Hi, Paul Wilkins. I'm running for
President. Vote Wilkins.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)
At the end of his Freshman year,
Candy decided he would run for UGS
President. He sat down and wrote
out his campaign strategy. It read
simply "Destroy. Destroy.
Destroy."

SNAP! We FREEZE-FRAME on Paul, grinning.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHIC DARK-ROOM - EVENING

One of Candy's LIEUTENANTS is using double exposure to
superimpose the image of Wilkins grinning into a
photograph of the Christopher street Gay Liberation Day
March. As we watch, we see Wilkins appear amongst a group
of Marchers carrying a banner which reads *Gay Freedom -
We Are Your Children.*

Candy watches the photograph develop - face stained blood
red by the light.

INT. COLLEGE DORMS - NIGHT

Candy pads along the dorm corridor, slipping prints of
the photograph under doors.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)
Candy won by twelve points.

INT. COLLEGE HALL - EVENING

All around the darkened hall the student audience sits
chanting "Candy! Candy! Candy!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a roar from the crowd as *Born to be Wild* starts to blast out of the speakers and Candy appears - being driven into the gym in a black Firebird convertible, flanked by pretty Debate Club CHEERLEADERS. He's standing up, acknowledging the applause, and his uniform of blazer and glasses have been supplemented with a BLACK CAPE.

The audience applaud enthusiastically. Candy gives the Nixon Victory Wave. We CLOSE on his face, the light glittering on his spectacles.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)
If I'd been in that audience, if
I'd known what Candy would become,
what he would make me become...

We hear a RIFLE SHOT - and a HOLE is blown into the centre of Candy's forehead.

THE BACK OF THE BLEACHERS

...where Bill Bodine stands behind the screaming audience, holding a RIFLE.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)
I wouldn't have hesitated.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - AS BEFORE

Bodine lies on the bed, staring at the photo of Candy.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)
I should've gotten up then and
there, packed my bags and left
before it was too late. But of
course, by the time you're
thinking that, it's already too
late.

EXT. LA PAZ - EVENING

Carnaval time. A procession of MEN and WOMEN move down the street. They're wearing fabulous costumes - masked devils, jewelled princesses, jesters... They're dancing *La Morenada*.

In the crowd people throw WATER BALLOONS at each other.

INT. TV STUDIO - EVENING

A CANDIDATE DEBATE is in progress. There are several CANDIDATES standing at podiums, in front of the large audience. A powerfully built bull of a man - SALVADOR CAMPERO - is finishing his answer.

SALVADOR CAMPERO

(Subtitled)

It is not possible that our natural resources continue to be looted, exploited illegally. This is something I would seek to stop.

There is applause.

TO ONE SIDE

PAT CANDY stands off set watching the performance on a MONITOR. He senses something and turns to find Bodine standing beside him, watching Rivera. He stares at him for a beat, then gives his unpleasant smile.

PAT CANDY

(Softly)

Well, there he is! Bill Bodine.
How are you?

BILL BODINE

Pat.

The two shake hands. Bodine hates this man more than anything in the world, but nothing shows on his face.

PAT CANDY

So, what are you doing here? I heard you'd retired, or...

BILL BODINE

Yeah, I...yeah, kinda. Just been lending a hand.

PAT CANDY

Yeah, me too. Just a favour.

BILL BODINE

I'm probably going back tomorrow.

PAT CANDY

Yeah, I don't think I'll be around too long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two stare at each other for a moment, nodding. Candy turns back to Rivera who is talking.

Victor Rivera is speaking.

VICTOR RIVERA

(Subtitled)

That is the old Bolivia. That's why we have to embrace change.

The crowd APPLAUD enthusiastically.

PAT CANDY

(Re: Rivera)

What do you think?

BILL BODINE

I can't speak Spanish.

PAT CANDY

Me neither. But he looks good. Presidential timber. How's your horse?

Bodine shrugs.

PAT CANDY (CONT'D)

Yeah, he seems...I don't know.

He shakes his head, chuckling.

PAT CANDY (CONT'D)

He seems kind of prickly. (Beat)
You take care. Safe journey.

He walks off. Bodine stares after him, then back to the stage.

MODERATOR

(Subtitled)

And the same question to Senator Gallo.

EXT. TV STUDIOS - EVENING

A boisterous carnival crowd waits outside the studios, as the candidates leave.

ON EDDIE CAMACHO

...now wearing the pink Gallo campaign T-shirt, standing at the rope line with other VOLUNTEERS, waving a Gallo flag.

ON CARVER, TALBY AND BUCKLEY

...watching Gallo walk with his entourage ahead of them.

BENJAMIN CARVER

(To himself)

Okay, wave to the crowds. Relaxed,
warm, human.

ON GALLO

...walking past the crowd, with his attempt at a smile.
His attention is suddenly drawn by a FLASH of movement
just ahead of him.

A MAN dressed in black, wearing a DEVIL MASK, has ducked
under the rope and is running towards him.

At the rope-line Eddie has also noticed the newcomer, and
starts forward...

As the Devil approaches he reaches into his cloak for
something...

Gallo watches, frozen, an awful sense of PANIC rising in
him. ...

The Devil brings his hand up, clutching an object...

Eddie is running to intercept...

The Devil is almost upon Gallo. He THROWS...

The WATER BALLOON bursts on the side of Gallo's head,
drenching him.

Gallo stands bewildered and soaked, unsure what just hit
him.

There is some LAUGHTER from the CROWD.

Then...WHAP! Gallo steps forward and PUNCHES the Devil in
the face, sending him staggering back.

There is a collective gasp from the CROWD.

Gallo stands swaying, looking confused.

The Devil throws himself back at Gallo but Eddie is
already between the two men, protecting Gallo, pushing
the Devil back...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pandemonium. Security and Campaign Workers rush forward to Gallo. The Devil is grabbed.

The Crowd begin to BOO.

TALBY, CARVER AND BUCKLEY

...watch in stony silence.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Okay. We're finished.

ON BODINE

Further back - watching intently. He senses something and turns.

BODINE'S P.O.V - through the crowd we glimpse PAT CANDY watching us with a faint smile. Then he's gone.

Bodine stares, his face hardening.

EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

A FLAK-CATCHER is giving a holding statement to the army of REPORTERS who have gathered.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - EVENING

A despondent Carver, Buckley and Talby are sprawled around the office, Carver typing at a computer.

Bodine walks into the office. The three stare at him in surprise. Bodine rubs his face, looks around him.

BILL BODINE

Yeah. I'm a little better. Thought I'd come and see how you were doing.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

You're kinda late. I don't know if you heard, but we just pretty much went belly up.

Bodine nods vaguely.

BILL BODINE

You drafting the apology?

Carver nods, continues writing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Yeah...I don't know...

Carver looks up.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

It was Pat Candy. Rivera's brought him in. He was behind it.

MAX TALBY

What do you mean?

BILL BODINE

The guy in the mask. It was a put-up job. I know Candy. It's Sun Tzu. *"If your opponent is of a choleric temperament, provoke him."* Don't apologise.

BENJAMIN CARVER

He hit someone.

BILL BODINE

It was self-defence. He was assaulted.

BENJAMIN CARVER

With a water balloon.

BILL BODINE

"Attack your enemy where he is unprepared, appear where you are not expected."

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Unimpressed)

Uhuh.

BILL BODINE

Sun Tzu again.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Yeah, I'm not really a big fan of Art of War quotes.

BILL BODINE

Why not?

BENJAMIN CARVER

Because I don't think the democratic process has a lot in common with ancient Chinese warfare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL BODINE

No disrespect Ben, but that's why you're thirty points behind. Right now the enemy is expecting you to apologise.

BENJAMIN CARVER

I don't think of the opposition as the "enemy" Bill.

BILL BODINE

Well, no disrespect Ben, but that's another reason you're thirty points behind. The third reason you're thirty points behind is that you've had Gallo pretending to be something he's not. And he's not a great actor. Being warm isn't him. Smiling isn't him. Apologising isn't him.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

But punching someone in the face?

BILL BODINE

(Seriously)

Yes. That's him.

Carver struggles to not show his irritation.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Max said you were leaving?

BILL BODINE

I am. You said you wanted to help these people? The, uh, all the poor people and so forth?

BENJAMIN CARVER

I do.

BILL BODINE

Okay, well I'm a consultant. Before I go, I thought you might want to consult me.

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Beat)

Alright. For the sake of conversation. People feel Gallo's cold, arrogant and out of touch with their lives. What would you have done?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BILL BODINE

A man's strengths flow from the same well as his weaknesses.

(Beat) You don't change the man to fit the narrative. You change the narrative to fit the man.

Carver stares at him.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - "SITUATION ROOM" - LATER

A medium sized conference room. Bodine stands in front of Gallo, Hugo, Senior Staffers and the Consultants. Bodine paces slowly in front of them. There's something different about him, something more energised, commanding.

BILL BODINE

"People forget what you say, but they remember how you make them feel." Warren Beatty.

He pauses. Somebody writes this down.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Right now you make people feel like you're going to shoot them.

Nobody moves. You could hear a pin drop. Bodine seems oblivious, frowning as if puzzling something out.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

People don't like you.

Gallo's jaw tightens but he remains silent.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

But that's okay. *"Since love and fear can hardly exist together, if we must choose between them, it is far safer to be feared than loved."* That's Warren Beatty again.

Somebody writes this down.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

No it isn't. It's Machiavelli.
(Beat) Fear. Let's think about Fear. Most effective political spot ever made. "Daisy." It pretty much won the election for Johnson. It was shown...once.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He lets this sink in.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Basically the ad suggested that if Goldwater got in instead of Johnson, the crazy bastard would unleash a nuclear holocaust that would destroy the world. Suddenly this wasn't an ordinary election. This was a choice between saving the world or dying. You see, when the Voters are looking for Hope, they go for the new guy. But when they're scared...then they look for a war time leader. Then they look for a fighter, not a lover. They look for the kind of guy who, you come at him with a water balloon, he hasn't got time for fun and games, he's going to put you down.

Everyone sneaks a look at Gallo but he continues to watch Bodine without reacting.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

So here's our movie... Bolivia is facing the worst period in its turbulent history. All around her other nations experience riots and coups d'etat. Bolivia has struggled on so far but the cataclysm is coming. The darkness approaches. We are teetering on the edge of an abyss. That's the set up. We are at a crossroads. Bolivia faces a choice. They can choose Rivera, a man of no substance, no experience, an opportunist who will stand by and watch as the nation falls apart. Or Bolivia can choose Gallo. You might not like him, you might think he's an arrogant sonofabitch, but he's a fighter. He's got experience. He's got grit and he's got balls. And he's the only one can save the day. These are the stakes. This is no ordinary election. This is a crisis.

For the first time Bodine looks at Gallo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Our brand is *crisis*.

Silence. Carver and Hugo turn to Gallo. Gallo stares back at Bodine. We CLOSE on his face as he considers...

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - LATER

The place is buzzing. Gallo is being made ready to make a statement, someone is combing his hair, someone runs up with a fresh jacket.

Eddie stands watching from across the room. Bodine appears beside him.

BILL BODINE

You speak English?

EDDIE CAMACHO

Yes?

BILL BODINE

You were the kid that got in front of Gallo?

EDDIE CAMACHO

Yes?

Bodine examines him for a moment.

BILL BODINE

You were pretty quick. What's your name?

EDDIE CAMACHO

Eduardo Camacho.

Bodine nods, awkward.

BILL BODINE

Eddie. Okay. You're Employee of the Week.

He hands him a bottle of Paul Newman sauce.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

It's for steaks. It's really good.

Eddie stares at the picture on the front of the bottle - Paul Newman with horns coming out of his head.

EDDIE CAMACHO

George Bush?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE

What? No. That's Paul Newman. The actor? Fast Eddie? Like you. Fast Eddie. Keep it up.

He walks over to where Buckley is prepping Gallo.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

But you do regret the incident. And you regret that it has drawn the focus away from the issue we should be discussing - the struggle to save our country from the economic and social crisis it faces. And that's another fight...

BENJAMIN CARVER

Another fight?

SCOTT BUCKLEY

A fight? (To Gallo) That's A fight that you won't be avoiding.

Gallo nods. He begins to leave.

BILL BODINE

No jacket. And roll your sleeves up.

Gallo hesitates, then takes off his jacket, takes off his GOLD CUFF LINKS, hands them to a waiting AIDE, and rolls his sleeves up.

The group start to move out, heading for the front entrance and the waiting reporters.

We TRACK to a TV SET, where a news report is playing. We're looking at footage of another demonstration by the Campesinos - hundreds of them. The Whiphala flag is everywhere.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

Today another indigenous march yet again brought the capital to a standstill. Protestors are demanding constitutional reform for better representation.

We cut to a Campesino being interviewed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAMPESINO

(Subtitled)

We've been excluded from political
and economic decisions for
centuries. We're not
asking for money. We're asking to
be heard. We're asking...

From outside the headquarters comes the sudden ROAR OF
PRESS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS as Gallo appears, drowning out
whatever else the Campesino has to say...

