

SAFE DELIVERY

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PREFACE

John Gardner argues that "moral" fiction uses language to make associations in the reader's mind for the purpose of persuading the reader of the fiction's interpretation of the world; thus, the writer's tool, language, transcends itself.¹ Similarly, a screenplay must transcend language but for a very practical reason--its narrative is intended to be seen, not read. A screenwriter must labor to visualize his story, to write it to be seen rather than to be read, as a dramatic presentation rather than as a rhetorical presentation.

If Safe Delivery is ever filmed, I would hope that the film would have a certain "look," some visual distinctiveness and unity. Certainly, after a viewer has seen Citizen Kane or The Searchers, he comes away with a memory of the way the film looked, a distinctive way of narrating. This look, created by a film's narrator, the camera, is similar to and functions like the rhetorical narrator of a fiction. The camera creates a "unified point of view," peculiar to cinema as Susan Sontag claims,² something similar to the "voice" of a fiction, that Wayne C. Booth calls the narrative persona.³ Like the narrative persona in fiction, the camera gives a film its particularity and distinction, and manipulates emotional, moral, and/or intellectual distances between itself and the action, and between itself and the viewer.

As Pauline Kael says of the script for Citizen Kane, it has a

"certain verve of its own,"⁴ indicating that the script anticipates the look or type of narrative persona for the completed film. Herman Mankiewicz and Orson Welles in the Citizen Kane script describe the opening sequences almost exactly as they appear in the film: the series of shots on dark approach to Kane's castle with the window from his bedroom looking like a "postage stamp" of light, the jarring scene of the snow storm in Kane's glass ball and the shattering of the ball after it drops from Kane's hand, the fast-paced newsreel, and the shadowy scene where no one's face is seen in the theater.⁵

Safe Delivery also attempts to anticipate the look and the manipulation of distance in a finished film. The screenplay, with all of its meetings and confrontations between two characters or sets of characters, suggests, through context, a film composed largely of medium shots with occasional close ups to pull the viewer toward this or that character. (I do not specify these shots because conventionally such shots are included only in the shooting script, the one ready to manifest in production.) The viewer will be more concerned with the irony in plot, the locations, and the action, as he should in a thriller, than with the character. Also, the viewer is at some distance from the main characters because none of the main characters dominates screen time. As a result, the viewer can see the irony in their actions. However, in the closing scene, with its extreme close ups of Bates, then Alieda, and then Jerry, the camera pulls the viewer closer to them. The irony is undercut so that the viewer is emotionally closer to each character. These close ups and their timing and placement at the end of the

screenplay should end the film on a sympathetic and humane note.

The camera, serving as the cinematic narrative "persona," moves film primarily through space. This is one of the distinguishing differences between film and fiction. Fiction moves primarily through time. George Bluestone says that while neither the novel nor film "destroys time or space," film emphasizes space and fiction emphasizes time: "the novel renders the illusion of space by going from point to point in time; the film renders time by going from point to point in space."⁶ Because film moves through space and fiction moves through time, the disruption of time, the altering of chronology, is not usually as distracting in a film as in a fiction. Annie Hall, with its altered chronology, is not as jarring to a viewer as The Sound and The Fury, with its distortion of time, is to the reader.

However, the spatial nature of the film restricts it from communicating the illusion of thought as directly as fiction does. The dramatist who says that film can do anything does not realize that film, though not limited to the tight space of a stage, also has to overcome space. A film is a collection of images through which some type of meaningful action occurs. It is constantly externalizing emotion and thought through action, creating meaning. Neither fiction nor film can render thought, but fiction allows for a more convincing imitation of thought than film. As Bluestone says, "the film having only arrangements of space to work with, cannot render thought, for the moment thought is externalized, it is no longer thought."⁷ A film cannot approximate with the clarity of fiction words such as "he thought," nor can it approximate the

rhetorical manner in which a fictional voice or narrative persona evokes a mental process. So, a film must rely almost solely on actions that reveal the results of thought.

In Safe Delivery, in the scene in which Jerry watches several Mexican boys wading in an aqueduct, I write that Jerry is "thinking of Nicaragua." This note communicates by language to directors and actors how to film the scene. Film cannot communicate this note with nearly this precision. In a film, the viewer will have to recall previous scenes and watch Jerry's coming action to realize that he is thinking of Nicaragua. To evoke a sense of Jerry's thinking of Nicaragua in the scene, an inventive director might use music from the Nicaraguan scenes in this scene, he could somehow show the children reminiscent of the boys in Nicaragua from Jerry's point of view, then cut to Jerry's face showing his recollection of the boys with machine guns in Nicaragua. Only with a flashback or a superior position could he imitate thought directly.

So, in Safe Delivery, action expresses emotions or thought. Alieda's first scene, where she examines her body while Jerry looks on, expresses her temperament and Jerry's sympathy and concern for her. We see her deteriorating body and see her concern for it. And, we see Jerry's growing sympathy for her. Similarly, the stage directions to the actors and the parenthetical directions, though nothing more than "he turns" or "she looks up" try to allow for further expression through action. These directions affect action in a scene by their placement within that scene. In the scene where Bates asks for Alieda's help, the directions offer as much insight as the dialogue. The movements of the characters show the

results of underlying tension between Bates and Alieda. Alieda's actions with the ice cream cone externalize her depression and guilt, while Bates' grabbing Alieda and then releasing her indicate his conflict of motives about his job and his attraction to her.

The final scene uses space to add to the tragedy. Events separate Alieda and Jerry, but more important and immediate to the viewer is the physical space that separates them. "The jail is busy" indicates that extras should walk through the scene to give a sense of space and perspective as well as a busy jail. The policeman who is asked to walk between Jerry and Alieda also emphasizes this space between them. Jerry turns and walks away from Alieda. Alieda walks toward him. Jerry and Bates are about to exit through two doors. All of this movement, reinforces the narrative's portrayal of Alieda's and Jerry's final alienation from each other.

Safe Delivery is also conscious of the juxtaposition of places. Since a film moves from one space to another, the juxtaposition of spaces becomes a tool of expression: "the principle of connection between the images; the relation of a 'shot' to the one that preceded it and the one that comes after"⁸ adds to a film's narrative texture. The cuts, the seams binding shots, express as much as the images themselves through the juxtapositions that they create. The chase scenes of Angel's attempted escape from the hotel, of the flight of Fuentes, Angel, and Jerry from the ambush: of Jerry and Snowfeld's evasions of the F.B.I. agents following them; of the attack at the Holiday Inn, juxtapose different actions or characters. The shifting of camera angles in the scene where Bates chases Angel down the hotel stairs contrasts Angel and his intentions

with Bates and his intentions, creates a fast pace, and shifts the audience's sympathy back and forth. In Jerry's and Snowfeld's evasion of the F.B.I. and in Angel's driving through the parade, the shifts from one brief shot to another, from one location to another, all while the cars are moving, create a sense of the environment and situation so fiercely intruding in Jerry's life.

Since film is spatial, the primary job of the filmmaker is to fill space. Andre Bazin, in writing about *mise en scene*, says that the importance of a film lies in its "decor" or "architecture."⁹ This decor is made up of the countless details in each frame that go to give a film its style and look. Because many of these details are extraneous and not selective, Susan Sontag says that a film has far more characterization than a drama. In fact, Sontag observes, films have so much characterizing detail that they can effectively depart, for moments, from a unified narrative: "the moments that are. . . emotionally most successful, and the most effective characterization, often consist precisely of 'irrelevant' or 'unfunctional' details."¹⁰ For example, Marlon Brando fondling Eva Marie Saint's glove in On the Waterfront and Robert De Niro's bow-legged, strutting walk in Taxi Driver add to the characterization, but do not necessarily further the plot. Because of the nonfunctional details, the reader and viewer's process of understanding narrative is different: "the reader's narrative processes in dealing with printed fiction are mainly oriented toward visualization. . . . But in cinematic narrative, the spectator viewer must supply a more categorical and abstract narrativity [interpretation]."¹¹

The viewer's dilemma means that the filmmaker must work in an

opposite manner from the novelist: rather than continually trying to force the reader into a concrete world, the filmmaker must constantly keep his abstractions (purpose, meaning, theme) discernable from the wealth of detail that will inevitably crowd a film. This wealth that adds to a film's artistic impact is primarily in the hands of the director, editor, and cinematographer, but the abstract, the correct interpretation and meaning of the film, relies upon the plot, or movement, and thus is the screenwriter's domain. A fiction writer approaches a blank page and must evoke with words details that will form images for the reader. But since any frame of film will be crowded with details, a writer for film must anticipate the extraneous details and suggest what in the clutter keeps the story moving, what details are essential to the narrative. A good screenplay, then, should keep interpretation and meaning evident to a director, actor, and technician, and, at a deeper level, should suggest to the director, editor, and cinematographer meaningful detail. This complex task makes a screenplay much more than the mere "blueprint" that I have heard screenwriters and scholars compare it to.

The chief means by which the writer keeps the abstract evident is through maintaining a spine, the story or narrative itself. A good story is still vital. A screenplay should exhibit the wholeness and unity that any effective narrative should. Safe Delivery is a collection of minor conflicts that center around the one dramatic conflict of exchanging guns. The characters in the script form pairs--Jerry and Snowfeld, Jerry and Alieda, Angel and Fuentes, Alieda and Bates, Bates and Parr. The paired characters conflict with other paris or with their partners. The major conflict arises

from the effect that the key incident, the exchange of guns, has on the relationships between and among pairs.

In suggesting detail to producers and directors, a screenwriter should concentrate on certain particulars that add to the look of the film. Safe Delivery suggests most about the decor or details in its set locations. As a native of San Antonio, I am familiar with the locations that I have designated. I am sure that any film scout, finding himself at Military Plaza, the Riverwalk, the Fiesta Parade, or even IH 37 from the airport to downtown will see a wealth of detail. The parade occurs in April, a time when San Antonio has come out of the rainy months of March and has a soft light from sunny days that are not yet oppressively hot. Flowers bloom, and the city is green. The events, the locations, and the weather should create juxtapositions, beyond the juxtapositions of editing that I spoke of earlier. The character of San Antonio at this time of year should act ironically to create color and brightness that clashes with the desperation of the characters. Furthermore, San Antonio, with its detail, should contrast to Nicaragua. The audience should know that San Antonio is not Nicaragua and, therefore, know that Jerry's plans and friends are doomed in San Antonio.

Other hints at particulars help in character development. Fuentes reveals his ability to persuade and command with his hand movements. Jerry's "pinche" and "chingal" establish his desire for a Latin identity. His "A.M.F." shows, at different points in the script, his feelings about Snowfeld, then Fuentes, then Alieda. The "A.M.F." in the last scene could be delivered in several ways: as Jerry's fond goodbye to Fuentes, his bittersweet goodbye to Alieda,

or his complete rebuff of *Alieda*. A director, upon how he has developed the story and what actors he has, could decide about what delivery he wanted. Actors would be able to look at this and other character tags and etch out more detail in their gesture and delivery that would add to characterization.

Like any writer, a screenwriter should know his audience. A screenwriter in America has no chance of seeing his work produced unless he writes for an industry, a medium, and an art form. Current tastes, production values, financial conditions, and box office appeal limit what a screenwriter should and should not put in a screenplay. Throughout American film history, writing within a genre attracted the widest variety of viewers and, ironically, gives the screenwriter some freedom, for once he has met his audiences' expectations about what should be in the genre, he is almost free to write as he wishes. So, Safe Delivery is a genre picture, a thriller. However, like most generic films of recent years, Safe Delivery does not completely follow traditional generic rules. John Cawelti sees the last decade as a period of generic transformation that "will create a new set of generic constructs more related to the imaginative landscape of the second half of the twentieth century."¹² Traditional genres seem exhausted because the "cultural myths they once embodied, are no longer adequate to the imaginative needs of our time."¹³ Cawelti describes four ways in which modern filmmakers treat genre films: burlesque, nostalgia, demythologization, and affirmation of a myth for its own sake.¹⁴ Safe Delivery is a demythologization of the detective or crime drama.

Safe Delivery, unlike many modern demythologization films, does

not rely on simple reversal of "good guy" and "bad guy" roles. The F.B.I. are still good guys. Safe Delivery does not present the powers that be as omniscient, omnipotent manipulators of people's lives. In fact, the F.B.I. is characterized by its bureaucracy, assigning an unimportant agent, Bates, to a supposedly unimportant man, Snowfeld. And, Bates and Parr are aware of their relative importance and their and the agency's possible ineptitude. Yet, the manner in which Bates and Parr portray the F.B.I., does not send Safe Delivery into what Cawelti would call burlesque. Similarly, Fuentes, though sympathetic, is a terrorist. Jerry, the protagonist, the most sympathetic character, sides with Fuentes. And, Alieda, though she betrays Jerry to help him, still betrays him. Safe Delivery does not distinguish between good guys and bad guys, between proper and improper action.

It is the nature of the hero, Jerry, that makes Safe Delivery a demythologization of the detective or thriller genre. Jerry is not a detective, but a reporter, the 1980's descendant of the 1940's detective. Audiences today would probably not accept a 40's detective unless he were presented in burlesque fashion, as in Play It Again, Sam, (1971) and Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid (1982). Like his hardboiled predecessors in detective films and fiction and in film noirs, Jerry Johnson affects a tough, cynical attitude, but searches for a certainty or moral cause in a morally corrupt world. Unlike his predecessors, Jerry's affectation is readily apparent to those characters who know him, and to the audience. Snowfeld, Alieda, and Fuentes manipulate him in a way that Sam Spade, Philip Marlow, or the Continental Op could never have been manipulated. The

audience should see him as vulnerable and should fear for his survival.

The outcome of Safe Delivery is close to other demythologizations of detective films, Chinatown and Night Moves.¹⁵ Characteristically, the heroes of these films search for morality and truth in their investigations or actions. They find that they cannot find truth and that the world is corrupt beyond their comprehension. They do not find or come to any sort of personal, knightly, stoic code as their predecessors do, but their search leaves them "more dazed than fulfilled."¹⁶

Safe Delivery is slightly different. Jerry, along with the other characters, takes what he considers is the proper moral action; in fact, Alieda, Bates, and Jerry take what is for each of them the proper moral action; however, as they all discover, the proper moral action does not guarantee a satisfying outcome to their problems. They are dazed, not because of their inability to find truth or morality, but because they now question truth and morality. In a sense, Safe Delivery is close to a classic tragedy for, no matter what he does, Jerry cannot escape his fate. The audience sees all the pieces of the puzzle, but watching Jerry's fate catch up with him creates the drama and suspense.

Finally, however, a screenplay remains first a narrative and secondly a plan for a film. The essentials for a good narrative still form the foundation for any critical or popular acceptance of a film. But, after establishing its narrative, I tried to concentrate on making Safe Delivery cinematic. I visualized it as a film so as to have some determination in the look and style of the

film, to give it something similar to the narrative voice of a fiction. Safe Delivery uses action to express meaning and to show thought. It is primarily spatial in that it uses the spaces within its frames to enhance meaning, it is a collection of locations or spaces that build structure or plot, and it juxtaposes these spaces or scenes to one another. It suggest to the director meaningful detail with which to fill a blank screen and the type of narration that the camera will provide. And, for commercial and critical reasons, Safe Delivery is a demythologization of the detective or crime drama.

There is an opinion commonly held by many academicians, film producers, and film-goers that the screenwriter is but another technician, of minor importance compared to the director, and that he produces nothing approaching art. I would assume that for the most part these ideas are valid in an art that is also an industry, yet I wonder what the reply of Bo Goldman, Steve Tesich, or Paul Schrader would be to the comparison of screenplays to blueprints and to the assumption that screenwriting is secondary to directing. Richard Corliss says that the screenwriter is a creative artist, while the director is an interpretive artist. He does not mean to "diminish the importance of the director" but to point out that a film may exhibit the strengths of the writer, the director, or both.¹⁷

Furthermore, if a screenwriter follows the rules of narration, borrows from the crafts of drama and fiction, and is aware of his own medium, then his work, by itself, might be judged as literature. The overpaid but underrated screenwriter may easily write "the armies clash," but he also supplies the context that makes that

clash important.

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And, once again, I would like to thank my parents, Margie and Sandy Sanderson, for never pulling a book from my hands or dragging me out of a movie theater. As I grow older, they seem to become wiser and more decent people.

NOTES

- ¹ John Gardner, On Moral Fiction (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1978), pp. 111-113.
- ² Susan Sontag, Styles of Radical Will (New York: Farrar, Strauss, and Giroux, 1967), p. 110.
- ³ Wayne C. Booth, The Rhetoric of Fiction (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1961).
- ⁴ Pauline Kael, "Introductory Note," The Citizen Kane Book, (New York: Bantam Books, 1971), p. 128.
- ⁵ Herman Mankiewicz and Orson Welles, Citizen Kane, The Citizen Kane Book (New York: Bantam Books, 1971), pp. 133-158.
- ⁶ George Bluestone, Novels Into Film, 5th ed. (1957; rpt. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1971), p. 61.
- ⁷ Bluestone, p. 48.
- ⁸ Sontag, p. 108.
- ⁹ Andre Bazin, "Theater and Cinema," What Is Cinema?, Vol. 1, ed. and trans. Hugh Gray (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967), pp. 102-108.
- ¹⁰ Sontag, p. 106.
- ¹¹ Robert Scholes, "Narration and Narrativity In Film," Quarterly Review of Film Studies, 1 (August 1976), 291.
- ¹² John G. Cawelti, "Chinatown and Generic Transformation In

Recent American Films," Film Theory and Criticism, ed. Gerald Mast and Marshall Cohen, 2nd ed. (New York: Oxford University Press, 1979), p. 579.

¹³ Cawelti, p. 578.

¹⁴ Cawelti, p. 570-577.

¹⁵ Cawelti, p. 573 and Dennis M. Turner, "Night Moves: Detection, Analysis, Criticism," Quarterly Review of Film Studies, 5 (Winter 1980), 35-48.

¹⁶ Cawelti, p. 573.

¹⁷ Richard Corliss, "The Hollywood Screenwriter," Film Comment 6 (Winter 1980), 4-5.

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FADE IN

EXT. - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (NICARAGUA, 1979)

A jeep drives down the road. In the jeep are JERRY JOHNSON, a young man, and MAX SNOWFELD, a middle-aged man. Jerry is blonde and looks youthfully exhuberant and casual Snowfeld has a ruddy complexion and thinning hair. He is almost effeminate in his manner and speech, and he often mocks American speech. Jerry, while not jaded or naive, is extremely loyal to people and causes. Snowfeld is loyal to nothing but his own well-being.

EXT. - MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The jeep bounces along a rugged gravel and dirt road. The camera pulls closer to Jerry and Snowfeld. Jerry looks determined and full of purpose. Snowfeld bounces in his seat.

