

The Silencing Game
(loosely based on true facts)

SC.1

INT.NIGHT.HOTEL ROOM

It's all dark, noises of a man and woman making love are muffled by blankets and pillows and the woman's giggling. They are having fun.

WOMAN

Wait! Wait! I hear someone coming...

Footsteps of someone approaching are heard down a hallway.

MAN

Don't worry, it's just my shooter, he's always up late.

He starts kissing her neck, her breathing is getting deeper and deeper, she is very close to having her orgasm. All of a sudden we hear a HUGE EXPLOSION and a BIG FLASH of light almost like thunder and lighting reveals the eyes of a woman terrified, she screams. And the lights go out. A moment of silence and then a lot of yelling from down the hallway.

FADE UP TO: CU of the naked bodies of a young man and woman entangled on a bed full of blood and broken glass. The man's eyes are wide open, and the woman has her arm over her head. Someone breaks down the door and two men quickly lift up the mattress with the bodies out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. PALESTINE HOTEL. BAGHDAD.DAWN

WS of the Palestine Hotel, injured people are running around in the streets, trying to get away and seek shelter. It's chaos after a bombing, you hear sirens, but there are no ambulances around, the two men come out carrying the mattress, they struggle now as it has become heavier. One of them stops a car and they shove the mattress in the back seat and pile-up in the front. The car speeds down the street.

SC.2

INT. HOSPITAL.DAY

The same woman about 35 years old is lying in a very battered hospital bed. CU of several tubes coming out of her as she is fighting to breathe and hooked up to an old respirator machine. She is unconscious. Camera PANS OVER to the section right next to her, where we see a group of Iraqi doctors standing around looking very preoccupied.

DOCTOR 1

He fought till the very end, but he lost so much blood on the way over and his body was in such a state of shock.

DOCTOR 2

If only we had proper equipment.

DOCTOR 1

It is pointless we are losing this battle and it has just begun.

DOCTOR 2

Do you want me to tell his colleagues?

DOCTOR 1

They already know, they are all reporters, but they have no protection.

DOCTOR 2

Survival has become second nature.

A nurse steps into the conversation.

NURSE

Doctor Fayid what should I do about the woman's family?

DOCTOR 1

Well we must get a hold of her relatives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE

I asked the man's friends, no one seems to know her, furthermore she has no identification, (whispering now) she was found naked in his room and there were no possessions of hers lying around.

Camera travels back to the woman's hospital bed. She has curly dark hair and a sweet though bruised face, her left hand with no ring rests peacefully on her stomach.

DOCTOR 1

Well clearly Mr. Couso knew her, try contacting his family,

NURSE

I already spoke to his mother, and his wife, (she pauses) and none of them know who she is, nor do I think they really care.

DOCTOR 1

Well then you'll just have to call The Red Crescent, we need that bed for other patients.

NURSE

Yes, Doctor.

CUT TO:

SC.3

EXT. CHURCH. BAGHDAD- DAY

We see a few volunteers placing sand bags on the steps of a what used to be a Catholic Church and has been badly bombed. By the tower that houses the bell there is a semi-burned Red Crescent flag sadly waving as you walk by. A young 23 year old lady runs-out frantically motioning to the Manager, an older lady about 65 who is supervising the volunteers, to come in quickly.

YOUNG WORKER

Mam, you must come quick, it's urgent.

MANAGER

What is it now. (annoyed) I hope it's not another boycott of our supplies...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They both go inside.

INT. CHURCH. RED CRESCENT'S HEADQUARTERS-DAY

The manager hangs-up the phone and motions the young worker to leave her alone. She takes out a torn address book from her pocket, puts on her glasses to read a number and picks up the phone again.

CUT TO:

SC.4

EXT. SMALL TOWN IN THE SOUTH OF SPAIN- DAY

SALVADOR a young, strong, and robust man about 38 years old is talking on a pay phone in the middle of what appears to be the town square of a rural village. A sheppard with his sheep is crossing the square at that moment making it hard to hear what he is saying. CAMERA PULLS IN to hear the person on the receiver saying:

MANAGER OFF CAMERA (V.O.)

I'm sorry I must have made a mistake calling you, but the only personal contact information I have is your name.

He puts his hand over his ear and raises his voice.

SALVADOR

But I don't understand what happened? (pause) O.K. Alright I'll see what I can do. (pause) No, well yes, actually no, I'm her only family, she doesn't talk much to her sisters and they are all back in the U.S.

MANAGER OFF CAMERA

What the U.N?

SALVADOR

No, no the U.S, The United States, listen, I got to go, I'll see what I can do, it's a very bad connection.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Salvador hangs-up the phone and drops his head into his hands.

CUT TO:

SC. 5

INT. PLANE. NIGHT

Salvador finds his seat and props up his tiny airplane pillow against the window and falls asleep.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK-PAST:

INT. SMALL TOWN IN SPAIN-COTTAGE-NIGHT

Salvador and the woman from the hospital have the balcony doors of the bedroom wide open while they are making love under the stars. Clara is on top looking-up at the stars just about to orgasm when,

SALVADOR

Marry me.

The woman doesn't orgasm, but grabs his neck as if she were going to strangle him, she hangs her head low and jumps off the bed and heads into the bathroom. Salvador stares at her with such loving eyes as she exits the bedroom.

WOMAN

You know that I can't right now,
plus I'm going out to Iraq, you
know how important this mission is
to me, and it was really hard
getting in. Remember what I had to
do just to qualify?

Salvador gets out of bed parading his exceptional manhood, and walks into the bathroom interrupting her shower.

INT. SHOWER.NIGHT

Salvador yanks open the glass shower stall. It's rather steamy but you can see her half naked in the shower stall shampooing her hair. She is in great shape and has swimmer arms.

SALVADOR

I've been asking you for a year now.

He abruptly shuts off the shower, The woman wiping the shampoo off her face looks down and notices he still has a hard-on. She looks up and smiles in a naughty way.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Clara, I am in LOVE with you.
Don't you feel the same way?

Clara tries to turn on the faucet again, but he won't let her. She looks up at him, the shampoo is getting in her eyes.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

I thought your job in Afghanistan was going to be your last mission.

Clara grabs his chin, kisses him and pulls him into the shower, he is about 6 foot 4, at least 8 inches taller than her, but she has no problem mounting him. He grabs her butt cheeks open and presses them against the glass door as they start making love again. She turns on the shower and they disappear in the steam.

FADE UP TO:

FLASHBACK-PRESENT:

INT.PLANE.NIGHT

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir, you have to put your seat up,
we are getting ready to land.

Salvador struggles with his seat and the button doesn't seem to work. He is a little brusque in his ways, and has a certain Herculean manner. The flight attendant patiently waits, he smiles a in sweet innocent way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALVADOR

Sorry, I never fit properly in these seats.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Are you done with this?

She reaches out in a swift way to take his glass of whiskey away, and he catches her wrist, with his left hand. Downs the last drop with his other hand and gently places it in her hand.

SALVADOR

Yes, now I am. Thank you.

Flight attendant walks away pissed-off. He follows her mad ass down the aisle.

CUT TO:

SC.6

EXT.BAGHDAD INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

LS of an Iberia Airbus landing rather badly on a runway that looks more like the barracks. The airport is a mess.

CUT TO:

EXT.AIRPORT- DAY

Salvador walks out of the airport with a huge duffle bag over his shoulder and stops a cab and starts haggling with a cab driver, he is speaking Spanish to the driver but somehow they understand each other and he finally gets in the cab and takes-off.

CUT TO:

SC. 7

INT. CAB-DAY

Salvador looks out his window and is amazed to see what is going on outside. POV of Salvador as the cabs whisks through the bombed streets full of potholes and debris from bombed buildings. The few people in the street are running quickly to get to their destinations and the all look frightened to death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The few women he sees are hidden under their black veils and all he can catch is a glimpse of their very sad eyes full of pain and suffering.

Salvador turns-away from the window and looks ahead at the cab driver and he looks at him through the rear-view mirror.

CAB DRIVER

Where are you coming from? You look Italian.

SALVADOR

No, I'm Spanish, from Alicante, Spain.

CAB DRIVER

I thought the Spaniards were short.

SALVADOR

Well my father was from San Sebastian, and they are tall there.

Salvador digs into his duffle bag and pulls out a bocadillo of jamón serrano and queso manchego wrapped in wax paper and breaks-off a big piece and offers it to the cab driver.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Would you like some. Here's a taste of my country.

CAB DRIVER

No, thank you, I ate already.

SALVADOR

Are you sure? It's really good the cheese is made in my town.

CAB DRIVER

Why doesn't Aznar withdraw the Spanish troops?

SALVADOR

Because he's a coward just like all politicians. They do whatever works for their own interests, and no one else's.

CAB DRIVER

Are you a reporter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALVADOR

(Laughing) Oh Good God no! I'm a farmer, I work the land that belonged to my parents and my mother's parents. It doesn't pay much, but it beats working an office job, or what my wife does coming out here and saving people.

CAB DRIVER

Your wife is a reporter then?

SALVADOR

Well she is not quite my wife yet, but she will be soon. I guess you could say she is sort of a reporter.

CAB DRIVER

Sorry to hear that...

SALVADOR

Why (getting concerned)

CAB DRIVER

Well, recently since this war was made official, I don't know who seems to be more under attack the Iraqi people or the foreign press. Just last night two more reporters were killed.

The car goes over a deep pot hole and the car stops suddenly, now stuck in an orifice. The driver gets out swearing out loud and raising his hands.

SALVADOR

How many people died?

Salvador gets out and motions for him to get back in the car, and he pushes the car out of the pothole. He quickly gets back in the car and they start driving.

CAB DRIVER

I was told two reporters died Sir, but everyday the death toll goes up, and the Americans have just begun this horrible attack.

Salvador has lost his appetite, he puts the rest of his sandwich back in his duffle bag and sadly looks out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SALVADOR

You might want to check your rear axle when you get home tonight.

CAB DRIVER

Thank you. We are almost there now.

CUT TO:

SC. 8

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The nurses are running around preparing to move patients from one area to another. Outside you hear the sirens going off and then bombing. The glass bottles in the medical cabinet are shaking and the patients who are conscious become scared.

NURSE

Doctor Fayid what should we do with the woman from last night.

DOCTOR 1

Did you reach the Manager at the Red Crescent?

NURSE

Yes, and she was actually working there as a volunteer, her name is Clara Strausmann, but no one has come for her.

DOCTOR 1

Well, we will have to take her with the other patients, we can't wait any longer, you should prepare to leave with her as well.

NURSE

But Doctor...

DOCTOR 1

Don't worry, we will manage, I must stay with the more critical patients who won't survive the night of transport.

NURSE

But what if they bomb the hospital again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR 1

They normally don't hit the same target twice. Don't worry, we'll be fine, go on now, go!

The nurse rushes off to her patients, She pushes Clara's bed down the hall to where a truck is waiting outside. Clara is tossing and turning in her sleep as if she were trying to say something, the nurse pays no attention she is in a hurry now.

CUT TO:

SC. 9

INT. CHURCH.RED CRESCENT HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The same 23 year old redhead volunteer worker takes Salvador to the Manager's Office. She has been eyeing him since he paid the cab driver and took his information a moment ago and then smoked a cigarette before entering the House of God. She is not very tall but has large breast bursting out of her white lab coat, and cute freckles.

Before he steps-in she gives him a wet kiss on the cheek and whispers:

YOUNG WORKER

I'm Rebecca, I was Clara's roommate.

The Manager standing in the background behind the desk is about 65 years old, very skinny and has a certain air of Margaret Thatcher about her.

MANAGER

That will do, Rebecca, please get back to your work.

Rebecca exits the office, not without giving Salvador a cute smile before shutting the door.

SALVADOR

I wanted to tell you how much I appreciate you calling me and taking care of Clara.

The Manager suddenly smiles graciously and sits back down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANAGER

Well my dear fellow, that's not quite how it is, in fact, Clara has been the one to take care of us and she is the one we are all in debt for doing such a wonderful job around here.

SALVADOR

Yes, she is extraordinary.

MANAGER

Yes, rather mysterious too. I still don't know what she was doing at the Palestine Hotel that night...

She looks down at her desk and picks-up a huge file she was looking at before and starts to sign some documents.

SALVADOR

I'm sure she was working, she is such a workaholic. Anyway, can I see her?

She looks-up for a moment, and then gets back to signing.

MANAGER

Of course you may, she is at the small clinic downtown, it's really not a hospital but it's all these poor devils have around here right now.

SALVADOR

Do you mean she is not here?

MANAGER

Good heavens no! Where would we keep patients like that? We barely have enough room for ourselves.

SALVADOR

I see, I didn't know... Could you write down the address.

MANAGER

There's no need any cab driver will know,

She starts to get-up and walk towards the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Just ask for the clinic where the foreigners are taken.

Salvador gets up, looking rather confused, she opens the door for him.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry as you can see I'm very busy. Where are you staying?

SALVADOR

Well, I was hoping I could stay the night here.

MANAGER

That's preposterous, I have no room, plus we are all women here.

Salvador reaches out to shake her hand, she returns the shake reluctantly and with a quick fake smile.

SALVADOR

Thank you so much for your time.

MANAGER

It's quite alright. Do be careful out there.

Salvador turns and walks down the hallway. All of a sudden Rebecca appears from behind some curtains.

SALVADOR

You scared me.

REBECCA

Wow that must be hard, to scare someone as big as yourself.

SALVADOR

So what's the best and cheapest hotel around here.

REBECCA

Well you definitely don't want to check-in to the Palestine Hotel. That's' where they found Clara you know.

SALVADOR

Ya, I heard. Your Mother Superior told me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REBECCA

Did she tell you what she was doing there.

SALVADOR

No, why? What?

He stops in front of the church steps and looks like he is getting mad, by the instigator tone she used in that last comment.

REBECCA

Well, all I know is that Clara was meeting with someone there that night.

SALVADOR

What are you talking about?

Salvador grabs her arm. She let's him dig his big hand into her skinny arm, she likes it, she takes a step closer to him and as if she were going to kiss him.

REBECCA

Wow! That's a strong grip you got there. Do you box?

SALVADOR

Look, Clara is my fiancee, so please tell me what you know.

He let's go of her arm and steps back.

REBECCA

That's interesting I never saw a ring nor did she ever mention that she was engaged. But then again, Clara is a very secretive person.

Salvador realizes he is not going to get anywhere with her and picks-up his duffle bag and starts to walk away. She runs after him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Hey listen! You look like you could use a drink, I'll buy you a beer.

SALVADOR

Where the hell are you going to find a cold beer around here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

REBECCA

Just follow me, there is a place
two blocks away underground so
it's safe.

She starts skipping and leads the way ahead of him, her white lab coat reveals a short miniskirt beneath and she occasionally looks behind making sure Salvador is still there. He follows in utter disbelief, but does look like he needs a drink.

SC. 10

INT. BAR. AFTERNOON

Rebecca leads him down a narrow stairwell off the street to what looked like a small grocery store, as she walks further down he sees the familiar green light of an old Heineken neon sign that is barely flashing. There are about four people in this backroom in a basement of a store and they all look like foreigners.

REBECCA

Well it's not your local Irish
Pub, but it's all we got here.
What do you want? It's on me.

SALVADOR

I'll take whatever cold beer
they've got.

REBECCA

(to the old man who appears to be
the bartender) Two Coronas,
please.

Rebecca takes a stool by the bar and crosses her legs making sure Salvador gets a good view. She pats on the stool next to her. Salvador hesitantly takes a seat.

SALVADOR

Alright just one beer, cause I
really need to get to the hospital
and find Clara.

REBECCA

Didn't the Manager tell you? They
transferred most of the patients
out of that clinic this morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of the two guys sitting at a table in the dark far corner, walks up to the bar, next to Rebecca, and orders himself another drink. Salvador leans in closer to the bar to still see Rebecca.

SALVADOR

No she didn't, why did they do that?

REBECCA

Because of air raids, why else? That's how it works around here, at night time the American air crafts or British it's all the same, bomb the civilian areas (with great sarcasm) that pose an "imminent threat."

SALVADOR

I don't get it.

REBECCA

Well, see they just bombed a hotel two nights ago where most of the foreign press was staying cause they were tip-off that the CNN crew had checked into the Palestine Hotel. Little did they know that CNN was advised by the Pentagon to move to the Intercontinental, so sure enough that night, they bomb the Palestine Hotel and then the following night, they bomb the only clinic that is within a kilometer distance, knowing that any possible survivors would be there.

The man finally finishes paying for his drink and takes his time leaving, Rebecca gives him a dirty look once he turns around to leave, and then smiles at Salvador while he moves her stool even closer to his.

SALVADOR

Is that really true? And who's doing all this bombing on civilian areas?