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: SEVENTY DAYS. RIVERA: 39%, GALLO:10%

FADE IN:

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON THE NOTICE BOARD

...as someone removes a couple of the CANDIDATES
PHOTOGRAPHS. The field is thinning out.

GALLO (O.S.)

(Subtitled)

That's why I am here tonight to
say we have an economic plan to
stop this crisis!

EXT. RALLY - EVENING

Gallo is delivering his stump speech to a medium sized
crowd, his shirt-sleeves rolled up.

GALLO

It isn't too late, but we have to
act quickly. I'm asking you all to
join me in this fight!

EXT. RALLY - LATER

Gallo is heading back with his entourage to the waiting
campaign bus. There is a crowd waiting, some applauding,
some booing. He walks the gauntlet of the hostility,
flanked by security, face set in his rictus smile.

INT. CAMPAIGN BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Gallo settles in his seat as the bus begins to pull out. BANG! A STONE thrown by someone in the crowd smacks off the window beside him.

Gallo JUMPS, stares at the CRACK in the thick glass, shaken.

He turns and finds EDDIE watching him anxiously from across the aisle.

EDDIE CAMACHO

(Subtitled)

Are you alright Senator?

Gallo nods stiffly.

EDDIE CAMACHO (CONT'D)

Can I get you anything?

GALLO

I'm fine, thank you.

Eddie nods and walks back down the bus. Gallo stares after him. Something about Eddie unsettles him. Hugo sits down beside him. Gallo rolls his sleeves down and Hugo hands him his cuff links, which he puts back in as he talks.

GALLO (CONT'D)

(To Hugo)

Who is he?

HUGO

Volunteer. Advance. (Beat) Is there a problem?

Gallo stares after Eddie.

GALLO

He's always around.

HUGO

You want me to get rid of him?

Gallo thinks about it. He nods, turns back to the window.

INT. EL ALTO AIRPORT - DAY

Bodine stands scanning a crowd of new arrivals as they appear through the doors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally he finds what he's looking for - a short, neat looking young man. He's so fresh faced he looks like he could be in his teens. This is HAROLD LEBLANC. He's carrying a laptop case. He walks up to Bodine and they shake hands. Bodine examines him.

BILL BODINE

You feel okay?

HAROLD LE BLANC

Yes.

BILL BODINE

No nausea or...?

LeBlanc shakes his head. Bodine looks a little peeved.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Okay, good. Let's go.

INT. MARKETING STUDIO - DAY

AUDITORIUM

The audience are watching another spot. This one has a very different feel - dark, edgy music. There's a single shot - a WOMAN and CHILD sitting begging in the street. The child is crying. Slowly we CLOSE in on the their distressed faces.

NARRATOR

(Subtitled)

Some people say things can't get any worse. (Beat) They're wrong. If we don't act soon, Bolivia faces disaster. This isn't an election. This is a crisis.

SIDE ROOM

Carver and Talby are watching the monitor. They lean forward - the RESPONSE LINE has just SPIKED on the word "crisis."

FOCUS GROUP BUILDING

A Focus Group are watching the end of the spot on TV - the image of the woman's stricken face fills the screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You have to decide - who will
fight for Bolivia?

On the TV titles appear reading "Join the Fight. Vote
Gallo."

BACK ROOM

Carver is staring through the mirror at the focus group
beyond. We CLOSE on his reflection in the mirror - eerily
lit from below by the lights from the recording equipment
- his wide-eyed, disconcertingly intense stare.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Gallo, Hugo, the Consultants and some Senior Staffers sit
around.

Carver stands in front of a projection screen - a series
of BAR CHARTS with titles like TRUSTWORTHY, CARES ABOUT
ME, WILL BRING CHANGE. The difference between the red and
blue bars indicate movement since the benchmark poll.

BENJAMIN CARVER

It wasn't even finished and we had
one guy saying "They're the only
ones who understand how bad things
are." So, I think the message
works and I think it's stopping
the free-fall. Now we have to bet
the house on it. We say it on the
stump, we say in our spots, we say
it to the press. We own crisis.

Gallo nods, turns to Bodine.

GALLO

Mr. Bodine?

BILL BODINE

Well, I've been thinking,
uh...(Beat) You're not going to
win.

GALLO

(Beat)

What do you mean?

BILL BODINE

I think you're looking at mid-
twenties.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

It's not enough to win. (Beat)
You're going to have to make
everyone else lose. Keep them
under twenty four percent. You've
got to go negative.

HUGO

In the last campaign we used
attack ads and they hurt us badly.
The people don't like negative
campaigns.

BILL BODINE

They might not like them, but they
work. I've brought an Oppo out,
Harold LeBlanc. I know you've got
your own team, but this guy's the
best. You start him up, he doesn't
stop until he's got something.
He's like the Terminator.

Gallo looks at Carver who looks doubtful.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Well, you know, nothing moves
numbers like negatives, but...it's
like letting off a bomb. We could
take votes from Rivera, but you've
no idea where they're going to go.

Gallo considers.

GALLO

(To Bodine)

Let your man see what he can find.

BILL BODINE

Okay. Also I want him to run a
vulnerability study so...

GALLO

I've already been through that.

BILL BODINE

Not with LeBlanc. You've been
doing so badly, no-one's been
looking too hard. You start
doing better the press are going
to start digging. And October
surprises kill.

GALLO

I'm not paying someone to
investigate me. I already

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GALLO (CONT'D)
know about me. There's nothing to
find out. That's final.

He stares at Bodine. Bodine stares back for a moment,
then gives a shrug.

BILL BODINE
You're the boss.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - DAY

Bodine walks over to where LeBlanc sits eating potato
chips.

BILL BODINE
Yeah, do him first.

LeBlanc nods, gets up and walks off.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - DAY

Bodine is standing on a chair addressing a group of
Staffers - the Opposition Research - via a TRANSLATOR.

BILL BODINE
We're going to do something to
Rivera that no politician wants
done to them. We're going to
define him. The attack line is
Rivera is a crook. He's corrupt
and he lies. Every day we're
going to ring the big-feet: *El*
Diario, La Razon, La Presna, and
we're going to give them their
Rivera story. We're going to go
through every quote he's ever
given, every person he's ever met,
every vote he's ever made, and
we're going to look for ways of
using it against him. Who's
Alvaro?

One of the Staffers raises his hand. Bodine throws him a
CAM-CORDER.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)
You're my Tracker. Every event
Rivera attends, every speech, you
tape him, okay? His Security beat
you up, you're doing your job
right. And get the beating
on tape.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Any of you have any qualms about this, think it's wrong in some way, come and see me, I'll throw you out the window. There is only one Wrong. Losing. There is only one Wrong. Losing.

We hear the opening of "Fortune Plango Vulnera" from Carmina Burana as we...

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

As the music continues we are TRACKING down a line of Oppo Staffers sitting at computers scrolling through endless documents on *Lexis-Nexis*.

EXT. RIVERA RALLY - DAY

ALVARO stands amongst the crowd, filming Rivera giving a speech.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

LeBlanc is looking at old NEWSPAPER STORIES on MICROFICHE - page after page of stories on Rivera.

INT. LA PAZ CITY HALL - DAY

LeBlanc sits looking through records. A SCOWLING CLERK stands on the other side of the counter checking what he's checking.

EXT. RIVERA RALLY - DAY

Another rally. Alvaro has been filming Rivera's speech but is now getting pushed around by some SECURITY. One tries to grab the camera and Alvaro starts to push back. As the FIGHT ESCALATES the music crashes to a CLIMAX.

INT. SANTA CRUZ HOTEL - AFTERNOON

A plush FUND-RAISER - the room is full of the *Camba* business elite. Gallo is mingling, chatting with a group of wealthy women.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

(Subtitled)

I was terrified. They told me
"Campesinos are gathering in the
hills of the suburbs." They were
getting ready to attack the
suburbs! This is how they think
you open up political dialogue?
With sling-shots?

GALLO

(Subtitled)

You're right. We can't give
in to these tactics. It's like
dealing with a child who is having
a tantrum. You have to say "We'll
talk when you've calmed down."

The Women murmur in agreement.

LATER

Gallo stands checking over the text for a speech. He
suddenly senses something and looks up to see Eddie
hovering beside him. He jumps a little.

EDDIE CAMACHO

(Subtitled)

Sir?

GALLO

(Subtitled)

What?

Eddie pulls a battered PHOTOGRAPH from his pocket and
hands it to Gallo.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH - a younger Gallo - as we saw him at
the beginning of the film, stands before a cheering
crowd. He is patting a SMALL BOY on the head.

Gallo stares at the photo - his expression changing.

EDDIE CAMACHO

When they made you President sir.
My father took me to Plaza Murillo
to see you.

Hugo and the LEAD ADVANCE appear beside them.

HUGO

(To Eddie)

Don't bother the Senator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gallo hushes Hugo with a wave.

EDDIE CAMACHO

He said you were the only one he
would trust.

Something about this gets to Gallo.

GALLO

(Quietly)

Well, that's...that's good of him.
That's very good of him. This is
you? The boy?

Eddie nods. Gallo shows Hugo the picture, smiling.

GALLO (CONT'D)

Look how thin I am.

Hugo immediately adopts a smile.

HUGO

Well, well...and this one's grown.
You couldn't pat his head now.

They all laugh. Eddie hesitates then stoops down so he's
at a child's height. Gallo pats his head. More laughter.
Eddie smiles happily.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - DAY

The Consultants are talking with LeBlanc.

HAROLD LEBLANC

Two years ago the Mayor's office
bought 27 Ford Explorers for
official use by the City. Sales
price was \$35K each.

He shows them some papers.

HAROLD LEBLANC (CONT'D)

Here's a photocopy of the actual
receipts - they claimed \$40K for
each one. That's hundred thirty
five thousand dollars of tax
payers money going in someone's
pocket.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

How'd you get the receipts?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAROLD LEBLANC
It's a black box op, Scott.

BILL BODINE
(Pleased)
He actually is a crook.

MAX TALBY
Synchronicity.

BILL BODINE
(To Harold)
You know what would be great? We
get some shots of his people
driving these things to pick up
their groceries, or, you know,
pick up hookers, something?

Buckley's cell rings.

SCOTT BUCKLEY
(Answering)
Scott Buckley.

He listens for a moment, closes his eyes in pain.

SCOTT BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
Oh...Shit.

The others stare at him.

SCOTT BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
It's twins.

EXT. LA PAZ HOSPITAL - DAY

A smiling Victor Rivera emerges from the hospital
entrance holding his new TWIN BABY BOYS - one under each
arm. The CROWD outside cheer.

Hundreds of cameras flash.

LATER

A smiling Rivera is talking to the gathered reporters.
Candy stands in the background.

VICTOR RIVERA
(Subtitled)
Children are a blessing from God,
and I've been doubly blessed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's some laughter.

REPORTER

(Subtitled)

Will this change your campaign at all?

VICTOR RIVERA

Well, you know, a father wants his sons to be proud of him. So I can promise you I will run a positive campaign. And I would urge Senator Gallo to do the same.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

The Consultants are watching the statement on TV.

TRANSLATOR

"Let's focus on the issues, instead of attacking each other."

BILL BODINE

(Quietly)

The despicable fucking bastard.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - LATER

The Consultants are talking to Gallo over the SPEAKERPHONE.

BILL BODINE

It just proves my point! They know we have a chance if we go negative, so they're blocking us!

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gallo sits in the moving car, talking on his cell.

GALLO

You're not the one has to be out here! If I go negative now, they're going to lynch me!

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bodine struggles to control himself.

(CONTINUED)

BILL BODINE

"If you fight to save your life,
you die."

GALLO

(Over phone)

Oh, look, I don't want to hear any
more Sun Tzu...

BILL BODINE

It's not Sun Tzu. I think it's
Bruce Lee. If you want to win,
we're going to have to take some
risks. We're going to have to
slash and burn. If you don't go
negative, you lose.

GALLO

(Over phone)

I've made my decision.

He hangs up. Bodine looks at the others. Carver shrugs -
what can you do?

Bodine stands motionless for a moment then kicks savagely
at a chair.

INT. LEBLANC'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

LeBlanc lets Bodine into the room. Bodine looks around -
two laptops on the desk, the bed covered in neat piles of
papers.

LeBlanc is reading from a FOLDER.

HAROLD LEBLANC

He was in the army when he was
young. There was a newspaper story
that references a photograph of
him in uniform? I could try and
trace it if you think there could
be a hit there?

Bodine stares at the piles of paper, thinking.

BILL BODINE

Never mind Rivera. What have you
got on Gallo?

LeBlanc's face gives nothing away. He simply moves to
another pile of papers.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - DAY

Bodine sits at his desk in the bullpen. He's pretending to be reading some poll results, but his eyes flick around the room, watching, waiting...

Carver appears beside him.

BENJAMIN CARVER

We have a problem.

Bodine looks mildly interested.

EXT. HOUSE - MIRAFLORES SUBURBS - DAY

Carver and Bodine stand with a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN at the doorway to her house. Carver is holding a FLYER, talking into his cell...

BENJAMIN CARVER

It says he had an affair with her for three years.

BILL BODINE

(To Woman)

When did you get this?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

This morning?