SNOWFELD

Couldn't this be softer?

Jerry looks critically at him.

JERRY

This is the fucking jungle.

SNOWFELD

(dialogue bouncing with the jeep)

Hey. . .ugh. . .don't forget, we. . .don't
want to damage the cargo. . .in the back.

Snowfeld jerks his thumb toward the back of the jeep. The camera pulls close to their cargo.

EXT. - STREET OF HAMLET - DAY

Jerry pulls his jeep into the tiny village with its one dusty street. Jerry parks the jeep in front of a bar. CERVEZA is written across the front of the bar. Jerry and Snowfeld get out of the jeep. They step under the porch. In the front of the bar, a very young boy sits on the porch with a machine gun cradled across his lap. Snowfeld pays him no notice, but Jerry looks down at the boy.

SNOWFELD

We must have one for the road.

INT. - BAR - DAY

Jerry and Snowfeld walk into the bar. At the back of the bar is another young boy with a machine gun. He smiles at them as they come into the bar. Jerry and Snowfeld walk up to the bar.

JERRY

Dos Cerveza.

A bartender puts two opened bottles of beer in front of Snowfeld and Jerry.

SNOWFELD

Have anything besides pop?

Snowfeld looks disgustingly at his beer. They both sip the beer.

SNOWFELD

Jerry, dear boy, may I ask why you are in this?

Jerry shrugs his shoulders and looks at the boy with the gun.

JERRY

Recreation.

SNOWFELD

But you're an American. Hell, Yankee Go Home--
to air conditioning and TV.

JERRY

Why do you do this?

SNOWFELD

Business.

Jerry turns to Snowfeld.

JERRY

You ever just look around you?

Snowfeld looks around the bar.

SNOWFELD

What?

JERRY

Forget it.

EXT. - MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

A helicopter buzzes overhead. It crosses the road, circles around,

Cont.

then crosses again. The road is deserted. The helicopter leaves.

EXT. - FOLIAGE BESIDE ROAD

Jerry has pulled the jeep into some thick weeds and under a tree beside the road. Dust still swirls around them from the departed helicopter.

SNOWFELD

Is it gone?

Jerry starts the jeep.

JERRY

Yeah.

SNOWFELD

Were they looking for us?

JERRY

Don't know.

Jerry pulls the jeep on to the road.

EXT. - CHURCH YARD - DAY

The church is small and clumsily built. Jerry pulls the jeep into the yard. Snowfeld looks at the church.

SNOWFELD

You are delivering guns to a church.

JERRY

God's work.

Snowfeld looks at Jerry.

SNOWFELD

Don't you think it rather uncautious to be parading guns in front of the blessed Catholic church?

Jerry calmly gets out of the jeep. He walks around it to Snowfeld.

JERRY

My buyer's a priest. . .He's been using it as a stop for an underground railroad for a year.

Jerry leaves. Snowfeld gets out of the truck and rubs his behind.

Cont.

SNOWFELD

(to himself)

The class of clientele these days.

As Jerry nears the door of the chapel, a priest in clerical garb walks up to him. The priest is VINCENT FUENTES, a forty-year old political writer and philosopher, now trying to put his thoughts into action. Fuentes takes Jerry's hand in both of his. They shake hands. The priest looks up from Jerry and at Snowfeld. Jerry turns around to look at Snowfeld.

JERRY

Snowfeld, this is Vincent Fuentes. Fuentes, this is the gentleman who sold you the guns.

Snowfeld extends his hand. Fuentes shakes it.

SNOWFELD

Father, uh. . .father is it?

Fuentes nods.

INT. - CHURCH - DAY

The wide doors of the church are open. Sunlight floods the dark church. Through the open doors we can see several peons loading the guns from the jeep onto a string of donkeys. Jerry, Snowfeld, and Fuentes sit in the church and look out at the work. Snowfeld sips a beer.

EXT. - CHURCH YARD - DAY

A peon looks gleefully at a box. He breaks open the top with the butt of his gun. He looks inside. The box is full of parts to a gun. The smile disappears from the peon's face, and he looks with puzzlement at the parts.

INT. - CHURCH - DAY

FUENTES

You took a chance, Jerry. Thank you.

Jerry shrugs his shoulders. A man runs up to the entrance of the church.

MAN

Padre.

Fuentes nods at the man then turns to Jerry and Snowfeld. The man leaves.

FUENTES

We are ready to go.

Cont.

Fuentes and Jerry rise. Snowfeld stays seated.

FUENTES
(to Jerry)
You are simpatico.

JERRY
I did it. That's all.

FUENTES
No. No one just does anything.

Fuentes starts to leave but turns toward Jerry once more.

FUENTES
Goodbye Compadre. The word means more in Spanish.

Jerry laughs.

JERRY
At least you didn't say comrade.

Fuentes laughs then exits.

SNOWFELD
(waving)
A.M.F.

JERRY
What?

SNOWFELD
Adios, mother fucker.

JERRY
(harshly)
You're in a church.

Snowfeld gets up and walks to the back of the church and sits down. Jerry watches him then looks out of the door of the church. We hear a faint sound. It grows louder. Jerry and we recognize it as the rotating blade of a helicopter. Jerry looks up at the ceiling. Snowfeld does not. Jerry looks at Snowfeld then outside. A shell goes off in the church yard. Jerry runs outside.

JERRY
Fuentes!

EXT. - CHURCH YARD - DAY

The helicopter fires at the smugglers and the donkeys. The peons run

Cont.

for cover behind donkeys and Jerry's jeep. Fuentes hits the ground and looks up to see Jerry running toward them. Jerry is hit in the leg. He falls. Fuentes, risking being hit, runs to Jerry, helps him up, and half-drags him into the church.

INT. - CHURCH - DAY

Snowfeld is at the door. Jerry and Fuentes run in.

SNOWFELD

Why the hell did you run out there? Just sit down.

Fuentes helps Jerry to the front of the church by the crude pulpit. Snowfeld follows them. Fuentes kicks at the pulpit and it crumbles. He pushes the lumber away. There is a tunnel under the pulpit.

FUENTES

A tunnel, come.

SNOWFELD

No.

Fuentes looks up at Snowfeld.

JERRY

Come on Snowfeld.

SNOWFELD

Go without me.

Fuentes helps Jerry into the tunnel, then jumps in after him. He looks up at Snowfeld. He smiles wickedly.

FUENTES

Give us a start before you show them the tunnel.

Fuentes ducks into the tunnel. Snowfeld walks to a corner and sits down.

EXT. - JUNGLE

Fuentes and Jerry emerge from the tunnel. They run, then stop. Jerry grabs his leg and winces.

JERRY

What are they going to do to Snowfeld?

FUENTES

Nothing.

Jerry looks up from his leg. Fuentes looks at him.

Cont.

FUENTES

He betrayed us.

Fuentes looks at Jerry's leg.

FUENTES

You need attention.

Jerry looks at his leg.

JERRY

I'm an American. They'll leave me alone.
Go on.

FUENTES

I could try to. . .

JERRY

Go on. They catch me, I lose my job.
They catch you, you're dead.

INT. - CHURCH - DAY

A soldier walks into the church. Snowfeld rises.

SOLDIER

Mr. Snowfeld?

SNOWFELD

Do you by chance travel with liquor?

INT. - ALIEDA GARCIA'S BEDROOM (SAN ANTONIO, 1982)

It is Fiesta week. San Antonio's Fiesta is a week long celebration of the city's hispanic culture and history. It occurs in April when the days are not oppressively hot, the many flowers are in bloom, and the city is deep green.

Jerry and a woman in her early forties are in bed asleep. Jerry's clothes lie in bundles on the floor of the bedroom. By Jerry's side of the bed is a basketball and a "nerf," foam basketball. Across from the room is a small hoop for the nerf basketball. On one wall is a portrait painting of Alieda. Many smaller paintings in a Diego Rivera style decorate the room. In a position by itself is a photograph of a young guerilla fighter, looking tired, leaning against the stucco wall of a building. He cradles a machine gun in his lap.

The woman, ALIEDA GARCIA, wakes up. She pushes her hair, pulls it out of her face. She sits up. She reaches over and taps the alarm clock so that it will not go off. Holding the sheet across her chest with one arm, she swings her other arm across Jerry and looks down at him. Straining to bend down, she kisses him on the cheek. She rises back to a sitting position and folds the sheet off of her, then gets out

Cont.

of bed. She is naked. She is attractive, but we can see the beginning marks of age and weight. She stops by a full-length mirror on a wall opposite the bed.

Jerry slowly opens his eyes. He looks at Alieda standing in front of the mirror.

Alieda looks at her figure. She cups her hands under her breasts and lifts them up just a bit. Then, she removes her hands and her breasts slightly sag again. She traces the dim scar of a stretch mark by the side of one breast. She turns away and looks at her butt over her shoulder. Turning sideways, she pokes a finger at the small, flat indentation on the back part of the top of her leg, just where it joins the trunk.

Jerry looks on. He doesn't say anything.

Alieda turns and walks into the bathroom. We can hear her shower running.

Jerry shakes his head. He listens, yawns. He reaches down beside the bed and grabs the nerf ball. He stretches. He throws the nerf ball toward the hoop. It misses.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is very clean and orderly as opposed to the bedroom. It is Alieda's domain. It is marked by a large wall length mural in the same style as the paintings in the bedroom. Roger Bergstrom is the signature on the painting.

INT. - KITCHEN - DAY

Jerry and Alieda drink coffee. Jerry eats cereal. He is still in his underwear.

JERRY

Just like mom used to make.

ALIEDA

What do you want, Julia Child or Bo Derek?

Alieda playfully slaps at him. Jerry looks at her and smiles, surprised that she made the joke. She kisses him and gets up.

She starts for the bedroom, stops, then turns to talk to Jerry.

ALIEDA

You want me to drop you off somewhere?

JERRY

I'll use my pickup.

Cont.

ALIEDA

Will it start?

Jerry looks up from his cereal.

JERRY

It'll start.

Alieda shrugs her shoulders.

JERRY

Vincent Fuentes is in town. I'm thinking about calling him.

Alieda tensely looks back at him.

INT. - BEDROOM - DAY

Alieda sits in front of a make-up mirror, looking at her face and dabbing at her hair with a brush. Jerry walks up behind her. He wears Levis, a pull-over shirt, and a baseball cap. He is dressed for work. He gently puts his palm down on her shoulder. Mildly surprised she looks up at him. Jerry smiles.

JERRY

Hey, I won't leave you 'count of your body. It's your mind you got to worry about.

INT. - NEWSPAPER OFFICE (CITY ROOM) - DAY

Jerry is at his desk. He is typing. The office is a large open room with many desks. The room is very busy. BILL, Jerry's editor, walks up to him. Jerry looks up at him, questioning him.

BILL

You didn't get the King Antonio story did you?

Jerry keeps typing. Bill stares at him. After a few moments, Jerry stops typing. He looks up at Bill. Joey, a reporter, comes up to Bill. Bill looks at him.

JOEY

Could I talk to you?

BILL

Yeah, wait in my office.

The reporter leaves. Jerry looks down at the typewriter. He yanks out the paper that is in it. He hands the paper to Bill. Bill sits down on the corner of Jerry's desk.

Another reporter, a good-looking female, yells at Bill from some distance.

Cont.

GIRL REPORTER

Say, Bill.

Bill turns to see her.

GIRL REPORTER

Sweet Roll, doughnut, jelly filled?

BILL

Get me a cream filled. Change on my desk.

The girl reporter leaves. Bill looks back down at the paper that Jerry handed him.

JERRY

That's the King Antonio story.

BILL

Look this Fiesta is big time Latin celebration. It's got to be good. You don't want to piss off Mexicans in San Antonio.

JERRY

Chingal. It was a pinche story.

Bill gives Jerry a mock hard glance.

BILL

Jerry, you are not a taco-bender.

Jerry looks at him then giggles. Jerry is now more at ease from Bill's joke. He knows that Bill will not scold him.

JERRY

(exasperated)

Shit, Bill.

The female reporter who took Bill's pastry order walks up to him.

GIRL REPORTER

Say, Bill, while I was in your office somebody called. Joey's in there waiting for you, so he's talking to them.

Bill throws Jerry's story down on Jerry's desk and turns to the reporter.

BILL

Look, get Joey the hell off the phone and tell 'em to hold on.

The girl leaves. Bill turns back to Jerry. Jerry laughs.

Cont.

BILL

Why the hell do I get all the flakes?

Jerry stops laughing.

JERRY

I'm better than this story.

BILL

I know you can do better stuff. Hell, who took the chance of hiring you? You're a gun smuggler. Remember?

Jerry hangs his head.

JOEY

(off screen)

Hey, Bill.

Bill turns around and looks at his office.

BILL

Just a goddamn minute.

He turns toward Jerry.

BILL

You're controversial; I put you on hard news, you fuck up just a little, and we're both gone.

Bill leaves for the telephone.

The female reporter comes up to Jerry, stares at him longingly.

GIRL REPORTER

How about a jelly roll?

Jerry just looks up at her.

Bill sticks his head out of his office.

BILL

Johnson, it's for you.

Jerry gets up, walks past the female reporter, and up to Bill's office.

BILL

It's Vincent Fuentes.

INT. - BILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Cont.

Jerry walks into the office and picks up the telephone.

JERRY

Fuentes?

INT. - JERRY'S DESK - DAY

Bill sits on the desk. Jerry sits behind it.

BILL

Where's he want to see you?

JERRY

He's at St. Mary's giving a lecture and an address. . . Vincent Fuentes, Bill!

BILL

Why the hell won't he talk to anybody but you?

JERRY

Nicaragua. I'm the only peon you got.

BILL

I know.

INT. - LARGE AUDITORIUM STAGE, ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY - DAY

PROFESSOR DAVIS stands at a podium. Behind him, sits Fuentes and a dark, sinister looking man, ANGEL.

DAVIS

And now, I give you Vincent Fuentes.

Applause. The professor sits down. Fuentes gets up to speak. He looks solemn. He gazes at the crowd before speaking.

FUENTES

Let me tell you about my family. My father was a social democrat. . . was blown up in his car. His blood splattered the face of my sister, who sat in the back seat. Communists did it. My uncle secretly went to Cuba. When he got back, a social democrat shot his knee off.

(passionately)

You, in the U.S., call us Leftist and Rightist, friends and communists. We are only the oppressed and the oppressors. If you care to look you would see us as we are, and know who to help.

INT. - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Time has passed. We see Jerry as he listens to Fuentes. He fidgets.

Cont.

He looks uneasy.

FUENTES

(off screen)

When you see it, you must act. So, I am no longer a pacifist or a priest. When priests lay down their swords, they stopped changing the world. I have taken up the sword. Now, I can fight.

INT. - STAGE

Fuentes hesitates and looks at the audience. Everyone is quiet.

FUENTES

Thank you.

The crowd claps. Professor Davis steps up to shake his hand. Angel comes up behind him. They all begin to walk down from the stage.

INT. - ANGLE ON JERRY

Jerry is coming down an aisle, side stepping people, to get to Fuentes.

ANGLE ON FUENTES

Fuentes, flanked by the professor and Angel, walks down an aisle. A crowd gathers by the aisle, and reporters step in front of Fuentes and ask him questions.

FUENTES

(to reporters)

No comment.

Jerry pushes his way to the edge of the aisle. He sees Fuentes and smiles.

ANGLE ON FUENTES

Fuentes stops and looks at Jerry. He motions for Jerry to join him. Jerry steps through the crowd to Fuentes. They shake hands. Angel looks suspiciously at Jerry. They all continue to walk down the aisle.

FUENTES

(to professor)

Professor Davis, is there a place where I might chat with my old friend, Jerry Johnson.

Fuentes motions toward Jerry.

Cont.

DAVIS

Sure.

Angel looks angrily at Fuentes. Fuentes looks at him.

FUENTES

Jerry, this is Angel.

While walking, Jerry sticks out his hand to Angel. Angel hesitates then unenthusiastically shakes his hand.

INT. - SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jerry, Fuentes, then Angel come into the room. Davis stands by the door holding it open.

DAVIS

I'll be outside.

He closes the door. None of the men sit.

FUENTES

Angel, Excusaños.

ANGEL

No.

FUENTES

(to Jerry)

Please excuse Angel.

ANGEL

Por que lo encuentra, cura?

FUENTES

Es un amigo.

ANGEL

No me le gusta.

JERRY

Look, I'm not going to. . .

ANGEL

Shut up! Deshaqase de el.

JERRY

Hey man!

Fuentes puts his palm up to stop Jerry and Angel from talking.

Cont.

FUENTES

(firmly)

Angel. Leave us.

Angel hesitates then walks toward the door. He looks back at Jerry. He opens the door and leaves. Fuentes smiles. Both he and Jerry sit down.

JERRY

What's he got up his ass?

FUENTES

Angel is high-strung. . . So how are you doing after your ordeal in Nicaragua?

JERRY

If I ever see that son of a bitch Snowfeld again. . .

Fuentes looks away from Jerry. Jerry looks at him as though asking a question.

FUENTES

I need guns for my cause.

JERRY

You want me to help huh?

FUENTES

Yes.

JERRY

Chingal, that's over. I can't.

FUENTES

You can. You must.

JERRY

No.

FUENTES

You are still a good and honest man. You've been there. You've seen.

JERRY

I have a new cause.

Fuentes looks at him as though to ask.

JERRY

Me.

FUENTES

I just need a place.

Cont.

JERRY

Pinche. And, I was going to get a story from you.

FUENTES

Meet me at 3:00. Palacio Del Rio Hotel. Room 612. Please. I must go now. I don't have long.

Fuentes stands up.

FUENTES

Adios Compadre.

Fuentes opens the door. Angel and Davis are waiting outside. They both look in at Jerry as though asking him what went on. Jerry shrugs his shoulders then smiles at them.

EXT. - AIRPORT - DAY

We see passengers getting off a DC 10. The camera focuses on Snowfeld. He is shabbily dressed. He wears a sweat-stained, dirty, white tropical suit. He has on a white hat and white shoes. He has a day's growth of beard. He carries a brief case.

The camera pulls back as though we are seeing this man from another point of view.

REVERSE ANGLE

We see the terminal. The camera shifts and we see another man, STEVE BATES, watching Snowfeld. He is dressed neatly in a three-piece suit and has a raincoat draped over his arm. He looks like an accountant or lawyer. Usually a researcher, he is on his first case out of his Washington FBI office. He takes pride in his professionalism and is talented and ambitious. He rotates on his heels to see Snowfeld come in the sliding glass door of the terminal.

INT. - AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Snowfeld picks up his suitcase from the revolving track in the lobby of the airport. Bates watches.