REBECCA

Mostly the Americans and their tanks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Rumor has it the Americans are killing off the witnesses, so that no one sees the horror that goes on here. I mean, when you come to think of it, what is their target? I can see the generals really racking their brains trying to come up with an assignment for these guys with their big tanks everyday.

SALVADOR

What are you doing here then?

REBECCA

Well, my Mom dragged me into this whole humanitarian business. I hate it to tell you the truth. All my life I travelled around the world to war zones, just to pick-up the mess left behind by the "World Powers."

SALVADOR

Where's your Mom right now?

REBECCA

At the Church. Yup, she's the Manager, Mother Superior.

SALVADOR

I can't believe she exposes you to all this danger. Why don't you leave?

REBECCA

Well this is pretty bad, and I'd just go back home to Ireland, where my dad sleeps at the bar most times.

SALVADOR

That seems awful, I'm sorry to hear that.

He finishes off his beer and starts to pick up his stuff, but she grabs his arm.

REBECCA

I thought you wanted to know what I know about that night.

SALVADOR

I really need to get to the hospital...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REBECCA

Clinic, not hospital, do you know what they are equipped to do there? Pap Smears, that's about it. But on a regular basis they have to perform massive surgery on victims of this war and they don't even have a proper operating room, (she's getting angry) let alone the right equipment or even medical supplies. I have given them morphine from our supplies because they don't have any. (changing her tone) Besides Clara is not there you can call and find-out for yourself if you don't believe me, I called while you were talking to my Mom. They moved her to another hospital.

Salvador puts down his bag, he doesn't really know what to make out of this girl, she seems rather disturbed and exhausted from the whole war, but yet she's highly intelligent and has some interesting insights. He holds her by the shoulders and looks into her eyes.

SALVADOR

Tell you what, I'll buy you another beer, and then you tell me what else you know. Deal?

REBECCA

(Looking more cheerful) Ya! Now you are talking, and then We can dance.

SALVADOR

No, no dancing for me, I can't dance anyway.

He motions to the bar tender to bring two more beers. The bar tender walks away and puts on some old techno music. Salvador looks at him as if he is making the wrong move by putting on music.

REBECCA

So you two are engaged. That's sweet. Being in love is so beautiful.

SALVADOR

(picking-up his beer and smiling at her) Yup it sure is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Rebecca chugs hers down. Salvador stares at her. She slams it down on the bar and looks at him straight in the eye.

REBECCA

Then why was she found fucking
some other guy that night.

Salvador swallows the gulp he had just taken the wrong way and starts coughing. Rebecca just stares at him now motionless. Salvador looking around making sure no one else heard her.

SALVADOR

What did you just say.

REBECCA

You heard me.

SALVADOR

Look I don't know what game you
are playing, but it's starting to
get ugly now... I should just go.

REBECCA

Who said we are playing games? I'm
dead serious. Ask any of the guy's
reporter friends. Clara was having
an affair with this famous
reporter, they met on the plane
over here and he kept trying to go
out with her and she finally gave
in. But that night she dressed up
for some special occasion, he told
her he was going to give her
something. I think she thought it
was a surprise. I remember she
was very excited she even asked to
borrow one of my dresses.

SALVADOR

I don't believe you.

REBECCA

I don't believe you two were
engaged. I don't believe she even
loved you.

SALVADOR

You are sick. You don't know what
you are talking about and
something is wrong with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

REBECCA

Ya, this war is already getting on my nerves (She motions to the waiter) Two more!

Salvador squeezes the strap of his duffle bag in his hand looks down on the ground, he is furious now and doesn't know how to react. The bartender brings the beers, Rebecca grabs hers takes a long gulp and slams it down again, awakening Salvador to his reality and where he is.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry, I have a way of saying things that is not the best way to put things. I felt badly for you coming out all this way to a war zone, for crying out loud, to find your sweetheart, that I felt like I had to tell you the truth.

SALVADOR

The truth? You don't even know what happened that night? You don't even know what you are talking about? You are probably just making this whole thing up.

REBECCA

Well then how come his family didn't claim her as a relative? I mean after all they where found together in bed in a hotel room. Maybe because his mother and wife flew in to identify his body.

Salvador gets up now looking at her in utter disgust, he takes out some wrinkled bills from his pocket and throws them on the bar.

SALVADOR

That's it, I'm out of hear, you are really pathetic. You just called my fiancee a whore and then a home wrecker, you need some serious help. I feel really sorry for you.

Salvador picks-up his bags and leaves in a rush.

REBECCA

You can't feel any more sorrier than myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Rebecca continues to drink her beer.

FADE OUT:

SC. 11

INT.CHEAP HOTEL ROOM- NIGHT

We hear the shower on and see Salvador's stuff spread out on the bed, his duffle bag is on the floor next to it is a map of the city. Salvador is taking a shower and the door is ajar to the bedroom. We hear someone picking at the lock and then the door opens slowly, and someone comes in. We don't see the face just the shoes and pant legs walking in cautiously.

Salvador walks-out all naked as sees someone on the bed.

REBECCA

You can run in Baghdad, but you
can't hide...

Rebecca slips off her panties and spreads her legs apart on his hard bed.

SALVADOR

(grabbing a towel and wrapping it
around his waste) What are you
doing here? Put on your clothes.

He grabs her clothes off a chair and throws them at her.

REBECCA

Why must you be so mean? Did you
find what you were looking for?

SALVADOR

I am not mean, I have a fiancée
and no matter what you say about
her I believe in her innocence and
I would really like to get some
rest. And no, as you can see I
haven't found her yet.

REBECCA

I told you they moved her...Look
if you don't believe me why don't
you ask the Spanish Embassy,
afterall he too was Spanish, and
worked for Telecinco..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALVADOR

Ya, what would they know? I need to find out for myself... so you mean he his Spanish?

REBECCA

Ah ya, don't you read the newspapers, the family is demanding that Bush apologize... Anyway enough about the bloody war...Do you find me attractive?

She reaches over the other side of the bed showing her ass off and brings out two cold beers.

SALVADOR

Look I really need to go to sleep, I have an early morning tomorrow.

REBECCA

Me too, we have to move camp again, that's always back breaking labor.

Salvador goes back into the bathroom drops his towel and puts on a pair of boxers.

SALVADOR

You really don't give up, do you?

REBECCA

(handing him his beer) Come the last one and I promise tomorrow I will be history.

Salvador grabs it takes a look at her, she is very drunk already it's pretty sad and yet sexy and appealing to him.

SALVADOR

Alright cheers, but please put on some clothes.

REBECCA

Sorry, I prefer my b-day outfit, plus it is so hot in here...

She reaches over the head of the bed and tries to open the window, it's too high so she gets up and almost falls over the bed and tries to open it again. Salvador starts to laugh and gets on the bed to help her open the window and then his body touches hers, he holds her tightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Finally I got you in bed.

SALVADOR

Shut-up already and just kiss me.

Rebecca forces her mouth into his and they start to make love violently. He holds her down as he penetrates her, he tries to focus on her but everything becomes blurry. She screams with pleasure.

FADE OUT:

INT. CHEAP HOTEL- DAY

LS of the city view from Salvador's cheap hotel room. We hear street noises cars honking horns people talking in the street, and vendors yelling out their goods. Camera pans over and back to the inside of the room to a close up of Salvador's face. He is waking up we see Rebecca's butt on his chest in front of his face, she is upside down.

SALVADOR

Gees What have I done. Oh my head is killing me.

Salvador tries to get up, he shakes Rebecca's butt and then tries to lift her up, but she won't budge.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Come-on Rebecca, it's time to get up, I'm late already, so are you, God you are heavy.

He tries pushing her off, but she won't move, and then he lifts her up by the neck and discovers she is dead.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

OH NO! Oh my GOD!

Salvador jumps out of the bed there is a huge blood stain beneath her chest area on the bed, he touches her neck to see if she has any pulse.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

I can't believe this, I have to call the police, oh no! I probably shouldn't they'll accuse me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Salvador puts on his clothes and shoves everything into his duffle bag and runs out of the hotel.

SC.12

EXT. DAY BAGHDAD STREETS- MORNING.

We see Salvador making a phone call from a payphone and then stepping out nervously to smoke a cigarette, every few seconds he looks over his shoulder and around. After about ten minutes a cab pulls up and he jumps in, the cab takes off in a hurry.

IN. CAB. DAY

Salvador looks very worried and his obviously shaken-up. The cabdriver, who is the same one as the day before who took him from the airport to The Red Crescent is looking at him through the rearview mirror.

CAB DRIVER

Have you had anything to eat today?

SALVADOR

No, I'm not hungry.

CAB DRIVER

I suggest you eat something it will be a long drive to where we are going.

SALVADOR

How long? I just want to find Clara and get out of here as soon as possible.

CAB DRIVER

I understand, I too, would like to leave...Listen, it's about a six hour drive from here once we leave the capital and it all depends on the road condition it may take longer.

SALVADOR

I'll pay you whatever you want.

CAB DRIVER

I know you will, but we should stop for food

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALVADOR

Look I'm in danger! I think, that girl I told you about last night must have said something and someone was after her, I know it sounds crazy...

CAB DRIVER

Has it occurred to you that perhaps she was a spy and the Americans or British were informed.

SALVADOR

I don't think she was a spy, I do know that I was drugged as I have no recollection of last night and I have a splintering headache, I never get headaches after drinking.

CAB DRIVER

Let's get you some food and it will soothe your headache.

The cab driver pulls over into a narrow alley and parks the car in front of a small family run shop. Salvador hesitantly gets out of the cab and the cab driver shows them the way through a back door.

SC.13

INT. FAMILY STORE. - DAY

The cab driver's family are very warm and friendly towards, Salvador, he is starting to relax a bit, they are all sitting around a small table, there are no windows in the room and the table is lit by a candle. The food looks delicious and spicy. The cab driver's wife serves him a plateful of food. They all bow their heads and the cab driver says a prayer and then everyone starts eating.

CAB DRIVER

I hope you like spicy food, please eat, eat, or it will get cold.

Salvador is a little skeptical about the food as he is only accustomed to Spanish food. He takes a fork full and shoves it into his mouth and smiles at the cab driver.

CUT TO:

SC. 14

INT. HOSPITAL 500KM AWAY FROM BAGHDAD.DAY

The same nurse is doing her rounds in a hospital that looks like a military hospital set-up in the middle of the desert. She notices that the patient next to Clara has wet her bed. She walks over to get another nurse to help her.

NURSE

She's done it again, this time she got her period.

NURSE 2

Poor girl or poor me and you.

NURSE

Oh Come on let's just get it over and done with.

They count to three and lift up the unconscious body of the patient and put her in another cot. The bed gets switched with Clara who wakes up all of a sudden.

CLARA

What's going on? Where am I?

NURSE

You are in a hospital and have suffered a really bad head concussion.

CLARA

What day is it?

NURSE 2

It's Tuesday.

CLARA

I mean, what date?

NURSE

Wow, you've really lost track haven't you? It's April 12th.

The other nurses finishes making the bed and motions for her to come back and help her. They lift up the patient and put her back on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA

But I still don't understand what
I'm doing here?

NURSE

Don't worry dear the doctor will
be in here to see you shortly.

She picks-up Clara's chart and walks-out with the other
nurse. Clara's head hits the pillow again and everything
becomes a slow blur.

FADE TO:

FLASHBACK-PAST:

EXT.RED CRESCENT ENTRANCE-DAY

A tall very handsome and well shaved young man approaches
the door, and Rebecca stands in his way. It's Jose Couso
carrying his briefcase.

REBECCA

She is not in. She's gone to the
market.

JOSE

And how do you know I'm coming to
see her and not your Mom?

REBECCA

Because you are craving her ass, I
know that look on your face.

JOSE

Do you? And what makes you think I
haven't come for you?

REBECCA

Cause you've already seen me
naked, and find me boring.

All of a sudden Rebecca looks up over his shoulder and a
look of disgust comes over her. Clara hops up the stairs
not even paying any attention. Jose rushes over to open
the door and help her with her bags.

JOSE.

Can I carry some of these for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clara is surprised to see him. And watches as Rebecca disappears behind the back yard.

CLARA

I wasn't expecting to see you again.

JOSE.

Oh come on, you didn't seriously believe that, this city is such a small world.

CLARA

Yes, I guess it is.

Jose steps in closer, and insists on taking the heavier shopping bags from her. Clara gets a whiff of his cologne, she likes the smell.

JOSE.

It's Au Sauvage, by...

CLARA

Christian Dior, I know... So what brings you here?

JOSE.

I came to pay Ms. Margaret a visit.

CLARA

Oh! I see, so you not only know Rebecca very well, but her mother, too.

JOSE.

I've known Rebecca since she was a baby, we are all old family friends. And Margaret and I have shared many wars in this lifetime.

CLARA

You speak as if you were a hundred years old.

Clara continues walking down the hall towards the kitchen.

JOSE

At times it feels that way, witnessing so many wars, death, loses, surviving and taking care of those around you becomes second nature, if you know what I mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARA

I do. So what are you writing about?

They reach the kitchen and she puts down the bags and he places his on the table. She starts to put away the contents in the fridge.

JOSE.

It's about the great plan to invade Iran, and

CLARA

You mean Iraq

JOSE

No, I mean Iran.

Clara leans in while he hangs on the fridge door, she is clearly intrigued.

CLARA

How so?

JOSE.

Well recently, I was talking with some British soldiers at the barracks.

A door slams and in walks the Head Director, Ms. Margaret. She walks over to where they are standing with a slightly annoyed look on her fake smile.

JOSE

Oh! Good morning my dear Ms. Margaret! And how are we feeling today?

MANAGER

Just wretched, I hate this country, and I hate this heat, and we haven't had any hot running water in weeks!

JOSE

Oh! Come on, it's not that bad, you've come through worse, don't forget Congo.

MANAGER

Yes, I guess that was worse, you forget after so many years, which one is worse, they all start to look the and feel the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOSE

Yes, I was just talking to Clara about that.

MANAGER

I see you two have met.

JOSE.

Just briefly...

CLARA

We shared the same plane over from Madrid.

MANAGER

Yes, Jose is quite well-known in his native Spain, and has published many books that should have taken his life, but somehow didn't.

CLARA

I'm sure the stories were meant to be told.

JOSE.

Well, I survived them at least, other fellow journalists weren't that lucky though... I was simply delivering the news to the people. Anyway, I'd love to continue our conversation, perhaps over some dinner tomorrow night?

Clara looks over to the Manager, she is embarrassed at this offer, but seems to be irresistibly attracted to Jose. The Manager starts to put a kettle on the stove.

MANAGER

Tea anyone?

JOSE

Oh yes! That sounds lovely. I'm sorry Ms. Strausmann, I didn't quite hear your answer?

CLARA

Sure, tomorrow then at 8.

JOSE.

I will meet you at the lobby of the Palestine Hotel.

Clara walks to the door, and Margaret follows after her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLARA

I'm so sorry about that, I didn't mean to intrude on your interview.

MANAGER

My interview? Why it was I who intruded.

Clara turns to leave and Margaret takes her arm and pulls her in closer.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Nonetheless, take care of yourself, he is a very dangerous man, and leads a very volatile life, suffice to say he is married with two small children.

CLARA

But of course. Thank you.

Clara continues to walk down the hallway, and Margaret goes back into the kitchen.

MANAGER

What are you up to Jose? You already did a number on my daughter, Clara is a very special worker of mine, I would hate to lose her.

JOSE

I wouldn't want you to, and I wouldn't dream of hurting her.

MANAGER

But you wouldn't think twice about jumping in bed with her in order to get more inside information on that piece of yours. You know her father is still quite active in the U.S. Military.

JOSE.

I'm well aware of that, thank you very much. Now how about some scones with that tea.

He opens his brief case and produces a napkin with three freshly baked scones.

MANAGER

You naughty man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JOSE.

I took them from the hotel kitchen this morning, the chef and I get along splendidly, he too is from Valencia.

They sit down and Margaret pours the tea, and starts to gossip. Jose pretends to be interested. Camera pans toward the door and we reveal Clara listening behind the closed kitchen doors.

FADE UP:

FLASH BACK: TO PRESENT

SC.15

EXT. ON A ROAD OUTSIDE BAGHDAD- LATE AFTERNOON

LS of the old cab driving down a road that is in very bad condition. You can hear the music playing from outside the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB-LATE AFTERNOON

Salvador is resting his head on the side of the cab interior and trying to sleep. The cab driver is playing his music loudly and singing to it.

CAB DRIVER

You know we Iraqi people are very simple, we just want to take care of our families and live a good life, we don't want this war, I was a young boy when the first Gulf War started and I saw my brother die and his two daughters. I still help his poor wife once and a while. But this war has taken far more people and even though it just begun the world thinks its nearly over.

The cab driver keeps looking up at Salvador through the rearview mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALVADOR

I understand, but you are still very young, please watch the road.

The cab driver starts laughing.

