

THE COUP

Written by

Adhish Yajnik

Inspired by true events

adhishyajnik@gmail.com
707-321-6456

EXT. DOWNTOWN SANTIAGO, CHILE - DAY

Soaring above a vibrant metropolis: gleaming skyscrapers and suburban sprawl, wide avenues bustling with cars, commerce, and life. It feels like anywhere in America until:

SUPERIMPOSE: "SANTIAGO, CHILE. 2000."

Descend towards:

EXT. SANTIAGO COURT OF APPEALS - DAY

Throngs of reporters and civilians cover the steps of a venerable courthouse, the air buzzing with the energy of a once-in-a-lifetime legal spectacle.

Rows of news correspondents speak into cameras. Their voices overlap, snippets from each one:

CORRESPONDENT 1

In just a few moments, the trial of
General Augusto Pinochet, ruler --

CORRESPONDENT 2

-- fascist dictator of Chile for
nearly two decades, famous for --

CORRESPONDENT 3

-- torture, death, and
disappearances of over a hundred
thousand Chileans --

Many civilians in the crowd hold signs reading: "DEATH TO
GENERAL PINOCHET!"

CORRESPONDENT 4

-- took power in the brutal
military coup of 1973 that
overthrew democratically-elected
socialist, Salvador Allende --

CORRESPONDENT 5

-- rescued Chile from an economic
collapse caused by a CIA-funded
campaign of financial sabotage --

Other civilians hold signs reading: "MI GENERAL! THE
SAVIOR!"

CORRESPONDENT 1

-- judiciary is hearing almost two
hundred public complaints on his
human rights abuses --

The crowd swarms a motorcade of bulletproof cars as it pulls up to the courthouse steps.

OLD AUGUSTO PINOCHET, 85, steps out of the main car. His thin whiskers and pale skin match his crisp white military uniform and his eyes are hidden behind dark glasses.

Secret servicemen try to hurry General Pinochet up the courthouse steps, but he can't be bothered.

INT. SANTIAGO COURT OF APPEALS - DAY

The courthouse is packed to the gills, murmuring excitedly as Pinochet and his counsel make their way to their table.

BAILIFF

All rise, the honorable Judge Juan Guzman presiding.

JUDGE GUZMAN, 61 -- bald head and close-cropped white beard -- enters. The courtroom rises. Pin-drop silence.

JUDGE GUZMAN

Please be seated. Before we resume this hearing, are there any motions the prosecution or the defense would like to file?

(beat)

If not, then we'll hear from complainant number seventy-two.

An **ATTENDANT** (50s) with salt and pepper hair stands up at the front of the gallery. He extends his hand to the woman sitting next to him.

Everyone in the courthouse cranes to see her face.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

The reporters continue addressing their cameras:

CORRESPONDENT 1

But the main draw for Chilenos and outsiders alike is the testimony of Miria Contreras --

INT. SANTIAGO COURT OF APPEALS - DAY

The attendant helps the woman toward the stand, and the court finally glimpses her face:

OLD MIRIA CONTRERAS (72) an unremarkable woman in the plainest of clothes. No medals. No honors. Her slightly large front teeth might be her only memorable feature.

But she stares daggers at General Pinochet.

The reporters' words continue as her attendant returns to his seat and Old Miria takes her oath:

CORRESPONDENT 2 (V.O.)
 -- once the secretary and close
 adviser of the deposed President
 Allende --

CORRESPONDENT 4 (V.O.)
 -- she remains one of the few
 living witnesses who was in the
 Moneda Palace with President
 Allende on the day of General
 Pinochet's infamous military
 coup --

CORRESPONDENT 5 (V.O.)
 -- perhaps the only person left who
 can answer the polarizing question
 that has consumed Chile ever since:
 was President Salvador Allende really
 murdered and martyred by General
 Pinochet, or did he commit suicide?

Old Miria takes her time pulling out a sheaf of handwritten pages, unfolds them, looks for her reading glasses. Finally, she clears her throat and begins reading:

OLD MIRIA
 (reading)
 The months and weeks leading up to
 the coup were complete chaos --

But a dashing **FEDERAL PROSECUTOR**, 30s, interrupts her:

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR
 I'm so sorry. Before we get into
 that, could you tell us a little
 bit about yourself? How you got
 into politics?