EXT. - PALACIO DEL RIO HOTEL - DAY

Snowfeld's taxi pulls up under the canopied entrance. A doorman opens the door and Snowfeld steps out. He looks at the impressive hotel. The doorman pulls Snowfeld's suitcase out of the trunk of the taxi and follows Snowfeld into the hotel.

INT. - HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

A bellboy carries the suitcase and leads Snowfeld to an elevator.

Cont.

The bellboy pushes the button to the elevator.

SNOWFELD

Where's the bar?

BELLBOY

(pointing)

Down at the end of the lobby, sir.

Snowfeld walks toward the bar. He stretches his neck to see it. He walks back to the elevator and looks up at the chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. He looks at a Mexican tapestry on the wall of the lobby.

EXT. - PALACIO DEL RIO HALLWAY - DAY

Jerry walks down the hall and stops in front of a door. He knocks. An old man answers. Jerry looks at the man and then up at the room number.

JERRY

Sorry.

He walks down the hall to another door. The old man looks at him. He knocks. This time Snowfeld answers. Snowfeld smiles. Jerry just stares at him.

SNOWFELD

Elegant, no?

JERRY

A.M.F.

Jerry turns to leave. Snowfeld steps into the doorway. The old man looks on.

SNOWFELD

Now, Jer, I'm here to make up to you.

Fuentes appears at the door beside Snowfeld.

FUENTES

Jerry, please.

Jerry stops. He turns around. The old man is still watching.

JERRY

How could you. . . How could you rub up against that slimy bastard?

FUENTES

Come into the room. We'll discuss it.

Cont.

Jerry hesitates. He looks at Fuentes; then, he looks at the old man. He walks to the doorway. Fuentes looks at him reassuringly. He steps into the room. The door closes behind him.

INT. - ALIEDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Alieda is in a very neat, almost sterile looking office. One wall that is half mortar and half glass separates her from her fellow workers outside.

Alieda sits behind her desk, writing. She is dressed in a well-tailored business suit.

The door to her office slowly cracks open. She looks up; a man sticks his head in. She looks down at her work.

MAN

Hi, gorgeous.

ALIEDA

Come in Felix.

FELIX, a Mexican about Alieda's age, comes in and sits across Alieda's desk. She looks up at him.

FELIX

How would you like to go to what promises to be a great party Wednesday night?

ALIEDA

(casually)

May I bring Jerry?

Felix stands up and puts his hands on his hips. Alieda looks back down at her work. Felix chuckles.

FELIX

Look, he's too young for you. Eventually he'll leave you.

Alieda looks up at him.

ALIEDA

I have my plans for him.

Felix sits back down on her desk. She looks back down at her work.

FELIX

You deserve better.

Alieda looks up at him.

Cont.

ALIEDA

Like you, I suppose.

FELIX

(pompously)

Well-off, leading citizen, member of the city council. Charming, not bad looking.

ALIEDA

But you're such a jerk.

Felix stands up and spreads his arms apart, palms up.

FELIX

A quibble. Minor, minor.

Alieda looks down at her work. A short man knocks and looks in her door. Alieda looks up.

ALIEDA

Come in Mr. Krueger.

MR. KRUEGER

No. No. Just a word of congratulations. You did very well with that promo for mass trans. They like it. Keep up the good work.

ALIEDA

Thank you. Thank you.

He exits. Alieda smiles to herself.

ALIEDA

I'd love to discuss you some more, but I do have work.

FELIX

I'll pick you up at 7:30.

ALIEDA

Where's the party? We'll meet you there.

Alieda looks down at her work.

INT. - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Snowfeld and Jerry are arguing. Angel sits by the window, looking out over downtown San Antonio. Fuentes stands by Angel.

JERRY

You cabron.

Cont.

SNOWFELD

"You done good by me, pard." I like you.
We were pals. I want to help you out.

JERRY

Then shut up.

Jerry just stares at Snowfeld.

SNOWFELD

Come now, Jer. This is the "Snow" talking
to you. You can trust me.

Jerry looks at him incredulously.

JERRY

Pinche, you sold the guns to Fuentes then
sold his cover to the government. I should
know about you and money. Hell, I bet you
get your rocks off reading the back of a
dollar bill.

SNOWFELD

It was either take the money or be dead.

JERRY

Dead doesn't sound bad.

SNOWFELD

Oh, what a nasty thing to say.

Jerry walks over to Angel and Fuentes. He looks out the window. He
looks at Fuentes. Angel gets out of the chair.

JERRY

This is bullshit.

SNOWFELD

(from across the room)
All the old pals, Jer.

JERRY

Shut up.

FUENTES

(to Jerry)
Thank you for coming.

ANGEL

(to Fuentes)
No me gusta.

Cont.

Fuentes turns toward Angel.

FUENTES

Angel, por favor.

Angel steps toward Jerry, gives him a hard look, then turns toward Fuentes.

FUENTES

Damn you cura. Olividilo!

Jerry, irate, pulls on Angel's arm.

JERRY

Hey, look, pilau.

Angel flings his arm to release Jerry's grasp. He stares intently at Jerry, warning him. Fuentes steps toward Angel.

FUENTES

(to Jerry)

Please, forgive Angel. He is cautious and nervous.

Angel gets madder. Snowfeld suddenly steps in between all of them.

SNOWFELD

(to Angel)

I can see you're quite the diplomat. Why don't we step down for a drink.

FUENTES

(calmly but firmly)

Go on Angel.

ANGEL

(warning)

Cura.

Snowfeld gently pats Angel on the back.

SNOWFELD

Relax. Have a drink. You'll be bored with this.

Snowfeld and Angel walk across the room. Angel looks back over his shoulder to see Fuentes once again shake Jerry's hand. Angel and Snowfeld leave.

INT. - HALLWAY

Snowfeld and Angel walk down the hall.

Cont.

ANGEL

You got the guns?

SNOWFELD

No, not yet.

ANGEL

I represent my people here, not the priest.

They walk to the elevator and press the down button.

ANGEL

He is here for his name. You know?

SNOWFELD

Publicity.

ANGEL

Yeah, so you listen to me. I give the orders. You don't fuck with me. Comprendo?

SNOWFELD

(mimicking)

Comprendo Compadre.

The elevator arrives. Snowfeld and Angel get on. The camera pulls back to show Bates at the end of the hall watching them.

INT. - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jerry looks tensely at Fuentes. Fuentes sits on the bed, Jerry in the chair. Jerry gets up and paces around.

FUENTES

All I need is a place to keep the guns.

JERRY

Snowfeld's usual method. Somebody else's ass is over the barb-wire.

FUENTES

Are you with me?

JERRY

Who are you working for?

FUENTES

Myself. The people I'm with are mainly a means to an end. Small thinkers.

JERRY

So what are you doing with them?

Cont.

FUENTES

Their views will become mine.

JERRY

How the hell do you know?. . .You into mind control now, EST, E.S.P.? Chingal, you're the only one with this idea about a united Latin America. Where's the others?

FUENTES

There's you.

Jerry looks at him, taken aback.

JERRY

Pinche, you sound dangerous.

FUENTES

Do you help me?

JERRY

How can you work with Snowfeld?

FUENTES

I won't let grudges interfere.

JERRY

How can you trust him?

FUENTES

Do you help me?

JERRY

Fuck off.

Fuentes is a bit shocked. Jerry is more shocked. He hangs his head. He walks to the chair and sits down. He looks at Fuentes.

JERRY

Sorry, I can't anymore.

FUENTES

(sternly)

I thought I knew you.

EXT. - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Bates trots up the steps and walks into the building.

INT. - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Bates, raincoat draped over his arm, walks down a hall and stops at

Cont.

a door. He waits to read the sign above the door, F.B.I.; he goes in.

INT. - PARR'S OFFICE - DAY

Bates steps in the office and stares ahead. JOE PARR, a middle-aged man, is sitting in a swivel chair to one side of his desk. His pointed-toe boots sit at one side of his chair. He rubs his feet. He wears a crisply starched white shirt and Khaki pants.

Bates looks at Parr and shifts his glance to a hat rack at one side of the room. A felt and a straw cowboy hat hang from the hat rack.

BATES

I'm Steven Bates from D.C. I called you last week about the special surveillance assignment on Max Snowfeld. I'll appreciate your help.

Parr, a bit confused, looks up at him.

PARR

Snowfeld?

BATES

He arrived today and met Vincent Fuentes.

PARR

Have a seat.

Bates steps forward but does not sit.

PARR

Sit. Sit.

Bates sits down. He is exasperated with Parr.

PARR

Fuentes is this fella lecturing?

BATES

Yes, I saw a local reporter named Johnson meet Snowfeld and Fuentes in Snowfeld's hotel room.

PARR

And, Johnson smuggled guns in Nicaragua.

Bates looks approvingly at Parr.

PARR

What if this Fuentes is just here delivering lectures like he says?

Cont.

BATES

That's what we're supposed to find out.

PARR

Be a lot easier, you had an informer.

Bates looks up at him.

BATES

Little bit old fashioned, isn't it?

PARR

You got any better ideas?

Bates doesn't answer.

PARR

Well, why don't we just follow 'em around for a while and see.

BATES

We should get started, maybe.

PARR

Now, hold on. I want to explain something to you if you ain't figured it out. This Snowfeld fella is just small time, any more. He shot his wad running guns in Nicaragua. Don't get too excited about this. Have a good time.

BATES

Fuentes is who the agency wants. If he gets guns and they go to the right people, a lot of our prestige in Central America blows up.

PARR

You keep up with politics don't you? Just don't get your hopes up. They may be just a couple of nice fellas.

Bates looks angrily at Parr.

INT. - ALIEDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alieda is in bed, reading a magazine. Jerry yells from the bathroom.

JERRY

(off screen)

Where's the toothpaste?

ALIEDA

Get a new tube out of the drawer.

Cont.

INT. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alieda is still reading. Jerry opens the door to the bathroom and leans against it. He is in his underwear. The toothbrush is hanging out of his mouth. He has his basketball under his arm. Alieda looks at him. He bounces the basketball.

ALIEDA

That's why I like you. You're so charming.

Jerry giggles. He takes the basketball under one arm and takes the toothbrush out of his mouth. He tries to talk but his mouth is full of sudsy toothpaste. He goes back into the bathroom. We hear the basketball bouncing and water running. Jerry comes back to the doorway. He bounces the basketball twice then rolls it toward the bed.

JERRY

I shouldn't have done it. . .To tell him to fuck off, pinche.

Alieda lays her magazine down.

ALIEDA

Jerry, my God, you don't want to get involved in something like that again. You said just the right thing. I'm proud of you. Now let's go to bed.

JERRY

Who the hell are you to tell me what to do?

ALIEDA

I'm the woman who pays your rent.

JERRY

Hell, I can pay my own rent.

Jerry walks to the door into the living room. Alieda gets out of bed.

ALIEDA

Jerry.

Jerry stops.

JERRY

I've seen. . .been there. And like Fuentes says, I sympathize. And Fuentes is El Jefe, the patrón. He doesn't have much of a chance. Practically none, but he's the only chance, and he keeps on.

ALIEDA

But Snowfeld is involved.

Cont.

JERRY

I can handle him.

ALIEDA

Can you?

JERRY

Goddamn it. I don't need your advice.

ALIEDA

Maybe you do. Wanting to smuggle guns, my God. This isn't Nicaragua.

JERRY

It's none of your business.

ALIEDA

To hell it isn't. I live with you.

They both hesitate. Alieda steps closer. She puts her arms around Jerry's neck.

ALIEDA

Let's go to bed. Please.

JERRY

Hell, I guess I can't leave in my underwear.

They walk to the bed.

INT. - NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Jerry comes in. He walks toward his desk. Bill runs out of his private office to meet him.

BILL

Well, what happened with the Fuentes thing?

Jerry briefly looks at him then keeps walking towards his desk.

BILL

Well?

Jerry stops walking.

JERRY

I told Fuentes to fuck off.

BILL

You did what?

Jerry turns and starts to walk off.

Cont.

BILL

Wait a minute.

Jerry stops.

BILL

Why?

JERRY

I can't tell you.

Bill looks at him quizzically. Bill's telephone rings from inside his office. He runs to get it. Jerry walks to his desk. Jerry sits down. Bill pokes his head out of his office.

BILL

(shouting)

Jerry.

Jerry gets up and walks to Bill's office.

BILL

Your private line again.

(seriously)

It's Fuentes. He's talking about a story.

Jerry walks into the office and closes the door behind him. Bill stares through the glass at Jerry while he talks. Bill waits outside. After a few moments Jerry comes back through the door.

JERRY

Said he was sorry that he had to disturb you. Yours was the only number he could get.

BILL

What'd he want?

JERRY.

Wants me to meet him.

Bill jerks his head toward his office. He goes in and Jerry follows.

INT. - BILL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Bill sits behind his desk. Jerry sits in front of the desk. Bill has a file open on his desk. It is full of newspaper clippings.

BILL

You met Fuentes when he was still a priest and smuggling guns to Nicaraguan guerillas, the Sadinistas. Right?

JERRY

Right.

Cont.

BILL

And you were in on it?

JERRY

Crap, Bill. I told you before.

BILL

Since then, what clippings we got filed on him, say that he gave up being a priest. Say that he said that the Nicaraguan revolution was a failure. Says that he says he's not a communist. His family disappears. He smuggles them out. This is good stuff, but what's he doing now?

Bill looks at Jerry. Jerry shifts his weight in his chair.

BILL

So tell me about it?

JERRY

(sensing what Bill is after)

I can't tell you. It's high-powered stuff.

BILL

To hell with that. Get me a story. Go see him.

JERRY

I already told him I would.

Jerry starts to get up.

INT. - COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Fuentes sits at a counter and sips a cup of coffee. Jerry walks in the door and walks up beside him. Fuentes looks at Jerry and gestures with his hand toward a counter stool beside him. Jerry sits down.

JERRY

Where's King Kong?

Fuentes giggles.

FUENTES

I had to hide from him. He watches me all the time. I can't go anywhere without him. Coffee?

JERRY

No.

Cont.

Fuentes sips his coffee. Jerry fidgets beside him.

JERRY

Look, I'm sorry. But. . .

Fuentes holds up his hand to quieten Jerry.

FUENTES

I would like you to meet someone.

Jerry stares at him, not sure if he can trust him.

JERRY

Look, the guns. I can't. I spent three months in a hospital. I spent two and a half years trying to keep out of prison. And this is San Antonio not Nicaragua.

FUENTES

Do you have a car?

JERRY

Yes.

FUENTES

Would you mind driving us?

EXT. - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Jerry's truck pulls into the driveway of a house. Jerry gets out of the driver's seat. Fuentes gets out from the other side. Jerry walks down the sidewalk toward the front door. Fuentes walks up beside him. Jerry stares at the two-story house.

JERRY

They're exiles?

FUENTES

Palo's money is old, aristocratic money, enough for a house.

Jerry stops just a minute to look at Fuentes.

JERRY

Could you just lay off the poor peasants-beating-their-clothes-against-the-rocks sermon.

(looks to see if he has offended Fuentes)

I don't believe that whole Latin American land reform crap anymore.

Fuentes looks as if doubting him. They both walk to the house.

Cont.

INT. - HOUSE - DAY

A young girl about eleven or twelve looks out the front window at Jerry and Fuentes. She is dressed in jeans and tennis shoes. Behind her a TV game show blares out. On the wall is a large, wooden crucifix, a landscape from a motel liquidation sale, and a photograph of Fuentes in clerical garb.

GIRL

Mama, mama. Vincent is here with his friend.

Mama runs into the room. She has a full Latin-print skirt and a white, cotton blouse on.

MAMA

Lupe, back away from the door. Straighten your blouse.

LUPE

He looks thin.

Mama looks out the window.

MAMA

He is thin.

A knock sounds at the door. Mama opens the door; Vincent stands in the doorway smiling. Jerry stands behind him.

Lupe restrains herself from running to him, but she cannot withhold herself from shouting his name.

LUPE

Vincent.

Mama looks at Lupe, then at Fuentes. She walks to him and hugs him. Jerry observes from over Fuentes' shoulder.

Lupe runs to him and also hugs him.

They back away from him and stand to face him.

FUENTES

Please, now, wait. I want you to meet a friend. This is Jerry Johnson.

JERRY

Hello.

Mama extends her hand. Lupe puts her hands behind her back and nods.

Cont.

FUENTES

My older sister Consuela and her daughter
Guadalupe.

Jerry looks around. He sees landscape paintings, a T.V. set, a stereo, wrought iron dining room furniture, shag carpet, a brightly upholstered sofa. Fuentes looks around the room. They all notice his glance. He laughs.

JERRY

A real American house.

CONSUELA

Thank you.

FUENTES

You are Americans.

LUPE

Mama has a microwave. And we get so many
more good shows on TV.

Fuentes smiles.

FUENTES

And school. Do you enjoy American school?

LUPE

No problem, man.

CONSUELA

Lupe, be a lady, show them to the living
room and have them sit.

(to Fuentes)

I'll mix the drinks. Rum still, Vincent?

FUENTES

(to Jerry)

What would you like?

JERRY

Bourbon, if you have it. Bourbon, please.

Consuela starts for the kitchen, and Lupe, followed by Fuentes and Jerry, starts for the living room. They are all disrupted by the sound of someone coming down the stairs. They turn to look.

A man in his late sixties descends the stairs. He walks with a cane, which they can hear tap against the stairs. He wears a pale blue Guyabarra shirt. One sleeve is empty. He has a full head of completely white hair. He stops at the bottom step and looks down at all of them.

Cont.

MAN

Welcome home, Vincent.

FUENTES

It's good to be in your home, Palo.

EXT. - BACK PORCH OF HOUSE - DAY

Jerry, Fuentes, and Palo sit in lawn chairs on the back porch and look into the backyard. Beyond the picket fence is another backyard. A dog runs in the backyard. The men sip drinks from "Old-fashioned" glasses.

PALO

Lupe likes the Dallas shows. Consuela sometimes talks about old days; she cooks hamburgers. She looks for a job as a secretary. Saturday we go to the Fiesta parade. They are content.

FUENTES

And you, Palo?

Palo turns to look at Fuentes.

PALO

I'm lonely.

FUENTES

Because it is not your country?

PALO

It is the closest I have to a country. Now, this
(he waves his hand over the backyard)
is my country.

Fuentes sits back in his chair. Palo looks at him. Jerry notices the uneasiness.

JERRY

Well, Señor Fuentes. How long have you been an American?

Consuela's voice interrupts them.

CONSUELA

(off screen)

Palo, could you help me unclog the ice maker?

FUENTES

Let me.

He leaves. Jerry and Palo watch him go. When he goes through the

Cont.

backdoor, Palo grabs Jerry's arm with his one good hand.