CAB DRIVER

I know this road, I've been a cab driver for 35 years now. Don't tell me how to drive.

SALVADOR

I'm not trying to tell you how to drive, I'm just asking for you to watch the road.

All of a sudden the car hits a deep hole in the road and throws Salvador to the front of the car, the cab driver hits his head on the windshield and we hear a huge noise.

Salvador recovers from the blow and gets out of the cab. The cab driver now cursing in his language.

CAB DRIVER

Oh my God! Oh my GOD! Why does this have to happen to me? Why?

SALVADOR

Listen, it looks like you didn't check your axel the other day, I can probably repair this but I'll need some tools. What have you got?

CAB DRIVER

(Still with his head in his hands)
I just have a few basic tools, not much, my wife sold most of them the other day to buy food.

SALVADOR

O.K. alright, don't worry we will fix it, somehow...

Salvador walks over to the back of the car, and opens the trunk.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

I hope you at least have a spare tire, you'll need a new one...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAB DRIVER

What? No I don't have another tire? Oh My God, we are going to have to spend the night here in the middle of the desert. You bring me bad luck! I knew it! We barely have any food...

SALVADOR

Listen will you calm down, How far away is the nearest town?

CAB DRIVER

About 10 km.

SALVADOR

Do you at least have any water.

CAB DRIVER

Yes, of course I have water, but I can't leave my car here in the middle of no where. If the Americans find it they will burn it! Or worse think there's bomb.

SALVADOR

Listen you stay here and I'll go to the nearest town and get some tools and water. Stay in the car.

CAB DRIVER

Oh! My God! You crazy foreigners coming here and making a mess of everything!

Salvador picks-up the water canteen swings it over his back and lights a cigarette, he smiles back at the cab driver.

SALVADOR

Don't worry, I'll be back in a few hours.

The frantic cab driver gets back in the car still cursing and throwing his hands up in the air, evoking Allah.

FADE OUT:

INT.HOSPITAL 500KM OUTSIDE BAGHDAD- NIGHT

Clara is starrng up at the ceiling as the patient next to her is snoring away. The doctor walks in he looks exhausted and could use a bath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR 1

So I hear we are doing much better.

He comes around the side of her bed, the lamp on this side is flickering. Clara looks at it and adjust her eyes, her face is still pretty bruised, she strains to look up at him. He is about 48 years old, but looks 55, and is very thin, Clara notices that his glasses have tiny specs of blood on them.

DOCTOR 1 (CONT'D)

So do you remember anything.

CLARA

Doctor...

DOCTOR 1

Doctor Fayid, you can all me Musafa.

CLARA

Doctor Fayid, where am I? What am I doing here?

DOCTOR 1

Well you would know better than I, but from what I've been told you were found with a journalist who got killed, his name is Jose Coso...

CLARA

José si dead. Oh my God! Where are my things?

DOCTOR 1

Well you'll have to ask the nurse, from what I understand you didn't have any possessions with you when you were found.

CLARA

(interrupting him) but that can't be I had a manuscript, it is very important and most confi...

DOCTOR 1

Confidential. I understand, but we didn't find anything you'll have to ask the nurse.

Clara starts to get up in her bed, the doctor motions for her to lie down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR 1 (CONT'D)

Now, now do not get all upset, I'm sure we will find it. As I was saying your name is...

CLARA

Clara, Clara Strausmann. That's alright doctor I know the rest, I'd like to take a rest now. When will I be released?

DOCTOR 1

Well we heard that someone is on the way to pick you up from Baghdad...

CLARA

Who is it? Is it from José's family?

DOCTOR 1

No I really doubt that. I'm not sure, like I said the nurse might know. I'm sorry but I still have 10 more patients to visit before I can sleep myself.

CLARA

I'd prefer not to be left alone tonight.

CLARA (CONT'D)

The nurse will be in shortly to give you your medicine for the pain and also a sleeping pill, you have some broken ribs and a fractured arm. Other than that you will be released in a day.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Do you have anything to give me for my head?

DOCTOR 1

We are very short on supplies, let me see perhaps I can give you an aspirin, there are more needy patients than yourself.

CLARA

I'd prefer not to take the sleeping pill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOCTOR 1

It will help you sleep, it gets pretty noisy here at night. I must go now.

The doctor exits her ward and Clara looks over at the patient next to her who is still unconscious.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON A ROAD OUTSIDE BAGHDAD -NIGHT

LS of the cab broken down. You can hear some crickets and mortars in the distance. It is very dark but there is half a moon. CAMERA PULLS IN, and we see the cab driver in the driver seat still cursing beneath his breath as he doses off to sleep and keeps fighting it though. All of a sudden he hears a noise.

SALVADOR

Hands-up! Put your hands up.

The cab driver turns around and almost punches Salvador in the faces he blocks his fist. And starts laughing, Salvador is wearing a turban around his head and most of his face, he takes off the turban from his face and reveals a sun burnt face and keeps laughing.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Your Savior is hear!! Do you know that's what my name means in Spanish, Oh! If only my mother were here now to see me in Iraq..

CAB DRIVER

Listen, we have to go, it is not safe for us to be here.

SALVADOR

Ya I think I got a little too much sun. Luckily I bumped into some Spanish soldiers, those poor devils they are dying to go back home. I've never seen such scared men in my life.

CAB DRIVER

Where is the water?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALVADOR

I finished it, I couldn't get anymore, and I couldn't carry any food, but I got a tire, it's the wrong size but it will do.

CAB DRIVER

You are drunk...

SALVADOR

No, I just had some whiskey with the men, they were so happy to see someone else from Spain.

CAB DRIVER

Ya, I'm sure they thought you were a reporter.

SALVADOR

No, they knew I didn't have a camera. I don't think there were any reporters out there, now that I think of it, how strange...

CAB DRIVER

What is wrong with you? Where have you been?! Most reporters don't carry their cameras out in the open here, most of the time you don't even see them out here and they take on different identities just to survive.

Salvador looks exhausted he kneels down next to the car and starts to change the tire.

SALVADOR

Well they were nice people and miss their families and their country.

CAB DRIVER

Ya well tell that to your Presidente Aznar...

SALVADOR

Maybe I will, hey hand me that wrench please.

The cab driver leans over and grabs a wrench out of a sack that Salvador was carrying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAB DRIVER

You scared me though, I thought
you were an American soldier.

Salvador starts to laugh, and the cab driver after
starring at him in disgust, does as well.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL 500KM OUTSIDE OF BAGHDAD. NIGHT

The nurse from before walks in with a cup with some
pills. She checks on the other patient first and then
walks over to Clara. Clara has been watching her every
move since she walked in.

NURSE 1

How are you feeling?

CLARA

I'm a little hungry.

NURSE 1

Well, you'll have to wait until
tomorrow morning, the food is gone
and we have to wait for another
truck load that we were expecting
two days ago.

CLARA

My head hurts a lot, do you have
any Tylenol?

NURSE 1

I might be able to get you an
aspirin, let me see what I can do.

The nurse starts to take her blood pressure and then her
temperature.

CLARA

How long have I been here?

NURSE 1

Well you've been in my care for
the past four days, but prior to
that you were in a clinic in
Baghdad, it got bombed last night
so we transferred the critical
patients here.

CLARA

How did Jose Coso die?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE 1

He didn't really make it here, I mean when his friends brought him with you, he was already on his way out. The doctors really couldn't do much he lost a lot of blood, you were very lucky, his body took most of the blow.

CLARA

Yes, I see, you know we weren't married.

NURSE 1

We know, his family came to claim his body.

Clara tries to raise herself in bed, but her ribs and arm still hurt.

CLARA

Did they find out about me.

NURSE 1

I can't really say the other nurse handled that. You shouldn't move or try to get up.

CLARA

They must hate me... by the way did you happen to find a manuscript.

NURSE 1

A manuscript? but my dear child you were naked when they brought you in on a mattress with Mr. Couso...

CLARA

Yes, I know, but was I holding something? Was there anything in the mattress?

NURSE 1

I didn't see anything but I can check with the other nurse.

CLARA

Oh please do it is most important.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NURSE 1

Alright I'll ask my colleague, but
I doubt it, Now you must rest
there is someone coming for you.

CLARA

Who is it?

NURSE 1

I believe he claims to be your
fiancee.

CLARA

My fiancee...

NURSE 1

Yes, you've had a pretty busy
social life for working full-time
at the Red Crescent....

The nurse exits the room with a mischievous smile. Clara
looks pissed-off and turns the other way.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON THE ROAD OUTSIDE BAGHDAD. NIGHT

LS of the cab now rolling down the road, the tire is too
big, but at least they are moving now. Salvador is
smoking a cigarette and the cab driver is back listening
to his music and singing louder than ever.

SALVADOR

Why do you think they killed that
girl?

CAB DRIVER

Who knows, she probably knew too
much, or maybe they mistook her
for someone else, maybe she worked
for the British Intelligence.
Those British have a interesting
way of doing away with people they
have no need for. Your don't work
for the CIA do you?

The cab comes to a sudden halt, and he turns around.

SALVADOR

Are you serious? Do I look like
one of those guys, Gees I don't
even know how they look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAB DRIVER

You better not be, cause I swear
on my grandmother's...

SALVADOR

Listen there's no need to swear on
anyone's tomb I am just a farmer,
and I occasionally worked as a
mechanic, please drive-on I'm
worried about Clara, plus I don't
even speak any foreign languages.

The cab driver starts the car, but still looks
untrustworthy at Salvador. Meanwhile Salvador pulls out
his sweater and props it against the window to try and
sleep.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL 500KM OUTSIDE BAGHDAD.NIGHT

The nurse walks in she looks happy and is holding
something behind her back.

NURSE 1

Guess what?

CLARA

You stole a Motrin from someone?

NURSE 1

No, even better...

She pulls out a bloody document from behind her and
presents it to Clara.

CLARA

Oh my God! You found it!

She leans up in her bed and then falls back in pain, but
grabs the manuscript and clutches it close to her chest.

NURSE 1

Is this what you were looking for?

CLARA

Yes, It is. Thank you.

The nurse comes closer and tucks her into her bed and
gives her some pills. Instead of making sure she takes
them she walks over to check on the other patient, and
Clara slips the pills under the sheets, and drinks the
water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE 1

Tomorrow you'll be going home.

She turns around walks out and turns of the light. Clara digs deep into her bed and hides her manuscript under her back, she looks around in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB- NIGHT

We see the cab driver still singing away to his music as Salvador is sleeping and his head is bouncing about.

FLASHBACK (TO THE PAST)

EXT.SMALL TOWN IN THE SOUTH OF SPAIN- DAY

Salvador is standing in a crowd of people gathered in front of a big building where the town's mayor is addressing the crowd. Clara is standing next to the mayor, and does not look comfortable there. Salvador keeps starring at her with loving eyes.

TOWN'S MAYOR

The opening of this orphanage is a very important milestone for the town and its people and would not have been made possible without the generous contributions of our dear friend and member of this community for many years, General Eric Strausmann, and of course the indispensable efforts of his daughter Clara Strausmann who's notable career as a Human Rights Activist and hard work was instrumental in getting the right personnel to head up our new Orphanage. Clara was the one who approached me two years ago and suggested that we renovate the Sanatory and turn in into an orphanage for the less privileged. Please welcome Clara who has just returned from Afganistan.

The crowd cheers and claps, as Clara almost slips coming up to the podium. The red carpet is on a dirt ground that makes it difficult to walk on and the large pines trees keep dropping pine cones onto people's heads.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Someone almost lets out a laugh from the crowd and Salvador looks around like he is going to kill that person.

CLARA

Thank you, thank you. You are all very kind. I'm sure if my father were here, he would be very pleased to see that his money went to a good cause, but unfortunately he is now living in La Isla Margarita just off the Coast of Venezuela, where he was just married for the third time. (awkward moment of silence) I am honored to be part of this community and part of the development of this orphanage. Often as a humanitarian worker you feel as if your work goes unnoticed, but it's times like these when you realize that it is all worth it in the end. There are millions and millions of orphan children in this world today, many come from China, Russia, Romania and especially Africa, where according to statistics Zimbabwe has the highest percentage of orphan children at 1.3 Million in a total population of 12 million and counting. And not only that but many are also infected with the HIV virus. UNICEF can't even provide us with an accurate number of how many orphans per country due to the neglect and abuse these innocent children are often put through. We here will house at least 1000 orphans between the ages of 2 and 15, and I look forward to working with you in placing each one of our children in healthy and safe homes. There is so much to be done still and you all can help by doing your part. Thank you so much for your support.

The crowd cheers and applauds as Clara joins in clapping and rushes to step off the half made stage and podium. Salvador finds her the crowd and gives her a big hug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALVADOR

I'm so proud of you baby. See everyone loves you here.

A lady comes up to the couple and congratulates Clara.

OLD LADY

Please do give my love to your father when you see him next and also my congratulations on his wedding.

CLARA

I will, though I doubt I'll see him for a while as I'm leaving for Iraq soon.

OLD LADY

Your father is such a noble man and so courageous, I'm sure he'd be very proud. I still remember his stories of the Second World War with the American Navy...

CLARA

Yes, he is indeed a great storyteller, well if you'll excuse me I'm a little tired now...

Clara steps away from the lady and grabs Salvador's arm and starts walking fast away from the crowd towards her parked Land Rover down the hill. There's a beautiful view from where the orphanage stands.

SALVADOR

What was up with that lady? It seems as if she had an affair with your father...

Clara stops and looks out past the mountain range the sun is setting.

CLARA

I don't know, he had many affairs, you don't know my dad, at times I wonder how I can be his daughter. But, isn't this view just breathtaking?

Salvador comes around and hugs her from behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SALVADOR

It is... (turning back and looking at her) How come you never talk about your father?

CLARA

What do you mean?

She pulls away from him and starts to get into the car. Salvador pulls her back towards him.

SALVADOR

Talk to me.

CLARA

About what? (Uncomfortable) what do you want to know?

SALVADOR

How come you never talk about him, and then mention his third marriage up there in front of the whole town.

CLARA

That's none of your business.

SALVADOR

Apparently not, (Sarcastically)but is the rest of the town's.

She pushes him away and walks toward the edge of the cliff, Salvador follows.

CLARA

I don't know, it just came out like that... I guess it's hard to accept him re-marrying shortly after my mother died of cancer... He would have never supported a project like this. First of all, he is a military guy, and couldn't care less about the orphans that he and his Army have left behind in their destructive path towards supposed "world peace and order."

SALVADOR

Oh! Come on, that's not fair your dad was just doing his job. And maybe he is lonely?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLARA

His job? What do you know about his job? For years I was embarrassed to have to admit to what my dad did for a living. What do you even know about my job?

Salvador steps away with a sudden deep look of sadness and hurt. Clara looks away again holding tears back.

SALVADOR

You are right, I'm sorry, I don't know that much, I'm just a farmer who's in love with a woman who travels most of the time and wonders if she is safe and when she'll come back. All I know Clara, is what you tell me, and often I feel like there is an entire ocean between us even when we are together making love or when I'm standing here holding you.

CLARA

I'm sorry Salvador, it's not you, it's me, I'm still searching for something, I don't know what, but all I know is that I am happiest when I'm traveling and saving others. I know it's difficult to understand, but please try, if you really love me, you must try.

SALVADOR

You know I do.

She holds his hands in hers and wraps her arms around his neck. He looks at her with slight distrust and obvious confusion in his eyes. He helps her into the passenger side of the Land Rover, and as she steps up she takes one last look at the orphanage brand new just waiting for the laughter and noise of little children.

CLARA

The sad thing is that it took two years to get this project finally off the ground and it will only help a tiny percentage of orphans.

FADE to BLACK:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

FLASHBACK (TO PRESENT TIME)

The cab driver is poking Salvador in the arm.

CAB DRIVER

Wake-up, wake-up, you have to show
your passport at this check-point.

Salvador wakes up, he looks horrible, and starts to look
for his wallet, he can't find it.

SALVADOR

I don't know where it is now.

CAB DRIVER

You better find it.

Salvador looks out the window and sees there are
approaching a military check-point. It's very dark
outside but there is one light at a barricade. Salvador
jumps in the back seat of the car.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Careful, they
might think you are trying to
escape.

SALVADOR

I'm looking for my passport.

Salvador finally finds his passport and jumps back into
the passenger seat, the cab driver comes to a stop and
rolls down the window, a British soldier with a machine
gun in his hand, pokes a flashlight through the window,
and at Salvador, who is still squinting.

SOLDIER

Passports please or residency
cards.

The cab driver yanks Salvador's out of his hand, almost
annoyed with him, and hands both over to the soldier.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Travelling a bit far from home are
we?

SALVADOR

Ya, well, see I'm from a little
town...

SOLDIER

I meant this man over here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CAB DRIVER

I was doing him a favor, he is looking for his wife,

SALVADOR

Well yes she is my fiancée

SOLDIER

Right, a reporter is she?