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Into cell)

Then at the bottom it says...?

He looks for help from the MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(Translating)

"...Is this the behaviour of an honourable man?"

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Into cell)

"...Is this the behaviour of an honourable man, is this the behaviour of a President?"

We see the LEAFLET - which features a photograph of Gallo standing with colleagues. A YOUNG WOMAN stands beside him smiling - both their heads have been circled in red ink.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Buckley and Talby are in the back of the car, stalled at yet another DEMONSTRATION. Talby listens to Benjamin on his cell.

MAX TALBY
(To Buckley)
Affair.

SCOTT BUCKLEY
Really? (Beat) Gallo?

MAX TALBY
(Into cell)
Scott expresses surprise. I'm kind of with him. We're stuck at a demonstration for change. Can you get to Gallo?

EXT. HOUSE - MIRAFLORES SUBURBS - CONTINUOUS

BENJAMIN CARVER
(Into cell)
We're going there now.

Bodine scans the neat suburban houses around him.

BILL BODINE
Probably all over here by now.

EXT. LA PAZ - DAY

Gallo is visiting a University, walking past the crowds, and REPORTERS, face set in a rictus smile.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

Gallo sits at the window of the classroom, staring out, all Patrician ice. Bodine, Carver and Hugo are with him.

BENJAMIN CARVER
(gently)
I'm sorry to have to ask
some...*(He clears his throat)* Does
your wife know sir?

Gallo makes a small movement with his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENJAMIN CARVER (CONT'D)

It's important that she does know because she may be asked and we need to think about her response.

GALLO

(Beat)

My wife lives in America. And she knows. This is all...the past.

BENJAMIN CARVER

I have to say, sir, after all Rivera's words to pull something like this...

BILL BODINE

(Murmuring)

It's outrageous...

HUGO

It doesn't make sense. They go negative now? They're twenty points ahead?

BILL BODINE

I know Candy. He can't help himself. He doesn't care about winning. He cares about destroying the opposition.

GALLO

We're sure it's from them?

BILL BODINE

They've pulled some 527 style shit. *La Paz Grass Roots Organization*, which I guarantee does not exist. But, get this, on the bottom, "Es tiempo..."

BENJAMIN CARVER

"It's time for change." It's their slogan.

BILL BODINE

They're denying it. But seriously, we go to the people and say the man's a *liar*, they're not going to care about the fine distinctions. They've lost their advantage sir. They threw the first punch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gallo stares out of the window.

GALLO

Alright. Do it.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Gallo's PRESS SECRETARY - JORGE - faces the press.

JORGE

(Subtitled)

The people of Bolivia need a President who is going to do what he says he will do. Clearly this isn't the case with a man who says he wants to run a positive campaign and then releases such a cynical attack on his opponent.

There is a clamour of questions from the PRESS.

INT. TV SCREEN - DAY

We're watching an ATTACK AD.

We're tracking past a FORD EXPLORER. We pass another. And another - the line goes on and on.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Subtitled)

As Mayor of La Paz, Victor Rivera used tax payers' money to buy twenty seven SUV's.

We TRACK faster and faster until at last we've passed twenty seven Explorers. We hold on empty road for a moment.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But he took enough of your money to buy twenty eight and a half.

We TRACK along again and find another ONE AND A HALF EXPLORERS standing on the road.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Where did the rest of your money go? Victor Rivera. Is he helping you, or helping himself?

ANOTHER ATTACK AD

An AERIAL SHOT of a large MANSION with swimming pool and tennis courts.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Subtitled)

This is Victor Rivera's house.

We cut to a shot of another HOUSE.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And so is this.

Another HOUSE.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And so is this. In all, Victor Rivera owns twelve properties. All of this on his Mayor's salary?

We cut to a shot of Rivera - looking particularly smug.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Victor Rivera. Is he helping you?
Or is he helping himself?

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - AFTERNOON

Bodine, buzzing with energy, walks past Eddie asleep on some chairs. He stops and comes back, kicks at the chair.

BILL BODINE

What the fuck are you doing?

Eddie sits groggily up.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

This isn't a hotel. You either work when you're here or don't bother coming. Go on, get out. Come back when you're ready to help.

Eddie gets up and shuffles away. Talby joins Bodine.

MAX TALBY

Might be being a little hard on him Bill. I think the kid's volunteering here in between shifts at a supermarket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE

Well he's no use if he's going to sleep.

But he looks a little remorseful.

EXT. LA PAZ STREET - EVENING

Eddie stands waiting for a *Micro*. The Consultants drive by in the Land Cruiser. They pull up beside him. Bodine leans out.

BILL BODINE

Fast Eddie. You going home?

Eddie nods.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

You want a lift?

Eddie looks doubtful.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Come on, get in.

INT. EL ALTO - EDDIE'S HOME - EVENING

The single dilapidated room that Eddie lives in with his sixteen year old brother - PEPE. Pepe lies on the bed with two older Aymara teenagers - ABRAHAM and JAVIER.

Eddie, looking embarrassed, waves Bodine and the others in. The Consultants crowd into the room, smiling, uncomfortable.

BILL BODINE

Okay, the old homestead, here we are. (To Pepe and the others)
Buenas noches.

PEPE

Que pasa?

EDDIE CAMACHO

This is my brother Pepe and his friends.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

Hey guys, how's it...how's it hanging?

Abraham smiles, raises a hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRAHAM
(Subtitled)
Death to the Yankee.

PEPE
(Subtitled, to Eddie)
Who are they?

EDDIE CAMACHO
(Subtitled)
This is Senor Bodine - the one who
gave me the steak sauce.

PEPE
(Subtitled)
Tell him next time to give you the
fucking steak.

EDDIE CAMACHO
(Subtitled)
Stop swearing.

Bodine has been looking around the room.

BILL BODINE
So, just the two of you, Eddie?

EDDIE CAMACHO
Yes. My father died last year.

BILL BODINE
Right. You bringing up your
brother?

He glances around the room, taking in the real poverty
here.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's...good for you Eddie.
Good for you.

There's an awkward silence.

EDDIE CAMACHO
Thank you for driving me.

The others gratefully make for the door.

CARVER, TALBY AND BUCKLEY
No problem, good night, see you
tomorrow (etc.)

But Bodine has turned his attention to the teenagers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL BODINE

So...what are you guys doing
tonight?

INT. EL ALTO - CLUB - NIGHT

It's more like a shack, but it's full of young indigenous
Altenos, listening to a YOUNG MAN rapping in Aymara.

We find the Consultants, Eddie and the teenagers
sitting at tables. The teenagers are chewing COCA LEAVES
from a bag. Bodine is talking to Eddie.

BILL BODINE

How would you like to be Gallo's
Body Man?

Eddie stares at Bodine solemnly.

EDDIE CAMACHO

Yes. I would. (Beat) What is that?

BILL BODINE

Body Man? You know, personal
assistant?

Eddie looks a little nervous.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

You carry his bags and shit. Fetch
him coffee. You look after him.
You wanna do that?

EDDIE CAMACHO

Yes. Yes I do.

BILL BODINE

Okay, I'll talk to him. I think
you'll be good for it. Plus,
they'll put you on salary.

Eddie looks so moved that Bodine has to look away.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Might help a little.

Carver is talking to the teenagers.

ABRAHAM

He doesn't listen to us, doesn't
care what we want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENJAMIN CARVER

Well, sometimes a leader has to do something that's good for the country, whether the people want it or not. And whether you want it or not, globalisation, market economics - they're the only way you're going to get out of poverty.

ABRAHAM

The invisible hand.

BENJAMIN CARVER

(A little surprised)

Right. The invisible hand.

ABRAHAM

You know what the invisible hand gives us?

He gives Carver the finger. The others crack up.

PEPE

You want us to be Yankee, man. Like Eduardo. Eduardo doesn't want to be "muy indio." Look at the shit he puts in his hair to look like you.

Eddie looks mortified. It's true - his straight black hair has been gelled back to his head, in an attempt at looking more like the Americans.

BENJAMIN CARVER

You're the ones listening to American rap.

PEPE

Aymara rap.

BILL BODINE

(Indicating the stage)

So what's he saying? Is it about bitches and stuff?

PEPE

Bitches?

BILL BODINE

Uh, women? Pejorative.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Javier, who is sitting with his eyes closed, suddenly speaks up.

JAVIER

He's talking about *Tupac Katari* - a great Aymara leader who led an army of our people and took La Paz from the gringos. When they caught him they cut him up into little pieces, but he said every little piece would become an Aymara warrior. And that's all of us. And sometime soon we'll rise up against the gringo oppressors and kick them out of La Paz again. That's what he's saying.

Bodine considers this. It wasn't the answer he was expecting.

BILL BODINE

Oh. Okay. Political. Well, that's good. I used to go see *The Fugs*? You know *The Fugs*? (Beat) *C.I.A Man*?

Pepe offers Carver the bag of Coca.

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Primly)
No thank you.

PEPE

(To Carver)
It's *coca*.

BENJAMIN CARVER

I know.

EDDIE CAMACHO

(Embarrassed)
They don't want coca. (To Carver) I'm sorry.

BENJAMIN CARVER

No, it's fine! I just don't, you know (a little laugh) feel the need to, uh, *cocalate*. (To Bodine) We should go back. We've got a lot of work tomorrow.

BILL BODINE

This is work, Ben. You're a pollster. These are your pollees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ABRAHAM
Police?

BILL BODINE
Relax.

He takes a single coca leaf from the bag and starts to chew it. The teenagers laugh. Pepe points to what looks like an OIL DRUM on the table beside them.

PEPE
Chicha?

EDDIE
(Subtitled)
They don't want Chicha.

BILL BODINE
I don't drink.

Pepe is spooning the milky liquid into a gourd.

PEPE
It's corn.

JAVIER
This is a sacred Inca drink.

Bodine considers this.

BILL BODINE
It's sacred?

Talby looks concerned.

MAX TALBY
Uh...Bill?

But Pepe has already poured out a gourd and passes it to Bodine.

TEENAGERS
Salud!

Bodine examines the gourd doubtfully.

LATER

Carver, Talby and Buckley sit around the table each a DRUNKEN ZOMBIE - eyes glazed, barely able to keep their heads up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A very drunk Bodine stands on the make-shift stage in front of a crowd of young Altenos.

BILL BODINE

(Singing into mic)

"Who can mine the harbours of
Nicaragua? Out-hit all the hit-men
of Chicag-ua? Fucking A, man.
C.I.A Man."

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Bodine lies asleep, fully dressed, sprawled across his bed, his cheeks packed like a hamster. He's wearing Abraham's Alpaca Chullo hat.

The phone rings. Blearily, Bodine sits up. Gingerly he pulls a wad of barely chewed Coca leaves from his cheek and answers the phone...

BILL BODINE

What?

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

MARIA - Rivera's PRESS SECRETARY - is making a statement to the gathered PRESS.

MARIA

(Subtitled)

Mayor Rivera is not interested in negative campaigning, he's made this clear from the beginning. What we want to concentrate on is bringing the message of change to all of Bolivia and that is what we will be doing as we travel around the country over the coming weeks.

Pat Candy stands amongst STAFFERS to one side. He catches the eye of a REPORTER and gives an almost IMPERCEPTIBLE NOD. The REPORTER raises his hand.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Yes?

REPORTER

(Subtitled)

We understand Senator Gallo's chief strategist, William Bodine, has undergone psychotic treatment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Could this be affecting the tone
of their campaign?

There is some laughter from other REPORTERS. Maria
remains properly aloof.

MARIA

It isn't for me to comment upon
Senator Gallo's choice of
advisors.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - MORNING

The hung-over Consultants and LeBlanc are sitting around.
LeBlanc is reading from a NEWSPAPER.

HAROLD LEBLANC

(Translating)

"A source close to Rivera's
campaign said everyone knew that
Bodine had been, as he put it...
(He hesitates)"hooked up to jump
cables" before, but that Rivera
had refused to use the
information."

There is an embarrassed silence. Carver is genuinely
shocked and angry.

BENJAMIN CARVER

This is so low. This is so
unbelievably low.

MAX TALBY

Bill if they want you to go, I go
too.

BILL BODINE

(Beat)

Thanks Max.

Buckley stares fixedly at his desk, avoiding eye-contact.

LATER

Bodine is pouring a coffee. Carver joins him.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Have you taken Candy on before?

BILL BODINE

Yeah. Three, four times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENJAMIN CARVER
Has he ever beaten you?

BILL BODINE
Yeah. (Beat) Three, four times.

Carver absorbs this.

BENJAMIN CARVER
Oh. (Beat) Don't let this get
personal, Bill.

He walks off. Bodine stares after him.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)
It was always personal. That's how
I started all this.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RALLY - TEXAS - THE PAST

Balloons and *VOTE MAYOR SHORE* flags...and beneath those a crowd of mainly young people who are applauding the Mayoral Candidate - JOE SHORE. Joe is thirty with Robert Redford looks.

JOE SHORE
They're saying they're Big League,
and we're Little League and they
say that like it's a *bad* thing.
Well you know what?

He puts on a baseball cap which reads *Little League*. The crowd clap and whistle.