PALO

Did he tell you? Did he tell you that we are here because they took my arm and almost my leg. And they took my brother, Vincent's father, and his wife. And they took Consuela's husband. Did he tell you?

Jerry looks over his shoulder toward the backdoor.

JERRY

No, no he didn't.

Palo lets go of Jerry's arm.

PALO

And they want him.

JERRY

Your government?

PALO

Not my government. Not mine or his or his father's. . .Is he careful?

JERRY

What?

PALO

He must be careful. Is he?

JERRY

I think so.

PALO

Are you his friend?

JERRY

(hesitantly)

Yes.

Palo grabs his arm again.

Palo

You tell him. You tell him then that his home is here with us. They have gotten enough of this family. They do not need to take him too.

Jerry looks down at his arm to see Palo's hand tightly squeezing him.

Cont.

EXT. - PALO'S HOUSE - DAY

A small blue, Honda drives by the house.

INT. - CAR - DAY

Bates drives the car. He looks at Jerry's truck and the house. He drives on.

EXT. - FRONT OF PALO'S HOUSE

Jerry and Fuentes sit on the front porch. Jerry looks toward the driveway at his truck. He looks up at the basketball hoop above the garage. He looks at the house next door, where two kids are playing basketball.

JERRY

If it was a horse, I'd shoot it.

FUENTES

You can leave it here and pick it up tomorrow.

Jerry looks nervously at Fuentes. He knows that Fuentes is about to ask him for help again. He looks at the kids playing basketball.

JERRY

Pinche.

Fuentes looks at Jerry.

JERRY

I played basketball in High School. Made this one shot in overtime in semifinals. Dribbled around this tall guy at the top of the key. Gave him a fake and went up under his arm for the shot. Swish, man. Damn, it felt good. Made me feel good enough to play city leagues, American legion, and intramural ball in college. But the feeling went away, so I quit playing. It took too much without that feeling. Helping you kinda gave me a feeling like that. But I don't have it anymore.

Alieda pulls up to the house in her Volkswagon Rabbit.

INT. - CAR - DAY

Alieda watches Jerry and Fuentes walk toward the car. Her face shows tension.

ALIEDA'S POINT OF VIEW

We see Jerry and Fuentes come to the car. Jerry opens the door and

Cont.

steps in. He leaves the door open. Fuentes stares in.

JERRY

Alieda, this is Vincent Fuentes.

Alieda nods her head. Fuentes smiles and acknowledges the nod.

FUENTES

Tomorrow.

JERRY

Yeah.

FUENTES

A.M.F.

Jerry looks at him shocked. Fuentes smiles; Jerry smiles. They both laugh. Fuentes closes the door. Jerry looks over at Alieda. She is not in on the joke. She looks at him, briefly, then looks out the windshield as she drives away.

Jerry hangs his head, then looks out the side window.

JERRY'S POINT OF VIEW

We see Fuentes waving.

EXT. - EXPRESSWAY - DAY

We see Alieda's car.

INT. - ALIEDA'S CAR - DAY

In the rear-view mirror, we can see a small blue Honda following Alieda.

INT. - ALIEDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alieda is asleep. Jerry is on his side of the bed, awake. He stares up at the ceiling.

EXT. - PALO'S HOUSE - MORNING

Fuentes shoots baskets at a hoop above the garage with the two neighbor kids. Jerry's truck is no longer in the driveway, but parked by the curb. A car pulls up to the house. Jerry gets out of the passenger's side. Bill is driving. Jerry looks back into the car.

JERRY

Thanks, Bill.

BILL

Get me something good.

Cont.

Jerry closes the door to the car. The car pulls away. Jerry walks to the truck and looks in the cab. He looks at the driveway and Fuentes.

Fuentes stops playing.

FUENTES

I rewired the choke and moved it. Next time it stalls, pull out the choke. Come over. We have a game to play.

Jerry frowns and walks to the makeshift basketball court. The two kids are high school age. They are big and tall.

JERRY

Come off it Fuentes.

KID

This your other guy?

Jerry looks at the kid.

MONTAGE.

a. Jerry dribbles down the driveway. Fuentes runs parallel to him. One boy guards each of them. Without looking at him, Jerry throws the ball to Fuentes. Fuentes passes the ball back to Jerry. Jerry stops. The boy guarding him stops. Jerry fakes a shot. The boy jumps up. Jerry twists around the boy to make a shot.

b. Jerry throws the ball toward the hoop. Fuentes leaps above the boy guarding him and taps the ball through the hoop.

c. Jerry dribbles by one boy. The other boy jumps in front of him. Jerry passes the ball around his back to Fuentes. Fuentes takes the shot.

d. One boy goes up for a shot. Jerry blocks it.

e. Jerry, his back to one boy, dribbles toward the goal. He fakes one way then goes the other. The other boy comes toward him. Jerry gracefully dribbles by the other boy and makes the lay up.

EXT. - DRIVEWAY - DAY

The two kids walk away. Jerry looks at Fuentes who bounces the ball.

JERRY

How did you move my truck?

FUENTES

I got it started and moved it.

Cont.

JERRY

With no keys?

FUENTES

Do you know how to. . .hot. . .rig a car?

JERRY

(smiling)

I used to be able to hotwire a car. Where'd you learn to play like that?

FUENTES

I just missed the Olympic team in college.

JERRY

Pinche.

FUENTES

A small country.

Fuentes flips the ball to Jerry. Jerry catches it.

FUENTES

You get that feeling back?

JERRY

For backyard basketball.

FUENTES

Give me a place to keep my guns.

JERRY

Jesus fucking Christ.

Jerry hangs his head and looks embarrassingly at Fuentes. Jerry takes a jump shot. The ball swishes through the net and bounces on the asphalt of the driveway. Fuentes retrieves the ball.

JERRY

You know what you're asking?

Fuentes throws the ball at Jerry, very hard. Jerry catches it; he is a bit shocked at Fuentes.

FUENTES

Yes! Very little.

Jerry dribbles the ball and takes another shot. He makes it. He turns and looks at Fuentes.

Cont.

JERRY

I think I know a place where you can keep them. We're partners again. Along with Snowfeld. Just like Larry, Moe, and Curly.

Jerry looks at Fuentes as though asking him for reassurance. Fuentes just smiles.

JERRY

But, let's just forget about a story.

EXT. - RIVER WALK - DUSK

Snowfeld is at a table outside a restaurant by the river. He has just finished eating. He sips a drink. He sits his drink down, reaches into his pocket and pulls out a ten dollar bill. He looks around for his waitress. He does not see her. He wraps the ten dollar bill around his index finger.

INT. - RESTAURANT OVERLOOKING RIVER - DUSK

Bates sits by a window overlooking the river. From his vantage point, he can see Snowfeld. He sips a drink and watches Snowfeld.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A loud busy, crowded party goes on in a well-decorated house. People are eating tamales and drinking beer. Loud mariachi music booms from the stereo. Some people try to dance. Alieda dances with Felix. They are very good together. They stop the dance and people clap.

INT. - KITCHEN OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Jerry leans against the drainboard and sips a beer from a can. He stuffs a tamale into his mouth with his other hand. He laughs. A man slaps him on the back as he laughs. He slides away, smiling, and slips to the kitchen door to look into the living room.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

From Jerry's point of view, we see Alieda sitting on the corner of the arm of the sofa. Felix sits next to her. Everyone is talking but Alieda. She looks intently at a tamale. She takes the shuck off, lays it down, and starts to take a bite. She thinks about the tamale and sits it in an ashtray.

Meanwhile, Jerry leans in the doorway of the kitchen looking at Alieda. He smiles at her action.

Alieda sees him and smiles. She holds her hands in front of her stomach like she is fat and puffs out her cheeks.

Cont.

Jerry waves his hand at her as though scolding her and turns back into the kitchen.

Alieda, her cheeks still puffed, her hands still over her stomach, now has Felix looking at her. She mockingly punches Felix.

INT. - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jerry holds a can of beer up to his lips, about to start a chugging contest with Felix. A woman pumps her arm twice, then drops it defiantly, and Jerry and Felix chug beer. Jerry finishes first and crushes the empty beer can in his hand. They all laugh. Felix looks embarrassed and defeated.

EXT. - PORCH - NIGHT

Jerry is alone on the porch. In back of him is a sliding glass door and a drawn curtain. He faces away from it and looks over the backyard.

The curtain pulls open slightly and the door slides open. Alieda steps out, the curtain and door closing behind her. Jerry turns to face her.

JERRY

I haven't seen you all night. You're a popular broad.

Alieda holds a shucked tamale in front of Jerry.

ALIEDA

How many calories in a tamale?

JERRY

A lot more than in sex.

She puts half of the tamale in her mouth, hesitating to chew.

JERRY

Maybe you should only eat half.

Jerry puts his mouth over the other half of the tamale. They both try to chew and kiss at the same time. Jerry pulls back first. They finish chewing then kiss.

INT. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alieda lies in bed. She watches the bathroom door. It opens. Jerry steps out. We see him clearly from the bathroom light. He has no shirt on, just his jeans. He turns the bathroom light off. He walks to the bed. He unbuttons and unzips his jeans and slides them to his ankles. He steps on his jeans with one foot while he pulls the other foot out. He looks at Alieda. She follows his every move.

Cont.

When his pants are off, she pushes the sheet aside. She has on a nightgown. Jerry slowly and gracefully sits beside her. She rises to a sitting position, and they gently kiss. Jerry's hand goes around her back. And as he pushes her into a prone position, their kiss grows passionate and wild. They break the kiss and Alieda whispers into his ear.

ALIEDA

Jerry. Jerry, please.

JERRY

Sure. Sure.

Jerry lies on top of her and unbuttons her nightgown.

INT. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see just two dark silhouettes and an orange spark as Alieda smokes. They have finished making love.

JERRY

I thought you quit smoking.

ALIEDA

I feel like eating, so I'm smoking instead.

JERRY

You ought to forget that pendeho diet.

Alieda, guided by the orange spark rolls away from him. He rolls toward her and simply stares at her shoulders. He rises on one arm and looks down on her.

ALIEDA

Jerry you cannot keep guns for Fuentes.

JERRY

That old warehouse by the old S.P. Depot is perfect. Nobody'd know. You can get the key. Just get the key.

ALIEDA

Jerry, you can't do this. I can't help.

Jerry lies back down.

Alieda sits up in bed. She crushes the orange spark in an ash tray.

ALIEDA

I can't. You can't. Get out of it Jerry.

Cont.

JERRY

I told Fuentes I would do it. I'm in it.

She rolls away from Jerry.

JERRY

(softly)

I wouldn't ask you to do something wrong.
You know me better than that. I wouldn't
harm you or me. I wouldn't put us in danger.
If you don't help, I'll find another place.

ALIEDA

Let me sleep on it.

The camera pulls closer to Alieda rolled on her side away from Jerry. Though it is dark, we can see that her eyes are wide open.

INT. - BAR - EARLY MORNING

Just Snowfeld and Jerry sit in the bar. They are at a table. Jerry sips at some orange juice. Snowfeld has a shot glass, half-full, and a can of beer in front of him.

SNOWFELD

Nobody ever comes here. It is safe.
It reminds me where I come from! Now
I stay only in Hiltons.

JERRY

In my mind, you're as sleazy as this place.

SNOWFELD

Why are you always so mean to me?

Snowfeld takes a sip from the shot glass and chases it with a sip from the can of beer.

JERRY

You always drink this early?

SNOWFELD

Why do people have such a prejudice toward
drinking in the morning?

Snowfeld takes a sip of beer.

JERRY

So, same set up. Same as Nicaragua huh?

SNOWFELD

(more seriously)

That sounds good.

Cont.

Jerry shakes his head.

JERRY

You can be snot-slinging drunk, and somebody mentions business and you sober up.

SNOWFELD

You have a false impression of me, Jer. I'm a businessman. Same as. . .as any businessman.

JERRY

Except you sell guns.

SNOWFELD

(angrily)

So?

JERRY

Yeah, okay. You leave tomorrow. You come back with the guns. I don't want to know how they're getting here. You just get me when you got 'em and we'll stash 'em.

SNOWFELD

Where are we to keep them?

JERRY

I'm not real sure. If Alieda can get me the key to that city warehouse, . . .

SNOWFELD

Damn, haven't you got it yet?

JERRY

She'll come through.

SNOWFELD

Damn it you better not leave me floating.

JERRY

(angrily)

Jesus fucking Christ, who the hell are you to talk to me about leaving you floating, Pinche! I'll live up to my end.

Snowfeld takes a shot, then a sip of beer.

SNOWFELD

Okay, so I was a trifle reactionary.

Cont.

Two men, both well dressed, walk in and sit close beside Jerry and Snowfeld. Snowfeld looks over his shoulder at them. Jerry takes no notice.

JERRY

Snowfeld?

SNOWFELD

Yes.

JERRY

Storing the guns wasn't Fuentes' problem, was it? You needed me to store the guns. Didn't you? You conned me again. Didn't you?

SNOWFELD

You're impressed with Fuentes, aren't you?

JERRY

What about my question?

SNOWFELD

Fuck Fuentes. He's not in charge.

JERRY

Answer me. I know the truth, I just want to hear it from you.

SNOWFELD

Shut up and listen to me Jer. I'm trying to do you a favor. Forget what Fuentes says. Don't let him con you. Listen to that Angel fucker. He's running the show. Fuentes is just decoration.

JERRY

No, Fuentes runs things.

SNOWFELD

This is business, Jer. And this delivery spot is only good business. Suppose somebody knows. I deliver directly to him and they know about me. You must let hot merchandise cool in a safe spot.

JERRY

The difference in me and you is that I sometimes believe in what I do. You always want a safe spot to deliver to.

SNOWFELD

Jerry, people will most probably be watching. You must elude them. Can you?

Cont.

JERRY

I'm a reporter and former smuggler. Yes.

Snowfeld smiles and sinks back into his chair. Jerry glances over his shoulder at the two men who walked in.

JERRY

Those two guys are dressed too good to be regular wino customers.

SNOWFELD

I noticed. . .They aren't your average "beaners."

JERRY

Any guesses?

SNOWFELD

Rumor has it that a lot of people are interested in Fuentes. I'd imagine they're from his government. Probably here to stop the exchange.

JERRY

Any ideas?

SNOWFELD

Walk out the back door. Then haul ass.

Jerry looks back at the two men. They start to grow suspicious. Jerry walks to the back door.

EXT. - ALLEY BEHIND BAR - DAY

Jerry comes through the back door. Snowfeld is right behind him. Jerry and Snowfeld run down an alley.

They run past a wino. He sits by a trashcan. Beside him is a used can of sterno, pigeon bones, and wine bottles. He watches Jerry and Snowfeld run by him.

EXT. - ALLEY BEHIND BAR - DAY

The two men come into the alley. They look first right then left and see only Snowfeld running down the alley. They charge after him.

The wino watches them go by. He gets up and trots behind them.

Snowfeld is slow and they immediately gain on him. He breathes heavily and coughs as he runs.

Snowfeld, then the men, cross a small indentation in the alley, a space between two buildings. As the first goon starts to come by

Cont.

the space; a long two by four swings from out of the space. We see the two by four from his point of view.

He is knocked flat and unconscious. Jerry steps from out of the space. He holds the two by four. He looks down at the fallen man then at the other man. The other man digs into his coat, obviously for a gun. The wino trots up beside the other man. Jerry turns to see Snowfeld.

JERRY
(yelling)
Snowfeld move.

SNOWFELD
Okay asshole. Drop it.

Snowfeld has a very small pistol pointed at the man. The goon has a drawn gun, but Snowfeld has the drop on him. The wino looks on.

SNOWFELD
(to Jerry)
Who's the smelly chap?

JERRY
(to wino)
Get out of here.

The wino stays. The goon starts to raise his gun. Snowfeld points the gun at the other man.

SNOWFELD
This is a tiny son of a bitch. But from this distance it can fuck your face all up.

The man takes a step back but does not drop his gun. Snowfeld takes a step forward.

WINO
Who's face you fucking?

SNOWFELD
Don't drop it, then. I'd love to see the hole this fucker will make in your forehead.

Snowfeld closes one eye and aims more carefully. Jerry raises the two by four as though he is going to hit the man. The wino watches.

SNOWFELD
Or, maybe I shall shoot you in the nuts.

Snowfeld slightly lowers the gun. The goon drops his gun.

Cont.

SNOWFELD

Start running asshole, back the way
you came. Run fucker.

The man turns and runs. The wino turns and runs. Snowfeld fires one
shot after him. The man picks up speed.

JERRY

Don't go overboard.

Snowfeld runs the opposite direction. Jerry follows him.

EXT. - DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

A fiesta banner stretches across the street. Jerry's truck is parked
at a meter by the street. He runs up to the truck, opens the door, and
starts to get in. He hears Snowfeld gasping from behind him.

SNOWFELD

(off camera)

Wait.

Snowfeld runs to the truck by the driver's side. He rests his arms
over the hood then leans his head on his arms. He breathes heavily
gasping for air.

JERRY

Let's get the hell out of here.

SNOWFELD

(gasping)

Wait.

Jerry hesitates and looks at Snowfeld for an answer.

SNOWFELD

Help me in.

Jerry comes over and grabs Snowfeld's arm and leads him to the other
side of the truck. Jerry opens the door for him.

SNOWFELD

Wait.

(bending over)

I'll try to miss your shoes.

Jerry looks around as Snowfeld throws up.

INT. - TRUCK - DAY

Jerry drives. Snowfeld wipes his face with a handkerchief.

Cont.

SNOWFELD

Oh, Jer, that "liked to kill me."

JERRY

Well, how about a quick jog then?

SNOWFELD

You wanker.

JERRY

So, who the hell were they?

SNOWFELD

Either unsatisfied customers or the enemy.

JERRY

Whose enemy?

SNOWFELD

If we are working with Fuentes, they're probably ours.

INT. - CAFETERIA - DAY

Alieda is going through the cafeteria line. She has a salad and ice tea. She gets a ticket from a lady at a cash register. She walks into the cafeteria to look for a table. She gets to a table, unloads her tray, and sits down. A man, slightly older than she, walks up to her. Alieda looks up at him.

ALIEDA

Roger.

ROGER

You still eat here?

She stares at him.

ROGER

I was downtown. I thought I might try to find you.

ALIEDA

I'm surprised.

ROGER

May I sit down?

ALIEDA

Sure.

Roger sits beside her. Alieda looks at her salad.

Cont.

ROGER

Oh, go ahead. I've eaten.

Alieda takes a bite. Felix walks by with a tray.

FELIX

Oh, Alieda. You got away without me.

Felix steps toward the table. He sees Roger.

ALIEDA

I've got a previous engagement.

FELIX

Oh, oh, excuse me.