SALVADOR

No, no, she works for the red Crescent.

SOLDIER

Right, we love them, we do, alright hold on for a minute.

He walks away with his machine gun still in his right arm ready to go. He goes over to a tent and speaks to another soldier.

SALVADOR

What do you think they are talking about?

CAB DRIVER

I don't know, but if it turns out that you work for the CIA or Secret Service that's the end of us.

SALVADOR

Really (jokingly) I think they are more preoccupied with you than with me... Oh! watch out here he comes...

The soldier approaches the car again, now with another soldier also armed with a machine gun.

SOLDIER

Alright, I'll have to ask you to step out of the car, we need to inspect the vehicle for any explosives.

SALVADOR

Explosives? We have no bombs.

SOLDIER

I didn't say anything about bombs now did I? (Looking over at the other soldier)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Salvador gets out of the car very reluctantly as does the cab driver, the other soldier starts frisking the cab driver, he rams his machine gun between his legs to spread them apart and pushes him up against the car, the cabdriver tries to protect himself, but the soldier forces his hands up to the back of his head.

SOLDIER 1
(whispering almost in his ear) You're the type that killed my mate Duncan the other week...

He kicks him in the shin, and the cab driver bends over in pain. Salvador notices from the other side of the car.

SALVADOR
Come on guys there is no need for this, he is here because of me.

Walking over to him and pulling him by the hair,

SOLDIER 1
Oh yeah? And what are you doing here?

SALVADOR
I'm here to find my wife she is in a hospital a few kilometers North of here.

Salvador grabs his arm and just as he is about to fight back the other soldier motions him to stop shuts the trunk of the car.

SOLDIER
Leave him, he's a Spaniard. Plus they are clean, let' em go.

SOLDIER 1
Who would have known he looks like one of those filthy Arabs to me.

SOLDIER
They are good to go, let'em go Scott...

The soldier lifts up the cab driver by his shirt and shoves him back in his car.

SOLDIER 1
Go on get out of here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

Salvador pushes the cab driver onto the passenger seat and puts the car in gear and carefully drives off. The old cab driver is still doubling up in pain.

SALVADOR

I'm sorry, so sorry about that...

CUT TO:

INT.HOSPITAL 500KM OUTSIDE OF BAGHDAD.NIGHT

We hear a door opening slowly and footsteps carefully walking across the floor. In the moonlight coming from the window across from Clara's bed we see the tip of a syringe that digs into the skin. All of a sudden a machine that was ticking, stops and makes one prolonged sound that keeps ringing and ringing until finally a nurse rushes in half asleep, and checks the machine and flips on the light, rings a bell and in runs the other nurse and shortly after the doctor, they are all desperately trying to revive the body, the doctor personally is giving mouth-to-mouth, but no one can.

FADE OUT:

EXT. HOSPITAL 500KM AWAY FROM BAGHDAD.DAY

The beaten-up cab pulls up, and Salvador gives him a 100 Euros, jumps out of the car and runs in to the hospital.

SALVADOR

Wait for me here and I'll give you the rest.

The cab driver waves at him annoyed and gets out to stretch his legs.

INT.HOSPITAL 500KM OUTSIDE BAGHDAD- NIGHT

Salvador is in the reception area talking to the doctor.

DOCTOR 1

I'm sorry, I wish you had gotten here sooner, you would have still seen her, she died of cardiac arrest.

SALVADOR

Oh! My God! I can't believe it, I had a flat tire and then, please tell me it's not true.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR 1

I'm sorry, Sir, she past away last night, there was nothing we could do, and now I have to get back to my patients.

The doctor starts to walk away.

SALVADOR

But how about her things...

DOCTOR 1

The nurse will show you.

Salvador starts to run after him, but the nurse stops him.

NURSE 1

Sir, if you follow me, I'll give you her belongings.

She leads him down the hallway, he is mumbling to himself

SALVADOR

It's all my fault, I should have never let her come here, I should have never jumped in bed with that girl...

NURSE 1

Were you saying something?

She opens the door of an employee area only. And Salvador follows not even paying attention to where he is.

SALVADOR

Did she ask after me?

NURSE 1

I'm not sure, I don't know...

SALVADOR

She was the love of my life, we were suppose to get married this summer...

The nurse moves a desk and reveals a large medical supplies closet, she opens the door,

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Where are you taking me anywhere?

NURSE 1

SHHHHHH!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

There in the closet is Clara sitting on a chair, looking all pale very thin and terrified, she reaches out and embraces Salvador, he picks her up and he's crying and then laughing and then upset.

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)

Please you have to keep it down,
or else I'll get into trouble.

SALVADOR

But why did the doctor tell me...?

NURSE 1

Never mind about that now, do you
have a car waiting outside?

SALVADOR

Well, yes, sort of...

CLARA

How did you get here?

He is starring at her in disbelief,

SALVADOR

I took the first plane over...

CLARA

No, I mean from Baghdad?

NURSE 1

(cutting in) Listen I don't mean
to spoil the party, but if you two
don't get out of here right now,
you won't live to tell your
grandchildren, now go! Take that
back door it leads to the alley
way.

Clara get's up by leaning on Salvador, she is still very weak, but manages to give the nurse a warm big hug, Salvador opens the door and they wave good-bye to the nurse who rushes back to the main hallway.

EXT. HOSPITAL ALLEY WAY- DAY

Salvador helps Clara walk quickly down the alley, she keeps looking behind her. Salvador is also looking around for the cab driver.

CLARA

Where is your car?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALVADOR

I don't have a car, I came here in
a cab...

CLARA

A cab? Are you nuts?

SALVADOR

No, I'm not! I think you are. Now
just wait here, I'll go get him
he's just around the corner.

He props her up against the wall and runs down the alley way, she slowly slips down to the ground and sits in a small pile, watching Salvador as he runs away.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE- DAY

Salvador runs around looking for the cab driver but can't find him, there are no cabs anywhere to be found. There are few buildings in this small town. Salvador starts running back in the direction he came.

EXT. HOSPITAL ALLEY-DAY

Clara has stood up again as she sees Salvador running towards her all out of breath.

CLARA

He's gone right?

SALVADOR

Ya, he probably got scared...

He starts to pick up her stuff and throws it on his back.

CLARA

Don't worry we will find a way to
get back to the capital.

SALVADOR

Ya, of course, you don't
understand you are in danger and
someone keeps trying to kill.

CLARA

Ya, right, o.k. let's talk about
that somewhere else, let's get
out of here.

She leans on him again and you can see when he holds her side she is in pain as she squints.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALVADOR

I think you owe me an explanation,
Clara.

CLARA

We can't talk about this here
(getting upset) do you understand?

All of a sudden a car comes racing down the alley way,
the cab driver flies open the door.

CAB DRIVER

Get in quick! We have to go now!!

Salvador shoves their bags in the back while Clara gets
in on the other side. Salvador sits up front and the cab
driver takes off in a hurry.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB-DAY

The cab driver keeps looking in his rear view mirror and
is focused on the road ahead of him as he is speeding.

SALVADOR

Thank God. I thought you got
scared and left, you had my bag in
the trunk...

CLARA

I can't believe you guys came in
this car.

SALVADOR

I'm still in disbelief myself.
What the hell is going on Clara?

Clara looks at him annoyed and then nods at the cab
driver.

CLARA

I was caught in the middle of some
cross-fire that's it.

SALVADOR

Look don't bullshit me o.k. This
guy is trust-worthy just tell me
what's going on.

CLARA

I'll let you know later, right now
let's just get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAB DRIVER

We will have to stop somewhere to
gas up.

The cab driver pulls-in to a gas station.

FADE OUT:

EXT. GAS STATION-DAY

The cab driver gets out, there is no one around except an old 80 yr old man smoking a cigarette. The cab driver walks over to him and exchanges a few words, then returns to the passenger side window of the car. Salvador rolls down the window.

CAB DRIVER

I need \$50 US dollars, in small
bills.

SALVADOR

What? Is he out of his mind? That
is what you need to fill-up a
truck.

CLARA

Just give him the money.

SALVADOR

I don't have that much.

Clara shoves her hand into her shoe and pulls out a folded \$100 bill and hands it to the cab driver.

CAB DRIVER

Thank you Mam.

CLARA

See if you can get some food with
that and water.

CAB DRIVER

I doubt he has anything, Mam, but
I will try.

Salvador looks back at her in disbelief.

CLARA

What? I didn't need any money in
the hospital, while I was in a
coma...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALVADOR

So tell me what happened?

CLARA

I will, just give me some time,
I'm still in shock myself.

SALVADOR

You are, how do you think I feel?
I mean I almost got killed two
nights ago, trying to find out
where the hell you were, and you
tell me YOU are in shock? Give me
a break.

CLARA

Look I'm sorry you got dragged
into all this, but it's really not
my fault. I met this guy, and he
is, I mean was a journalist and he
was killed in this bombing that
took place.

SALVADOR

Ya, I know all that, the people at
Red Crescent told me what
happened, but what I don't
understand is, why were you there?

Clara looks away and we see the cab driver approaching with some things in his hands, he opens the trunk and puts them in and starts to gas up. The silence is bothering Salvador, he keeps looking at her and holds her hand, she shivers at his touch and looks straight back at him.

CLARA

I was with him.

SALVADOR

What? (he lets go of her hand)

CLARA

I was seeing him, that is I was on
a date with him, or I guess it was
just dinner.

SALVADOR

Just dinner? What are you telling
me? Did you sleep with him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARA

Please, I beg of you, let's talk about this another time, we mustn't be seen here or anywhere until we get out.

SALVADOR

NO! Let's talk about this now!
(raising his voice) I deserve an explanation, for God's Sake, Clara I came all the way out here to rescue you, cause I thought you were dying, and I asked you to marry me before you left on this ridiculous mission and now you tell me this??

Salvador gets out of the car and slams the door and starts walking away furiously. The cab driver, tries to stop him, but he pushes him away...

CAB DRIVER

Hey! Where are you going?

SALVADOR

Leave me alone!

The cab driver puts the cap on his tank and gets back in the car. He looks back and sees Clara crying and holding her head in her hands.

CAB DRIVER

What is going on? I thought you two would be happy to see each other? He loves you, he really does, he is a very strong man you know...Don't you still love him?

CLARA

(Wiping her tears away) Please just drive on, just go.

The cab drivers pulls away from the station shaking his head.

CAB DRIVER

You know these days families get separated from each other all the time, through death, or bombing or tragedies or the American Army or U.N. Forces, but you two are lucky to have each other still.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLARA

I know, I've been living here for several months and I do love him, I'm just not ready right now...

CAB DRIVER

That's a shame, there is a saying, that comes from the Koran, A Woman must please and obey her husband always.

CLARA

We are not married.

The cab driver looks back in disbelief. And Clara turns away in disapproval.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Look we have to find him, it's dangerous for him.

CAB DRIVER

I know, I'm heading in the only direction he can go, which is toward Baghdad. But you know he is a survivor.

CLARA

I'm worried about him, he doesn't have any money.

CAB DRIVER

Not only that, but he left his bag in my trunk...

Clara leans her head against the window, as a tear rolls down her cheeks... We see a long shot from the car of the town getting smaller in the distance.

FADE OUT:

EXT. DAY ON THE ROAD OUT OF THE TOWN- DUSK

Salvador is trying to hitch-hike but there are no cars driving by. He kicks the side on the road with his boot.

SALVADOR

Pero qué coño hago aquí!?!?!
(=what the fuck am I doing here!?)

All of a sudden a barrel of dust pulls up behind him to reveal a jeep full of French men. The car pulls over, and we can barely hear over blasting loud music,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRENCH MAN 1

Hey! What are you doing?

FRENCH MAN 2

Get in, do you want to get
killed?!

Salvador runs over and hops into the back. The jeeps
takes off leaving a big dust trail behind. We see the sun
setting in the distance.

INT. JEEP- DUSK

The music that is blasting loud is some really bad French
Hip hop, and the two are smoking like chimneys. The
driver offers Salvador a cigarette and while lighting it
for him almost drives off the side of the road. Salvador
takes a deep breath.

FRENCH MAN 1

Salut! Christian and Georges.

SALVADOR

Hi, Salvador.

FRENCH MAN 2

So where are you from?

SALVADOR

Spain, Alicante.

FRENCH MAN 2

Oh! Alicant I LOVE that town, the
night life is great in the
summer...

SALVADOR

I guess, I don't go out much I
live in a small town up in the
mountains.

FRENCH MAN 1

So you are a farmer then?

SALVADOR

Not really, I'm a fisherman.

FRENCH MAN 2

Ah! No fish to be caught here,
JAJAJA!!Unless you like Muslim
sauce..JAJAJA!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The second French man reaches underneath his seat and pulls out a small cooler and takes out a beer. He opens it and takes a long gulp and passes it to his friend who is driving. He takes another long sip and hands it to Salvador.

SALVADOR

No, thanks, I'm fine, do you have some water?

FRENCH MAN 2

Ya, in the back, look back there.

Salvador reaches over the seat to look in the back and sees several camera bags and lighting equipment, he also sees a blood-stained press vest and a bunch of rope and two cases of food, he takes a bottle of water, and drinks it like he is dying of thirst.

SALVADOR

You guys are journalists?

FRENCH MAN 1

Ya, I write for Le Figaro and my buddy here is with Radio France.

FRENCH MAN 2

Ya, we can only give you a ride till Latifiyah where we pick-up our driver and then head over to Najaf where all the action is.

SALVADOR

Where is that?

FRENCH MAN 2

About 100 kilometers South of Baghdad.

He finishes the beer, and reaches back for another.

FRENCH MAN 1

How about you?

SALVADOR

I'm getting away from my wife.

The guys belt out a huge laughter that almost drives them off the road again. The French man hands him the beer. Salvador now takes a long slug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRENCH MAN 1

That is too funny, you know this is the perfect place to come to forget about someone, you don't have time to think, and chances are if you are a journalist you won't come back alive.

SALVADOR

What do you mean, you guys are French, you are protected, your government was smart enough to stay out.

FRENCH MAN 2

Well it's really like shit out here, there is so much fucking chaos... Ce merd ici!

SALVADOR

I just want to get out of here, I came to pick-up my wife and now I'm stuck in the middle of the desert listening to French music.

FRENCH MAN 1

Hey! If you have a problem with my music you get out of the car!

He jerks the wheel back, and shoves his fist in Salvador face, the other guys stops.

FRENCH MAN 2

Hey! Arrete ca! Merd! Come on man, he's just a fisherman. Come on, we are going to be late...

Salvador doesn't even look scared he turned his face away and starts looking sadly out the window. The French guy driving now sings along to the music in a very annoying tone. Salvador doozes off...

FADE OUT:

INT. CAB- DAY

Camera follows the car and then zooms into Clara's face and her hair blowing through the dusty wind, she looks relaxed.

CAB DRIVER

Are you hungry Mam?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA

You can call me Clara, ya a little, but I'll be alright.

CAB DRIVER

I have some figs in the trunk. I can get them.

CLARA

O.K.

Clara keeps looking out the window in the far distance straining her eyes as if she is trying to find someone. The cab driver pulls over and stops the car.

CAB DRIVER

Don't worry Mam, I mean Clara, we will find Salvador.

He comes around her side of the car and hands her a small basket of figs. Clara waves a few flies away and grabs a some.

CLARA

Oh! I'm not worried so much about that, as I am about getting back to Baghdad.

CAB DRIVER

We have a long while to go still, but Allah will show us the way.

CLARA

By the way, Salvador mentioned that he almost got killed a few days ago. Do you know what happened?

CAB DRIVER

Well on our way over here the American Soldiers stopped us, and I also know he had an incident in his hotel room.

CLARA

Interesting...

CAB DRIVER

We should get going Mam, Clara

He wipes his hands with his handkerchief in his pocket and offers Clara some water, she grabs the bottle and drinks half of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He tries to start the car, but it won't start, he tries again and again. He finally gets out and kicks the front of it.

CLARA

What's happening? Why won't it start?

CAB DRIVER

It must be the ignition, my nephew told me to change it the other day, but I didn't have the money.

CLARA

Oh God! Well do you have anything in the trunk we can use.

Clara gets out and pops open the trunk and starts looking through his things in a frantic panic, and then sees Salvador's duffle bag and opens it and finds his passport and a picture of her amongst other belongings. Close-up on tears rolling down her cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. JEEP- LATE DUSK

The music is still playing loudly and they are both singing. Salvador wakes up.

SALVADOR

Where are we?

FRENCH MAN 1

Welcome to Iraq, baby?

FRENCH MAN 1 (CONT'D)

So where is your wife?

SALVADOR

Who knows, I don't really care anymore, she slept with this other man.

FRENCH MAN 2

How do you know?

SALVADOR

She told me.