OLD MIRIA
 Allende invited me.

The prosecutor nods, waits for more.

OLD MIRIA (cont'd)
 This doesn't seem relevant.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR
We understand.

Old Miria rolls her eyes, shakes her head. Remembers, for the first time in decades. A faint smile crosses her lips.

OLD MIRIA
He was only a Senator when we met.

EXT. GUARDIA VIEJA STREET - DAY

Quaint homes and front gardens. The snow-capped Andes on the horizon, peeking above low rooftops.

SUPERIMPOSE: "SANTIAGO, CHILE - 1953"

SALVADOR ALLENDE (45), jovial and mustachioed, like a young Walt Disney, exits a house, goes next door through a shared courtyard, and knocks on his neighbor's door.

MIRIA CONTRERAS (25 here), unweathered by age but covered in sweat, answers the door, rocking **BABY ENRIQUE JR.** in her arms.

ALLENDE
Hello, I just moved in next door
and -- is your baby really that
heavy?

MIRIA
Excuse me?

ALLENDE
You're soaking wet. Do you need
some help?

Allende makes like he's going to catch Miria's falling baby. Miria laughs, wipes some of the sweat off her brow.

MIRIA
I was just cooking.

ALLENDE
No need to apologize. I've got two
of my own. They also came out
quite... dense.

MIRIA
Yes, this guy's about the same as a
neutron star.

That makes Allende smile.

MIRIA (cont'd)
 My name's Miria. Everyone calls me
 Payita. Childhood nickname. Doesn't
 make any sense.

ALLENDE
 Well Payita-childhood-nickname-
 doesn't-make-any-sense, people call
 me Chicho.

Miria chuckles.

MIRIA
 Which people would those be?

ALLENDE
 The ones who know me well.

MIRIA
 And I'm one of those people?

ALLENDE
 You might be if you asked my real
 name.

MIRIA
 I know your name. I voted for you.

Miria suddenly smells something, sniffs a bit.

MIRIA (cont'd)
 Uh oh.

There's a loud POP from inside her house.

MIRIA (cont'd)
 Sorry, Senator Allende! It was nice
 meeting you!

She runs inside, dropping something as she slams the door.
 Allende picks it up.

A book: "THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA."

Miria opens the door, snatches the book back, shuts it again.

Allende grins.

INT. MIRIA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Miria sets baby Enrique down in a crib near the kitchen and
 drops the book into her apron pocket. She gets back to her
 cooking, her hair frizzing from the steam.

After a few frantic moments, the front door opens and her husband, **ENRIQUE SR.** (30s), enters.

MIRIA
Hi sweetie.

Enrique Sr. gives his wife a peck on the cheek.

MIRIA (cont'd)
Long day?

ENRIQUE SR.
Mm.

He halfheartedly plays with his baby boy for a few moments, and then sits down at the dinner table, picks up a newspaper.

MIRIA
You know the Allendes just moved in next door. Remember the campaign signs?

ENRIQUE SR.
Mm.

MIRIA
We should invite them over for dinner sometime.

ENRIQUE SR.
That'd be nice.

Miria heads to the kitchen, returns with Enrique's dinner.

Enrique wears his napkin like a bib and goes to town. Not exactly attractive.

Miria watches him, makes sure he's focused on his food...

And then she sneaks the book out, opens it under the table...

ENRIQUE SR. (cont'd)
Burnt.

MIRIA
I'm sorry. Mr. Allende visited. I got distracted.

Enrique shakes his head, grumbles as he eats.

Miria returns to her book. Checks to make sure Enrique's not watching her...

ENRIQUE SR.
You're not hungry?

MIRIA
I already ate.

He notices her looking at her lap. Frowns. Keeps eating.

INT. ALLENDE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Allende has dinner with his family: his regal wife **HORTENSIA**, and his daughters, **ISABEL**, **CARMEN**, and **TATI**, 8,9, and 10 respectively, all dressed up in silk frocks.

ALLENDE
How was school today, ladies?

CARMEN
Good.

ISABEL
We learned the Cueca!

[Note: this Isabel Allende is a distant cousin of the author.]

HORTENSIA
Oh! Show us! Show us!

Isabel grabs a lace doily from the table and twirls it in her hand as she performs an elegant Chilean folk dance with about as much grace as an eight-year-old can manage.