Felix walks away to look for another table.

ALIEDA

He thinks that he can convince me to go to bed with him.

Roger laughs.

ROGER

I read that the city promoted you to chief public information officer. Quite an achievement. You deserve it, but you're lucky. Hold on to it.

Alieda graciously bows her head and continues eating.

ALIEDA

And how is your professional life?

ROGER

Same. My work. My teaching. Oh, I sold a water color.

ALIEDA

That's great. You. . . You still dating many students?

Roger smiles.

ROGER

You were the last.

Alieda smiles.

ALIEDA

It's been good to see you. How long has it been though. A year? Two?

Cont.

ROGER

Too long.

Alieda relaxes a bit and leans back in her chair.

ALIEDA

Things change.

Roger glances around him.

ROGER

Are you happy?

ALIEDA

Yes.

ROGER

Your mother doesn't like him.

ALIEDA

(upset)

Why? Uh. . .you still talk to my mother?

ROGER

Your mother likes me. She doesn't like Johnson.

Alieda pushes her salad away and sips her tea. Roger reaches across the table. She puts her hand in front of his to stop the reach.

ALIEDA

Quit talking to my mother. I've replaced you.

Roger withdraws his hand.

ROGER

I hope he makes you happy.

ALIEDA

(angrily)

He makes me younger.

Roger smiles and rises.

ROGER

Well, maybe in another year we could meet again.

ALIEDA

Maybe.

ROGER

Goodbye, Alieda.

Cont.

Roger gets up from the table and leaves. Alieda picks at her salad. Felix walks up.

FELIX

Who was that zero?

ALIEDA

My ex-husband.

Felix looks confused then leaves.

EXT. - DOWNTOWN HOLIDAY INN - DAY

Jerry's pick-up pulls into the parking lot of the Holiday Inn. He gets out and walks up to a room. He knocks. The curtain inside the plate glass window of the room pulls back. Angel looks at him. The door opens. Fuentes is at the door.

FUENTES

Welcome.

JERRY

Fuentes, I want to talk to you.

FUENTES

Come in.

JERRY

No, why don't you step out. I want to. . .

Angel appears in the door way.

ANGEL

(in harsher tone)

Come in.

INT. - MOTEL ROOM - DAY

They all come in.

ANGEL

(to Jerry)

You got the place?

JERRY

Yeah.

(to Fuentes)

Look, I just want a word.

ANGEL

(to Jerry)

Show me where.

Cont.

JERRY
(to Angel)
Up your ass.

Angel grabs Jerry.

ANGEL
Where is it?

JERRY
For Christ's sake. It's at an old city
warehouse by the S.P. Depot.

Angel lets go of Jerry.

ANGEL
Then all we need from you is a key.

JERRY
I'll have it later. God damn, will you
give me five fucking minutes.

Angel grows angrier steps toward Jerry, grabs his elbow.

JERRY
You want the key or not, King Kong?

FUENTES
Angel!

Angel stops. Jerry pulls his arm away.

FUENTES
He'll show me the place.

ANGEL
We all go.

FUENTES
You stay here and answer the calls.

ANGEL
Priest! I give the orders.

FUENTES
Not yet. Sit down.
(to Jerry)
Come on.

INT. - TRUCK

Jerry is in the driver's seat. Fuentes beside him. Fuentes looks

Cont.

behind him and sees a Ford Sedan.

FUENTES

Get on the expressway. Get off right away.
Then take every side street you can on the
way back.

Jerry looks at Fuentes.

INT. - SOUTHERN PACIFIC DEPOT

The depot has a sparse crowd. Jerry and Fuentes walk through the few people. They walk toward the loading dock outside.

EXT. - SOUTHERN PACIFIC LOADING DOCK

Jerry and Fuentes walk out on the dock. Jerry points down the track. Fuentes smiles, seeing that Jerry, too, knows how to elude followers.

JERRY

At night you can drive to it. Now we
could just walk to it.

They jump down from the dock and walk down the tracks.

EXT. - WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jerry and Fuentes jump on the loading dock in front of the warehouse. Fuentes walks up to a boarded up window and peers between two cracks. Jerry walks down the dock to the side of the building. He jumps off and yells to Fuentes.

JERRY

This way.

Fuentes follows. They walk down the side of the warehouse, through some overgrown brush and split concrete. They walk up to a picket fence. Jerry bends down and squeezes through a crack in the planks of the crumbling building.

INT. - WAREHOUSE - DAY

The warehouse is dark. But sunlight shines through cracks in the wall and the roof, making beams of sun rays. Fuentes looks around. The room is full of large paper mache figures for the Fiesta parade: the face of a Mexican in a sombrero, a donkey, a figure that looks like Davy Crocket. A very large balloon that looks like Pancho Villa floats overhead.

FUENTES

This will be perfect.

Cont.

JERRY

Snowfeld and I had some trouble.

FUENTES

What?

JERRY

That's what I want to ask you about.
Who are they? Some ugly looking Latin-types.
They tried to kill us.

FUENTES

Who?

JERRY

Snowfeld says that they're your enemies.

FUENTES

I have lots of enemies. What did they
look like?

JERRY

Goons. Hit men.

FUENTES

But what specifically.

JERRY

(almost bragging)

I hit one in the face with a board.
You'll recognize him now.

FUENTES

I'll tell Angel.

JERRY

Snowfeld says you'll fuck up. Says Angel
is running the show. That right?

FUENTES

(firmly)

I am in command. Angel is a brute. Pendehó.
It means more to us than stupid. He is a
cabrón. Do you understand. After we win we will
have to do something with him. He is far too
dangerous in a peaceful country.

JERRY

Listen to what you're saying. What happened
to all the socio-economic-geo-political
enlightened thinking?

Cont.

FUENTES

I told you, I'm a realist. I know what needs to be done. You want me to be a thinker or a doer. You leave Angel to me.

JERRY

And who else knows you're here?
Who else knows what you're doing?

FUENTES

(looking straight at him)
Probably your government.

JERRY

Shit!

Jerry turns his back on him.

FUENTES

But they can't be sure of what I'm doing.
And, as long as they don't know where the guns are, they can't stop me.

JERRY

So what the hell, all they'll do is follow you.
You saw.

FUENTES

I am not followed when I don't want to be.

Jerry turns to face Fuentes.

JERRY

(almost begging)
Just don't give me any shit. My nuts are just barely clearing the wire. My girlfriend is putting a lot on the line.

He looks at Fuentes for reassurance.

FUENTES

I can do it.

INT. - PARR'S OFFICE - DAY

Parr sits behind his desk. Bates sits in front of him. They are arguing.

PARR

We don't have a violation yet. Me and you are gonna have to see 'em perpetuate the violation, in other words, exchange the weapons.

Cont.

BATES

More surveillance.

PARR

Fuentes shook you, didn't he?

BATES

We need more men.

PARR

Where you gonna get 'em. How many people you think I got. And, it's always risky using locals. Christ, you can't follow somebody everywhere. If the agency was really worried about this guy, they'd have more people, and people with more experience than you. Fuentes hasn't got a chance and Snowfeld is not in big business anymore.

BATES

I want him.

PARR

Look, somebody's done you a political favor and got you this case. Give you some experience and excitement. Just go along with it. Just watch the fella.

BATES

I want him. I'm not just waiting around to retire.

Parr looks at Bates, knowing that he was insulted.

PARR

Hell, even if Fuentes was to get these guns from By-God Russia instead of this sleazy Snowfeld fella, he wouldn't have a snowball's chance down there. You listened to the revolution he's talking about. We ain't gonna fund it. And the Russians ain't.

BATES

You're a real student of history.

PARR

(angrier)

Fuentes has four cities left in his tour. They could exchange in any one. They could have already exchanged. They could do it a year from now. Or hell, you ever thought they could just be buddies havin' a reunion.

Cont.

BATES

So how do we find out?

PARR

You don't give up, do you?

BATES

We need to know exactly when and where.

Parr puts his hand to the sides of his head and nods.

PARR

Somebody on the inside.

BATES

An informer. . . Johnson?

PARR

Look at his file. Mess with a reporter and the 1st Amendment boys will be crying all over us.

BATES

The girlfriend.

PARR

You're gonna have to bluff her into it.

BATES

We can do it.

Parr looks at him.

PARR

You ever done it before?

BATES

I can pull it off.

PARR

We use money or her vanity?

BATES

Her professional vanity.

PARR

Hm! Still vanity. You're a good looking fella. Nothing great but okay. You smell her out.

INT. - ALIEDA'S BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Krueger sits behind a desk. Bates sits in front of him.

Cont.

KRUEGER

Yes, Mr. Bates. Ms. Garcia would be perfect. She is good at public relations; she writes well.

BATES

This brochure that the department wants designed is not a full time job. It would be freelance, for now.

KRUEGER

I wouldn't want you taking her away from me, but I couldn't recommend anyone more highly.

BATES

Thank you.

EXT. - OFFICE

Bates walks through the large office with its many secretaries and by Alieda's office. He stops and looks in.

BATES' POINT OF VIEW

Alieda is busy. Bates knocks.

ALIEDA

Come in.

Bates just pokes his head in.

BATES

I spoke to your boss. He is willing. Listen, though, I have a busy schedule today. Could we discuss this over dinner.

Alieda smiles.

ALIEDA

Well. . .Okay.

EXT. - RIVERWALK RESTAURANT - DAY

The two men who attacked Snowfeld and Jerry, and Parr are sitting at a table. One man's face is bandaged. A waitress carries a large round tray, sits it down, and starts to serve all of them. The two goons get large plates of Mexican food. Parr gets a glass of milk. The goon with the bandaged face gives Parr a curious look. They begin to eat. The goon with the bandage eats very carefully. Joe leans back in his chair and sips the milk.

Cont.

GOON WITHOUT BANDAGE

This looks very good.

Parr salutes the two of them with his glass of milk.

GOON WITH BANDAGE

With all this food, why do you drink milk?

The other goon looks at him as though he has been impolite.

PARR

Ulcer.

The man with the bandage looks down at his food. He has a difficult time feeding himself. He sucks most of his food off a spoon. His sucking catches the other goon's attention. Out of courtesy, Joe says nothing.

PARR

(to goon without bandage)

Perez is it?

Perez nods his head. They continue eating. Parr sips his milk and looks them over.

PEREZ

We were told to stop Fuentes.

Perez looks up from his plate at Parr. Parr turns in his chair to face away from them. He sips his milk.

PEREZ

No one was hurt. We won't harm any Americans.

The man with the bandaged face looks up from his meal. Joe gulps the rest of his milk. He rises. They look at him.

PARR

You fellas spit the wrong way, and I'll roast your ass. That means you get the hell out of here and you leave Fuentes, that Angel fella, Johnson, and Snowfeld alone. They're ours.

Parr flips a quarter on the table.

PARR

For my milk.

He turns and walks away. The goon with the bandaged face rises to chase him. Perez grabs his arm, and the goon stays in his seat.

Cont.

PEREZ

Finish your meal.

INT. - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bates and Alieda sit at a table lit by candle light. The restaurant is romantic and obviously expensive. Bates looks at Alieda and tries to look directly into her eyes; several times she ducks her head only to look back at him.

BATES

Alieda. May I call you Alieda?

ALIEDA

Yes Mr. Bates.

BATES

Steve.

Alieda nods.

BATES

I've read your work, looked at what you have done. I greatly admire it, and I was surprised that you are so lovely.

ALIEDA

Steve, please.

Alieda smiles, though.

BATES

Would you be willing to accept my offer?

Bates wryly smiles. Alieda smiles.

ALIEDA

I would like to work with you.

BATES

Be nice working with each other.

A waiter walks up with a tray of food.

BATES

Our dinner.

INT. - RESTAURANT - DAY

Bates and Alieda are still seated. They have finished eating.

Cont.

BATES

I'll have to show you some of our work. I would like to have you full time, but your boss objects. But this will be a promotional brochure. To help air force recruitment.

ALIEDA

Appeal to the boys.

BATES

The men.

They both smile.

BATES

We're short handed; you can work at your own pace. And, if sometime in the future, you might want to work for the United States government, I'm sure I could help.

ALIEDA

You make it sound appealing.

BATES

It is. And it is rewarding that you know that you're helping your country.

Alieda smiles.

BATES

I know that sounds out of date. But, I hope you have a sense of patriotism. Of right and wrong. I don't mean to make judgment on anyone, but the job means so much more if you value your government. If you have a notion of truth and right.

Alieda's smile disappears. She bites her bottom lip.

ALIEDA

You sound like my ex-husband.

BATES

Your ex-husband is right.

INT. - ALIEDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry sits on the sofa reading a magazine. He is eating crackers and drinking a beer. Alieda opens the door and steps in.

Cont.

Jerry rises.

JERRY
What's wrong? Where've you been?

Alieda reaches into the pocket of her jeans and pulls out the key. She tosses it to Jerry.

ALIEDA
It was easy to get. Nobody knows I have it.

Jerry steps to her and hugs her.

JERRY
Come on. Let me buy you dinner.

ALIEDA
No, no just leave me by myself for a while.

INT. - NEWSROOM - DAY

Jerry is busy typing. Bill walks up to him, looks down at him, and sits by his desk. Jerry stops typing and looks up at him.

BILL
Jerry, what about the Fuentes story?

JERRY
There's no story.

BILL
Don't give me that shit. What happened?

JERRY
Look, you want a story put somebody else on it.

Bill looks at him. He is concerned.

BILL
Goddamn it. I thought you had something.
It was good.

Jerry returns to typing. Bill waits a moment then rises and walks away. Before going into his office, he glances over his shoulder at Jerry.

EXT. - BALCONY OF BAR OVERLOOKING RIVER - NIGHT

Bates and Alieda sit at a table with two drinks. They watch the people pass below them.

Cont.

ALIEDA

Thank you for the drink. And the dinner last night.

Bates shrugs his shoulders. Alieda twirls her glass in her hand.

ALIEDA

It will be an eight page, color lay out. . .

BATES

No let's forget that. We've already spent two hours since you got off. Enjoy the drink and the scenery.

Alieda looks down from him.

ALIEDA

I don't know. . .I don't think, I could, I mean work for the government full-time. My heart isn't in it.

BATES

I guess you should enjoy what you do.

Bates reaches in his pocket.

BATES

Smoke?

ALIEDA

Yes.

Bates hands her a cigarette then lights it.

BATES

Too bad about your not liking the government. I talked to some people, and I could have a spot for you.

Alieda exhales smoke. Bates waits then leans across the table. He puts one hand over Alieda's. She does not move her hand but looks at his.

BATES

You're as smart as you are beautiful. And smart people believe in something. At least in more than just a job.

Alieda looks nervously up at him.

Cont.

ALIEDA

I believe in. . .in. . .not hurting people.

BATES

Sometimes you have to hurt people.

Alieda puts her cigarette to her mouth. Her hand slightly twitches. Bates can see that she is tense and troubled.

BATES

Well, let's forget this. Want another drink?

Alieda nods her head.

EXT. - RIVER WALK - NIGHT

Alieda and Bates walk down the river walk.

EXT. - STREET - NIGHT

Bates helps Alieda across the street. He removes his hand from her elbow and drops his arm. His hand brushes against hers. He takes her hand, and they walk hand in hand.

EXT. - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Alieda and Bates walk to his car, a rented one with the rent tags removed. He opens the door for her. She starts to get in, hesitates then turns to look at him. Bates starts to kiss her. Their lips touch, Alieda pulls away but then leans back towards Bates. They kiss, not passionately but with feeling, for several moments. They pull away.

ALIEDA

Steve, I live with a man. A very good and dear man.

She drops her head. Bates smiles..

BATES

People our age can't be blamed for trying.

She slowly raises her hands and hugs him. Bates wraps his arms around his waist. She pulls her face away from his, but they are still in each others' arms.

ALIEDA

I would still like to work with you.

BATES

I would like to work with you.

Cont.

INT. - ALIEDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry is sitting on the sofa, eating a T.V. dinner. Alieda walks in. She is smiling.

JERRY

Where you been, tonight?

Her smile disappears.

ALIEDA

Walk over here and hug me.

Jerry puts the T.V. dinner on the coffee table and hugs her.

ALIEDA

I think I got a job and a pass tonight.

She looks up at Jerry and kisses him.

ALIEDA

Both made me feel great.

INT. - WINDOW VIEW OF DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

In a long shot through the window, we see two workmen stretch a banner across the street. It says SAN ANTONIO'S 92ND ANNUAL FIESTA FLAMBEAU PARADE. The camera pulls back and we are in Joe Parr's office. Parr sits at his desk. Bates sits in front of him.

PARR

Well, can we spring it on her?

BATES

(smiling)

If I appeal to her ethics and to Johnson, yes she'll do it.

PARR

Beats chasing them all over the place.

EXT. - OLD SPANISH AQUEDUCT - DAY

The aqueduct is in a poor residential area, close to the city limits. It looks somewhat like a drainage ditch. Jerry's truck is parked by the aqueduct. Two Mexican boys in their underwear wade and splash in the aqueduct.

INT. - JERRY'S TRUCK

Jerry chews on a sandwich. He takes a sip from a beer. He looks at the Mexican boys.

MEXICAN BOYS, JERRY'S POINT OF VIEW

The two boys splash each other.

INT. - TRUCK - DAY

Jerry smiles, takes a bite. He hesitates a moment, thinking of Nicaragua. His smile disappears.

INT. - ALIEDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Alieda sits at her desk. She is busy writing. A knock sounds at the door.

ALIEDA

Come in.

Bates steps in. Alieda looks at him and smiles.

ALIEDA

Hi. . .I've been thinking about the job, and. . .

Bates looks around him.

BATES

May we go outside.

Alieda looks up at him quizzically.

EXT. - MILITARY HALL, OUTSIDE CITY HALL - DAY

Bates and Alieda come out of city hall and walk across military plaza. Another banner advertising the parade stretches across the plaza. Pigeons and old men are gathered in the plaza. They walk to an empty bench. Bates politely motions for Alieda to sit. She does and he sits beside her. She leans into the corner of the bench and looks at Bates, questioning him.

BATES

(as a confession)

I do not work for the Department of the Air Force at Randolph Field. I work out of Washington for the F.B.I.

Alieda looks away from him.

BATES

I know that Jerry is involved with Vincent Fuentes and Max Snowfeld. I know that there are weapons involved.

Cont.

Alieda is dumbfounded. She knows there is no use denying. Bates rests his elbows on his knees and looks over at her. Alieda pauses then gets up. She starts to walk away.

BATES

I meant what I said about patriotism
and your beauty.

Alieda stops and rubs her hand through her hair. Bates looks at her then hangs his head. She steps back toward Bates.

ALIEDA

I can't help you.

BATES

I don't care about Jerry, but I want
to catch Fuentes and Snowfeld.