Salvador looks back in disgust. The other guy reaches back for a beer, and realizes that there are none.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRENCH MAN 1

Are you sure she is a woman? Most women lie about that and would never admit to it.

SALVADOR

No, unfortunately, it's true, she slept with some journalist, who died about a week ago.

FRENCH MAN 1

Was that at the Palestine Hotel?

SALVADOR

Oh! Great! Everyone knows except me!?!?

FRENCH MAN 2

Relax man, this is our business, we need to be informed.

FRENCH MAN 1

Ya, that poor guy, he was indeed murdered, great guy though.

FRENCH MAN 2

Ya, I heard he was writing a novel, or something like that, did he finish it?

SALVADOR

Now, how the fuck am I suppose to know!

All of a sudden the French guy driving pulls jams on the breaks bring the jeep to a full stop, and Salvador gets thrown onto French Guy # 2.

FRENCH MAN 2

Me que ce que tu fe Chris? Tu el foal? What the fuck are you doing?!

FRENCH MAN 1

No, merd, Georges, I see a check-point up ahead.

FRENCH MAN 2

You are hallucinating man... that is not a check-point, it's a convoy...

SALVADOR

Oh! Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Salvador reaches into his back pocket.

FRENCH MAN 2

Listen you better get ready if
it's the Americans

FRENCH MAN 1

Ya, this time it's probably the
Brits, we had the Americans on the
way over here.

FRENCH MAN 2

Hey you, Salvador, get your
passport ready.

SALVADOR

I left it in the cab with my wife.

FRENCH MAN 1

What? Are you crazy? You must
always have your identification.

FRENCH MAN 2

Look, it's not a big deal, just
get out of the car and pretend
like you are peeing then hide by
that farm house over there, once
we get through, we'll stop further
down the road and pick-you up.

SALVADOR

What if there are Iraqis in that
farm house?

FRENCH MAN 1

Chances are they are all dead by
now, if these guys got there
first. Come-on get out now, you
got to get going, they are
approaching fast...

Salvador jumps out and looks around, the other French
guys yells at him,

FRENCH MAN 2

Catch! Sorry man.

He throws a bottle of water at Salvador and they take
off. Salvador looks around, and sees the farm house, it's
about 50 meters away from the side of the road. He turns
around and looks at his watch and then starts walking
towards the house, he stops to pee, and hears an
explosion go off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He looks at the house, but it's not there, he turns around and see's the front of the jeep on fire, and four guys with black masks on pull-out the two french men and shoves them into a van and takes off, then one of the guys puts out the fire in front of the jeep and gets in and speeds away.

Salvador has already started running away towards the farm, he can barely breathe, he reaches the side of the farm house and walks over to the back side and then falls down on the ground exhausted. The sun has just set, and he looks up to admire the view, and then passes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT- NIGHT

Clara is sitting on the hood of the cab looking out into the sunset as the last rays brush her face and are caught in her eyes. The cab driver is snoring in the back seat taking a nap. A fly is trying to land on his face and he slaps himself in the face trying to kill it and wakes-up rudely.

CAB DRIVER

Ay!

He props himself up.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

Oh! My bones, I'm getting old.

He gets out of the car, stretches his legs and goes over to Clara.

Clara has her arms wrapped around her body and is shivering. The Cab driver goes to the trunk and pulls-out a blanket.

CLARA

Did you hear that explosion?

CAB DRIVER

No, but you look cold you should get in the car, you'll be warmer.

CLARA

I'm alright. I want to admire the desert, I have been locked-up in a hospital for so long.

CAB DRIVER

Are you still in pain?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cab driver observes as she squirms when she tightens her grip around her body. Now in the dark she looks even paler, but she seems to be guarding something under her shirt.

CLARA

I'll be alright, it's Salvador whom I'm worried about.

CAB DRIVER

And he is a good mechanic too? We need him or a miracle now..

CLARA

Have faith, Allah the Beneficent, the Merciful.

For the first time the Cab Driver smiles at Clara and takes a seat near her on the car hood.

CAB DRIVER

It is a beautiful night...

EXT. FARM HOUSE- NIGHT

Close-up of Salvador on his belly sleeping, a bucket of water is poured on him. Salvador jumps up like a scared rabbit. And starts to run away, but then realizes it is a little Iraqi 7 yr old boy who threw the water on him. He drops the bucket and runs around the corner to the front of the house.

SALVADOR

Who are you?

LITTLE IRAQ BOY

(Screaming) AHHHHHHHH!!!

SALVADOR

Wait! Do you speak Spanish?
English?

Salvador starts to follow him. The little boy leads him into the house, it is all dark, the lights are out and the place smells horrible. Salvador covers his nose, but the smell is too strong. He steps back out and gets a deep breath and then hears the boy crying inside.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Hey! Are you O.K.? Where are you?

Salvador goes back in and stumbles on a chair, but then, takes his lighter out and see's that it is a dead dog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He jumps to the side and crashes into the table, at the end of the hall he sees a faint candle light.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Anyone else here?

The house is silent except for the child crying. Salvador approaches the room where the light is coming from. He turns the corner terrified to see what will be there,

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Oh! MY GOD!!

Salvador steps-out back into the hallway, the bodies of a man and a woman are stacked-up on a bed, the man is wearing a coat and is face down with a four bullets through his back and the woman is fully dressed faced up with one shot straight to her heart, her eyes are still open. The little boy is kneeling next to the bed and embracing their bloody bodies.

LITTLE IRAQ BOY

Mama, mama, mama, mama

Salvador walks over and closes her eyes and gently picks up the boy in his arms, as they walk down the hallway, he happens to see another woman, a young girl in another bedroom, she is face up and has a gag in her mouth, her skirt as been ripped-off and her legs are tied to each post of the bed. Salvador drops the boy on the ground and runs outside of the house. The kid takes off after him and follows him. Salvador keeps running away, and then stops and yells at the kid

SALVADOR

You can't come with me, I can't take you!

The boy obviously doesn't understand what he is saying. Salvador takes off and starts running back towards the road, and the kid keeps following him, he runs a lot faster than Salvador. Salvador grabs him by the arm.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

You can't come with me! Are you listening? NO, NO NO!!

Salvador raises his hand as if he is going to slap him, and the kid manages to get out of Salvador's grip and runs back towards the house into the dark night. Salvador turns and keeps walking faster towards the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

I got to get out of here...
 (mumbling) I got to get out of
 here...

FADE OUT:

INT. CAB-NIGHT

Clara is sitting in the front passenger seat and has the blanket wrapped around her head and body, she pulls -out a flash-light, and pulls-out a blood stained manuscript from underneath her shirt and starts reading it. She looks over her shoulder and checks-on the cab driver snoring in the back seat fast asleep.

CAB DRIVER

Hear that?

Clara jumps up and drops the flashlight

CLARA

You scared me, I thought you were
 sleeping? Oh I hurt my toe..

The cab driver props himself up on his elbow, and tries to look out from the window without showing his head.

CAB DRIVER

Turn off that light. There was a
 noise outside. Do you have a gun?

CLARA

Me a gun, no never, I'm a
 peacemaker, a humanitarian. What
 did you hear?

CAB DRIVER

Footsteps I think, in the
 distance.

Clara gets out of the car, the cab driver tries to stop her by grabbing her arm, but she is too quick.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Be careful! It
 is dangerous out there...

Clara walks around the back of the car and starts slowly walking away and then suddenly starts running towards a dark silhouette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cab driver jumps out and gets into the driver seat and tries starting the engine again, but it still won't start, he tries again as he curses out loud.

Clara jumps on Salvador and he falls back into the sand, she buries him in kisses and embraces him, they roll over in the sand, Salvador isn't able to utter a word. Clara gets on top of him and hold his long wavy-dirty hair back and looks into his eyes.

CLARA

Please don't leave me ever again.

SALVADOR

I love you Clara,

CLARA

I love you too, please forgive me for everything.

SALVADOR

Please forgive me.

Clara stops her caresses, and sits-up.

CLARA

What do you mean?

Salvador gets up and dusts himself off, and reaches out his hand to help her up.

SALVADOR

Nothing, just, come on let's go..

CLARA

Wait a second. Did you hear something?

SALVADOR

No, come on let's just go.

Salvador lifts Clara up, but she starts walking away, Salvador follows behind, and all of a sudden she comes back out of the dark with the little Iraqi boy in her arms.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

What are you doing we can't take him? You shouldn't be lifting him, come on put him down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARA

Why not? He is going to die out here, he will. I'm sure they killed his family.

Clara puts the boy down and yanks his arm towards her, and starts walking towards the car furiously. The cab driver is standing by the car smoking a cigarette.

SALVADOR

Oh! Come on Clara you can't save the whole world.

CLARA

(without turning around) Maybe not, but I can help this boy find a home.

Salvador walks after her, the cab driver finally looks relieved. He walks over to Salvador and gives him a warm hug.

CAB DRIVER

We missed you.

SALVADOR

Well, I'm glad someone did.

CAB DRIVER

Thank God you showed up, the Mam was very worried about you, and I can't seem to start the car.

SALVADOR

Ya, I figured that much.

CAB DRIVER

You don't look very good, you should rest a little.

SALVADOR

I'm not going to rest until I get out of this... beautiful country of yours.

Clara puts the boy in the back seat and gives him some dates, she grabs one of her sweaters from the back, and Salvador beats her to the trunk to get some tools to fix the car.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

So you missed me then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLARA

Oh please...

She starts to walk away, but then all of a sudden she passes out... Salvador runs to get her.

SALVADOR

Quick, Mohamed, move the kid out of there.

The little boy jumps out and sits in the front seat and watches, as Salvador loosens her shirt and belt.

CAB DRIVER

I'll get some water from the back.

Salvador discovers the manuscript in her blouse, and as the cab driver returns with the bottle of water, he quickly folds it and stuffs it in his back pocket.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

This is all that we have left. We should get going as soon as the car is fixed.

SALVADOR

Ya, I know Mohamed, I'm moving as fast as I can, you know I just saw his whole family slaughtered and two French Journalist bombed in their own car and then kidnapped, so please, I ask that you be patient.

CAB DRIVER

I'm so sorry that you went through that, but shouldn't the mam be taking some medicine? If she just got out of the hospital?

SALVADOR

Yes, Right medicine, where would that be.

The little boy lifts up Clara's bag from the seat where he was sitting. And Salvador sprinkles some water on Clara's face.

CAB DRIVER

Please you mustn't waste the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SALVADOR

I'm not wasting it, I just want
her to wake-up.

Clara starts to open she eyes slowly, and tries to get
up. Salvador pushes her down gently.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Oh! No, you are not going anywhere
missy, you are still very weak.
Where's your medicine?

CLARA

What medicine? They didn't have
any to give me? I'll just take an
aspirin.

SALVADOR

I didn't bring any.

CLARA

It's O.K. I'll be fine.

Salvador looks at Clara with sweet eyes and gives her a
soft kiss on the lips.

SALVADOR

Let me see what I can do to get
this lady to move.

CLARA

I'll be waiting.

SALVADOR

Well at least now you have
company.

He looks over at the boy and pinches his nose, the boy
smiles a little and then jumps over the seat to sit next
to Clara's head.

EXT. BAGHDAD-NIGHT.

We see the cab approaching the city of Baghdad from the
North. And inside Clara is sleeping next to the boy,
Salvador is also fast asleep in the passenger seat and
the cab driver is concentrated on the road. He pats
Salvador on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAB DRIVER

We are almost there now, I'm coming in from the North side, where there has been less bombing, so that we are not seen.

Salvador sits-up in his seat and then fidgets with something in his back pocket and then finally pulls it out, not even remembering that he has the manuscript there. He looks over to Clara in the back making sure she is still asleep, he then opens it and starts to read. Camera pans over to Clara's face peacefully fast asleep with a slight smile.

CLARA'S FLASHBACK:

INT. PALESTINE HOTEL. BAGHDAD.DAY

Clara is sitting at the bar by herself, in a sexy black cocktail dress, she is sipping on an apple martini. Two Italian men are watching her across the bar and a British guy, who is chatting-up a Portuguese woman, is starring at Clara over the woman's shoulder. Clara lights-up a cigarette and looks at her watch and just as she motions the bartender for another, someone taps her on the shoulder. A rather tall good looking man in a suit spins her bar stool around, and just stands there starring at her for a while, dazzled by her beauty.

JOSE

So is this how you normally look?

CLARA

What do you mean?

JOSE

You look so sexy and delicious.

He comes in closer to kiss her in the traditional Spanish way on both cheeks, but purposely misses her cheeks and aims for her neck, and plants a soft kiss on one side

JOSE (CONT'D)

And you smell good...

He moves on to the next side, Clara pulls back a little, getting all red now and takes a long drag from her cigarette.

CLARA

You are late. I was just about to leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jose takes a step back, and still looking charmed by her, takes the bar stool next to Clara's and motions the bartender to come over.

JOSE

Sorry, I was working, I mean writing. I finally finished my novel.

BARTENDER

Can I get you something Mr, Couso?

JOSE

Yes, my usual, no, actually I'll have what the lady is having.

Clara looks at him and rolls her eyes.

CLARA

So what is your novel about?

JOSE

Oh! But Clara you already know, let's talk about you instead.

CLARA

I don't know, but I would like to read it...

JOSE

You will, you will definitely read it tonight, I guarantee...so is there a boyfriend?

CLARA

I don't know you well enough to say...

Jose laughs out loud and everyone stares in his direction. Clara looks at him a little embarrassed. The bartender brings his drink. He stops his laughing abruptly and looks deeply into her eyes.

JOSE

Well I feel as if I do know you very well. How ironic, so well that you will be the first to read my novel.

CLARA

I'm flattered,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOSE

You are not flattered, you are curious, you have this insatiable appetite for the truth, just like myself, you will fight till the very end until you succeed at nailing the crude ugly truth, no matter how difficult no matter what it takes, no matter how many men you leave by the side of the road with broken hearts...

CLARA

Wow! You do think you know me well. A little dramatic aren't we?

JOSE

I've been observing you and have seen your work and know what you've done for the past years, and you and me are alike, very alike.

Clara looks away, trying to see if anyone is noticing them at the bar, and shifts her butt in her bar stool feeling uncomfortable.

CLARA

Should we get a table?

JOSE

But of course, my dear, I already have it ready.

He helps her down from her bar stool, takes his glass with tremendous elegance, and motions for her to go first, she walks towards the dining room entrance, and realizes everyone is starrng at the attractive couple. He opens the restaurant door and reveals an empty restaurant except for one table beautifully prepared with a waiter standing by opening a bottle of champagne.

CLARA

Wow! All this just for a quick fuck.

JOSE

Actually, I'm celebrating the fact that I finished my novel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLARA

Right. Chances are you were the only reservation that was made tonight, I'm telling you this whole place is going to hell...

Jose pulls out a chair for her and she sits down.

JOSE

Now who is being dramatic, (he stops looks at her in her eyes and touches her chin) But I'm also optimistic that tonight, you will finally be mine.

CLARA

Interesting...considering you are married.

Jose takes a seat opposite hers and motions for the waiter to leave them alone.

JOSE

As a matter of fact, I've been admiring your beautifully shaped ass, since I spotted it on that plane, the day we both arrived.

CLARA

Please don't hold anything back on my account and presence...

JOSE

Al contrar, I feel the need to open my heart to you tonight...

He takes Clara's hand in his and leans toward her and places her hand over his heart. Clara is starting to get a little hot, after hearing his heart beating away.

CLARA

Are you always this romantic?

JOSE

Are you always this reserved with your true feelings of love?

JOSE (CONT'D)

Yes, I am

CLARA

I've never thought of it that way. Anyway, what does your wife think about this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Jose looks down at his plate annoyed and lifts up the silver cover to reveal a tasty looking dish.

JOSE

Duck my favorite! (still looking down at his plate) We are no longer together, but stay on civil terms because of our children. I made the mistake of marrying very young, and having children too soon, I can admit to it. But it is you that I now love.

CLARA

You expect me to believe that? You barely know me.

Clara laughs, and picks up her glass of champagne and drinks it.

JOSE

I know you well enough to share my novel with you, and no one else has read it. You see, (he leans in and grabs her arm) you and I were meant to be together, just not in this life time. You and I have covered the same wars together.

CLARA

I'm not a journalist.

JOSE

You and I believe in the same ideals. You and I have the same problems with our spouses...

CLARA

I'm not married.

JOSE

I mean in the struggle of making them understand what we do and why we do it. You and I run a fever so high and difficult to control that in order to not die, we need to get out and be in danger's way.

Clara puts her elbow on the table now and props up her chin and stares at him. The waiter fills up her glass. She downs the entire glass of champagne.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CLARA

Why are you doing this? It would be a lot easier if you just came out and said you want to get the latest report from the CIA that my father gets a copy of monthly in spite of being a retired General...

JOSE.