JOE SHORE (CONT'D)
That's right. That's right. We are
Little League! And the people in
this town are Little League, and
what they need is a a Mayor who's
going to understand their hopes
and their fears. And that's what
we're going to give them!

The crowd go wild.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)
They used to say you'd know it
when you met your real candidate.
The one you were destined to help.
Joe Shore was mine.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He was the best man I ever knew.
And he was my friend.

Amongst the crowd we find a YOUNGER BILL BODINE, cheering with the others, beaming, positively sunny.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Shore is working door to door, shaking hands, handing out literature. Bodine is at his side.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)

He was going to make Mayor. Then we were going to run for Governor, then for the Presidency. That was my plan. America was like Sleeping Beauty. Everything that had happened in those years, JFK, Bobby, Martin Luther, Chicago, the Year of the Locust - it was like they were part of an evil spell that had put a generation to sleep. And now a Prince had come to wake the Nation. Joe Shore was going to redeem us all. (Beat) Then someone called Pat Candy turned up to run the opposition campaign.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL FUND RAISER - DAY

Shore is fooling around with a bunch of kids by the pool.

JOE SHORE

Okay, get ready, one, two..Swim for Shore!

They all jump into the pool. Bodine watches smiling.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)

The first thing he did was persuade a local developer called Lenny Powers to make a two hundred dollar donation. To us. Lenny was a well known dubious character with a string of crooked deals. It didn't matter that we said we hadn't noticed the contribution, that we didn't want the contribution - from that point on Candy painted us as dirty.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Shore and Bodine are working door to door again.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)

The next thing was there was a a
whisper going round that Joe was
screwing around behind the back of
his pregnant wife.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN opens the door, sees them, and SLAMS
it closed in their faces again.

INT. BAR - EVENING

A furious Bodine sits with Shore.

BILL BODINE

You've got to let me do something
Joe. We're playing Queensberry
rules, meanwhile he's kicking us
in the balls.

JOE SHORE

I'm not going negative. Got to be
different, Bill. That's what this
is all about. I told you how we
were going to run this.

BILL BODINE

If we don't start working like
them, we're gonna lose.

JOE SHORE

You start working like them,
you've already lost.

Bodine stares at him, frustrated.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

A YOUNGER PAT CANDY is making a statement to the gathered
PRESS.

PAT CANDY

Acting on information received a
security firm swept our campaign
headquarters at eight thirty this
morning. An electronic bug like
this...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He holds up a BUG.

PAT CANDY (CONT'D)
...was found behind a picture
frame in the candidate's office
and the police have been informed.

REPORTER
(Subtitled)
Do you know who planted the
device?

PAT CANDY
We have no idea. But obviously you
can ask - who would benefit from
this?

The PRESS shout questions.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)
And that was it. It was all over.
I never got to save America.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

Bodine sits with Gallo.

BILL BODINE
I spent six months in a
psychiatric hospital. At one point
I apparently thought I was a
timber wolf. Lot of barking, so
forth. I seem to remember it felt
pretty good. They gave me E.C.T.

Gallo stares at him, not showing anything.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)
I've got an on-going battle with
depression, drink...life. I'm
pretty much impotent, but frankly
that's a relief. (Beat) I thought
it was obvious. I mean, only a
lunatic would take this job.

Finally Gallo gives his lopsided smile.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)
You want me to go, I'll go, but I
think it would be a mistake. I'm
what you need and I've got the
fire in me now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)
Anything else you want to know?

Gallo considers.

GALLO
(Simply)
Can we win?

EXT. ORURO - DAY

An open train station. A crowd has gathered around the CABOOSE OF A TRAIN where VICTOR RIVERA stands with a microphone, giving a speech.

VICTOR RIVERA
(Subtitled)
A President must be sensitive. He must travel the country listening to the people. And that's the journey I'm setting out on today...

The CROWD applaud enthusiastically.

PAT CANDY stands near the back of the crowd, wearing his ID BADGE.

PAT CANDY
(Into walkie-talkie)
Start the spontaneous demonstration now.

A section of the crowd begins to cheer and wave flags.

Candy senses something and turns to find Bodine standing beside him, watching Rivera.

PAT CANDY (CONT'D)
Hello Bill.

BILL BODINE
Pat.

PAT CANDY
I see you're still here.

BILL BODINE
You too. Just come to see you off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAT CANDY

(Re: the train)

Yeah, retail time. You like it?
Old style whistle-stop tour. I
love trains. First real politician
I ever saw was on a caboose. Happy
Hubert. We threw dog turds at him,
as I recall. (Beat) I like the
leaflet thing you pulled. La Paz
Grass
Roots Organization. You want to be
careful, you make something like
that up, just might come to life.

Bodine scratches his chin, watches Rivera.

BILL BODINE

I meant to ask...did you run over
our llama?

Candy gives a low laugh. The two men stare at each other.

PAT CANDY

(Beat)

I'm going to strip the bark off
you, Bill. I'm going to destroy
you.

Bodine nods calmly.

BILL BODINE

See you out there.

He walks off. Candy turns back and watches Rivera for a
moment, joins in some applause. Suddenly he notices his
ID badge is missing. He looks on the ground for it.

ON BODINE

As he walks down the length of the train - the crowd and
Rivera's speech growing fainter behind him.

He pins something to his shirt as he walks - CANDY'S ID
BADGE.

We stay with him as he walks all the way down the train,
until he reaches the ENGINE and, hopping up onto the
step, flashes the ID.

BILL BODINE

(gesturing down the
track)

He's done, move it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The DRIVER nods. Bodine hops back off the step.

ON RIVERA

...in mid-flow.

VICTOR RIVERA

(Subtitled)

We no longer want to see 800,000
children working in the streets.
We no longer want to see...

He lurches suddenly as the TRAIN BEGINS TO PULL OUT OF
THE STATION.

We hear the opening of "*Tempus est Iocundum*" from *Carmina
Burana*.

Rivera turns angrily to the Campaign Staff beside him,
who look totally bewildered.

The crowd watch, puzzled, as Victor and the train begin
to recede from them.

VICTOR RIVERA (CONT'D)

(Subtitled)

Wait...this is a...wait....

Candy is fighting his way through the crowd, barking into
his cell.

PAT CANDY

(Into cell)

Where are you? What the fuck
are you doing there? I told you to
stay with the fucking driver!

ON BODINE

...as the music continues, and he walks away from the
chaos behind him.

MONTAGE

- As the music continues we see the GALLO CAMPAIGN BUS
thunder across the vast, open Altiplano.

- A small COMMUNITY HALL. The Advance are putting out
chairs, putting up the banner and bunting on the stage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- Later. Gallo is giving his "Crisis" stump speech to the small crowd.

GALLO

(Subtitled)

This is a social and economic crisis. We need *safe hands* now not empty words.

- The bus passes the GEYSERS of Sol de Manana.
- Another hall, the same speech. Gallo trying hard to reach the crowd.

GALLO (CONT'D)

(Subtitled)

...a crisis of corruption, corruption becoming hyper-corruption.

- Gallo comes off-stage. Eddie is waiting with some water for him. Gallo rolls his sleeves down and Eddie passes him his cuff-links.
- Inside the Bus. Staffers sleep. Bodine, Carver and Gallo work on a speech.
- Through the valley rainforest of the Chapare. It's hard to believe this is the same country.
- A SCHOOLROOM. A small town FOCUS GROUP in session. We TRACK past a tiny VIDEO CAMERA and follow it's lead under a door into an ADJOINING ROOM where Benjamin and a Translator sit huddled over a TV MONITOR watching the group.
- A small town. A band playing, a little crowd. Some SUPPORTERS are rubbing pink confetti, or *mistura*, into Gallo's hair for luck. Gallo tries to keep his smile in place.
- Another FOCUS GROUP. A simple barn of a building. A group of poor looking *Campesinos* sit around a table with a Moderator, talking. We TRACK over to a large CUPBOARD in the corner of the room until we are INSIDE THE CUPBOARD where we find Carver and the Translator crouched in the dark, listening through the door.
- The bus has pulled over out of town. Gallo stands on the road, angrily trying to comb the *mistura* out of his hair, while Eddie brushes his jacket down.
- Another rally. Gallo winds up his speech.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GALLO (CONT'D)

(Subtitled)

...but together, fighting side by side we can save Bolivia from this crisis. Thank you.

REVERSE - the half-full hall, the half-hearted applause...

Gallo looks out - can't hide his frustration.

- The TIWANAKU RUINS. Bodine, Carver and some of the Staffers are being shown around the ruins by a GUIDE.

Bodine stares up at a carving in the middle of the great STONE GATEWAY he's standing before. The Guide follows his gaze.

GUIDE

That's Viracocha, the God of Creation and Destruction. He destroyed the world, so that a better one could be born out of the ruins.

Bodine smokes a cigarette, stares intently up at the sculpture as the MUSIC ENDS.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

The Consultants are prepping Gallo for a RADIO INTERVIEW, as they walk down the corridor.

BENJAMIN CARVER

We know they're going to ask about the past. So you say - yes, you made mistakes, BUT you learned from those mistakes, you have grown as a result of those mistakes.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

And that is why you have the experience and the competency to tackle this crisis and blah, blah. Bang - back on message.

MAX TALBY

But remember the humility. The humanity. "I've made mistakes."

INT. RADIO STUDIO - LATER

Gallo is being interviewed on a radio show. He sits, without a tie, opposite the HOST - a YOUNG MAN.

HOST

(Subtitled)

So, if you could go back in a time machine, which things that you did back then, would you change?

Gallo leans into the mike.

GALLO

(Subtitled)

Yes, well...There were mistakes. But you know, I've learned one thing. You learn from your mistakes as well as your successes.

HOST

Right. But if you had to pick one thing you'd change...?

GALLO

Oh, I don't know. I'd have to think. There's a few.

HOST

Just give me one.

Gallo considers in silence.

HOST (CONT'D)

One thing that makes you think "Never again!" Something like that.

Gallo starts to look irritated.

GALLO

Yes, I...I don't know.

HOST

Try and think. (Beat) Maybe the people that got shot?

Gallo stares at him. You could cut the atmosphere with a knife.

INT. RADIO STUDIO - GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where the Consultants are listening to the show.

CHAT SHOW HOST (O.S.)

(Over speakers)

Nothing?

More silence. Carver slowly covers his face.

EXT. HOTEL - VERANDA - DAY

Bodine and Carver sit drinking, staring across the square to where a large Campesino DEMONSTRATION is taking place: someone giving a speech over a bullhorn, the occasional cheer.

BENJAMIN CARVER

We've got Little Mo.

BILL BODINE

We've got No Mo.

BENJAMIN CARVER

It's what I've been hearing from the beginning - "He's arrogant, he's cold, he's unemotional" I mean we've established him as competent, as tough. *Trustworthy* is up four points. That's definitely our strongest attribute - the whole "safe pair of hands" thing. But *Cares About People Like Me* is still way down. We've got to show another side of him, Bill.

BILL BODINE

I don't think there is another side to him. You've seen him trying to be folksy. He looks like Boris Karloff's corpse. He smiles, people shit themselves.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Did you know Hugo's got a little whisper campaign going against us? Saying how the negative tactics aren't working, how he's not happy with our performance?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE

He's the campaign manager. He's not going to be happy with anything we do except fuck off or die.

He stares over at the demonstration, sips his drink, broods for a moment.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

What did you do in '68?

BENJAMIN CARVER

What?

BILL BODINE

Year of the Locust. What did you do? You take to the streets?

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Laughing)

I was two. What did you do?

BILL BODINE

Watched it on TV. Got all puffed up 'bout how irresponsible they were all being. Should be working with the system. Now, I think...I don't know. (Wistfully) What did it feel like to be in a real revolution?

They stare out, listen to the chanting of the crowd. Carver's cell rings.

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Answering)

Hello?

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - EVENING

Buckley and Talby, looking freaked. Talby is reading from a LEAFLET into his cell.

MAX TALBY

(Into cell)

"The Church of the Cosmic Wind"
"They believe the Leader Ron Loomis has the power to protect them...?"

He looks for help from a TRANSLATOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRANSLATOR

(Reading)

"...from cancer, and allow them to fly."

MAX TALBY

"...from cancer, and allow them to fly."

We see the LEAFLET - which features a PHOTOGRAPH of Gallo and a smiling bearded Californian - RON LOOMIS. Both men are wearing loose, white robes and are standing under the frame of a pyramid. Gallo is unsmiling.

MAX TALBY (CONT'D)

"This is what Gallo believes in. Can we believe in him?" He's got...he's in white robes, standing next to this Loomis guy and they're under a pyramid.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Carver is on the phone, Bodine beside him.

BENJAMIN CARVER

(To Bodine)

He's under a pyramid.

BILL BODINE

Aw, fuck.

ON BUCKLEY AND TALBY

Buckley is pacing.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

You remember the Huffingtons? You remember Scranton? The cult thing killed him.

MAX TALBY

(Into cell)

Scott says the cult thing killed Scranton. And that was just TM, right? They don't even have any special powers.