ALIEDA

Please leave me alone.

BATES

If you tell Jerry about our meeting, I'll
have to have him apprehended. That will mean
that he is sentenced from five to eight years.
With parole, he'll do two years. If you help
me, my people can help Jerry.

ALIEDA

You talk about ethics.

BATES

Helping me is the only way to help Jerry.
You know in your heart that he is wrong.

ALIEDA

Let me think. Call me later.

She starts to go. Bates turns his head.

BATES

Alieda.

She walks away. Bates looks at the ground below him. Then watches Alieda go.

INT. - ALIEDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jerry lies in bed alone. He sits up and looks toward the bathroom door.

Cont.

JERRY
 (yelling)
 Alieda. Come to bed.

He hesitates. He hears the shower come on.

JERRY
 What are you doing, taking another shower?

Jerry waits a few more minutes, groans, and pulls the sheets up to his chin.

INT. - BATHROOM - NIGHT

We see the shower stall. We see the spray of water hitting the shower curtain and hear the water. The camera pulls back, and we see Alieda doubled over the sink, sobbing almost uncontrollably.

INT. - ALIEDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jerry and Alieda are now both in bed.

JERRY
 What is with you today? This diet?

ALIEDA
 A man came by today.

Alieda hesitates.

JERRY
 So, you're seeing this man. Felix I bet.
 You're dumping me for that toe-sucker.

E.C.U. ALIEDA

We see the turmoil in her eyes.

JERRY
 So? Go on?

ALIEDA
 (faking a lighter tone)
 The guy griped for an hour. Said my
 latest proposal was worthless.

JERRY
 Forget it. Penche, man. You're good.
 You just write the stuff up.

Cont.

ALIEDA

Yeah, I know. It just made me mad. I mean he's from a different department of the city, not even with Public Information, and he bitches. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus. . .

Jerry looks at her curiously, sensing that something is wrong.

EXT. - DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Alieda and Roger are walking down the street. The camera gets closer to them.

They walk past a store displaying nurses' uniforms. Alieda stops by the display window and looks in. Roger stops to patiently wait for her.

ALIEDA

(nervously)

How pretty.

ROGER

They're uniforms Alieda.

Alieda leans against the window and presses her back against it.

ALIEDA

They can still be pretty.

She abruptly starts walking again. Roger hurries to stay up with her.

EXT. - STREET CORNER - DAY

Roger and Alieda stand amidst a crowd waiting for a bus. Roger looks at her intently. She folds her arms across her chest and turns away from him. She turns back to face him, her arms still folded.

ALIEDA

It's so crowded. Maybe somewhere open but not crowded. I just wanted to talk to someone. Just ask someone. . .

ROGER

The river.

EXT. - RIVER WALK - DAY - LONG SHOT

Roger and Alieda are walking along the river.

EXT. - RIVER WALK - DAY

Roger and Alieda are sitting on a bench. Roger sips a drink from a
Cont.

paper cup. He looks around trying not to stare at Alieda.

ALIEDA

So what should I do? Huh? What should I do?

Roger turns to face her.

ROGER

He did it himself. He got himself into trouble. . .Cooperate with Bates. It's the only way.

Alieda looks at him.

ALIEDA

It's like, like. . . Well, he. . .

Roger scoots closer.

ALIEDA

Sometimes, sometimes. He just goes too far. He gets mixed up maybe.

She hesitates and nervously gestures with her hands. Roger offers her his cup. She looks at it, about to refuse.

ROGER

Sugar free.

Roger smiles at having remembered her dieting.

Alieda takes the cup, takes one sip and twirls the cup around in her hands.

ALIEDA

He just kinda gets over excited about something, and. . .and. . .and

She takes another sip from the soda.

ALIEDA

Thank you for the Coke.

ROGER

You're welcome.

ALIEDA

I sometimes think that if I just keep myself young for a few more years. Just. . .just stay cool. I'll have him. Then this comes along.

Cont.

Roger scoots still closer to her.

ROGER
Protect yourself. Cooperate.

INT. - ALIEDA'S OFFICE - DAY

We see Bates sitting in a chair in front of Alieda's desk. He stares ahead at Alieda. She looks back at him then hangs her head. She rests her head on the back of her hand. They are both obviously tense.

BATES
Jerry just barely got out of Nicaragua. He won't make it this time. You can't smuggle guns through this country. And, I am certain that guns are being exchanged. I don't know where. That is why I need you.

ALIEDA
I can't help you. I just can't.

BATES
We can go slowly.

ALIEDA
No, we can't go at all.

Bates does not answer.

The door opens. Felix pokes his head in.

FELIX
Lunch, today, Alieda?

ALIEDA
Felix, get the hell outa here.

Felix closes the door.

Bates puts his hands on Alieda's desk and leans toward her.

BATES
I can claim Jerry as an informer.

Alieda perks up.

ALIEDA
And that gets him off?

Bates now knows the strategy to take.

Cont.

BATES

I don't know that he would be acquitted.
Maybe a year or two of probation.

Alieda stares at him, showing interest.

BATES

All right. Now we have a start. All I'm going to ask you is one question that you may answer with a yes or no. We'll act on that answer. We may need no more; if we do, I'll ask for only as much as I need. Do you understand?

ALIEDA

Yes.

BATES

Will the exchange take place in San Antonio?

Alieda nods her head. Bates looks at her and smiles, then frowns because he sees the pain he is causing for her. Alieda folds her hands across the desk. She rests her forehead on her hands and cries. Bates gets up and looks down at her. He starts to touch her shoulder, but pulls his hand back and leaves. He is afraid to become too concerned for her.

INT. - ALIEDA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Alieda and Jerry have just finished eating. Jerry rises from the table and walks into the living room.

ALIEDA

Look in my purse and hand me my cigarettes. It's on the sofa.

Jerry looks at her to disapprove of her smoking. He walks to the sofa, picks up her purse, and pulls out her cigarettes. He walks back to her and hands her the pack. He sits down across the table from her.

JERRY

You know they just found out that living with someone who smokes can give you cancer.

ALIEDA

I'll quit again.

JERRY

Why did you start again?

ALIEDA

Pressure and worry.

Cont.

Jerry rests his chin in his hand.

JERRY
What worries you?

ALIEDA
You, Snowfeld, and Fuentes.

JERRY
It'll be over soon.

ALIEDA
When?

Jerry looks at her almost suspiciously.

JERRY
Real soon.

Alieda takes a drag on her cigarette.

INT. - MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bates sits on his bed. He sips a can of beer. He wears a T-shirt, slacks, socks but no shoes. A clipboard full of papers rests on his lap, but he does not look at it.

He picks up the clipboard, leafs through a couple of papers, then flips the clipboard off the bed.

INT. - ALIEDA'S BEDROOM

Jerry is lying beside Alieda in the bed. They are passionately kissing. Jerry rolls on top of Alieda. She whispers in his ear. Her whisper sounds like a mixture of sexual ecstasy and a desperate cry.

ALIEDA
Oh, Jerry. Jerry. Jerry.

JERRY
Yes. Uh, huh.

With Jerry over her, kissing her neck, and reaching up her nightgown, Alieda stares up at the ceiling.

INT. - ALIEDA'S BEDROOM

Jerry sits in bed with the night light on. Alieda lies on her side. She is rolled away from him. She is awake.

Cont.

ALIEDA

When do you finally get rid of those
guns?

Jerry looks over at her, hesitates, then answers.

JERRY

During the Fiesta parade.

INT. - ALIEDA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jerry and Alieda lie in bed, asleep. The alarm clock goes off.
Jerry slaps at it to shut it off. Alieda sits up and punches at
Jerry's side.

ALIEDA

Hey, I have to go to work. I don't
have a reporter's irregular hours.
Kiss me.

Jerry, face down in a pillow, just grumbles.

ALIEDA

Come on honey, I mean it, no fooling,
kiss me.

Jerry rolls over.

JERRY

Hey, what's wrong with you?

ALIEDA

A kiss.

Jerry angrily kisses her.

ALIEDA

Thank you.

She rises and gets out of bed.

JERRY

Where you going?

ALIEDA

It's not my day off, remember.

JERRY

Forget it.

Alieda just grunts and turns around. She walks toward the bathroom.

Cont.

JERRY

Call in sick.

Alieda turns around. She perks up. She runs into the living room.

INT. - ALIEDA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Alieda runs into the living room, hastily grabs the phone, and dials.

JERRY

(off screen)

Let's just stay in bed.

ALIEDA

(on telephone)

I'm sick. Goodbye.

She runs into the bedroom.

INT. - BEDROOM - NOON

Jerry is gently kissing Alieda. She lies on her back and looks up at the ceiling. They are both naked. The door bell rings.

JERRY

The pizza.

Jerry rises and wraps the bedspread around him, pulling it off the bed, and leaving Alieda with only a sheet to cover her.

ALIEDA

My diet! I can't eat pizza.

JERRY

Splurge.

Jerry walks away.

EXT. - ALIEDA'S APARTMENT

A delivery boy waits outside the front door. The door opens. We see Jerry standing with the bedspread awkwardly draped around him. The delivery boy hands him the pizza. Jerry clumsily tries to hold the pizza with one hand and keep the bedspread from falling with his other hand.

DELIVERY BOY

Nine-fifty, please.

Jerry looks at himself, then yells back to Alieda.

Cont.

JERRY
Where's your purse?

ALIEDA
(off screen)
Kitchen.

Jerry smiles at the delivery boy then walks off screen. The delivery boy patiently waits until Jerry returns with the money.

INT. - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Jerry and Alieda are still in bed, still naked. The empty pizza carton lies on the edge of the bed. The doorbell rings.

JERRY
Who the hell?

Alieda looks on while Jerry wraps the bedspread around himself.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jerry walks through the living room. He opens the door. Snowfeld waits at the door. Snowfeld raises his eyebrows then winks.

SNOWFELD
Special delivery, Jer.

Snowfeld takes a drink from a flask. He offers the flask to Jerry. Jerry refuses.

SNOWFELD
Crank up the old lorry, Jer. We need to do some moving.

JERRY
Get a U-Haul.

SNOWFELD
Jer, please.

JERRY
Can't it wait?

SNOWFELD
Surprise, stealth, and quickness will help us elude our enemies.

INT. - BEDROOM - DAY

Alieda watches from the bed as Jerry dresses.

INT. - LIVING ROOM

Snowfeld sits on the sofa and sips from his flask.

INT. - BUS STATION - DAY

Jerry's truck pulls up into the loading section of the bus station.

INT. - TRUCK

Snowfeld starts to get out.

JERRY

Wait a minute.

Snowfeld hesitates.

JERRY

You had the guns sent by bus? Isn't freighting guns illegal?

SNOWFELD

No, just exchanging them.

JERRY

Well, doesn't it seem just a little dangerous?

SNOWFELD

They can tap our phones, follow us, chase us, but they can't fuck with any good ol' U.S. delivery, freight or mail.

Snowfeld gives a smug smile. Jerry and Snowfeld get out of the truck.

EST SHOT - DELAPIDATED APARTMENT BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET FROM BUS STATION - DAY

INT. - APARTMENT IN OLD BUILDING - DAY

A man sits by a window overlooking the bus station. He sees Jerry's loaded truck pull out. He quickly picks up a walkie talkie.

MAN

They're leaving.

EXT. SHOT - DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Jerry's truck pulls up to a stop light. We can see another Fiesta parade sign.

INT. - TRUCK - DAY

Cont.

Jerry glances in the rear view mirror. In the rear view mirror, we see a black car some distance behind Jerry and driving slowly through the traffic. Jerry looks at Snowfeld.

JERRY

I think we're being followed.

Snowfeld turns around to look.

JERRY

Don't look.

Snowfeld straightens.

EXT. - STREET - DAY

Jerry's truck spins around the corner.

INT. - TRUCK

Jerry looks in the rear view mirror again. In the rear view mirror, we see the black car turn toward Jerry. Jerry steps on the gas. The truck starts to stall.

JERRY

Penche, hoto, Jesus fucking Christ.

He pulls the choke. The truck runs smoother.

EXT. - EXPRESSWAY RAMP

Jerry's truck goes up the ramp.

EXT. - EXPRESSWAY

Jerry is switching lanes.

INT. - TRUCK

Jerry is again looking in the mirror. We can also see the car in the rear view mirror.

JERRY

Pinche, I can't tell with all those cars.
Look around. A black Ford.

ANGLE ON BACK OF TRUCK

As from another car, we see Snowfeld looking out the back windshield of the truck.

INT. - TRUCK - DAY

Cont.

Snowfeld turns back to Jerry.

SNOWFELD

I can't tell.

JERRY

Hold on.

EXT. - EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Jerry cuts from the far left lane, across two middle lanes, to an exit lane. Several cars honk.

INT. - TRUCK - DAY

Jerry looks in the rear view mirror. We can see him going down the exit lane through the windshield. In the rear view mirror, we see a black Ford.

JERRY

That son of a bitch.

EXT. - BUSY STREET - DAY

We see Jerry's truck drive down the street. He is in the right lane. He turns into a Seven-Eleven store.

INT. - TRUCK

Jerry looks out the back windshield of the truck and barks orders to Snowfeld.

JERRY

Go inside and buy some gum or something, then. . .

SNOWFELD

We are fucking being followed, and you want some gum? Why not some ju-ju beans too?

Jerry looks directly at Snowfeld.

JERRY

Buy something. Pay for it. Go to the back of the building. There's an alley behind the building. I'll pick you up there.

SNOWFELD

Look. . .

JERRY

Get the hell out.

Cont.

Snowfeld gets out of the truck. Jerry looks through the rear windshield.

JERRY'S POINT OF VIEW

We see the black car drive by. We see that it has two men in it. It passes the convenience store and slows down.

INT. - TRUCK - DAY

Jerry looks down the street, waits a moment, then slams the truck into reverse.

EXT. - STREET - DAY

We see Jerry's truck speeding down the street.

INT. - TRUCK - DAY

Jerry looks out the window.

JERRY'S POINT OF VIEW

We see the black Ford parked by the road. One man, wearing a suit, has gotten out and jogs toward the Seven-eleven. He stops and looks as the truck goes by. The driver of the car starts to pull out into the street to chase Jerry.

INT. - TRUCK

JERRY

Ah, ha, got you.

INT. - SEVEN-ELEVEN - DAY

Snowfeld is at the check out corner buying some gum. A man in a dark blue suit walks into the store. He stops at the magazine racks and looks at the magazines. Snowfeld nervously looks at the man. Snowfeld gets some change and walks out of the store. The man in the suit watches him go.

EXT. - MAIN STREET - DAY

Jerry's truck takes a quick right turn on to a side street.

EXT. - SIDE STREET

Jerry speeds down the side street until he gets to an alley. He turns down the alley. A few moments after Jerry has turned into the alley, the black Ford races down the side street.

EXT. - ALLEY IN BACK OF SEVEN-ELEVEN - DAY

Cont.

A fence is between the alley and the Seven-Eleven. Snowfeld stares at the fence.

Jerry's truck comes roaring down the alley. He skids to a stop by the Seven-Eleven.

INT. - TRUCK

Jerry looks out at Snowfeld.

EXT. - BACK OF BUILDING

Snowfeld looks helplessly at the fence.

INT. - TRUCK

JERRY

Climb the fucking fence.

EXT. - BACK OF BUILDING - DAY

Snowfeld gives Jerry an exasperated look. He starts to clumsily climb the fence.

SNOWFELD

You didn't mention a goddamn fence.

INT. - TRUCK - DAY

JERRY

Get your ass over the fence!

EXT. - SIDE OF BUILDING

The man in the suit steps around the corner and looks at Jerry and Snowfeld. He looks around for his partner. He turns and runs down the side of the building. He stops at the front of the building and looks for the car. He doesn't see it.

BACK OF SEVEN-ELEVEN - DAY

Snowfeld has just gotten over the top of the fence. He drops to the other side. He grunts, gets up, and limps to the truck. He gets in and Jerry zooms off. Just as Jerry leaves, the man in the suit rounds the corner of the building. He watches Jerry drive off.

EXT. - STREET - DAY

We see Jerry's truck.

INT. - TRUCK - DAY

Cont.

Jerry looks over at Snowfeld.

JERRY

You buy some gum?

SNOWFELD

(looking incredulously at Jerry)

Yes.

JERRY

Give me a piece.

EXT. - STREET IN FRONT OF WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jerry's truck drives by.

INT. - TRUCK

JERRY

Think we're being watched.

SNOWFELD

I don't know.

EXT. - ALLEY - DAY

Jerry's truck is parked in an alley.

EXT. - ALLEY - NIGHT

Jerry's truck pulls out.

EXT. - FRONT OF WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jerry's truck stops by the gate of the fence surrounding the warehouse. Jerry gets out of the truck, walks to the gate, and unlocks it. He opens the gate, then runs back to the truck.

EXT. - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The truck is parked by the loading dock. Jerry and Snowfeld are unloading the guns. Each carries a small crate into the warehouse. Jerry then Snowfeld comes back out. Jerry walks into the back of the truck and picks up one end of a long crate.

JERRY

Give me a hand.

Snowfeld picks up the other end of the crate. They start to walk, Snowfeld moving backwards. Snowfeld drops his end of the crate. Jerry looks at him as if scolding him.

Cont.

SNOWFELD

Well, shit.

EXT. - STREET IN FRONT OF DOWNTOWN HOLIDAY INN - DAY

The San Antonio Charos, a group of Mexican horsemen, parade down the street. Traffic is stopped, including Jerry's truck.

EXT. - HOLIDAY INN POOL - DAY

Angel and Fuentes are sitting in lawn chairs by the pool. Each sips a drink. The Holiday Inn is deserted; most people are at the Fiesta celebration.

Angel looks to his side and sees Jerry walking toward them. He reaches to tap Fuentes then jerks his head toward Jerry. Fuentes turns to look.

Jerry walks to the two of them.

JERRY

Snowfeld is back. We just unloaded the stuff.

FUENTES

Fine. Fine. Very good.

Fuentes turns to Jerry.

FUENTES

Have a seat. Sit in the sun with us.

He points to his ice chest.

FUENTES

We have drinks.

Jerry sits down. He leans back into the chair and closes his eyes.

EXT. - POOL - DAY

Jerry is asleep. We see his face. We see his face grimace. He squirms in the chair. His eyes open.

JERRY

Cut it out.

He pokes his elbow to his side.

JERRY

What the hell you doing?

Cont.

He turns to see that it is a gun barrel poking him. The goon with the bandaged face holds the gun. Angel and Fuentes are gone. The bandages pull to the corners of the man's mouth to show that he is smiling.

JERRY

Shit.

Jerry raises his hands above his head.

GOON

Put your hands down.

Jerry puts his hands down.