(Interrupting her firmly) I already have that information. (he takes the hand supporting her chin and places it on his cheek) I care about you, and understand you, and have had this burning desire to share this with you for some reason beyond my control. And we connect, we do connect.

Clara is still sitting there looking at him, her face shows more sympathy and her eyes have soften.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT.HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Jose opens the door and it is all dark, the light coming from the open door and the light through the glass balcony allows us to see their silhouettes in the darkness. In the distance we hear sirens sounding the that bomber planes are approaching. They pay no attention, Clara is mesmerized by this man, and he by her beauty. He rolls the strap of her cocktail dress down one of her silky shoulders and starts kissing her breast, she runs her fingers through his well gelled hair, and his hand caresses her right thigh as he makes his way up to her butt check and squeezes it with such pleasure.

CLARA

Where is your manuscript? I want to read it, I want to read it...

Clara is clearly drunk and so is Jose, she stumbles after taking off her heels. They both laugh.

JOSE

It's on my bed, that copy is all yours, it's the first and only original. Oh, you taste so good. Excuse me a sec.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shuts the main door and goes into the bathroom, Clara jumps on the bed and starts reading the novel, she hears the shower go on, and gets comfortable in his bed reading away. Suddenly the door opens and he appears in a plush bathrobe, he opens and closes it. Clara sits up to watch the show.

JOSE.

Now you see it, now you don't

CLARA

Did you just pop some Viagra?

JOSE

You bet, and you enjoy

He extends his hand towards her, the manuscript falls on the covers, and he flips her and throws her on her belly and stands behind her as she falls back down on top of the manuscript. He raises her skirt and lifts her butt towards his face, and starts eating her pussy and fondle her butt hole. Clara a little surprised grabs the sheets in obvious ecstasy, and enjoys while he feeds from her, all of a sudden he penetrates her and she starts to groan in more uncontrollable pleasure, now her chest is rubbing up against the manuscript and she is laughing as well as screaming of pleasure.

CUT TO:

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. CAB-DAWN

Salvador is trying to wake-up Clara, but she won't budge.

(CONT'D)

CAB DRIVER

In a few hours it will be dawn.
Where are you staying?

SALVADOR

I don't know, I guess take us to
the nearest hotel to the Spanish
Embassy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAB DRIVER

There are a few.

SALVADOR

Whichever is cheapest.

CAB DRIVER

As you please.

SALVADOR

I don't know if I've thanked you,
but I really want to tell you how
glad I am to have met you.

CAB DRIVER

Oh, there is no need Salvador.

SALVADOR

Seriously, I mean it, I would
never have found Clara without
you... I don't think I've ever
asked you what your name is?

CAB DRIVER

Oh, that's alright sir, it's
Mohamed.

SALVADOR

That's a good name.

Clara starts to wake-up, moves the little boy who is
still sleeping on her lap.

CLARA

Where are we now?

SALVADOR

A few blocks away from the hotel.

CLARA

Wait, before we go anywhere, I
need to take this boy to the Red
Crescent.

SALVADOR

Why? He can just go with Mohamed.

CAB DRIVER

My wife may not agree Sir... Mam,
I have to find out where the
headquarters are now as they
moved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARA

Oh, I didn't realize.

Clara looks out the window and sees all the new debris and buildings destroyed and cars burned in the middle of the street. The cab driver pulls over to the side of the road and goes into a store a few minutes later he comes back.

SALVADOR

How do you feel.

CLARA

(she turns around) Oh! I'm better, (She looks back out the window) God it's getting worse.

SALVADOR

Ya, you can say that again..

CAB DRIVER

We are in luck, it's just up the street from here, they are now at an old missionary school.

EXT-RED CRESCENT HEADQUARTERS-NIGHT

Both Mohamed and Salvador are waiting in the car, Salvador is chain smoking. The cab driver looks very tired now.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

You look worried.

SALVADOR

No, I'm fine, I just don't like the lady who works here, her boss I guess...

CAB DRIVER

You have had a tough day.

SALVADOR

I guess it's average for what you guys go through everyday.

Clara exits the Red Crescent and walks back to the car. Salvador opens the back seat door for her and she slams it in his face.

CAB DRIVER

Everything is alright Mam?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLARA

Ya, everything is just perfect,
please take us to the hotel.

SALVADOR

How did it go in there? It must be
tough for the kid...

CLARA

I can't believe you slept with
Rebecca? (Whispering) I mean what
were you thinking?

SALVADOR

What? Did that Mother Theresa tell
you that?

CLARA

No, she didn't need to, I figured
it out on my own.

SALVADOR

Well, you are wrong. It's not what
it seems, she seduced me!

CLARA

Ya, well I guess now that she is
dead there is no way of really
knowing.

SALVADOR

Can we talk about this later? I
was drugged anyway, I don't
remember anything...

CLARA

But of course, however, first you
need to hand-over that manuscript
that you took, that belongs to me.

SALVADOR

I believe you are mistaken it
belongs to your former lover, Mr.
Couso.

Clara kicks the back of his seat, the cab driver looks
back a little alarmed.

CAB DRIVER

Are you O.K. Mam? Ya, I'm just
tired, that's all, I really need
to take a hot bath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SALVADOR

Ya how about a cold shower...

EXT.SMALL HOTEL-NIGHT

The cab pulls up and Mohamed helps them with their bags, they each give him a hug and Clara gives him some more money, and they hurry into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Clara and Salvador storm into the room.

CLARA

I can't believe you already ran out of money?

SALVADOR

Well let's see now, I had to pack my bags in less than an hour, and catch a plane to Iraq, and bribe practically the whole city of Iraq in order to find you.

CLARA

Great, now it's my fault.

SALVADOR

What is going on here? Are you involved with the Secret Service

CLARA

What are you talking about? They are the ones who are trying to kill me because I have the manuscript that Jose gave me.

SALVADOR

Right, your lover boy Jose, now you tell me what his name is. Well guess what? Half of Iraq knows you slept with him, even those French reporters I hitched a ride with that got kidnapped!

CLARA

What, they were after them too?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALVADOR

Look I don't know, all this is really confusing and scary as hell to me. So please can we leave tomorrow morning.

CLARA

That's fine by me, I have to pick-up some stuff at Red Crescent in the morning and then I can buy the tickets on the way back.

Clara starts undressing and running the water in the shower. Salvador unpacks his bags. He finds a sausage and starts chewing it, he offers some to Clara.

SALVADOR

Great, cause I'm going to the Spanish Consulate and reporting the kidnapping of those two journalists, since you can't even trust the local police here.

CLARA

Where is the manuscript? No matter what you do, do not give any information about what you might already have read.

SALVADOR

Now why would I do something like that?

Clara is now totally naked you can see some visible scars on her belly and arms.

CLARA

What? Why are you looking at me like that?

SALVADOR

You are still so beautiful... You lost some weight...

He drops what he has in his hands and walks over to Clara, he already has a hard-on,

CLARA

Can I just...

He starts kissing her neck, and face

CLARA (CONT'D)

Shower, first...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They fall onto the bed, Clara makes a face, she is still clearly in pain, Salvador caresses her body delicately and gently spreads her legs open and starts to eat her, she grabs his head and starts kissing him and they make love passionately.

FADE OUT:

EXT.SPANISH EMBASSY-DAY

Long shot of Salvador walking into the Spanish Embassy, cars crossing screen, we end on a close-up of the Spanish flag hanging outside of the building looking a little tired.

INT. SPANISH EMBASSY- RECEPTION AREA- DAY

The floors are marble and are sparkling clean, after shutting the door all the chaos seems to be evacuated and there is silence everywhere. Salvador spots a pale skinny man with a big mustache in a small cove, where two guards are standing by, there is a 5 inch thick glass window protecting the man on the other side, as if it were a bank. Two ladies who look Muslim are quietly sitting on a bench in this reception area. Salvador walks- up to the man behind the glass window

SALVADOR

Good morning! I need to speak..

The guy motions to a red button on the right side of the counter.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

What? Oh!

Salvador presses the button down, the guards look at him as if he is stupid or retarded. They already were noticing his rugged and rather dirty clothes and dusty boots, so now he feels even more uncomfortable, he tries to close his shirt more, and bends down to start all over again,

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

I'd like to see the Ambassador, my name is Salvador Ramirez, I am a Spanish citizen.

RECEPTIONIST

Let me see your passport please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Salvador digs into his top shirt pocket and can't find his passport, and then reaches in his back pocket and finally finds it. The guy in the window, who seems very uptight, gives him an impatient look.

SALVADOR

Here you go.

The man takes it, and dusts it off a little with a tissue he had in his hand already.

RECEPTIONIST

Thank you.

Salvador looks around at the reception room, and smiles at the two Muslim ladies who look very sad and rather scared. Their eyes look down once they catch his.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Excuse me, do you have an appointment? I don't seem to see your name in the book or computer.

SALVADOR

No, I don't, but this is an emergency, I must see him.

RECEPTIONIST

I understand that sir, but you must make an appointment first, there are many people waiting to see him, and most cases are emergencies these days.

SALVADOR

Look can you please tell him it's regarding Mr. Couso's death.

The receptionist looks at him a little puzzled, and then looks behind him at a door that is a few feet away, he starts to get up and then, sits back down.

RECEPTIONIST

You'll have to wait a while, I have to inform him of the nature of your business, and it could take a while since you do not have an appointment.

SALVADOR

Please see what you can do. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Salvador walks over and sits in a chair on the far wall opposite the Muslim ladies. The receptionist picks up the phone and dials a number and starts talking to someone on the phone. Salvador doesn't even bother to make out what he is saying through the glass window. After a few minutes the receptionist motions to the guards to look out for his area, and he steps-out through the door in the back. About 10 minutes go by, and the receptionist returns.

RECEPTIONIST

You can now see the Excellency the Ambassador.

The receptionist points to a door in the far corner of the reception area, and one of the guards escorts Salvador.

INT. A SMALL ROOM AT THE EMBASSY-DAY

Salvador is led to a room that looks as if it's an interrogation room, with a very simple desk and two chairs opposite each other, there are no windows. The guard motions for him to have a seat. After 5 minutes a very dashing good looking man storms in with a perfectly cut suit on and very handsome shoes, he is carrying a file.

EMBASSY MAN

Hi, I'm the Attache of Interior Affairs to the Ambassador. What is it that we can help you with?

SALVADOR

Well, you see, I'd really prefer to speak to the Ambassador myself.

EMBASSY MAN

He is a very busy man, as you can understand, and I handle these types of cases.

SALVADOR

But I haven't even told you what I'm here for.

EMBASSY MAN

I already know, it's regarding the death of Couso.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMBASSY MAN (CONT'D)

There is nothing we can do about it, we already informed his family that the President of Spain will be addressing the broad issue of safety for our reporters in a conference with The President of the U.S. But as far as we are concerned it was an accident, and those unfortunate things happen in wars.

SALVADOR

But, that's not what I'm here about.

EMBASSY MAN

Well then what is it? (Getting annoyed) and what was your relationship to the Mr. Couso?

SALVADOR

I am a friend, rather my girlfriend is a, I mean was a friend of his.

EMBASSY MAN

And, your girlfriend is a journalist as well?

SALVADOR

No, she is not a journalist.

EMBASSY MAN

Well then I don't understand what the relation is?

SALVADOR

Well you see, my girlfriend, was one of the last people who saw him before he was killed...

EMBASSY MAN

Died, accidentally died...

SALVADOR

...And she suspects the CIA is after her and trying to kill her because of a document that he gave her before he was killed.

Now the man starts to get a little nervous and he stands-up to sort of gain control of the situation.

EMBASSY MAN

Where is this document?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALVADOR

My wife has it, I mean my girlfriend.

EMBASSY MAN

And where is she now?

SALVADOR

Well she was in the hospital very badly injured until recently, but she's at the hotel right now.

EMBASSY MAN

Good, I'm glad to see that she is well. Do you have any idea, what this document is all about.

SALVADOR

To tell you the truth, my wife knows more, all I know is that he had discovered some highly confidential plan for another U.S. invasion, apparently Iran, and was going to publish it very soon.

EMBASSY MAN

I see, very interesting, well what is it that you want from us?

SALVADOR

Well I thought, you could help us out with getting out of the country, or at least providing us with some sort of protection.

EMBASSY MAN

My dear friend, you seem to forget that we are at war here, and we happen to be on the side of the Americans and the British last I checked. So , no, I'm sorry we do not provide security for every Spanish citizen that feels that their life is in danger. This is a war zone, in case you've forgotten.

SALVADOR

But this is an exception, if you only could see what she has been through, and I to find her and bring her back home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EMBASSY MAN

Well then maybe it's best that you both go back home then, this is a very dangerous place to be right now. The most I can do is provide you with the contact name of the person at Iberia who services the Embassy, but that's it.

SALVADOR

I can't believe this, What is up with this indifference?

EMBASSY MAN

Sir, I'm afraid, you'll have to excuse me as I have another appointment waiting for me.

Salvador is now the one to get up before he does and stops the Embassy guy from leaving by stepping in front of the door.

SALVADOR

Look, what I'm telling you is the truth, these people are trying to kill her and me too for being here with her. I tried to talk to the local police here and they weren't helpful at all.

EMBASSY MAN

I'm sorry to here that, there is a war out there.

SALVADOR

Really, and you'd know about that, all protected here with your cinder block walls and guards armed to the teeth. What do you know about what it's like out there?

EMBASSY MAN

Look sir, I can understand that you are upset, but I have worked here for over five years now, and things haven't changed much, it's just another form of dictatorship followed by the quest and chaos for democracy. Saddam Hussein's followers are not going to let-up that easily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SALVADOR

Can you blame them, when women and children are being massacred.

EMBASSY MAN

Just yesterday, we received a request to help two French journalist that were kidnapped 50 kilometers away from here. And there is apparently an Italian woman journalist that has gone missing. But there is nothing we can do, it's up to the French Embassy and the Italian to handle that.

SALVADOR

I can't believe you are just going to stand there and do nothing about this? I mean you are my country, you stand for something! Don't you?

EMBASSY MAN

As I said before, there is nothing I can do, the receptionist will provide you with the Number for Iberia, and now I really must go.

SALVADOR

Bullshit! Of course you can, I see it in those American movies, how they uplift people from countries and make sure they reach their destinations safely.

EMBASSY MAN

Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to step aside, or I'll have to call the guards and have your escorted outside.

SALVADOR

Of course, of course (yelling in his face) since it's not YOUR LIFE at stake!!

EMBASSY MAN

Guardia! Saque este hombre de aqui!

The two guards come rushing in, and grab Salvador by opposite sides and pull him towards the door. Salvador resists their grip and pushes them each away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

The guards are surprised to see how he did that. The Embassy man, runs away down the hall,

SALVADOR
Don't touch me, I didn't do anything.

GUARD 1
Sir you have to leave immediately.

SALVADOR
I'll walk myself out. Thank you very much.

Salvador puts his shirt back in place and walks out still trembling with fury, on his way out he notices the two ladies still sitting in the reception room. The intercom goes off.

RECEPTIONIST
Sir your passport.

SALVADOR
Thanks, I need that.

Salvador exits the stuffy building.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF EMBASSY- DAY

CU on Salvador's face as he takes a deep breath before stepping onto the street, camera pulls back in a long crane shot, to reveal all the hustle and people running around. Salvador crosses without getting hit, and he then heads down an alley way. Salvador looks preoccupied, but he sometimes smiles as we can tell he is lost in thought. He drops his passport on the ground while taking his hand out of his pocket and when picking it up sees someone behind him following him. Salvador looks ahead of him and sees that there are only five more blocks to the hotel.

There are two hotels on that street, the one that he needs to get to is the one closest to the Embassy.

CUT TO:

INT. RED CRESCENT, MANAGER'S OFFICE- DAY

We see Clara sitting down on an old school chair in front of the Manager's desk. Her new office is obviously an old class room, full of debris everywhere and the windows are sealed shut with wooden planks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They are having tea, and the tea service is the prettiest thing in that room. The Manager looks down sadly at her cup that she holds in her hands, she is wearing black and looks substantially older.

CLARA

Well, I guess, it could be worse, you office could be in a bathroom...or janitor's closet...

MANAGER

I suppose, I've been through worse.

CLARA

Look, I'm really sorry about your daughter, I know she didn't like me much, I mean we didn't quite get along.. But she was very smart and really did admire all your work.

MANAGER

Nonsense, she hated me, and you and for that matter, and all the work we did, she was dying to get out of her, but she was just a child... Just a foolish little child.. Seeking love I never gave her nor her father..

She takes a handkerchief out of her pocket and instead of using it to wipe a very tiny tear coming-out of the left corner of her right eye, she uses it to dainty touch up the corners of her petite mouth.

CLARA

I should say your exaggerating Margaret, your position is a difficult one, I have often wondered how you've survived so many years...(making an effort to be more up-beat) So how is our little boy doing?