Hortensia is delighted, clapping along to give Isabel a beat.

Allende forces a smile, trying to hide his indifference.

But after a few moments Isabel stops, thinks hard.

ISABEL
That's all I can remember.

HORTENSIA
That was wonderful, Isabel.

Isabel takes her seat again.

ALLENDE
Tati, how was your day?

TATI
We learned about Arturo Alessandri.

ALLENDE
A man before his time.

HORTENSIA
My father called him a socialist
pig.

Hortensia chortles. Isabel and Carmen snort at each other like pigs. Allende's not amused.

ALLENDE
I'm a socialist.

HORTENSIA
Yes, but you're different.

Allende shakes his head.

ALLENDE
(to Tati)
Alessandri wrote our Constitution.
He was a great man.

HORTENSIA
My father didn't like him very
much.

ALLENDE
Why? Because Alessandri wanted to
tax the rich?

HORTENSIA
No. And we weren't rich. We just
had enough.

Hortensia daintily dabs the corners of her mouth with a handkerchief, unaware of the irony.

TATI
Mr. Balmaceda said Alessandri once
shot at protesters outside his
office.

ALLENDE
Well, no one's perfect.

Everyone laughs, even Allende.

ALLENDE (cont'd)
But, this is the caveat! If one's
legacy reaches further, if it helps
more people than it hurts, like
Arturo Alessandri, then --

THUD. From outside somewhere. Conversation stops.

Allende gets up to check it out.

EXT. GUARDIA VIEJA STREET - NIGHT

Allende emerges from his house, looks around. Garbage bags line the street in preparation for trash pickup.

Allende notices a book sitting next to one of the trash bags outside Miria's house: "THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA."

Sounds of an argument come from there:

ENRIQUE SR. (O.S.)
Dishes pile up. Laundry piles up.
And you're sitting here reading all
day. Do you even look after little
Enrique?

MIRIA
I look after him. I promise.
Everything gets done --

ENRIQUE SR.
Dinner gets burnt!

Allende frowns, takes the book with him.

INT. MIRIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Enrique Sr. puts on a jacket, picks up his briefcase, and heads for the door.

As he passes the kitchen, he tickles little baby Enrique for a moment, and then gives Miria a peck on the cheek.

ENRIQUE SR.
See you at six. No more silly
books, ok?

Miria nods.

Enrique Sr. leaves, and Miria sighs after him.

She looks at the kitchen. Dishes have indeed piled up. She trudges toward them.

But there's a KNOCK at the door. Miria answers it.

MIRIA
Did you forget something?

But there's no one at the door.

Just a book on the doorstep: "EASY DINNER RECIPES."

She grabs it, opens it. The cover's fake. Inside is the real book. The title page reads: "THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA."

Miria grins, looks all around for who might have left it.

In the distance, she spots Allende walking away. He looks over his shoulder and winks at her before she's off.

She beams.

OLD MIRIA (V.O.)
And so our friendship began on the
pages of great literature.

MONTAGE - SALVADOR AND MIRIA

- Miria keeps one eye on her book and another on the laundry.
- Enrique Sr. kisses his wife goodbye the next morning, and moments after he leaves, there's a KNOCK at the door.
- Miria opens the door to discover a new cooking book on her doorstep. The title page inside reads: "FICTIONS" by Jorge Luis Borges.
- Miria reads while she changes the baby's diaper.
- Miria opens the door the next day to yet another cooking book whose title page reads: "THE LABYRINTH OF SOLITUDE" by Octavio Paz.
- Miria reads while cooking. A frying pan catches fire. She doesn't see it for a long beat, until... she scrambles to put it out!
- Enrique returns home and Miria doesn't have to put her book away. She even shows him the fake cover, smirking to herself.
- Miria lies in bed, her husband's face buried in her shoulder as he thrusts into her. She gazes toward the nightstand, wishes she were reading the book sitting there.
- Yet another cooking book is revealed to be "TWENTY LOVE POEMS AND A DESPERATE SONG" by Pablo Neruda.
- Miria sees Allende in the distance, walking away with a spring in his step.

OLD MIRIA (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Whenever our families met, he and I
 talked about poetry, politics,
 science. Everyone else thought we
 were speaking in code.