ON CARVER AND BODINE

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Into cell)

Who's it from? (Beat) Uhuh.

BILL BODINE

What'd he say? Who's it from?

BENJAMIN CARVER

La Paz Grass Roots Organization.

Bodine stares at him.

BILL BODINE

It...what?

BENJAMIN CARVER

Same as the last one. La Paz Grass
Roots Organization.

Bodine can't believe it.

BILL BODINE

That sonofabitch.

Hugo walks in - looking close to despair.

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Into cell)

Max, we'll get back to you.

He hangs up.

HUGO

This is unbelievable. This
is...our whole campaign is "We're
the "safe pair of hands, we're the
safe pair of hands!" Now we have a
candidate in a cult and a
consultant from *One Flew Over the
Cuckoos Nest!*

BILL BODINE

Fuck off, Hugo, you wizened little
prick.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Please, can we...(To Hugo) What'd
he say?

HUGO

He doesn't want to talk about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They stare at him. Hugo slumps on the bed, in despair, puts his head in his hands.

HUGO (CONT'D)

He doesn't want to talk about it.

EXT. HOTEL - VERANDA - EVENING

Bodine and Carver sit with Gallo out on the veranda. Gallo is smoking a cigar, at his most haughty.

GALLO

I was visiting my son. (Beat) I heard he'd joined this group in California. I was worried. I went to visit him. That's all.

BILL BODINE

That's all? You're under a pyramid. You're wearing robes!

GALLO

Everyone visiting had to wear them.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Sir, this is spinnable. You were a concerned parent. Could we...could we get your son to come over? Make a...?

GALLO

Absolutely not. Just get Jorge to make a statement. I'm not getting distracted by this.

Bodine and Carver exchange a look.

BILL BODINE

Senator, we've caught this early. We can get in a pre-buttal, but to counter-attack something like this - it's got to come from you. We could do a chat-show?

GALLO

I'm not doing a chat-show.

Bodine tries again.

BILL BODINE

Look, sir...there's something you have to understand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Despite the fact you're trying for the highest office in the land, maybe because of it, Presidential campaigns are very...intimate. You've got to somehow get one on one with the voters. They have to feel you're sharing yourself, your real self with them.

GALLO

I understand your position, but I've made my decision. This will go away.

He gets up and walks off.

EXT. OUTSIDE EVENT - AFTERNOON

Gallo and his entourage are leaving, passing the crowd outside. Gallo shakes a few hands at the rope line. He takes a hand and looks up...

He's shaking hands with a YOUNG MAN who is wearing a TIN-FOIL PYRAMID on his head. Some other men, similarly attired, stand behind him, laughing. There is the sudden flash of cameras as PHOTOGRAPHERS grab the image.

Gallo scowls and stumps on.

BENJAMIN CARVER

(To Bodine)

Yeah, this is going to go away.

EXT. SALAR DE UYUNI - DAY

The bus drives across the incredible lunar landscape of the salt flats - a white world stretching out to the horizon. The only vertical feature in sight is a bizarre building in the distance - the SALT HOTEL.

CUT TO:

DARKNESS

...and then out of the darkness, in SLO-MO - comes a figure in BLACK wearing a DEVIL MASK - a nightmarish image, running towards us, intent on murder...

ON GALLO

...as he jerks out his dream and lies there, sweating.

INT. SALT HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Eddie, getting dressed, glances out of his window and sees a FIGURE walking away from the hotel - already a good distance. Eddie frowns, moves to get a better look.

It's Gallo - and he's still wearing his pyjamas.

EXT. SALAR DE UYUNI - EARLY MORNING

Gallo walks towards us across the salt flats. He has the same look of blankness that we saw at the supermarket.

EDDIE CAMACHO (O.S.)

(Calling)

Senator?

Gallo shows no sign of having heard. He breaks into a shambling run.

In the B.G Eddie appears and starts to run after him.

GALLO'S P.O.V

...the awful blank landscape, jogging up and down ahead of us. We can hear Gallo's laboured breathing.

CLOSE ON GALLO

...something dumb, panicked in his face.

He can't go any further, slows and stops, gasping for breath, hands on knees. Eddie races up.

EDDIE CAMACHO (CONT'D)

Senator? Are you alright?

Tentatively he touches the Senator's back.

EDDIE CAMACHO (CONT'D)

Senator?

Gallo stares at him, searching his face, WITHOUT RECOGNITION.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE CAMACHO (CONT'D)

(Gently)

It's cold, let's go back. (Beat)
Come on. It's cold.

Slowly he leads the older man back towards the hotel.

OUTSIDE HOTEL - LATER

Bodine, Eddie and Hugo stand talking away from the hotel.

EDDIE CAMACHO

(Anxiously)

I didn't know what to do. I don't
know what was wrong with him.

Bodine checks no-one else is around.

HUGO

Of course you don't. You're not a
doctor. Was there any press
around?

EDDIE CAMACHO

He didn't know who I was.

HUGO

Campaigns can be very stressful.
The candidate is tired, under
pressure, anxious...Isn't this so?

He looks to Bodine for support.

BILL, BODINE

Well, yeah. I mean I've seen
Congressmen sitting naked at their
desks, talking to no-one on the
phone. You think they're finished
but...they get some rest, they're
good as new.

HUGO

Exactly.

EDDIE CAMACHO

He didn't know who *he* was.

HUGO

(Sharp)

Let me explain this situation to
you...

Bodine shoots Hugo a look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE

Eddie, I know you're worried about him. I understand. If we tell anyone about this, it will finish him, finish *this*. (Beat)
But we can do that Eddie.

HUGO

Como?

BILL BODINE

(Ignoring him)
We can do it.

He watches Eddie closely. Eddie struggles in silence for a moment.

EDDIE CAMACHO

I don't want that.

Bodine nods. You can't tell if he's relieved or disappointed.

BILL BODINE

Okay. Then this is between us three. And we look after him because that's our job. It's going to be okay.

Eddie walks back to the hotel. The other two stare at the horizon for a moment.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

What do you think?

HUGO

I think nervous exhaustion. I think he'll be fine.

BILL BODINE

Really? 'Cos I'm thinking Ronald Reagan.

Hugo stares after Eddie.

HUGO

Do you trust him?

BILL BODINE

Well, more than I trust you.

Bodine walks away. Hugo glares after him.

INT. CAMPAIGN BUS - DAY

Bodine sits trying not to look like he's watching Gallo, whilst watching Gallo.

Gallo sits staring out of the window, eyes drooping with drowsiness.

GALLO'S P.O.V - the landscape rolls by. Slowly we...

FADE OUT.

WHITE. The sound of a faint voice calling, something from a dream, then...

BANG

Gallo jerks awake, as a stick clatters off the window beside him. He looks around him muzzily.

The bus has been stopped by a bloqueo: a large crowd of CAMPESINOS have pulled up stones from the road and blocked off the way. They have gathered around the bus now, peering through the windows, some are hitting sticks against the glass.

Gallo peers out of the window to where the DRIVER and some STAFFERS are arguing with the Campesinos. Some REPORTERS are hovering around the edge of the group, taking photographs.

Everyone on the bus is peering out of the windows anxiously.

HUGO

Where are the police? Why aren't there any police here!

Gallo gets up walks stiffly down the aisle, and clambers down the steps.

Eddie notices, hurries down the aisle after him.

EDDIE CAMACHO

Sir! No!

BILL BODINE

(Noticing)

Shit!

OUTSIDE THE BUS

Things have been getting heated between the Campesinos and the Staffers. A shout goes up as Gallo is recognised.

CAMPEsinos

(Subtitled)

Death to the Yankees!

Eddie is beside Gallo, getting in between him and the nearest Campesinos, but Gallo, apparently oblivious to the hostility, walks up to the LEADER of the group who is arguing with the Security.

GALLO

(Putting out his
hand)

Buenos dias.

The Leader is caught off-guard, and shakes hands.

LEADER

Buenos dias.

GALLO

(Subtitled)

This is a protest?

LEADER

Yes.

Gallo nods, looks around at the Campesinos, smiling vaguely.

LEADER (CONT'D)

(Subtitled)

We're asking for constitutional reform, for adequate representation of our people. We want to be heard.

Gallo stares at the crowd, who quieten down.

Bodine and Carver watch from the doorway of the bus.

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Softly)

What's he doing?

Bodine closes his eyes in horror, waiting for the worst.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GALLO

(Suddenly)

I want to listen. I want to
listen.

There is some applause from the crowd. Gallo puts his arm
around the Leader's shoulder - and it's a natural,
unaffected gesture.

GALLO (CONT'D)

You are defending democracy. You
are *defending* democracy!

The applause builds, the Photographers' cameras WHIR.

Bodine and Carver watch him.

BILL BODINE

I guess that's his other side.

INT. BUS - DAY

The bus is rolling again. Gallo sits looking out of the
window. Bodine sits beside him, watching him out of the
corner of his eye, calculating. Finally...

BILL BODINE

(Carefully)

Sir, do you remember we were
thinking about a chat-show?

Gallo turns to look at him.

GALLO

A chat-show?

BILL BODINE

Yes. Something nice and relaxed.
I was thinking maybe *Hablar Por*
Hablar? Maybe deal a little with
the cult thing?

Bodine holds his breath as Gallo considers.

GALLO

Alright. If you think it'll help.

He turns back to the window, hums a tune for a moment.

GALLO (CONT'D)

I'm just a slave...

He trails off. Bodine watches him with concern.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE

Sorry, sir?

Gallo turns to look at him blankly, trying to remember what he was saying.

GALLO

I'm just a slave - to strategy.

He turns back to the window.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Gallo is on the afternoon chat-show - *Hablar Por Hablar* - talking to the kindly MIDDLE-AGED FEMALE HOST.

MIDDLE-AGED HOST

(Subtitled)

I know you don't want to talk about this, but just to make it clear to viewers, you aren't a member of the Cult of the Cosmic Wind?

GALLO

No, I'm not.

MIDDLE-AGED HOST

And you don't think you can fly?

Laughter from the audience.

GALLO

No. If you look at the polls you'll see I can't fly.

More laughter.

MIDDLE-AGED HOST

It was your son who was a member of this church?

GALLO

Yes.

MIDDLE-AGED HOST

And I know you don't want to go into this so much but...well, perhaps we could start with that? Why don't you want to discuss this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GALLO

I feel...I think when you're a politician you are a legitimate target. But people around you are not necessarily involved, don't want to be involved, and I don't think they should be drawn into campaigns. My son has his own life. He's had difficulties.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Difficulties with drugs, is that right?

GALLO

(This is painful)

Yes. And he's very private, I don't want to...I don't want to...

He searches for the words. The CAMERA has CLOSED in on him.

MIDDLE-AGED HOST

Are you close to your son?

Gallo considers this.

GALLO

Not...not as much I'd like.

The camera moves CLOSER - and we see the light glitter off the TEAR in the corner of his eye.

AT THE MONITOR

Bodine, Carver, Buckley and Talby watch intently. Bodine closes his eyes. He reaches out and holds Talby and Carver's hands. Talby takes Buckley's, they stand eyes closed in, heads bowed in silent, only half-ironic PRAYER.

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A silent, empty corridor. It's late. From one of the rooms comes the sound of a TELEPHONE RINGING. After a moment it is answered. Silence. Suddenly the room door opens and Bodine bounds out in his shorts. He starts to run down the corridor, fist raised in the air.

BILL BODINE

Five points up! Five points up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He runs on down the corridor, banging on doors.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)
Five points up!

He runs on...

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: THIRTY DAYS. RIVERA 41%, GALLO 15%

FADE IN:

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON THE NOTICE BOARD

...as someone removes more of the CANDIDATES PHOTOGRAPHS.
Now it's pretty much down to Rivera, Gallo and Campero.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Bodine stands watching TV.

ON TV SCREEN - a Rivera spot is playing. We're watching
old NEWS COVERAGE - a clash between Coca-Farmers and Army
- it's handheld, a little chaotic. We hear GUNSHOTS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
(Subtitled)
Imagine a Bolivia without
inequality, without poverty...
A Bolivia without bloodshed or
conflict.

A shot of a woman crying, a DEAD BODY in the road.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Imagine a Bolivia free of the past
and ready to change.

We cut to a shot of a smiling Victor Rivera.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Vote for Victor Rivera. Imagine
the Future.

Bodine kicks the TV over.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR - DAY

Bodine, Talby and Buckley are walking down the corridor.

BILL BODINE

Of course it works. It reminds everyone Gallo used the army against them, without mentioning his name. It's the same Man of the People shit and we've got to stop it.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

With what? Our attack spots aren't working. We're telling them the guy's a thief and they don't seem to care.

MAX TALBY

What we're hearing is "Yes, he's corrupt but...he gets things done." It's like no big surprise to them. They accept a level of corruption as inevitable. Long as he gets the road fixed.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

Meanwhile we're coming over like Ken Starr here, you know? We're the only one's turned up for the lynching.

BILL BODINE

The people have spoken. (Beat) The bastards.

MAX TALBY

We need something else.

BILL BODINE

We haven't got anything else.

They pass some VOLUNTEERS making "Home Made" Gallo Signs.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

(To Volunteers)

That's no good. They're supposed to be "home made". You can't make them all the same!