MANAGER

Truly, Clara you are too kind, you should have never brought him here. I mean be realistic, he's better off where he was than here. You know how difficult it is to place children like himself for adoption? It's almost not worth our time, especially nowadays.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARA

I know there are thousands and thousands of refugees entering Syria and Jordan everyday, and I heard it's gotten worse since I've been gone. But how is he doing? Did he eat today?

MANAGER

Hardly...Well he spent the whole night crying and then finally one of the nurses sang him something in Arabic to finally put him to sleep.

CLARA

Oh who sweet of you and her.

MANAGER

Well I had nothing to do with it, I just hope we find him a suitable home, before we have to close-down.

CLARA

What do you mean?

MANAGER

Well our funding is being cut in half, one of our grants didn't come through as I had expected. And unfortunately the suspicious death of Rebecca, hasn't helped.

CLARA

Wasn't there an investigation?

MANAGER

Well of course I insisted on one, however, I was advised by my superior in London to not press upon the matter any further as it was bad publicity for our sponsorors abroad.

CLARA

Oh that's just lovely, blame it on another inevitable casualty of the war!

Clara gets up, looking upset and slams her fist on the wooden plank covering the window. And then bends over in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MANAGER

Careful child, your wounds must still be healing, and I'm sure you didn't get much rest on your trip back.

CLARA

Yes, I know, Salvador is a very stubborn man, but he is good person and I care deeply for him.

MANAGER

Yes, he did seem like a good fellow, when is he heading back?

CLARA

Well today, you see I was hoping you could advance me my pay for this month, as I do realize I was out sick, but I'm completely broke and need to purchase plane tickets for this evening.

The Manager looks at Clara straight in the eyes with slight disappointment, but also a faint trace of sympathy.

MANAGER

I see, well you should leave, and get some rest... I will miss you, but you might as well go now, before the civil war part begins.

She looks back down at her desk and opens a drawer with a tiny key and pulls out a leather envelope and starts counting bills. Clara looks away pretending she doesn't see what she is doing...

CLARA

It already looks as if it has.

The Manager hands her a thick wad of British pounds still very crisp.

MANAGER

Here are 4,000 Pounds, it should be enough to get you both out,

CLARA

But Margaret that's more than two months pay, I can't accept, I was just going to get him a ticket and then leave later on once I'm done here with my job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MANAGER

Talk it has a wedding gift,
please, you do love him, don't
you?

CLARA

Yes, I do. But this is your money
I can't accept...

MANAGER

Well then, go and tell the story
why my daughter died, and so many
other innocent people.

Clara jumps-up and hugs and kisses the Manager, she stands-up a little flustered now, but still remaining calm and controlled. The Manager waits until she puts the money away in her backpack. She walks her over to the door. Clara has tears rolling down her cheeks.

CLARA

But I want to stay here with you!
You need me, that little boy needs
me, I'm not done yet.

The manager opens the door, and shoves Clara into the hallway. Clara still tries to hold on to her arm.

MANAGER

Yes you are, because as of right
now you are fired.

CLARA

But why? What have I done?

MANAGER

You know what you did (looking
around and raising her voice) you
stole medical supplies from our
infirmary to sell to the locals!

Clara looks at her in disbelief, and then hears footsteps approaching from behind, without, looking back, she wipes away her tears and pulls herself together.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Now please get out! (still raising
her voice) I never want to see you
here ever again, is that clear!

Right before slamming the door, she whispers:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MANAGER (CONT'D)

You must go now quickly, and be safe, and do take care of yourself.

Clara smiles, the doors shuts firmly, and then someone grabs her from behind, Clara looks as if she is going to have a heart attack, but turns around to see, its the little boy.

LITTLE IRAQI BOY

Hi Clara!

CLARA

Well, hello there! How are you Suliman? (Clara switches to Arabic)

LITTLE IRAQI BOY

I miss you...

The volunteer who was walking behind him, as finally caught-up.

CLARA

I do too, but I must go now.

LITTLE IRAQI BOY

Can't I come with you?

CLARA

No, it's too dangerous...

LITTLE IRAQ BOY

But I want to come with you, please, I don't like it here.

The boy starts to cry, and the volunteer picks him up and takes him away. Clara holds him tightly before the volunteer takes him away and gives him a bracelet she is wearing.

CLARA

I will come back for you, I promise.

LITTLE IRAQ BOY

Bye..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Clara watches him disappear down the hallway, and looks around paranoid now before she picks-up her stuff to leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE NEAR HOTEL- DAY

Salvador has his eyes on this person who is following him, he has consumed everything he possibly can at the cafe and is already out of money, occasionally he looks back at the hotel entrance to see if he sees Clara, still no sign of her.

SALVADOR

What is taking her so long?

Salvador looks at his watch and lights up another cigarette.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAVEL AGENCY-DAY

Clara walks-out of the travel agency and puts the tickets away in her backpack, she looks both ways and crosses the street, a car comes close to running into her.

CLARA

Watch where you are going?

CAR DRIVER

Move out of the way!

Clara continues crossing the street, she looks tired and keeps looking behind her checking if someone is following her. She looks at her wrist and checks the time, she picks-up her pace. A door slams at a shop she just passed-by and she jumps terrified by the noise. She looks back again and sees someone in the distance who she recognizes. She stumbles into the same downstairs bar that Rebecca took Salvador to, and grabs a man from behind.

CLARA

Where were you darling I was
looking for you all over town?

Clara embraces the man, while keeping an eye on the person who was following her, but she doesn't see him anymore. The man at the bar turns around and starts kissing her on the neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN AT BAR

I've been here waiting for you all my life!! (Laughing)

CLARA

That's great, how about a beer?

MAN AT BAR

Bartender! Give my love a nice cold beer?

The man is a soldier in civilian wear , but has a gun in his back pocket underneath his jacket. Clara takes it away from him and puts it into her backpack.

CLARA

Darling, will you forgive me, I going to the ladies...

MAN AT BAR

You do that my lovely, and freshen-up, I'll be waiting right here.

Clara smiles at the guys and disappears down the hallway to the restroom and out the back door entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE NEAR HOTEL- DAY

Salvador, gets-up and throws some change on the table and starts to make his way across the street, he heads over to the hotel farthest away from the Embassy. All of a sudden feels a sharp sting and painful burn in his side, he lifts up his jacket and realizes he's been shot. He starts to run now towards the hotel. He presses hard on his side to stop the bleeding. He has nothing to use, he looks around but he is starting to get dizzy. He finally makes it to the hotel. This hotel is very ritzy and by far more upscale than theirs. He walks up to the front desk.

HOTEL CONCIERGE

Can I help you Sir?

SALVADOR

I'd like a room please.

HOTEL CONCIERGE

Sure, did you have a reservation?

SALVADOR

No, I don't but I need a room?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOTEL CONCIERGE

Sorry, Sir you need a reservation.

Salvador slams his wrist on the counter, and the receptionist sees he has blood on it. Salvador tries to wipe it off, but it's too late, the Concierge has gone to call security. Salvador runs down the hallway toward the bathroom and hides in a stall. He is sweating profusely, and grabs some of the hand wash towels by the sink to stop the bleeding, but they are too small to make a tourniquet. All of a sudden he hears footsteps running towards the bathroom, he wipes the counter quickly and gets into the handicap stall, and steps on the toilet bowl seat, the door swings open.

SECURITY

I don't see him, (into his walkie)
do you see anything there?

SECURITY (CONT'D)

I think he's gone, go back to you
position.

The door slams shut and Salvador almost steps into the toilet bowl coming down, he sits on the toilet cover a moment to catch his breath. The door opens again, and someone walks into the stall next to him and throws his coat over the stall door, Salvador carefully opens his stall and slides the coat down from the door, puts it on and leaves.

EXT. STREET-DAY

Salvador exits by the employee entrance of the hotel, and sees Clara crossing the street about two blocks away. He picks-up his pace, but he is in tremendous pain and loosing a lot of blood. Now he wishes he had one of those damn cellphones.

Clara keeps walking towards their hotel and is walking faster and faster.

Salvador stops a kid selling some matches in the street, but the boy runs away terrified.

Clara suddenly sees Salvador stumble over a hole in the sidewalk across the street from her, she looks back and runs over to him. She picks him up from the ground.

SALVADOR

You have to get away. They'll kill
you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA

Oh my God! You are shot!

SALVADOR

I'll be alright, just go, go back to the hotel grab your stuff and leave.

CLARA

No! I'm not leaving you here, Are you crazy? Come on we are very close...

Clara picks him up from the ground and starts walking with his arm over her shoulder towards the hotel.

INT.HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Clara dumps Salvador on the bed, and runs to the bathroom and starts running the hot water, she comes back out with all the towels she can find and rips off Salvador's shirt and the over coat.

SALVADOR

How does it look?

CLARA

You'll be alright, I just need to get you to a Doctor.

SALVADOR

No, we don't have any time, we need to get out of here, or rather you need to. So just take that God Damn manuscript and your passport and leave, please.

CLARA

Shut-up! I'm not going anywhere without you.

They hear a knock on the door.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Who is it?

VOICE

Room Service.

CLARA

(whispering) I didn't order room service? Did you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALVADOR

Ya, I ordered some eggs while I lay here in bed bleeding to death.

CLARA

SHHHHHH!!!

She walks over to the door, and pulls-out the gun that she took from the soldier at the bar. Salvador tries to get up from the bed, Clara pushes him back down.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Who is it?

There is no answer, Clara opens the door and points the gun outside the door, but there is no one there. She closes the door and walks over to Salvador and starts to redress his wound. Salvador looks at her in pain, Clara looks at the clock on the table.

SALVADOR

Great! Now they know you are here and alive.

CLARA

The bellboy probably just made a mistake. Anyway, listen, you are going to have to get up, it's hard for me to stop the bleeding because of where you got hit, but we have a plane leaving in an hour and we have to get going. Can you stand-up?

Salvador nods, and points at his bag.

SALVADOR

I need my passport and my bag.

CLARA

Look at me Salvador, we can't take more than what we need, I have to carry you, and you are heavy,

SALVADOR

I'm sorry about all this, I didn't mean to ruin your life.

CLARA

What are you talking about? Are you hallucinating?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Clara goes over to his duffle bag and looks for his passport, she pulls out a small black velvet box, and sits back down on the bed.

SALVADOR

I got it for you the day you left,
and swore to myself I'd give it to
you the moment I saw you again.

CLARA

But I don't deserve this Salvador.

SALVADOR

Please, open it, even if you still
don't want to marry me, I still
want you to have it.

Clara slowly opens the box, her eyes are now swelling up with tears and she is trembling with fear. Salvador throws the blanket on her, she turns around hugs him dearly

CLARA

I do, I do, I do... I DO! Alright
are you happy now?

SALVADOR

What are you saying? It's to late
now, I'm dying.

CLARA

Will you shut-up already.

SALVADOR

Careful, your getting your blouse
all full of blood.

Clara rips off her blouse and reaches over for another in her bag, and as she does that, Salvador pulls down her bra cup and bites and pulls on her nipples with his teeth.

CLARA

Stop it, or I'm going to rape you
right here, right now.

SALVADOR

Baby, I don't think I have any
energy right now, even though I'm
getting a hard-on, look what you
do to me, you see?

They both look down by his waist and they start laughing and kissing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Clara puts on a clean blouse, and grabs her backpack and puts it on her back, she then tucks the gun in her jeans and puts a sweater over to conceal it. She then helps Salvador up.

CLARA

Easy does it now.

SALVADOR

Do you even know how to shoot that thing.

They start laughing, Clara pulls her hair back, puts on a baseball cap and opens the door.

She looks down the corridor and sees no one.

CLARA

Come on we'll take the stairs.

They both walk quickly towards the stairwell,

SALVADOR

We have to pay the bill still.

CLARA

Don't worry, I'll take care of that, you walk out the front entrance, try your best to walk straight, so no one tells and get a cab, and I'll be out.

SALVADOR

No, I'll go with you.

CLARA

Listen, you have to do what I say, please, just this once.

She opens the door leading to the lobby. It looks pretty empty. Salvador walks-out first and looks back at Clara, she closes the door.

SALVADOR

Hurry-up!

A few beats later, she walks out and goes to the concierge.

CLARA

I'd like to check-out, please.

HOTEL CONCIERGE

Sure, what room where you in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLARA

205.

HOTEL CONCIERGE

Ah! Yes, so short a stay, was everything to your liking.

Clara looks outside towards the main entrance, trying to see if Salvador got a cab. The concierge man is typing up something in the computer.

CLARA

Yes, yes it was, I'm in a bit of a rush, I have a plane to catch.

HOTEL CONCIERGE

I understand, I'm just printing out your bill, I also see here that you have a package, it's from your mother. Ms. Strausmann

Clara looks back at the concierge, after still looking at the entrance of the hotel. She looks terrified at the concierge.

CLARA

That's impossible, my mother is...

HOTEL CONCIERGE

Just once second Ms. Strausmann, I'll get your package for you.

CLARA

It's really not necessary, please just tell me how much the bill is?

HOTEL CONCIERGE

But Ms. It's your package...

CLARA

Please just throw it away, please do throw it away. I beg you.

Clara leaves 200 pound note of the desk and runs out.

EXT. STREET-DAY

Salvador is already in a taxi, waiting anxiously for Clara, finally she emerges from the hotel and jumps into the cab.

SALVADOR

To the airport please,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA

Yes, and hurry!

She keeps looking back at the hotel.

SALVADOR

Are you O.K.? You look so pale and
her hands are frozen

CLARA

There was a package at the front
desk from my mother.

SALVADOR

Are you joking? Your mother is
dead right?

CLARA

I know, she died years ago.

All of a sudden we hear a bomb go off, and Clara screams
out loud and starts to tremble and grabs onto Salvador.

SALVADOR

Please hurry up!

Salvador slowly looks back, the hotel entrance is all
burned and people are running away from the explosion and
are all bloody.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Don't look back.

Clara is crying now and is terrified. The taxi is stuck
in traffic and there is no where to go.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Don't worry they can't hurt you,
I'm with you.

CLARA

I just want to go home, I just
want to go home...

SALVADOR

We will be soon.

He takes off her cap and strokes her hair and kisses her
head. The cab driver turns-on the radio looking for the
news channel, he stumbles across a man yelling in Arabic,
but Salvador doesn't understand anything, Clara is in a
state of shock and rocks back and forth in Salvador's
arms.

EXT. BAGHDAD AIRPORT-DAY

Clara helps Salvador out of the cab, the whole seat is wet in blood, as they approach the check-in counter, he passes out. Clara picks him up off the floor, and drags him into the bathroom.

INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM-DAY

The few women in the ladies restroom, exit in terrible shock and disgust.

SALVADOR

I'm not going to make it.

CLARA

Yes, you are come on, we just need to get on that God Damn plane.

SALVADOR

You go, it leaves in 15 minutes, so please just go. I'll be fine

His eyes start to close again. Clara slaps him and throws water on him.

CLARA

Wake-up!! Do not fall asleep on me!

SALVADOR

I can't I'm so tired.

CLARA

You better wake the fuck up, or else the baby that I'm, carrying won't have a father!

SALVADOR

What!? What are you saying you are pregnant?

CLARA

Ya, buddy last night you didn't use anything, and I got off the pill months ago. Plus I was ovulating these days, and I'm not feeling to good myself. So please help me out here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALVADOR

Me? *You* are the one who got us into this whole thing! Wait, Am I going to be a daddy?

He starts to stand-up again.

CLARA

Well come-on what are you waiting for? Let's get out of here.

They both run out and head towards their gate, as the flight attendant calls out the last passengers names before shutting the door. They both get on the plane and find their seats. Salvador has her sit down first and then puts her backpack in the overhead compartment, just as he is shutting it he collapses down the middle of the aisle. Clara screams.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Is there a doctor on board? Please help, Please someone.

Salvador looks up at her and touches her face.

SALVADOR

I love you baby, I always have.

Everything starts to blur and fade, we hear footsteps rushing towards him and then everything goes to black.
FADE OUT:

EXT. STREET- NYC- DAY

We see a cab pull-up in front of the U.N Building, and Clara steps out wearing a long black coat and her hair pulled back in a tight bun. She helps the same little Iraqi boy, Suliman, out of the cab, takes his little hand and starts to walk towards the entrance. She passes through security and keeps walking down the hallway, towards the General Assembly entrance.

SECURITY

Mam! Mam! You can't go in there, they are in session.

Clara ignores the security guys and keeps walking faster, she grips Suliman's hand harder, and she swings open the door forcefully. Everyone is silent all of a sudden, and Clara walks over to the podium and takes the microphone away from the Diplomat who was talking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA

Good morning, My name is Clara Strausmann and this is Suliman, whom I adopted after both his parents and dister were murdered in Iraq. I have an important document I'd like to read, and it is very important that you listen to me, for the sake

Security comes over and grabs her hand, all of a sudden the Secretary General stands up and motions to the security guard to let her go. Clara looks over to the Secretary General and steps up to the podium again still holding Suliman's terrified hand.