INT. ALLENDE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The two families are crowded around the dinner table, having three different conversations across one another, their voices echoing loudly in the small dining room.

ALLENDE
 She represents the lost
 opportunities of youth --

MIRIA
 No, she's the mean old maid that
 keeps them locked in time --

ALLENDE
 But the whole story started with a
 boy.

The conversation lulls for a moment, and everyone hears Miria's response:

MIRIA
 You could substitute Pepe el Romano
 with any other objective and --

The others look at her in confusion.

ENRIQUE SR.
 Who's Pepe el Romano?

Miria struggles to answer.

ALLENDE
 That Fuentes girl down the road
 just rejected him. Twentieth suitor
 she's sent packing. Her sisters
 must be furious.

TATI
 I'm never getting married.

Everybody laughs at Tati and the conversation picks back up. Allende sneaks a wink at Miria.

Allende's wife notices. Her smile falls a little. But she keeps up appearances, rejoins the conversation.

INT. MIRIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Enrique Sr. picks up his briefcase and heads for the door, when someone KNOCKS on it. He answers it.

Allende stands on the threshold.

Miria panics. Allende's too early.

ENRIQUE SR.

Mr. Allende.

ALLENDE

Please, Enrique, how many times do I have to ask you to call me Salvador?

ENRIQUE SR.

What can I do for you?

ALLENDE

I'm afraid I need to enlist the help of your wife with something.

Enrique glances at Miria. She has no idea what this is about.

ALLENDE (cont'd)

It's a long story, but I need someone to watch my girls today while I'm in my morning meetings.

ENRIQUE SR.

Of course, bring them over.

ALLENDE

Ah, that's the thing. I need to bring the girls to work with me today. So Payita would need to accompany us.

Enrique Sr. raises an eyebrow. It's an odd request.

ENRIQUE SR.

She's got enough to do here.

Miria deflates, looks apologetic behind Enrique Sr.'s back.

ALLENDE

I'll have her back in time to cook dinner, I promise. I wouldn't ask if it weren't an emergency.

ENRIQUE SR.

She's got Little Enrique to look after.

ALLENDE

Bring him along. The more the merrier. In fact, if you'd like to join us, we'd be happy to have you.

ENRIQUE SR.

I've got to go to work.

Enrique Sr. glances back at Miria, debating.

MIRIA

There's not much to do today, honestly. The laundry's done, I swept, dusted, and mopped yesterday, and we can have leftovers for dinner. I was just cooking for tomorrow.

Enrique Sr. thinks a moment longer and then finally gives Allende a curt nod.

ALLENDE

Oh, wonderful. Thank you so much.

Miria quickly cleans up her cooking, takes off her apron, grabs baby Enrique, and heads out with Allende.

MIRIA

See you at six.

Enrique Sr. is left behind today as the door closes on him and his undone necktie.

INT. ALLENDE'S CAR - DAY

Miria rocks baby Enrique as Allende drives past quaint residential neighborhoods. The streets are lined with the brilliant purples and greens of bougainvillea and jacaranda.

But they soon enter a nascent metropolis. The few skyscrapers promise more to come. The streets are miraculously clean for a big city.

Miria ravenously takes in the sights.

ALLENDE

I lied. I didn't bring you to baby-sit my girls.

MIRIA
 (sarcastic)
 I had no idea.

Allende pulls up outside a three-story apartment building.

ALLENDE
 My sister-in-law can watch your boy
 for the day. She's got a two-year-
 old herself. I have a surprise for
 you.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SANTIAGO - DAY

Allende leads Miria by the hand, past tall ancient buildings
 and crowds growing denser and denser.

As Allende butts through the crowd, people begin to
 recognize him, cheer him on, shake his hand:

PEOPLE IN THE CROWD
 (ad lib)
 Señor Allende! Viva el pueblo!
 Cobre para Chile! Venceremos!

Miria can't keep the grin from spreading on her face. Some
 people even shake her hand.

In the distance, the sound of a cheering crowd gets louder
 and louder until:

EXT. CONSTITUTION PLAZA - DAY

Allende and Miria emerge into a large open square, right in
 front of a brilliant white palace that's replete with roman
 columns, parapets, and balconies.

A huge crowd has gathered outside, before a makeshift stage.

Miria's breath catches in her throat as she looks all
 around, seeing more of the world than she's ever seen
 before.