He walks on, shaking his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

We haven't got anything else.

EXT. RALLY - DAY

A beaming Rivera is shaking hands with supporters. A cheesy JINGLE plays...

JINGLE

(Subtitled)

Rivera is for change! Positive
change! He is the People's Dream!
He'll let us live true to our
hearts!

LATER

Rivera is talking to REPORTERS.

REPORTER

(Subtitled)

Despite the Gallo campaign's
attacks on you, you've held your
lead in the polls. Do you think
it's time they changed their
tactics?

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - DAY

Gallo and the Consultants are watching the interview on
TV.

VICTOR RIVERA (O.S.)

(On TV, subtitled)

You know, Napoleon said "Never
get in the way of your enemy
when he's heading for a cliff."
The only people they are hurting
with these accusations are
themselves. People don't want to
see that sort of campaign. That's
the old Bolivia. People are ready
for change.

GALLO

He's right. Almost two months, our
biggest buy, and we get nothing
for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE

(Irritated)

It's not a silver bullet, okay?
It's, it's like poison gas. It
slowly seeps out there. But it's
time and patience, patience and
time.

GALLO

I don't have time! I don't...

His sentence trails off. He sighs, looks thoughtful, as if he's trying to remember something. Then he just walks away. The Consultants stare after him, puzzled by his behaviour.

Bodine looks for something to distract them with. On TV Rivera is being filmed holding his two BABY SONS again.

BILL BODINE

Jesus Christ. Can't we get rid of
those fucking kids?

The others turn back to the TV, nod sympathetically.

INT. HOTEL - EVENING

Carver is sitting being interviewed by a FEMALE AMERICAN REPORTER. Bodine sits at the next table, getting drunk.

BENJAMIN CARVER

It is hard. Campaigns are hard
but...I love what I do. You know,
you work with someone
like Mandela, leaders who are
brave, who are wanting to make big
changes, have a big vision? To
help them do that, that's a pretty
cool thing. And...I believe in
people. Ordinary people. I spend
my life listening to voters from
different backgrounds, different
countries, and what I've learnt is
they show tremendous wisdom about
the choices facing them. You give
them the information and they will
make the rational choice.

REPORTER

(To Bodine)

You're smiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

92.

BILL BODINE

(Laughing)

No, no. I'm just...Heyyy! There he is. Fast Eddie. Get in here.

Eddie is walking past. Bodine pulls him down onto the seat next to him.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Doing a little interview, you can help. (To Reporter) This is Fast Eddie.

Eddie smiles shyly at the reporter.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Eddie could you tell us, uh, how you're finding life on the campaign trail?

EDDIE CAMACHO

Yes. I'm tired but...this is...this is very exciting. It's very good to be helping.

BILL BODINE

Oh, helluva thing. No doubt about it. Eddie here is a big Gallo supporter. Sort of funny, given, you know, old, rich, white guy, but...Why do you support Gallo, Eddie?

Eddie's not sure if this is a joke.

EDDIE CAMACHO

Uh...I think he is the best person to trust our economy to in this crisis?

BILL BODINE

Right answer.

EDDIE CAMACHO

And I think the free market, I think this is the only way to help all of Bolivia.

BILL BODINE

Well, there you go. Sounds very...rational.

His smile has an edge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

You know, when Adlai Stevenson was running for President, woman came up to him after a rally, said "Every thinking person will be voting for you." Stevenson said "Madam, that's not enough, I need a majority."

He laughs.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

That's about the truth of it. I haven't been to all the countries Ben has, but back home you've got some dumb fucking miner in Pennsylvania, watches the Republicans bring in some more tax-breaks for the super-rich, sticking it to him on health insurance, sticking it to his wife on maternity leave, but he goes and votes for them anyway. 'Cos, you know, they're standing firm against this gay-marriage thing, or 'cos of the Dean scream, or 'cos Dukakis looked liked an idiot in a tank, or his dad always voted for them...

He flicks his eyes at Eddie here.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

...or some other dumb fucking thing. Reason doesn't come into it.

He points to his head.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

It's the amygdala. All those irrational little emotions. You learn how to manipulate those, you can control the herd. The whole... bewildered...herd. Fortuna! The Empress of the World. That's who I believe in. The Great Wheel turning.
"I shall reign," "I reign," "I have reigned..."

He points to the bottom of an imaginary "wheel."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

"I am without a kingdom." Just keeps on turning. We're Agents of Change. That's all we're doing here. 'Cos change is inevitable. But progress surely 'aint.

There is an uncomfortable silence as Bodine finishes his drink. Carver gives his small smile.

BENJAMIN CARVER

This is Bill Bodine.

BILL BODINE

I've had E.C.T.

His attention is suddenly caught by Rivera's latest SPOT playing on the TV by the bar - the coca-farmers, the SOLDIERS running across a square...

Bodine stares at the screen, thinking. He gets up and walks away from the table, dialing his cell.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

(To Cell)

Harold. You say Rivera was in the army?

INT. COCHABAMBA - SCHOOL OF ARMS - DAY

An ELDERLY WOMAN stares at us, lined face creased with emotion, tears on her cheeks.

WIDER - we see the Woman stands in the foyer of the military school, staring up at one of many framed PHOTOGRAPHS on the wall. It's a black and white portrait of a group of OFFICERS.

A YOUNG OFFICER notices her and comes over.

YOUNG OFFICER

(Subtitled)

Buenas tardes. Can I help you?

The Elderly Woman reaches out a trembling finger to point at one of the Officers in the picture.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Do you know who this is?

The Officer examines the photograph.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG OFFICER

No?

ELDERLY WOMAN

My son, Rene. He's dead now.

The Young officer nods respectfully.

YOUNG OFFICER

I'm sorry.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I don't have a photograph of him
in uniform.

She turns her grieving face to the young man.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)

My daughter has a photographic
shop. If I could make a copy...?

EXT. OUTSIDE SCHOOL OF ARMS - DAY

LeBlanc waits in his car, watching the Elderly Woman walk
towards him. She's carrying the framed photograph.

EXT. SKY - DAY

A small PRIVATE PLANE flies over the dense canopy of the
rain-forest.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Hugo sits facing Gallo, reading some papers. Gallo is
asleep. Bodine slides into the seat next to Hugo.

BILL BODINE

(Softly)

Hey, Hugo. I got a call from an
old pal - Fred Carrick. You know
Fred?

Hugo shakes his head

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Carrick happened to mention that
he heard you were talking to Shrum
about coming in?

Hugo shifts a little uncomfortably.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUGO

(Softly)

This isn't my decision.

He indicates Gallo with a tilt of his head.

HUGO (CONT'D)

There's a general feeling that we're running out of time, and we need a fresh strategy to...

BILL BODINE

Don't blame him, Hugo. He doesn't know what fucking day it is. It's you, you little Wormtongue, lurking behind the throne.

Hugo flushes with anger but keeps his voice low.

HUGO

The negative spots aren't working. Your strategy isn't working. You haven't stopped Rivera. I told you at the beginning, people don't like negative campaigns. They want hope from a leader. They want vision. I'm listening to the next President speak, I want to be electrified. I want to be transported.

BILL BODINE

Well, we all want you to be electrified and transported, Hugo.

He leans in close to him.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

This is mine. And you're going to watch me win it. You bring Shrum in and I'll go to the press about Gallo myself.

He slides back out of the seat, and walks back down the plane. Hugo looks at Gallo, who is still sleeping, his mouth slowly gaping open...

EXT. RAINFOREST LODGE - EVENING

The middle of no-where. The Consultants are trudging to their lodge cabins, crumpled after a long journey, shirts soaked with sweat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bodine peels off towards his own cabin, walks down a path and reaches the door. A figure steps out of the shadows. Bodine jumps back. It's LeBlanc - baby-faced and pristine as ever.

BILL BODINE

Jesus Christ, Harold. Do you just teleport in or something?

Harold smiles faintly. Bodine stares at him, instantly alert.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

What? What have you got?

EXT. RAINFOREST - EVENING

An odd sight - a bunch of men in suits standing in the middle of the rainforest: Gallo, Hugo, LeBlanc, the Consultants - all staring at the photograph of young Captain Rivera, which Bodine has pinned to a tree. They're talking in whispers.

HAROLD LE BLANC

...achieved the rank of Captain, completed training at the ECEM in Cochabamba, was abroad from seventy five to seventy six.

Bodine stares pointedly at the others.

GALLO

What? (Beat) Where was he?

HAROLD LEBLANC

Panama.

MAX TALBY

Why?

BILL BODINE

Because...

Something SCREECHES in the trees behind them. Everyone jumps a little. Bodine recovers, grins sheepishly.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Because at that time the SOA was based at Fort Gulick in Panama.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

The what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENJAMIN CARVER

School of the Americas? He trained
at the School of the Americas?

BILL BODINE

School of Assassins. That's right.
Human Rights Violations 101.

HAROLD LEBLANC

At that time SOA had US Project X
manuals on torture, execution, and
kidnapping a target's family
members.

They stare at him.

BENJAMIN CARVER

This is incredible. The Man of the
People? This is perfect.

Talby is watching Bodine.

MAX TALBY

What's wrong?

BILL BODINE

He actually only studied Combat
Arms Basic, C-2. And he didn't
choose to go there. It's not a
silver bullet.

GALLO

What would be?

Bodine stares around at them. Without noticing it, they
all draw in a little closer.

BILL BODINE

What if I were to tell you there
was a picture of Victor Rivera
standing alongside this man...

He takes out a photograph and pins it to the tree with a
knife. The photograph is of a MAN IN A GESTAPO UNIFORM.

They stare at the photo in silence.

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Beat)

That's...that's Klaus Barbie.

BILL BODINE

Klaus Barbie. The Butcher of Lyon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HUGO

(Stunned)

There's a picture of Victor Rivera
with Klaus Barbie?

Bodine stares at him, nodding solemnly. Beat.

BILL BODINE

I don't know. It's possible.

GALLO

What?

BILL BODINE

He was in Bolivia, working for the
Government. Lived in La Paz, same
time as Rivera.

HUGO

So, the link is...they both lived
in the same city?

BILL BODINE

We're not saying there's a link.
We're not saying anything at all.
There's no fingerprints on this
one. Just rumours floating out
into the world. Just some
unsettling images: Rivera in
uniform, the School of the
Americas, behind it all, in the
shadows, the Nazi war criminal.
Was there a link?

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Beat)

Well, no there wasn't.

BILL BODINE

What fires together, wires
together. Nixon says "I'm not a
crook," all people hear is "I'm"
and "crook."

Carver is starting to laugh, a touch of hysteria almost.

BENJAMIN CARVER

We can't...Bill, we can't say
Rivera's a Nazi. No one will
believe that.

Bodine turns to Gallo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BILL BODINE

Lyndon Johnson's running for Congress...

BENJAMIN CARVER

Oh, Bill...

BILL BODINE

(Louder)

Lyndon Johnson's running for Congress and he tells his campaign manager to start spreading the rumour that his opponent fucks pigs. The Manager says "No-one's going to believe that." Johnson says "I know. I just want to hear him deny it."

Gallo stares at him.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

In your heart you know I'm right.

MAX TALBY

(Smiling)

But in our guts we know your nuts.

In the trees behind them something screeches. Nobody notices.

INT. FOCUS GROUP - DAY

A GROUP OF WOMEN sit around the table.

MODERATOR

(Subtitled)

What have you heard about Rivera recently?

WOMAN

(Subtitled)

He was in the army. I didn't know that.

MODERATOR

Does that worry you?

WOMAN

Yes. Back then, the army, this wasn't a good thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECOND WOMAN

I was going to vote for Rivera but
there's been a lot of publicity...

BACK ROOM

Talby and Carver watch through the mirror, listening to a
translation of the discussion.

TRANSLATOR

(Translating)

I don't know. It makes you think.

CLOSE ON MAGAZINE COVER

The magazine carries a photograph of a smiling Rivera on
the cover with the subtitled headline "Behind the smile?"

ANOTHER MAGAZINE

Another cover, this with the photograph of Rivera in
uniform and the subtitled title: "The Captain and the
Mayor"

ANOTHER MAGAZINE

Another cover - Klaus Barbie and the subtitled title:
"Secrets and Shadows - Bolivia's shameful past."

INT. CHAT SHOW - EVENING

Rivera is being interviewed - laughing, but he's losing
his cool a little.

VICTOR RIVERA

(Subtitled)

No, I never met Barbie. It's
ridiculous. The whole thing is
ridiculous.

EXT. OUTSIDE TOWN HALL - DAY

Rivera and Candy have stopped at the rope line by a
REPORTER.

VICTOR RIVERA

(Subtitled)

They're desperate.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR RIVERA (CONT'D)

They're desperate because we're still climbing in the polls and we're not going to stop climbing until we pass fifty percent.

REPORTER

(Subtitled)

Actually the latest MORI poll has you dropping six points.

Rivera and Candy clearly haven't heard this yet, and for a second they look completely thrown. We FREEZE FRAME on their expressions...