GOON

Walk to the room. I'm behind you.

Jerry gets up and walks toward Fuentes' room. The man follows. Jerry looks around trying to find someone. The Holiday Inn looks deserted.

Jerry walks to Fuentes' room. The other goon pulls the sliding glass door back. Jerry, then the goon step into the room.

INT. - FUENTES' ROOM - DAY

Jerry sees that Angel is in the far corner of the room. Fuentes is at the front of the room by a large bureau. Perez holds a gun on them. The goon with the bandaged face pulls his gun out. Jerry, Angel, and Fuentes exchange glances.

JERRY

Who are they?

PEREZ

Shut up.

The man with the bandaged face puts a gun barrel up to Jerry's head. Jerry freezes.

Angel takes a step toward them, but Perez holds a gun on him and he steps back.

PEREZ

Torres.

The man with the bandaged face takes the gun away from Jerry.

PEREZ

(to Jerry)

Now go. Forget what you see. Go.

JERRY

Go?

Cont.

Angel takes another step forward.

ANGEL
Cabron. You are with them.

JERRY
 (to Angel)
 No.

Perez swings his gun toward Angel, and Angel settles back against the wall.

PEREZ
 Our quarrel is not with you.

FUENTES
 Your quarrel is with decency.

Angel looks at Fuentes.

MAN WITH BANDAGED FACE (TORRES)
 Go, on.

Jerry steps toward the door. As he does, the man with the bandaged face swings a fist into his stomach. Jerry doubles over gasping for air.

PEREZ
 Torres.

Torres take Jerry's arm and helps him straighten up.

TORRES
 For the face.

Torres opens the door and Jerry walks to the door. He hesitates just a moment to look back into the room.

PEREZ
 Forget what you see. Go.

Jerry steps out of the room.

EXT. - HOLIDAY INN - DAY

The door closes behind Jerry. He stares at it a moment. He walks to his truck that is parked next to the room. He gets in.

INT. - TRUCK

He looks at the room through the windshield of his truck. He pounds

Cont.

the steering wheel a couple of times with the bottom of his fist.

EXT. - HOLIDAY INN

Jerry backs the pick-up out of the parking spot. He turns it to straighten it out. He stops it.

INT. - PICK-UP - DAY

Jerry looks in the rear view mirror to see that Fuentes room is right behind him. Jerry slips the gears into reverse. He presses the accelerator to the floor.

EXT. - HOLIDAY INN - DAY

The pick-up practically lunges in reverse toward the room. It jumps up over the curb onto the sidewalk and crashes through the plate glass doors of the room.

INT. - HOLIDAY INN ROOM

Perez points his gun, now with a silencer, towards Angel's head. Fuentes by the bureau and Torres by the plate glass door look on. Fuentes jerks his head away so as not to see.

ANGLE ON PICTURE WINDOW

The rear-end of Jerry's truck crashes through the door. It hits Torres and knocks him into one of the corners of the room.

The bed goes scooting along the floor and hits Perez in back of the knees. He buckles and Angel is on top of him immediately.

ANGLE ON FUENTES

Fuentes presses against the wall of the room. He tries to get to either Torres or Perez but is blocked by the truck.

Torres lies in a corner slightly shaken, he tries to rise but cannot. He tries once more but cannot move.

Angel wrestles with Perez on top of the bed. Angel is much stronger and has Perez pinned beneath him.

Jerry comes in through the broken glass. He cannot see much because the rear end of the truck and the bed pin him in.

FUENTES

(to Jerry)

Stay there.

Fuentes jumps across the bed to help Angel.

Cont.

Angel, strangling Perez with one hand, reaches down toward a sock with his other hand. He pulls up an ice-pick. He swings his hand back. Perez's arm reaches for the ice-pick. He drops the gun.

FUENTES

No!

Underhanded, Angel swings the ice-pick into Perez's chest.

FUENTES

No!

ANGLE ON JERRY

Jerry turns away from the scene.

ANGLE ON ANGEL

Angel twists the ice-pick, as Perez gasps and spits blood. Angel points toward the gun that Perez dropped with his free hand.

ANGEL

(pointing toward Perez's gun)

The gun.

Fuentes picks up the gun and steps next to Angel. Angel pulls the ice-pick out of Perez's chest.

Jerry turns around and sees Torres start to rise over the bed of the pick-up.

JERRY

Hey.

ANGEL

Shoot him.

Fuentes points the gun at Torres. Torres just stares. Bandages on his face have started to unravel and hang to his shoulders. He is stunned.

ANGEL

Shoot him!

Fuentes points the gun but does not shoot.

Torres shakes his head. More bandages unravel. He sees Fuentes pointing the gun at him. He notices the gun in his own hand and rapidly raises it toward Fuentes.

Fuentes shoots.

Cont.

Torres jerks back against the wall and slumps into a lump on the floor.

Jerry watches.

Fuentes lowers the gun. Angel comes up to him, shifts the ice-pick into his left hand, and hits Fuentes with his right hand. Fuentes falls.

ANGEL

Damn priest.

(to Jerry)

Get in your car and get out of here.

Angel bends over, grabs Fuentes by a forearm, and jerks him up.

ANGEL

Come on. We got to get out before
police come.

INT. - TRUCK - DAY

Jerry pulls up to the driveway as people start to gather and look in the room. He checks in the rear-view mirror and sees Angel and Fuentes in a car behind him.

EXT. - ALIEDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry's pick-up pulls up directly under their apartment. He climbs the stairs to the apartment. He fumbles with keys to unlock the door. Just as he gets one key separate from the others, he is grabbed from behind.

He is thrown against the second floor railing. He grunts as he hits it. The man behind pulls his body across the railing until just his chin rests across the top of the rail. The man behind Jerry reaches into his belt and pulls out an ice-pick. He puts it behind Jerry's ear and applies a little pressure.

Jerry holds very still, barely breathes.

ANGEL

I push this down here and you never talk.

He pulls Jerry's arm. Jerry strains against him.

ANGEL

I move it just a little. . .

He moves the ice pick to Jerry's temple.

Cont.

ANGEL

And you never see. . .
Move back some more and your
fucked. You don't know
nothing, not even what you are.
You understand?

He tugs Jerry's arm and Jerry looks up at him.

JERRY

Get that thing out of my ear.

ANGEL

You fuck us man, you or that priest
fuck us, and you're dead or worse.

The door behind him opens, and Angel's figure is lit up from the light inside. Jerry grimaces, expecting the ice pick to puncture his head. Instead, Angel stands Jerry up and spins him around to face the door. Alieda steps into the doorway.

Angel, in a quick motion, vaults over the railing and lands on the hood of Jerry's truck. He pushes the hood in.

Jerry turns around just as Angel lands.

JERRY

My truck!

He turns back around to see Alieda. Her eyes show that she is shocked.

JERRY

A friend.

ALIEDA

Are you all right?

JERRY

Sure.

ALIEDA

(tensely)

Some friend.

INT. - PARR'S OFFICE

Parr is at his desk. Bates sits in front of him.

PARR

So, now they're scattered. Two guys are
murdered, everybody runs every which way.
Angel and Fuentes have gone underground. We
can't find them. Eventually, the police

Cont.

PARR (cont.)

will get them, if they stay here. We haven't got the man power. We could follow Johnson, but he's on to us. He's a reporter, he's done this before, so he's not the amateur we think he is.

Bates is disgusted.

BATES

Shit.

PARR

They're on to us Bates. You just can't follow somebody who knows you're following 'em.

Bates fidgets then looks up at Parr.

PARR

We're gonna have to get Johnson's quisling chippey to tell us more.

BATES

She's not a quisling.

PARR

Okay.

BATES

What's a chippey?

PARR

A loose broad.

BATES

She's not a chippey.

Bates looks down.

PARR

You want me to try?

BATES

It'll have to be me.

INT. - RIVER WALK - DAY

A Fiesta banner stretches over and across the river. Alieda sits by a large fountain. She watches it. Bates walks up to her carrying two ice cream cones. Alieda turns to see him.

BATES

Chocolate almond, right?

Cont.

ALIEDA

Yes.

Alieda reaches for the cone that Bates offered her. Bates gives her the cone then sits beside her. He licks the ice cream. Alieda just looks at hers.

ALIEDA

I can't eat this.

Bates looks at her.

ALIEDA

I'm on a diet. My diet.

Bates looks at her again. He licks at his ice cream cone. She looks at her cone.

ALIEDA

Oh, what the hell.

She takes one lick, then looks at the cone. She puts her hand over her face then dumps the ice cream into an ash tray beside her.

ALIEDA

Oh, hell.

She reaches into her purse and pulls out a pack of cigarettes. Bates watches her sympathetically and licks his ice cream. She finally lights her cigarette.

BATES

Let's go.

Bates starts to rise.

ALIEDA

No, sit down.

Bates sits down. Alieda breathes deeply to gather her composure.

ALIEDA

What can you do for Jerry?

BATES

Legally, if. . .

ALIEDA

No, no, no. What can you do for him?

BATES

I can advise him, once I get him.

Cont.

ALIEDA

I don't want you to get him. Just not catch him, let him go, look the other way, leave him.

Bates leans over and puts his elbows on his knees. He stares at the floor in front of him.

BATES

Alieda, I can't do that.

ALIEDA

You're gonna have to.

Bates jerks up.

BATES

Don't give me orders.

ALIEDA

What do you think you've been doing to me. You gotta give something too.

BATES

You don't understand.

ALIEDA

No deal.

Alieda gets up and starts to walk off. Bates stays where he is, then runs after her.

When Bates gets to her, he grabs her by the shoulders and turns her toward him. He looks at her but says nothing. He drops his hands. She walks away.

INT. - ALIEDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Alieda's telephone is ringing. She runs in the door, runs to her desk, and answers the telephone. Felix follows her in.

ALIEDA

Ms. Garcia.

(looking at Felix)

Go away, Felix.

Felix frowns then leaves.

INT. - JOE PARR'S OFFICE - DAY

Bates is talking into a telephone receiver. Parr stands behind him.

Cont.

BATES

If you can keep him away from the actual exchange, I'll forget him. You have to keep him out of the area completely.

INT. - ALIEDA'S OFFICE

Alieda, her ear to the telephone, stares off.

ALIEDA

(hesitantly)

The pick up will be Saturday, sometime during the parade.

BATES

(off screen)

Where?

ALIEDA

At a deserted city warehouse. Down from the S.P. Depot.

INT. - JOE PARR'S OFFICE - DAY

Bates hangs up the telephone. He looks at the receiver. Joe Parr walks up to him and pats him on the shoulder.

PARR

Not a bad exchange, son. But that parade's gonna make things tough.

Bates looks up at Parr, showing his disgust at what he has done for Alieda and to Alieda.

EXT. - MILITARY PLAZA, FRONT OF CITY HALL - DAY

We first see another Fiesta parade banner setting across the street. Bates leans against a tree and looks at the people coming down the steps of the building. It is quitting time. Alieda comes out of the door. She does not notice Bates. Bates walks up to her. She turns to look at him briefly, then continues walking. Bates walks with her. She looks over at him.

BATES

I just wanted to say, off the record, that I don't like working this way.

ALIEDA

You do this sort of thing often?

BATES

Mostly I research for tax fraud.

Cont.

Alieda stops for a moment and looks at him. She sees his vulnerability. She leaves him alone. He watches her go.

EXT. SHOT - SEEDY MOTEL - NIGHT

Jerry's pick-up pulls up to a room at the motel.

INT. - TRUCK - NIGHT

JERRY

I told you I could pick up the money
and get it to you before you leave.

SNOWFELD

It is not that I don't trust you.

JERRY

Yeah, I forget. Money gives you
a hard-on.

EXT. - MOTEL - NIGHT

Snowfeld and Jerry get out of the truck and walk to the room. Jerry knocks on the door. The door barely cracks open. Angel looks out at him. He opens the door.

INT. - MOTEL - NIGHT

Snowfeld and Jerry step inside. Angel looks suspiciously at them. Fuentes walks up to them.

FUENTES

I trust you were not followed.

JERRY

They didn't even bother.

ANGEL

I don't believe him.

FUENTES

Silencio!

Angel is shocked by Fuentes abruptness, so is Jerry. Fuentes looks at the two of them as though to apologize.

Snowfeld walks to the sofa and sits down. In front of him is a shoe box.

FUENTES

Your money is in the box.

Cont.

Snowfeld opens the box and starts to count the money. Jerry and Fuentes look disgustingly at him.

SNOWFELD

Just good business.

FUENTES

Go on count.

Jerry looks around the motel then at Fuentes.

JERRY

What are your plans?

FUENTES

We drive to Mexico. Exchange cars.
Drive to Honduras.

Snowfeld puts the lid back on the shoe box.

SNOWFELD

Gentlemen, a pleasure. I'll trust
you for the rest.

He rises.

ANGEL

Get out.

FUENTES

Angel is rude, put perhaps he is right.

ANGEL

Callate, cura!

SNOWFELD

Leaving is just what I plan to do.
Jer, join me for a couple of drinks.

Snowfeld starts for the door. Jerry hesitates.

JERRY

You need any help?

ANGEL

(abruptly)

No. Get out.

Jerry ignores Angel.

JERRY

Fuentes?

Cont.

FUENTES

There is no need.

Fuentes extends his hand. Jerry shakes it.

JERRY

Good luck.

ANGEL

Get out.

JERRY

Fuck you King Kong.

Snowfeld giggles. Fuentes smiles. Jerry turns to Fuentes.

JERRY

A.M.F.

Jerry and Snowfeld exit.

INT. - ALIEDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alieda and Jerry sit together on the sofa. She leans against him. They are watching the news. Alieda looks at the TV set then looks at Jerry. Jerry is nervous. He raises his arm and looks at his watch. He stares at the TV set, not really watching it. Alieda sneaks another look at him. Jerry rises. He walks toward a coat rack.

ALIEDA

Jerry?

JERRY

I want to go with them.

ALIEDA

(urgently)

No.

Jerry gets a light jacket from the coat rack. He starts to put it on.

ALIEDA

(desperately)

No!

Jerry puts his jacket on then looks at her. She looks frightened, about to crack.

JERRY

What's wrong with you?

Cont.

ALIEDA

Just don't go.

Jerry puts his hands on his hips.

JERRY

(angry)

Why?

Alieda looks away from him.

ALIEDA

(mumbling to herself)

No. No more. Just no more.

JERRY

(stepping toward Alieda)

For Christ's sake.

Alieda turns around. She is angry now.

ALIEDA

Did you really think that you could
get away with it? You think nobody knew.

JERRY

I know that our phone is probably tapped.
I know I've been followed. But we can
get away with it.

He looks at her very strictly, turns, and walks toward the door. Alieda jumps up.

ALIEDA

No! There's a trap waiting for Fuentes.

Jerry slowly turns around to look at her. She returns the stare. Neither is able to talk. Alieda's lower lip falls. She raises one hand to her forehead.

ALIEDA

I had to Jerry. Goddamn it. Jerry.

Alieda steps toward him timidly. Jerry comes to her and takes her by the shoulders.

JERRY

You? You? . . . We were clear. We had it done.

Jerry lets go of her shoulders.

JERRY

I'm going to warn them.

Cont.

ALIEDA

You can't.

JERRY

To hell I can't.

ALIEDA

How goddamn dare you. I made a deal for you. If you just don't go, they'll leave you alone. If they don't catch you now, they won't prosecute.

Jerry silently stares at her.

ALIEDA

This doesn't have to hurt us. We can work this out.

JERRY

We. . .Us. . .We're fucked.

Jerry turns and walks to the front door.

ALIEDA

Please, please. I'm begging, damn it. . . . At least say good-bye.

Jerry opens the door and steps out.

EXT. - ALIEDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry comes out of the front door. He walks to the stairs and looks down at the parking lot.

He sees a police car parked in the lot.

He starts to back up against the wall of the apartment. Slowly, then faster, he runs down the balcony to a corner where the balcony railing ends. He climbs over the railing. Hanging to the railing, he lowers himself over the 2nd floor. He lets go and drops to the ground. He runs behind the building.

INT. - ALIEDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alieda sits on the sofa, absently staring at the TV.

EXT. - ALIEDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry walks up to a car. It is parked by a limestone rock and cactus garden. Jerry looks into the car. He tries to open the door. It is locked. He looks around. He steps into the garden and pulls up

Cont.

a big rock. He throws it through the window. He looks around to see if anybody has heard. He puts his hand through the broken window and unlocks the door. He opens the door and brushes glass aside with his hand. He jerks his hand back. He has cut it on the glass. He gets in and hot wires the car. He backs out to drive the eight miles to downtown.

EXT. - PARKING GARAGE BY PALACIO DEL RIO HOTEL

A parade banner is stretched across the entrance to the garage.

Jerry, in the stolen car, pulls up by the parking garage and takes a ticket from the automatic dispenser. He drives into the garage.

INT. - GARAGE - NIGHT

Jerry parks the car.

EXT. - DOWNTOWN PARADE STREET - NIGHT

Jerry pushes through the crowd. People look angrily at him. He comes through the crowd and finds himself in the front row of the parade. He runs across the street, dodging a high school band.

In the crowd, we see Palo, Lupe, and Counsela.

ANGLE ON FAMILY

Palo is dressed in his Guyabarra shirt, as usual. Lupe has on jeans and a T-shirt. She waves a Texas flag. Counsela is dressed in a full, white, Mexican style dress.

EXT. - ALLEY - NIGHT

Jerry runs down a dark alley. He gasps for breath.

EXT. - FRONT OF WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jerry emerges from the alley that leads to the street in front of the warehouse. He runs across the street.

The warehouse is located some distance from the street and is surrounded in front by a picket fence. The gate to the fence is open. In front of the warehouse is a small Ryder truck.

Jerry runs through the gate.

We see Fuentes slide open the large door to the warehouse. Angel, with a small machine gun strapped around one shoulder, stands behind Fuentes.

Jerry stops.

Cont.

JERRY

Fuentes, it's a trap.

Fuentes and Angel stop. Suddenly, light from inside the warehouse shines on them.

INT. - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Bates points a gun at the door. Parr stands behind him. Next to him, a large searchlight manned by a policeman points at the door. Several policemen point guns at the door.

BATES

Give it up, Fuentes.

EXT. - FRONT OF WAREHOUSE

Angel immediately swings the machine gun toward the open door. He lets go with a burst of fire. The searchlight goes out.

INT. - WAREHOUSE

Joe ducks. The other policemen open up.

EXT. - WAREHOUSE

Angel returns the fire and runs toward the truck. Fuentes runs down the other side of the truck.

Jerry stands and watches, then hears shots coming from behind him. He hits the ground.

With Angel driving, the truck spins out and races toward the gate.