CLARA (CONT'D)

For, for the sake of world peace. I just returned from Iraq where I was working as a volunteer for the Red Crescent and have witnessed first hand how many have died in this war, that is killing so many innocent children and women and young soldiers. I myself survived a bombing at the Palestine Hotel, where many reporter were murdered for doing their job, which is to bring the news, the truth to people all over the world. I came here to read a novel that a reporter friend of mine wrote, but instead I will have it published on his behalf, as you probably will not believe what he discovered regarding the U.S. Invasion of Iran and plan to control all the Arab nations in order to monopolize the oil industry. This discovery lead to his death and that of many of my personal friends who helped me escape.

The General Secretary starts to look at her with preoccupation on his face, and he looks around to see how the Assembly is reacting, and everyone seems to be captured by what Clara is saying.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I have come here today, because I still believe that the U.N.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARA (CONT'D)

Stands for peace and I am asking you to renew your vows, to please do your very best to end this war in Iraq, and all the subsequent wars that are causing nothing but destruction and irreplaceable human loss. We all know who benefits from war, but let me tell you the people never want war, they want peace and in your hearts I know you all here want the same peace. Please stop the War in Iraq!!

A representative from Nigeria gets up and another from Cuba and several from Spain and the a few from France and Italy and Turkey and start to clap and clap in unison. Clara steps down from the podium, still holding Suliman's hand, who is now smiling at the people in the assembly, she nods towards the General Secretary, and walks out the door she came from quietly and shuts the door.

FADE UP TO:

EXT. TERRACE SMALL HOUSE IN SPAIN- DAY.

It's a beautiful sunny day and Clara is sitting on a lounge chair tanning herself, while drinking a glass of lemonade and reading the newspaper, Couso's book is on a table nearby. Right in front of her Suliman is playing with the dog. Camera reveals a beautiful view of the mountain range and Clara sits back and takes a deep breath, and falls back into her chair. There is a radio on the table and its playing classical music, all of a sudden the program is interrupted and the news comes on:

OFF-CAMERA: *"Radio Nacional de España, it is 3 o'clock in the afternoon and 2 o'clock in The Canary Islands. The newly elected President, Jose Luis Zapatero, has announced today the withdrawal of the Spanish troops from Iraq, effective immediately. After many protests nationwide, Congress voted unanimously and starting next month the troops will be sent back to their..."*

Clara turns off the radio, as Suliman approaches her

SULIMAN

Clara, can I have more lemonade.

CLARA

Of course, honey...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She helps him serve himself another glass, and messes up his hair. He gives her a kiss on her hand and runs off to play with the dog. She smiles and sits back in her chair.

It's so quite and peaceful, you can only hear the birds and Suliman's laughter. The camera dolly's back and we see a wheelchair enter the frame and the back of a man's head.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Is that you my love?

SALVADOR

Yes, did you sleep well?

Without turning around, and still admiring the view.

CLARA

I slept like a baby.

She sits up and turns to look at Salvador, camera pans over and we reveal a little baby in Salvador's arms.

SALVADOR

Well, little Pepe here kept me awake all night long.

Clara digs her hands into Salvador's lap and lifts up her baby boy into the air and kisses him on his forehead and then his toes and then his knees and then his belly and makes a loud noise with her mouth.

CLARA

Well, that's cause, he is just as hard headed as his daddy. Isn't he? Aren't you my little one?

She gets up, props the baby on her hip, and walks over to Salvador's wheelchair. He's wearing a bathrobe over his pajamas and has lost some weight, Clara is wearing a black strappy bikini, and is still in great shape, you can barely see her scars on her belly and arm. Clara sits on his lap, and gives Salvador a big long juicy kiss. He looks at her and then at the baby.

SALVADOR

You look so beautiful, I only hope that you are as happy as I am...

CLARA

Of course I am, I finally have three men in my life...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They both start laughing, Clara then digs her nose into his chest.

CLARA (CONT'D)

So what did the doctor say yesterday?

SALVADOR

I won't be able to walk for another year..

CLARA

What?!

SALVADOR

No! I'm just kidding... (he starts to tickle her) he said that in a few months I'll be chasing you half-way across the world again...

He pushes her onto the lounge chair and keeps tickling her, she laughs-out hysterically and so does the little baby that she clutches dearly as if he were to suddenly roll away from her. Suliman comes over and joins into the fun. And the dog is jumping up and down barking.

Camera pulls back on a long crane shot and we see the cute little cottage where they live, buried in the luscious pine tree mountains.

FADE TO BLACK:

In Memory of all the 206 journalists and media assistants killed since the start of the Iraq Invasion in March 2003, two still missing and 14 kidnapped.

- Shehab Mohammed al-Hitti, Baghdad News - Eyad Tariq Al-Takriti, Al-Watan - Salih Saif Aldin, The Washington Post - Jawad Al-Daami, Al-Baghdadiya - Mouhannad Ghanem Ahmed, Radio Dar Al Salam - Amer Al-Rashidy, Al-Iraqiya - Adnane al-Safi, Al-Anwar - Mustafa Darwich Germayani, Kirkouk Alyoum - Majid Mohammed, Kirkouk Alyoum - Khaled W. Hassan, New York Times - Namir Noor-Eldeene, Reuters - Louai Souleimane, Nineveh - Sarmad Hamdi Al-Hassani, Bagdad TV - Hamid Abd Sarhane, Irakioun - Rahim Al-Maliki, Al-Iraqiya - Aref Ali Falih, Aswat al-Iraq - Filaih Wadi Mijthab, al-Sabah - Sahar Hussein Haydari, Aswat al-Iraq - Mohammed Hilal Karji , Bagdad TV - Saif Fakhri, APTN - Nizar Al-Radhi, Aswat Al-Irak - Abdel-Rahmane Al-Issaoui, Independant - Aidan Abdallah Al-Jamiji, Kirkouk TV

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

- Mahmoud Hassib Al-Kassab , Al-Hawadith - Ali Khalil, Al-Zaman - Alaa Uldeen Aziz, ABC - Saif Laith Yousuf, ABC - Imad Obaid, Al-Iraq Al-Ghad, Al-Raad - Nibras Abdel-Razak Obaid, Al-Iraq Al-Ghad, Al-Raad - Raad Mutasha al-Issawi, Al-Iraq Al-Ghad, Al-Raad - Dmitry Chebotayev, Newsweek - Iman Yussef Abdallah , The sound of Mossul - Othman al-Mashhadani, Al-Watan - Khamail Khalaf, Radio Free Europe - Thaer Ahmed Jabr, Baghdad TV - Hamid al-Duleimi, al-Nahrain - Hussein al Jaburi, al-Safir - Yussef Sabri, Biladi TV - Mohan Hussein al-Dhahr, al-Mishrak - Jamal Riyah Al Zoubaidi, As-Safir - Abderrazak Hashim Al-Khakani, Jumhuriyat Al Iraq - Hussein Al Zubaydi, al-Ahali - Munjid Al-Tumaimi, Freelance photographer - Falah Khalaf Al Diyali, Al Saha - Yassin Aid Assef, Al Sabah - Khoudr Younes al-Obaidi, Freelance - Akil Sarhane, Al-Riyadia - Aswan Ahmed Lutfallah, APTN - Nabil Ibrahim Al-Dulaimi, Radio Dijla - Raad Jaafar Hamadi, Al Sabah - Walid Hassan, Al-Sharkiya - Luma Abdallah Al Karkhi, Al-Dustour - Qussai Abass, Tariq Al Shaab - Fadia Mohammed Ali, Al Massar (daily newspaper) - Mohammed Al Ban, Al Sharkiya (TV) - Ahmed Al Rachid, Al-Sharkiya (TV) - Abdelmajid Ismael Khalil, Freelance journalist - Nakshin Hama Rashid, Atiaf - Saad Mehdi Shalash, Rayat Al Arab - Ali Halil, Al Iraqiya - Raid Qais Al Shammari, Al Iraqiya, Sawt Al Irak radio station - Nawfal Al Shumari, Deputy director, Al Shaabiya TV - Abderrahim Nasrallah Al Shumari, Station director, Al Shaabiya TV - Azad Mohammed Hassan, Dar Al Salam radio station - Ahmed Riyad Al-Karbouli, Baghdad TV - Hadi Anawi Al-Joubouri , free-lance - Safaa Ismail Inad, Al-Watan - Abdel Karim Al-Roubai, Al-Sabah - Ismail Amine Ali, Freelance journalist - Mohammed Abbas Hamed, Al-Bayannah Al-Jadida - Riyad Atto, Talafar al Youm - Adel Najji Al Mansouri, Al Alam TV - Abdul Wahab Abdul Razeq Al Qaisie, Kol Al Dounia - Ossama Qadeer, Cameraman, Fox News - Ibrahim Seneid, al-Bashara - Ali Jaafar, Al-Iraqiya TV - Paul Douglas, CBS - Abdel Magid Al Mohammadaoui, free-lance - Mouazaz Baroud, Al-Nahrain - Saoud Mazahem Al-Hadithi, Al-Baghdadia - Qussay Kahdban, radio Al-Bilad - Kamal Manahi Anbar, Institute for War and Peace Reporting - Muhsin Khudhair, Alef Ba - Amjad Hameed, Al-Iraqiya - Monsef Al-Khalidi, Baghdad TV Sat Channel - Atwar Bahjat, al-Arabiya TV - Hamza Hussein, sport journalist at private TV station Al-Diyar - Akeel Abdul Rwdha, AL-Iraqia - Ahmed Hussein Al Maliki, Tall Afar - Mohamed Haroun, Union of Iraqi Journalists general secretary - Sabah Salmane, Bagdad

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

- Firas Al-Maadhidi, Al-Safir - Hind Ismail, Al-Safir - Fakher Haydar Al-Tamimi, New York Times - Rafed Al Rubaii, Al Irakiya - Steven Vincent, freelance journalist - Yasser Al Salihi, Knight Ridder - Maha Ibrahim, Baghdad TV - Khaled Sabih al Attar, al-Iraqia - Wael Al Bakri, Al Charkiyah - Jassim Al Qais, Al Siyada - Najem Abed Khodair, Al-Madaa and Tariq al-Shaab - Ahmad Adam, Al-Madaa and Sabah - Saleh Ibrahim, Associated Press - Shamal Abdallah Assad, Kirkuk TV, Kurdsat - Ali Abraham Aissa, Al-Hurriya TV - Fadel Hazem Fadel, Al-Hurriya TV - Ahmed Jabbar Hashim, Al Sabah - Houssam Hilal Sarsam, Kurdistan-TV - Laik Ibrahim, Kurdistan-TV - Raeda Mohammed Wageh Wazzan, Iraqiya - Abdel Hussein Khazaal, Al-Hurra TV - Dhia Najim, Reuters - Liqaa Abdul-Razzaq, Al-Sharqiya - Karam Hussein, European Pressphoto Agency - Dina Mohamad Hassan, Al Hurriya Television - Ahmad Jassem, Nivive television - Mazen al-Tomaizi, Al-Arabiya - Enzo Baldoni, Diario della settimana - Mahmoud Hamid Abbas, ZDF - Hossam Ali, freelance - Sahar Saad Eddine Nouami, Al-Mizan, Al-Khaima, Al-Hayat Al-Gadida - Kotaro Ogawa, Nikkan Gendai - Shinsuke Hashida, Nikkan Gendai - Mounir Bouamrane, TVP - Waldemar Milewicz, TVP - Assad Kadhim, Al-Iraqiya TV - Bourhan Mohammad al-Louhaybi , ABC News - Ali Al-Khatib, Al-Arabiya - Ali Abdel Aziz, Al-Arabiya - Nadia Nasrat, Diyala Television - Simko Kareem Mohideen, free lance cameraman - Salah Saidak, Itihad, editor in chief - Safeer Nadir, Qulan TV, cameraman - Nassih Saleem, freelancer - Mahdi Khashnaw, Nassree, editor in chief - Kamiran Mohamad Omar, freelancer - Ghareeb Mohamad Salih, KSC, cameraman - Ayoob Mohamad Salih, Kurdistan Satellite Channel, cameraman - Abdul Sattar Abdul Kareem, Photographer - Ahmed Shawkat, Bila Ittijah - Mazen Dana, Reuters - Ahmad Karim, Kurdistan Satellite TV - Tarek Ayoub, Al Jazeera - Taras Protsyuk, Reuters - José Couso, Tele 5 - Julio Anguita Parrado, El Mundo - Christian Liebig, Focus - Michael Kelly , Washington Post - Kaveh Golestan , BBC - Terry Lloyd, ITV News - Paul Moran, Australian Broadcasting Corporation Media assistants killed - Anwar Abbas Lafta, CBS - Said Chmagh, Driver, Reuters - Hakil Abdel-Kader Alouani, Driver, Al-Iraq Al-ghad, Al-Raad - Adel Al-Badri, Guard, Radio Dijla - Hussein Nizar, Bagdad TV - Identity unknown, Guard, Al Sabah - Identity unknown, Al Sabah - Identity

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

unknown,
 Driver, Al Sabah - Ahmed Hadi Naji, Occasional cameraman,
 AP - Fadhila Abdelkarim, Nainawa (local TV station) -
 Identity unknown, Al Massar (daily newspaper) - Identity
 unknown, Tariq Al Shaab - Anas Kassim Nejm, Driver, Atiaf
 - Hussein Ali, Technician, Al Shaabiya TV - Sami
 Nasrallah Al Shumari, Head administrator, Al Shaabiya TV -
 Identity unknown, Guard, Al Shaabiya TV - Identity
 unknown, Guard, Al Shaabiya TV - Identity unknown, Guard,
 Al Shaabiya TV - Identity unknown, Guard, Al Shaabiya TV -
 Identity unknown, Guard, Al Shaabiya TV - Ahmad Shaaban,
 Producer, Al Shaabiya TV - Dhakir Hussein Al Shuwaili,
 Producer, Al Shaabiya TV - Jassim Aarif Hassan, Al-
 Charkiya TV - Hamad Ibrahim, Al-Iraqiya TV - James
 Brolan, CBS - Abdel Chaker Al Dalimi, Independant
 photographer - Ismail Mohammad Khalaf, Al Sabah - Leith
 Al-Doulaimi, Al-Nahrain - Anwar Turkey, Amjad Hameed's
 driver, Al-Iraqiya - Adnane Kahinallah, sound recordist
 Al-Arabiya - Khaled Mahmoud Al-Falahi, cameraman Al-
 Arabiya - Mahmoud Zaal, Television cameraman at Baghdad
 TV satellite channel - Luaay Salam Radeef, Al-Baghdadia
 Cameraman - Allan Enwiyah, American journalist Jill
 Carroll's interpreter - Ahlam Youssef , Al-Iraqiya TV -
 Sabah Mohssin, Al-Iraqiya - Waleed Khaled, Reuters TV -
 Adnan Al Bayati, Rai, Mediaset, TG3 and Panorama - Ismail
 Taher Mohsin, Associated Press - Jamal Tawfiq Salmane,
 Gazeta Wyborcza - Mahmoud Ismael Daood, bodyguard, Al-
 Sabah al-Jadid - Samia Abdeljabar, driver, Al-Sabah al-
 Jadid - Muhammad Aldin, translator, Le Soir - Unknown,
 translator - Rachid Hamid Wali, cameraman assistant, Al-
 Jazira - Hussein Saleh, driver, Al-Iraqiya TV - Omar
 Hashim Kamal, translator, Time - Majid Rachid,
 technician, Diyala Television - Mohamad Ahmad, security
 agent, Diyala Television - Duraid Isa Mohammed, producer
 and translator, CNN - Yasser Khatab, driver, CNN - Jeremy
 Little, sound engineer, NBC - Kamaran Abdurazaq Muhamed,
 translator, BBC - Hussein Othman, translator, ITV News
 Journalists kidnapped - Talal Mohammed, Associated Press -
 Salam Douhi Al-Soudani, al-Zaoura - Thamer Sabri, Radio
 Dijla, driver - Karim Manhal, Radio Dijla, newsreader -
 Talal Hachim Birkdar, Al-Diyar, journalist - Ihab
 Mohammed, Al-Hurra, employee - Karim Sabri Sharar Al-
 Roubai, Al-Dawa, journalist - Akil Admane Majid , Al
 Sabah, accountant - Samir Ali Saoud, Sada Bagdad, deputy
 chief editor - Bilal Abdelrahman Al-Obeidi, AFP,
 journalist mid-september 2006 - Mohammed Abderrahmane,
 Dijla, journalist - Salah Jali al-Gharraoui, AFP,
 accountant

- Rim Zeid, Sumariya TV, journalist

- Marouane Khazaal, Sumariya TV, journalist

THE END