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - DAY

Bodine has just PAUSED the image on the video tape and the whole room erupts in cheers.

BILL BODINE

One more time!

He re-winds the tape a little and plays it again.

REPORTER (O.S.)

(Subtitled, on TV)

Actually the latest MORI poll has you dropping six points.

Bodine once more freezes on Rivera and Candy's faces. The room erupts again.

INT. CAMPAIGN BUS - DAY

The Consultants sit napping. Bodine is wearing his Chollo hat. Buckley is talking to a SPEECH WRITER.

SCOTT BUCKLEY (O.S.)

So it isn't "privatization", it's "personalization." It isn't "drilling for oil". It's "exploring for energy". Another example...Uh, it isn't "wiretapping", it's...?

SPEECH WRITER

"Electronic intercepts."

SCOTT BUCKLEY

Electronic intercepts. Good.

Bodine suddenly rises in his seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE
I don't believe it.

BENJAMIN CARVER
What?

Bodine gets up and walks down to the DRIVER, staring at the BUS on the road ahead of them. It's RIVERA'S CAMPAIGN BUS.

BENJAMIN CARVER (CONT'D)
(Joining him)
What's the matter?

BILL BODINE
That's them.

He turns to the DRIVER.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)
You see that bus?

DRIVER
Si?

BILL BODINE
Overtake it.

We hear the opening of the *Dance from Carmina Burana*.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

It's a breath-taking landscape - the road winds through the mountain - a vertical wall on one side, a drop to the lush valley below on the other.

Rivera's bus roars along the road, Gallo's bus close behind. As the road widens a little the Gallo bus edges alongside.

GALLO CAMPAIGN BUS

Bodine and some of the Staffers rush to the side windows for a better view of the enemy.

And there he is - PAT CANDY - sitting reading. He looks up and notices his audience. Bodine waves, grinning.

BILL BODINE
Hello fuckface.

He holds up six fingers and then points "down."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But then Rivera's bus pulls ahead again, sliding Candy out of sight. Bodine runs down to the front.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Pass them!
Vamos!

The Driver indicates the road narrowing ahead.

DRIVER

Peligroso.

BENJAMIN CARVER

The road's too dangerous, Bill.

Ahead of them Candy appears at the back window of the bus. He waves "good-bye," his terrible, smug smile. Carver stares at him.

He takes out a wad of MONEY and shows it to the driver.

BENJAMIN CARVER (CONT'D)

Pass the bus.

EXT. THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

As the music continues the Gallo bus surges forward, trying to overtake. Bodine's head appears out of the skylight, Chollo hat flapping crazily in the wind.

GALLO CAMPAIGN BUS

As the Consultants and the Staffers whoop and shout at the windows.

Rivera Staffers line the windows of the adjacent bus, waving and laughing back. Candy is now standing at the front of the bus, next to his driver.

EXT. THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The duel continues, Rivera's bus weaving across the narrow road trying to block its rival.

At last the Rivera bus slows a little as it approaches a tight bend ahead. Taking its chance the Gallo bus roars forward, taking the hair-raising bend with a screech of tyres and accelerating into the lead.

GALLO CAMPAIGN BUS

Bodine leans out of the skylight, shouting back at the bus, hoarse, gleeful...

BILL BODINE

Aaaaaagh! Loser! Loser!

He starts to HOWL like a wolf.

Talby watches from his seat.

MAX TALBY

(Calmly)

There he is. Wild Bill Bodine.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: TEN DAYS. RIVERA 26%, GALLO 17%

FADE IN:

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - MORNING

The NOTICE BOARD. Someone has drawn HITLER MOUSTACHES on the pictures of Rivera and his baby sons.

We hear DRUMMING and the cheering of a crowd.

EXT. RALLY - EVENING

Gallo, shirt-sleeves rolled up, and his entourage are approaching the stage. Behind them trails an enormous retinue of PRESS - more than we've ever seen with him before. Something's changed.

We TRACK with him as he climbs stairs onto the back-stage area. Staff ahead are clearing the way for him. On stage someone is finishing the warm up...

SPEAKER

...the next President of Bolivia!

Gallo sweeps on through curtains and out on to the stage - and it's DEAFENING.

GALLO'S P.O.V - stretching out into the night - sea of Gallo flags and banners. The crowd is roaring.

Gallo stands there, arms raised, calm, smiling.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Gallo sits in his room eating. Eddie sits beside him, pouring him some water.

They sit in silence for a moment. Gallo finishes. Eddie passes him some yogurt. Gallo stares at it, clears his throat, pats Eddie's arm.

GALLO

(Subtitled)

You're a good boy.

He starts to eat again. Eddie is choked.

EXT. LA PAZ HOSPITAL - DAY

A smiling Victor Rivera emerges from the hospital entrance once more holding his TWIN BABY BOYS.

REPORTERS photograph him.

RIVERA BEING INTERVIEWED

VICTOR RIVERA

(Subtitled)

We don't know what the virus was, but we're just grateful that the boys are well enough to come home now, and we thank all the people of Bolivia for their well wishes...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Bodine lies in bed, staring up at us - hair dishevelled, unshaven, exhausted. Just another campaign morning. It's 6.30 Am and the cell beside his bed is already starting to ring.

Bodine reaches for his bag of coca leaves...

LATER

Bodine is pacing around the room, talking on his cell. He's wearing a t-shirt and pants and his Chollo hat.

BILL BODINE

(Into cell)

Yeah, I saw it. Unbelievable.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Of course there was nothing wrong with them. I don't even think they're real kids. He's got them hanging in a closet for when his numbers drop.

There's a knock at the door.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

I know, that's what I thought.
Hold on, breakfast.

Bodine crosses to the door, opens it, takes something and closes the door again - now holding a BEER.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

What's our colour event today?
(Drinking) Uhuh.

EXT. OUTSIDE COLLEGE - DAY

Advance are getting a little stage area together for one of Gallo's post-event Press Availability.

People mill about, putting out seats for the reporters, putting up the back-drop...

Bodine stands smoking, chewing coca leaves from a bag, still wearing his hat, still unshaven. Wired.

BILL BODINE

Hey! Whatsyourname!

The Advance Lead trots over.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

What the fuck's *that*?

He points off to one side where the word LADRONES is sprayed on a wall.

ADVANCE LEAD

Graffiti?

BILL BODINE

What does it say?

ADVANCE LEAD

(Getting it)

Ladrones...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE

Right. "Thieves." Fucking camera on this side, gets an angle of Gallo, with that on the wall behind. Is that a good idea?

ADVANCE LEAD

I'm sorry, I'll get it covered.

BILL BODINE

Thank you. And listen I'm only being hard on you because... you're a fucking idiot. Now come on!

He turns to the rest of the Advance.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

COME ON!

He walks off, muttering to himself...

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

Come on. Come on...

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - MORNING

The Consultants are examining a GRAPH of poll results. We can see the slight rise in Gallo's points over the months, and the recent plunge in Rivera's popularity.

Talby checks the over-night poll figures and charts the new positions on the graph.

Rivera is now only FIVE POINTS AHEAD of Rivera.

Bodine looks above his head, as if Rivera were dangling just above him, reaches up with a hand.

BILL BODINE

We're so close. He's there. He's just fucking there. I can nearly touch him.

BENJAMIN CARVER

We've pretty much got Rivera down to his core. Those voters are never going to vote for us.

BILL BODINE

Then we get them to vote for someone else. Gotta disperse the fuckers. What about Campero?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He points to Campero's line on the graph, a good fifteen points below the others.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Campero's stuck. He's topped off.
The only way you're going to get
him more votes is if you go out
and start campaigning for him
yourself.

They laugh. Bodine doesn't. He stares at the graph.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Gallo is being prepped for a televised debate. The Consultants, Hugo and Senior Staffers face Gallo who is standing at a mocked up podium. Bodine is prowling around at the back.

BENJAMIN CARVER

(To Gallo)

A lot of people are saying if
you're going to privatise
Bolivia's resources, there should
be a referendum. What's your
answer to that?

GALLO

These issues are far too
complicated to leave to the people
to decide. That would be like
using a blunt knife to perform
surgery.

BILL BODINE

(Muttering)

Jesus Christ...

A few Staffers turn round to stare at him.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

(To Gallo, carefully)

Alright, but instead of being too
"complicated", lets try too
"urgent". That's going to come off
a lot less arrogant, and most
importantly it turns the question
back to our frame - *there's a*
crisis, there's no time. It's what
we've been saying - who gives a
shit what they're asking?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT BUCKLEY (CONT'D)

The point is how quickly can you turn it round to what you want to talk about. Oh, and always look at the questioner. It makes it look like you're connecting.

BENJAMIN CARVER

How do you respond to the people who are calling for constitutional reform and greater representation for the indigenous peoples of Bolivia?

GALLO

This is a time of crisis for Bolivia, a time when experience is needed. These people do not have the education or the...

Bodine explodes at the back of the room.

BILL BODINE

"These people?" *These fucking people?* Are you kidding me?

GALLO

(He's had enough)

Alright. This is...

He walks off.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

Okay, let's all just...five minute break.

CORRIDOR

Talby drags Bodine out.

MAX TALBY

What are you doing? What the fuck are you doing?

BILL BODINE

I can't take it, Max. I'm standing there...I'm *this* close, Max!

He holds two fingers apart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

I've worked my ass off, and I'm
this close to winning this thing,
and I'm supposed to stand and
watch George Wallace in there fuck
it up because he can't do the one
little job that we give him?

MAX TALBY

Wait a minute, who's actually
standing for President here?

BILL BODINE

(Beat)

We're so close. If we lose now,
I'm going to kill myself. I'm not
joking.

He stares at the wall for a moment.

BILL BODINE (CONT'D)

You're connected, aren't you Max?

MAX TALBY

What does that mean? You wanna
take out a hit on Rivera?

He laughs.

BILL BODINE

You've got friends.

MAX TALBY

Friends where?

BILL BODINE

State Department.

Talby stops laughing.

MAX TALBY

What are you talking about?

BILL BODINE

*"If your enemies forces are
united, separate them."*

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - DAY

The TV is playing. Staffers pass to and fro in front of
it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TV PRESENTER

(Subtitled)

The US Ambassador in Bolivia spoke today about Salvador Campero.

A couple of Staffers stop and start to watch. We CLOSE on the screen...

ON TV SCREEN

The US Ambassador is giving a press conference.

US AMBASSADOR

(Subtitled)

In a speech he gave yesterday, Salvador Campero repeated his promise that if elected he will stop the US anti-coca program. I want to remind Bolivians, the United States will only buy your gas if Bolivia is not involved in cocaine.

REVERSE

The crowd of Staffers has grown. Carver and Buckley are also now watching.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

What is he doing?

ON TV SCREEN

US AMBASSADOR

Citizens of Bolivia, open your eyes. Your future and the future of your children is in your hands.

ON BUCKLEY AND CARVER

SCOTT BUCKLEY

Is the idiot trying to get the fucker elected?

NEWS REPORT

Campero is being interviewed.

CAMPERO

(laughing, subtitled)

Maybe I should pay him to be my Campaign Manager, I don't know. If he keeps talking I'll be happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We CUT to some Bolivians being interviewed...

BOLIVIAN MAN

(Subtitled)

We have a rebellious side to us.
And what the Ambassador said has
brought that out, I think.

Another interview...

BOLIVIAN WOMAN

I was going to vote for Rivera but
now I feel like they have tried to
tell me what to do, and I will be
voting for Campero.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Talby and Bodine watch the crowd around the TV. Talby
looks ashen.

MAX TALBY

Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus. What if he
gets too many votes? Did you think
of that?

BILL BODINE

(Beat)

If you fight to save your life,
you die.

Max walks off. Bodine stares after him.

BILL BODINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Max was a good man. Like Carver.
But they've never been into the
jungle. Not really. Me - I've gone
so far in, I don't think I can
ever find my way out again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PAT CANDY'S CAMPAIGN OFFICE - NIGHT - THE PAST

We're back in the PAST. A SIGN on the door reads PAT
CANDY - CAMPAIGN MANAGER. We TRACK through the open door
into the dark office and find the YOUNG BILL BODINE
carefully attaching an ELECTRONIC BUG to the back of a
picture.

BILL BODINE (V.O.)

If you fight with monsters too
long, you become a monster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hangs the picture back on the wall and stands staring at it. It's a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of RICHARD NIXON.

Bodine stares - his face, reflected from the glass, merging with Nixon's.

BILL BODINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And if you look into the abyss for long enough, the abyss looks into you.

CUT TO:

INT. LA PAZ UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON

The hall is being prepared for the televised debate - Staffers everywhere, crew getting the lights and backdrops right.

Bodine sits out in the seats, reading a book. Candy appears and sits down beside him.

PAT CANDY

Bill.

BILL BODINE

(Without looking up)

Pat.

PAT CANDY

What are you reading?

BILL BODINE

Goethe.

PAT CANDY

Oh. The German theme.

BILL BODINE

How is the Fuehrer?

PAT CANDY

He's good.