Jerry rushes toward the truck as it reaches the gate. The passenger door swings open. Jerry lunges toward the cab of the truck. Fuentes helps pull him in.

With Jerry still climbing in, the truck goes through the gate. Policemen on either side of the gate shoot at the truck.

The truck goes down the street in front of the warehouse then turns down another main street that leads to the parade.

INT. - TRUCK - NIGHT

Angel drives. Fuentes sits in the middle. Jerry sits on the passenger side.

FUENTES

You okay?

Cont.

JERRY

Yeah.

EXT. - MAIN STREET, APPROACHING PARADE - NIGHT

Because the street has been blocked off farther down for the parade, the truck encounters no other traffic. It races toward some more blockades. It crashes through the blockades and heads toward a crowd.

Two police cars screech to a halt as they come through the blockade.

INT. - TRUCK - NIGHT

Through the windshield, we see the crowd in front of the truck.

FUENTES

Angel, no.

Fuentes grabs for the wheel of the truck. Angel almost casually swings his machine gun toward Fuentes and fires while he steers the truck out of a swerve. Fuentes doubles over.

JERRY

Goddamn.

Jerry pulls Fuentes up.

EXT. - CROWD AT PARADE - NIGHT

The crowd runs away from the truck. Some people are hit. The truck crashes through the crowd and into the parade. It hits a float, sending it to the other side of the street. The truck slowly backs up then speeds down the street, against the direction of the parade.

INT. - TRUCK - NIGHT

Through the windshield, we see a band running away from the truck. The band members drop instruments and run.

JERRY

(holding Fuentes)

Jesus Christ, slow down.

Angel swings his gun toward Jerry. Jerry anticipating the move grabs the barrell. The barrell swings back and forth.

EXT. - STREET PARALLEL TO PARADE

INT. - POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The police car speeds down a street parallel to the parade street.

Cont.

A policeman drives, Bates talks into a radio, and Parr sits in the back.

BATES

Run parallel. All we can do.

EXT. - PARADE STREET

The truck hits a float. The crowd runs. The camera pulls closer to the crowd and we see Counsela holding Lupe in her arms and pulling Palo by his one good hand. Palo tries to run.

INT. - TRUCK - NIGHT

Jerry and Angel wrestle with the gun.

EXT. - PARADE - NIGHT

The truck pushes the float into the panicked crowd, through it, and into a building. The float quickly crushes. The truck abruptly stops.

INT. - TRUCK - NIGHT

Angel pitches forward and hits his head on the steering wheel. He is slightly stunned. Jerry opens the door.

EXT. - PARADE - NIGHT

Jerry gets out and then pulls Fuentes out. Fuentes grabs his blood soaked stomach. The crowd stands back from both of them, opening up as they walk toward it. Some people come behind them to stare. Gradually, they walk into the crowd and disappear into it.

ANGEL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRUCK

Meanwhile, Angel gets out of the other side of the truck. As people gather around him, he swings his gun at them to push them back. He anxiously, almost nervously, points his gun at anything that moves. He starts running.

EXT. - STREET OFF OF PARADE ROUTE - NIGHT

Counsela, Palo, and Lupe sit on a curb. All breath heavily. Counsela looks at Lupe.

COUNSELA

Are you all right?

Lupe nods. Counsela looks at Palo. He breathes heavily.

COUNSELA

Palo?

Cont.

Palo nods.

EXT. - ALLEY - NIGHT

A police car is stopped.

INT. - POLICE CAR

Bates talks into his radio.

BATES

The truck is stopped. Okay, fine.

Where are they? Okay. Okay.

The policeman driving looks at Bates for an answer. Bates looks at Parr.

PARR

Let's go see Snowfeld.

EXT. - ANOTHER ALLEY - NIGHT

Jerry helps Fuentes as they try to run down the alley. They stop and rest beside some garbage cans.

JERRY

We got to get you to a doctor.

Fuentes shakes his head.

JERRY

The Nix hospital is. . .

FUENTES

No doctor. Get me out of the country.

Anywhere. Drive me to Mexico.

Jerry hands his head and looks at his suffering friend.

INT. - PARKING LOT GARAGE - NIGHT

Jerry helps Fuentes limp through the garage. Jerry sees his stolen car. Two policemen are looking at it. Jerry pulls Fuentes down and they hide behind a parked car.

The policemen leave the stolen car and walk past Jerry and Fuentes. The two of them struggle into a dark part of the garage.

EXT. - ALLEY

Jerry and Fuentes sit in the alley against the wall of a building.

Cont.

Jerry looks straight ahead then at Fuentes. Fuentes slides down the wall of the building. He moans. Jerry pulls him to a sitting position.

JERRY

It's no use.

Jerry looks at Fuentes and waits for a reply. He gets none.

JERRY

If you're gonna die, do it with a little style. Elegante, huh?

He looks at Fuentes.

FUENTES

Mexico.

JERRY

Let me take you home.

Fuentes looks at him as if to say he has no home.

JERRY

To Palo, I mean.

Fuentes shakes his head. Jerry hesitates. He looks out.

JERRY

Chingal. Don't you ever give up? Look, Fuentes, we're caught. Shit, they probably know we're gonna be here. Alieda's made sure of that. Be a realist.

Fuentes looks up at him. He looks down, then back up at Jerry. He nods.

JERRY

Where do you want to get caught then?

Fuentes doesn't move. Jerry slowly smiles then looks at Fuentes.

JERRY

Snowfeld thinks I'd never get back at him for screwing us in Nicaragua. Thinks I'm above revenge.

Fuentes starts to smile.

JERRY

Let's make sure he goes with us. Let's make it easy for the cops. Let's wait for them in Snowfeld's room.

Cont.

Jerry starts to laugh. Fuentes starts to laugh but then starts coughing.

INT. - LOBBY, PALACIO DEL RIO HOTEL - NIGHT

Jerry and Fuentes walk across the lobby toward the elevator. The lobby is almost deserted, but a clerk stares at them, follows a safe distance behind them.

Fuentes leans against Jerry. Jerry holds one arm around him to keep him up. Fuentes has on Jerry's jacket. Jerry sees the clerk behind. He starts singing out of key as though they are drunk.

INT. - HALLWAY, HOTEL - NIGHT

Fuentes and Jerry stumble down the hall. Jerry looks around, a bit confused. He stops at a door and knocks. No answer. He nervously knocks again. An old man in pajamas opens the door. Jerry, startled, steps back.

JERRY

Excuse me. Excuse me. Wrong room.

Jerry and Fuentes stumble to another door. The old man looks on. Jerry looks over his shoulder at the old man and knocks. Snowfeld, dressed only in a robe, skinny legs sticking out beneath it, answers the door. He is obviously drunk.

SNOWFELD

What the hell?

Jerry shoves his way past Snowfeld and drags Fuentes with him. The old man watches.

INT. - SNOWFELD'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry pulls Fuentes in. He helps him to the sofa, then helps him sit down. Fuentes gasps and grabs his stomach as he sits.

SNOWFELD

What the hell?

JERRY

It was a trap.

SNOWFELD

(sarcastically)

What may I ask, then, are you doing here?

JERRY

Waiting to get caught.

Fuentes smiles.

Cont.

Snowfeld points at Jerry.

SNOWFELD

(pointing to Fuentes)

He, my dear man, is not my worry. And neither are you. You chaps wait just a goddamn moment.

JERRY

You're in it with us. Time to pay for past dues.

SNOWFELD

Get out. You'll lead them right to me.

JERRY

Exactly.

Snowfeld looks shocked. The sound of running water is heard.

SNOWFELD

Damn it. My bath. You interrupted my bath.

Snowfeld walks to the bathroom. Jerry follows him to the door.

INT. - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathtub is overflowing.

SNOWFELD

Shit.

Jerry looks on from the doorway as Snowfeld shuts off the water. Snowfeld gets up. His small gun sits by the sink. He grabs it and walks out of the bathroom.

INT. - SNOWFELD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Snowfeld walks in. Jerry moves to one side. They both look at Fuentes who is breathing heavily.

Suddenly, bullets spray the room. The front door sends out splinters from machine gun fire. Jerry then Snowfeld dive into the bathroom.

INT. - HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Angel stands next to the door. Shooting his machine gun into it. He stops shooting, raises his foot to kick the door in. As he does, the door next to Snowfeld's room opens. The old man looks out. Angel, surprised, swings around and shoots the old man. He turns around.

ANGLE ON DOOR

The door at the end of the hall, coming up from the stairs, swings open. Angel shoots at it.

ANGLE ON ANGEL

Some shots are returned. Angel turns and runs for the door to the stairwell at the opposite end of the hall.

ANGLE ON FIRST DOOR

Bates and Parr come through the door at the end opposite Angel. Bates drops to one knee and fires at Angel.

ANGLE ON ANGEL

Angel is hit in the shoulder but keeps running toward the door.

ANGLE ON BATES

A policeman, Bates, and Parr chase Angel. As they pass Snowfeld's room, Bates yells to the other two.

BATES

Check the room.

INT. - SNOWFELD'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jerry and Snowfeld lie in the water on the bathroom floor. Jerry slowly sits up. Snowfeld sits up. He raises his gun but drops it into the full bathtub.

SNOWFELD

Shit.

He rolls up the sleeve of his already wet robe and dips his hand into the full bathtub.

INT. - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Angel runs down a flight of stairs then another. He slams his back into a wall, stops, and looks above him.

ANGLE ON BATES

Bates, chasing Angel, hesitates, then runs through the door from the hallway and hesitates two flights above Angel. Parr steps out of the stairwell door. Bates looks at him as though asking what to do, then shoos him away with a flip of his hand. Parr ducks back through the door. Bates breathes in then rushes down a flight of stairs. He stops and sees Angel running beneath him. He fires twice.

ANGLE ON ANGEL

Angel rounds the corner of a flight of stairs, stops, and again looks above him. He sees Bates advancing. He raises the machine gun. As he fires, he yells from pain. Bullets ricochet in the concrete stairwell.

ANGLE ON BATES

Bates hesitates and tries to catch his breath. He goes to the corner of his flight of stairs and steadies himself and aims his gun.

ANGLE ON ANGEL

Angel slings his gun around his shoulder, then rushes down a flight of stairs. A bullet hits him in the back. He stumbles and rolls down a flight of stairs.

ANGLE ON BATES

Bates runs down two flights of stairs.

ANGLE ON ANGEL

Angel rises and runs with abandon, racing down the stairwell.

INT. - LOBBY - NIGHT

Two policemen stand by the door to the stairwell. They exchange glances then shove open the door to the stairwell.

INT. - STAIRWELL

One policeman enters the stairwell. He crouches and aims his gun; the other stands. They slowly walk toward the first flight of stairs. Suddenly, Angel rounds the corner. They both fire.

ANGLE ON ANGEL

Angel jerks himself back against the wall, out of sight from the policemen. He looks up to see Bates running down toward him. He slowly raises his machine gun.

ANGLE ON POLICEMEN

The two policemen lean against the wall and stare up the staircase. We hear a shot, then machine gun fire. The policemen wait. A machine gun slides down the steps, then Angel slides down the steps. He is dead.

EXT. - SNOWFELD'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Cont.

The door is shot in. Bates steps into the room. He looks over at the sofa. Fuentes: his head hangs across the back of the sofa. His chest is bloody. Bates hears voices in the bathroom. He looks toward it.

A policeman leads Snowfeld, handcuffed, out of the bathroom. Jerry, also handcuffed, is led out by Parr. Jerry immediately looks over at Fuentes, then he turns and looks at Bates.

SNOWFELD

(screaming)

I'm a businessman. You can not arrest me for that.

The policeman pulls Snowfeld out the door of the hotel room. Fuentes lifts his head, but it drops back down. Jerry looks at Bates.

JERRY

Get him a doctor.

Parr leads Jerry out of the room. Bates remains in the room. He looks at Fuentes. He walks toward the telephone.

EXT. - HALLWAY - NIGHT

They all emerge from Snowfeld's room. Jerry looks back through the doorway at Bates on the telephone. Jerry looks at the body of the old man down the hall. It lies in a pool of blood. An ambulance attendant bends over the old man.

JERRY

Hey, there's a guy hurt in there.

He jerks his head toward the hotel room. Joe yanks on his arm.

EXT. - ENTRANCE OF HOTEL - NIGHT

Jerry walks to a police car. Bates is behind him. When he gets to a car, he sees Snowfeld screaming and yelling, being drug into a police car. He sees one stretcher, then another, and then a third rolls out of the lobby. Sheets cover the occupants of the stretchers.

JERRY

There's three, three of 'em.

BATES

Get in the car.

Jerry ducks into the car.

INT. - POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Cont.

Jerry gets in the back seat. Bates sits down beside him. Jerry looks out of the back window. He sees the stretchers being put into three separate ambulances.

JERRY

There's three. Angel, the old man, Who else?

BATES

Fuentes is dead.

JERRY

You killed him.

Bates looks at Jerry.

BATES

He was as good as dead when you left him.

INT. - ALIEDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alieda leans her forehead against the back of her hand. She cries as she talks into the telephone.

ALIEDA

Jerry, I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

INT. - POLICE STATION

Jerry listens on the telephone. Bates sits in a chair. Joe stands beside Jerry. Joe and Bates stare at him.

INT. - ALIEDA'S APARTMENT

ALIEDA

Jerry? Jerry. Say something. Jerry, Jerry, I'll get a lawyer.

JERRY

(over telephone)

Get a good one.

ALIEDA

Oh, Jerry, May I come down. May I see you? Jerry?

INT. - POLICE STATION

Jerry just listens. He takes the receiver from his ear. He looks at Bates. He hangs up.

BATES

What a cruel thing to do.

Cont.

Jerry looks at Bates as Joe comes up and takes his elbow. He jerks his elbow away.

JERRY
You sons of bitches.

Joe grabs his arm more firmly. Bates jumps up and takes a step toward Jerry.

BATES
You broke the law.

Joe jerks on Jerry's arm.

JOE
Come on son, stop fuckin' around.

Joe leads Jerry off.

INT. - BATES' MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bates sits in his bed. He has only the lamp above his head on. He wears a T-shirt, socks, and slacks. His clip board lies beside him. He hears a knock at the door. He gets up and opens the door. Alieda stands in front of the door.

BATES
Alieda.

ALIEDA
May I come in?

BATES
Come in.

Bates flips on the main light to the motel room and walks toward the closet.

BATES
I'll get a shirt.

Alieda comes in and flips the main light off.

ALIEDA
You're all right.

Bates stops and turns around to face her. She takes a step toward him. He stands still, and she moves closer. She reaches out and barely touches him on the shoulder.

ALIEDA
Please help Jerry.

Cont.

He hesitates, then gently wraps his arm around her waist. He gently pulls her toward him, then stops. They stare at each other for a moment. Alieda looks tense and nervous.

ALIEDA

Is there anything you can do for him?

Bates takes a step back from her. She slowly backs up also.

BATES

No.

Alieda looks down at her shoes. She looks up.

ALIEDA

I'm embarrassed.

BATES

I am too.

Alieda turns and starts for the door.

BATES

Alieda.

Alieda turns around.

BATES

Alieda, I am sorry.

Alieda chuckles or sobs, the difference is hard to tell.

ALIEDA

I don't know what to think but sorry
is easy and not enough.

Bates looks at Alieda. She steps backward to the door. She hesitates.

ALIEDA

I can't stay in that apartment tonight. Please?

INT. - BATES' MOTEL - MORNING

Bates sits on the sofa. He is just awake. He is dressed as he was the night before. He blances at the bed. Alieda is asleep in his bed. He glances at the sunrays filtering in. He gets up and walks to the bed. He looks down at Alieda, then reaches under the bed for his shoes. He puts his shoes on then leaves the motel.

INT. - BATES' MOTEL

Cont.

Bates come in the room. He has two McDonald's bags. Alieda wakes up. She is fully dressed. She looks around, confused, not sure where she is.

BATES

Good morning.

Alieda looks at him. Bates holds up the bags.

BATES

Breakfast.

Bates sits down on the bed beside her. He hands her a bag.

ALIEDA

I betrayed him.

BATES

You tried to save him.

ALIEDA

He won't take it that way.

BATES

Eat.

ALIEDA

I've got to see him.

Bates digs in his bag, then looks over at her.

EXT. - PALO'S HOUSE

A police car pulls up and stops.

INT. - POLICE CAR

A policeman sits in the driver's seat. Bates and Jerry sit in the back seat. Jerry's hand is bandaged. Bates and Jerry start to get out. Jerry hesitates and looks at Bates.

JERRY

Please?

Bates looks at him, then shuts his door.

BATES

Okay.

The policeman looks at Bates as if he has made a mistake.

EXT. - FRONT OF HOUSE

Cont.

Jerry knocks on the door. We can see that he has on handcuffs.

EXT. - PALO'S BACKYARD

Palo sits in his lawn chair. Jerry walks up. Jerry looks down at his handcuffs. Palo looks at them. Jerry starts to speak, but Palo holds up a hand to quieten him.

PALO

I read the papers.

JERRY

I'm sorry.

Palo looks away.

PALO

He should never have tried it.

JERRY

No, he was right.

Palo looks back at him.

PALO

Mr. Johnson, you are a loyal and honorable man.

INT. - CAR

Bates waits in the car. Through the window, we see Jerry walk up. He opens his door and gets in. The policeman raises his eyebrows. Jerry looks across at Bates.

JERRY

Thank you.

INT. - BEXAR COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Alieda stands by the entrance looking at the people coming in. The jail's lobby is busy.

Bates walks in, leading Jerry by one arm. Jerry is handcuffed.

Alieda steps toward them.

Bates sees her and tries to stop Jerry. Jerry jerks against Bates' grip and starts to walk past Alieda. Bates looks at Alieda, as if to apologize.

Alieda looks at Bates then at Jerry, as they go by her. She turns to watch them.

Cont.

ALIEDA

Jerry!

Jerry turns to face her.

ALIEDA

Jerry, I love you.

JERRY

I'm sorry, I can't help that.

Jerry turns away from her and walks away. She does not follow.

ECU ALIEDA

We see Alieda too hurt to cry. She is stunned and watches Jerry go.

ANGLE ON BATES

Bates watches what has happened. He too is stunned. Jerry walks up to him and stops. Bates takes Jerry's arm to lead him through the two doors that lead to the cells. He looks back over his shoulder at Alieda. Jerry stops before they get to the doors.

ECU ALIEDA

Alieda is just starting to cry.

ECU JERRY

Jerry has a blank look on his face. He hangs his head, stops. He closes his eyes for just a second then opens them quickly. He takes a deep breath, then lifts his head.

JERRY

(muttering to himself)

A.M.F.

ALIEDA'S POINT OF VIEW

We see Jerry and Bates walk through the doors.

FADE OUT.

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