BILL BODINE

I thought he'd be at home injecting the twins with smallpox or something, ready for the next media blitz.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAT CANDY

(Chuckling)

No, he's just getting ready to beat your guy in the debate tonight, and then assume the Presidency. (Beat) But, you know, I have to say...you've done an amazing thing here. I mean, you've taken a people who were looking for hope, who were desperate for change, desperate for something new, the strongest brand there is - and you've got them turning back to some old guy who got them shot last time he was in office. Good job we're on different sides, Bill, or we'd have a one party state.

Bodine doesn't answer. He underlines something in the book.

PAT CANDY (CONT'D)

Something good?

BILL BODINE

(Reading)

"It may be possible to hold power based on guns. It is far better to win the heart of a nation."

Candy absorbs this.

PAT CANDY

That's nice. Seriously Bill, I just wanted to say - whichever way this goes, when we get home...

He smiles at Bodine, shyly.

PAT CANDY (CONT'D)

...I'm going to spread it around that you're a paedophile.

BILL BODINE

Thanks Pat. I consider that an honour.

Candy pats his shoulder, gets up and walks off.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - EVENING

Hugo and the Consultants are watching the closing moments of the debate on monitors.

ON TV MONITOR

Gallo is winding up an answer.

GALLO

(Subtitled)

...which will enable us to move forward, out of this economic crisis.

There is some applause and the camera moves on to Rivera.

MAX TALBY

What do you think?

BENJAMIN CARVER

He's creaming us. The guy's more relaxed, he stays in control, he connects. Gallo just...this isn't his thing.

Rivera is answering another question.

VICTOR RIVERA

Well, you know, a great man once said "It may be possible to hold power based on guns. It is far better to win the heart of a nation."

Bodine looks through a glass partition to where the Rivera Staffers are watching the debate on a monitor. Candy is watching him. He smiles, raises a paper cup in toast.

SCOTT BUCKLEY

Okay, we better get down there, start spinning like a junkyard dog.

They begin to move off.

BENJAMIN CARVER

Bill?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL BODINE

I'm going to catch the end. Oh, listen, when you're with the press, do me a favour and put them right on something? I made a mistake. I told Candy that last quote was from Goethe.

BENJAMIN CARVER

(Beat)

Who was it from?

BILL BODINE

Joseph Goebbels.

There is a BEAT as they stand and stare at him. Then as one they turn and RUN FOR THE SPIN ROOM.

Bodine stands watching the end of the debate on the monitor.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: *ELECTION DAY.*

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Bodine lies on the bed, staring up at us.

The clock clicks to six thirty.

THE WINDOWS

Bodine stands in front of the windows. He throws them open to reveal the great sprawl of La Paz beyond. We hear the crashing opening of *O Fortuna* from Carmina Burana...

MONTAGE

- There is NO SOUND - just the ABSURDLY EPIC MUSIC as we see the lines starting to build outside the community centres, schools, colleges and barns that are acting as polling stations in La Paz, in Cochabamba, in Santa Cruz, Oruro, Potosi, Sucre...

- Inside the stations, people are waiting with their ballots - a series of boxes with the colours and logos of the parties in question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- Outside the stations, TV crews wait, taking exit polls.
- Bodine lies on the floor of his room, drinking.
- Rivera is on the streets of La Paz with his perfect smile, shaking hands, handing out burgers and t-shirts.
- Gallo is being interviewed by a TV CREW.
- An elderly woman places her ballot in the box.
- Results start trickling in. They're drawn up on a board.
- Candy is on his cell, the centre of a hive of industry, writing down results as they come in.
- Carver, Buckley and Talby are watching TV coverage with Hugo on four TV's. Carver is frantically making calculations.
- More results are added to the board.
- Eddie sits at home, listening to the results on a radio.
- Gallo sits at home now, watching the results come in.
- We're looking at Bodine from behind, as he stands on his hotel balcony, staring out over the city.

He answers his cell, listens for a moment - the final result.

As the music crashes to its ecstatic climax he swings his arms above his head - the Nixon Victory Wave.

SUPERED TITLES appear over him reading:

Gallo: 21.5%, Rivera: 20.8%, Campero 19.9%

EXT. STREETS OF LA PAZ - MORNING

Eddie is running joyfully down the street.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - DAY

Eddie walks through the Bullpen. There's no one here. Some Volunteers are clearing the place out, pulling down charts, emptying desks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eddie stands staring about him. A Female Staffer passes carrying some boxes.

STAFFER

(Subtitled)

Buenas Dias! Isn't it wonderful?

EDDIE CAMACHO

(Subtitled)

Yes.

She puts the boxes down, starts clearing a desk.

STAFFER

Is there something you need?

EDDIE CAMACHO

I wanted to see the Senator?

STAFFER

Well, the *President-elect* isn't here, of course.

EDDIE CAMACHO

Where is he?

STAFFER

I don't know. He's the *President-elect*.

She takes a POCKET CALENDER from a box and hands it to him.

STAFFER (CONT'D)

They sent these. As thank you's.

Eddie stares at the little calender. It features a picture of a TROPICAL BIRD with its wings spread. A large pair of SCISSORS is poised to cut off one of the wings. Underneath this is written: "*A country without democracy is like a bird with clipped wings.*"

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

The Consultants are enjoying a celebratory meal. Max is giving a toast.

MAX TALBY

There's a strategist who's always been a legend among political professionals. Jim Baker.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX TALBY (CONT'D)

Not because of the campaigns he won, but because of the campaign he almost won: Ford, '76. Baker took the guy who'd pardoned Nixon, the original "can't fart and chew gum" guy, the guy who was thirty four points behind, and he brought him within two pints of winning. Well now there's someone who can say he beat that. The new legend - Wild Bill Bodine.

The Consultants toast Bill, who sits at the end of the table. He looks like a husk - no energy left, hair matted, bearded. He stares at his colleagues, barely able to lift his glass, the black waves of DEPRESSION already starting to rise in him.

EXT. PLAZA MURILLO - MORNING

It's quiet - too early for most workers to be about yet. But already a crowd is building at one end of the square - a CAMPESINO DEMONSTRATION. There are a lot of women, some with children. Someone begins to play a DRUM...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Gallo wakes with a start from another bad dream. He lies staring up at us. From the square outside we can hear the drum.

INT. SUPERMARKET - MORNING

Eddie is stacking shelves, alone in the white aisles.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Bodine is packing his bags. Through the open windows we can faintly hear the sound of the drums...

EXT. PLAZA MURILLO - MORNING

The demonstration is larger now. HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS are flowing into the square, joining the Campesinos. A chant is building: Que se Vayan Todos! (Kick them All Out!)

Some TRUCKS pull up on one side of the square, and squads of POLICE begin to climb down and take up position.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amongst the demonstrators the drumming builds and builds...

INT. EL ALTO - EDDIE'S HOME - MORNING

The room is EMPTY. Pepe's RADIO plays beside the bed - news stories on the demonstration.

Eddie opens the door, starts dragging in an old TABLE he has found on the street.

EDDIE CAMACHO

(Subtitled)

Pepe? Help me with this.

He struggles some more.

EDDIE CAMACHO (CONT'D)

Pepe!

He leaves the table and walks into the room, stares around.

On the RADIO we can hear the crowd chanting - "Que se Vayan Todos!"

Eddie listens, frowning.

EXT. PLAZA MURILLO - MORNING

The crowd is huge now, pushing closer and closer to the PRESIDENTIAL PALACE.

Amongst the protestors we find Pepe, with Abraham and Javier, shouting along with the others.

Suddenly a line of SOLDIERS march out of the gates of the Palace and line up in front of it, facing the crowd.

This is met with a roar of disapproval.

Then a STONE flies from the crowd, over the soldier's heads and rattles off the gates of the palace. Then another...and another...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - AUDITORIUM - MORNING

Gallo, Hugo and some of his STAFF are prepping for a televised speech. Gallo stands, brightly lit, staring out at the dark room beyond.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Very faintly in the background we can hear the sound of the demonstration from the square on the other side of the building.

Hugo is at the door of the room talking quietly to a STAFFER. He comes back into the room.

HUGO
(Subtitled)
It's fine. It's fine.

GALLO
It's fine?

HUGO
It's under control. Just students.
From where we were?

Gallo nods, starts to read from a teleprompter.

GALLO
We can move forward, but only if
we unite, all of us doing what we
can.

HUGO
Remember the hands. Moving the
hands.

EXT. PLAZA MURILLO - DAY

More stones are being thrown. Suddenly there is the dull BANG of a tear-gas gun - and a canister flies from the Soldiers and lands in the crowd, which immediately begins to scatter, choking on the gas.

The Soldiers start to advance, firing tear-gas as they come.

INT. CAR - DAY

The Consultants are being driven to the airport. Carver and Buckley are talking on their cells. Bodine stares listlessly out of the window.

The SUV starts to turn down a street then screeches to a halt.

People are streaming up the street, escaping the battle in the plaza behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another SUV drives up the street, blaring its horn to clear a path through. It reaches the Consultant's car and starts to edge past. One of the passengers - a YOUNG AMERICAN in a suit spots the consultants and winds down his window.

YOUNG AMERICAN

Go back! It's crazy down there.
They're shooting!

His SUV manoeuvres around them and roars off down the road.

The Consultants stare after him, shocked.

MAX TALBY

Who was that?

SCOTT BUCKLEY

The IMF...

Their driver reverses back out of the street and heads off after the IMF car, the crowds spilling around them as the chaos spreads.

As the SUV disappears we see Eddie struggling through the crowds, heading for the Plaza.

EXT. PLAZA MURILLO - DAY

The Soldiers are firing more tear-gas.

Incredibly, many of the Protestors are holding their ground, crouching low, handkerchiefs over their faces, retching with the gas.

A CROWD of STUDENTS are calling to the POLICE on the other side of the square.

STUDENTS

(Subtitled)

Defend the People! Defend the
People!

And then it happens. One of the POLICE steps forward and fires his own tear-gas gun...

But he's aimed at the SOLDIERS.

The troops scatter as the canister lands amongst them and an immense ROAR goes up from the crowd.

Some of the troops turn their guns towards the Police...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Gallo is struggling on with his speech.

GALLO

From the Government will come
opportunity. From the people must
come responsibility.

A STAFFER appears in the doorway, looking flustered. Hugo flashes them a look and they hurriedly back out of the room again.

HUGO

(Subtitled)

Will you excuse me a moment,
Mister President?

He slips out of the room.

INT. EL ALTO AIRPORT - DAY

The Consultants sit in a row in the departure lounge watching NEWS REPORTS of the battle on TV. There is stunned silence.

PAT CANDY (O.S.)

What about this?

They look over to find Candy settling into a seat beside them.

PAT CANDY (CONT'D)

Isn't this a mess? Just awful. One
of our guys, they were throwing
rocks at his car! Broke the side
window. You guys got out okay?

He looks at them with such genuine concern that Bodine finds himself nodding dumbly. Candy turns back to the TV.

PAT CANDY (CONT'D)

Just awful.

EXT. PLAZA MURILLO - DAY

It's a battle-ground. Soldiers and Police are firing tear-gas at each other. Demonstrators are hurling rocks.

We find Pepe, doubled over, eyes streaming, vomiting. Eddie struggles through the crowd towards him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE CAMACHO

Pepe! Pepe!

He reaches him and starts to try to lead him away.

EDDIE CAMACHO (CONT'D)

(Subtitled)

Come on!

PEPE

I can't see! I can't see!

There is a sudden sharp CRACK - a harder sound than the tear-gas guns - rifle fire.

Everyone reacts - instinctively ducking down, desperately trying to see where the shot came from.

Then there comes an answering shot as one of the police fires back on the army.

Then another shot, and another...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Gallo stands at the podium, peering out into the darkness where some STAFFERS are talking in urgent whispers. One hurries out of the room.

GALLO

(Worried)

What? Are we finishing or...?

STAFFER

Yes sir. Go ahead.

Gallo peers out to the teleprompter.

GALLO

It is time that we seek peace and dialogue in Bolivia. The tax system we are proposing will help to...

He stops, shakes his head.

GALLO (CONT'D)

Wait. I need to...

STAFFER

Do you want to go back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GALLO

I want to...

He stands there for a moment. And slowly the blank looks comes over his face. And then the rising panic.

STAFFER

Sir? Do you want to go back?

He stands there. Lost.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Bodine sits by the window. He looks over to where the IMF MEN sit. He looks over to where Candy sits lost in earnest conversation with the other Consultants.

He looks down to La Paz below.

We hear the opening of *Rainin in Paradize* by Manu Chao.

Slowly Bodine begins to slide down in his seat...

EXT. PLAZA MURILLO - DAY

Eddie is trying to get out of the square, pushing Pepe ahead of him.

A SOLDIER suddenly runs out of the smoke ahead of them, sinister in his gas mask.

Before Eddie can react the Soldier raises his rifle butt and smashes it into Pepe's face. Pepe falls, blood spurting from his broken nose. The Soldier runs on.

Eddie tries to pick Pepe up but he's crying, rolling on the ground.

Another SOLDIER is running towards them.

Eddie, face drawn in shock and anger picks up a ROCK. He stands up, his arm back. He starts to THROW...

As the song takes off we...

SNAP TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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