MIRIA
 But, but... that's the Moneda
 Palace!

ALLENDE
 It is indeed.

MIRIA
 The president works there!

ALLENDE

Correct.

He leads Miria up to the edge of the stage, where an **EMCEE** introduces Allende.

MIRIA

Are you going to...?

Allende grins.

EMCEE

-- warm welcome to the honorable
Senator of Tarapaca and
Antofagasta, Salvador Allende.

As Allende takes the stage, the people in the crowd raise campaign signs with Allende's face on them.

CROWD

(chanting in Spanish,
subtitled)

Allende! Allende! Defender of the
people!

Allende takes the stage, smiling easily at the crowd. He puts up a hand to silence them, but they take their sweet time to stop cheering.

Miria watches from the edge of the stage, a VIP view.

ALLENDE

For decades, we've suffered under
the yoke of imperialism and
fascism. Our prize copper mines --
the biggest in the world -- are
owned by American corporations!
They reap the fruits of our land
and sell them back to us without
sharing a cent of the profits.

A handful of shouts from the crowd. Allende's volume rises.

ALLENDE (cont'd)

Our most fertile farmlands lie
uncultivated because ultra-wealthy
landowners hold them for
speculation! We're forced to import
more food than we can afford. And
yet, it's still not enough to feed
every Chileno.

More heckles from the crowd. Allende feeds off it.

ALLENDE (cont'd)

Across every industry, the rich get richer by bankrupting the rest of us, while the government sits idle instead of protecting what belongs to the people.

The crowd becomes a mob, yelling in fury.

Allende stands still, watching.

He puts a hand up to calm his people.

ALLENDE (cont'd)

Don't be provoked, don't become outraged. Problems aren't solved by breaking windows or smashing cars. Don't let the fascists goad you into that. Our way, the Chilean path to socialism, is revolutionary because it's paved with the freedom of speech, freedom of the press, democratic elections, not with destruction.

Some whistles, some clapping...

ALLENDE (cont'd)

Because revolution does not imply destruction, but rather construction; it doesn't imply demolition, but rather building. We're going to take back what's ours and build a brand new Chile.

The crowd cheers... Allende builds them up again:

ALLENDE (cont'd)

A Chile for the common family! For the working class! Made in the image of the people! Of all of us!

Amid a jubilant crowd, Miria watches Allende, love in her eyes.

ALLENDE (cont'd)

Long live Chile! Long live the people! Long live the workers!

OLD PINOCHET (V.O.)

(prelap)

By sixty-four or sixty-five, they were sleeping with each other and her husband left her.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Old Pinochet and his **DEFENSE ATTORNEY**, 50s, sit in a conference room, across the table from Judge Guzman and the Federal Prosecutor.

Pinochet's voice is frail, papery, just the barest hint of the growl he used to have. But his vulgarity still comes through just fine.

OLD PINOCHET

They didn't hide it well. Everybody knew she was just a wet hole to him. If she won't admit that, you should throw out everything else she says.

INT. SANTIAGO COURT OF APPEALS - DAY

The Federal Prosecutor waits for Old Miria to answer a question, but she remains tight-lipped for a long beat.

OLD MIRIA

I was one of President Allende's most trusted advisers. And I won't be addressing the rumors of that depraved fascist.

She glares at Old Pinochet.

OLD MIRIA (cont'd)

May I file my complaint already?

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR

Very well, yes.

OLD MIRIA

(reading)

The months and weeks leading up to the coup were complete chaos. Strikes, inflation, the U.S. embargo, -- all of it led to food shortages, famine, riots. A coup was imminent.

INT. ALLENDE'S LIMO - EVENING

Rioters scream and bang on the windows. Their angry faces and signs scroll by glacially, obscuring any view of Downtown Santiago.

SUPERIMPOSE:**"SEPTEMBER, 1973. THE THIRD YEAR OF ALLENDE'S PRESIDENCY."**

Allende, still commanding at 65, sits in the backseat with Miria, now 45 and still as sharp as ever.

ALLENDE

I'm out of ideas.

MIRIA

We need to make more concessions,
there's no other way --

ALLENDE

I've made every concession I can,
to everyone I know.

MIRIA

Give the copper mines back to the
Americans --

ALLENDE

Are the mines in America?

MIRIA

No, they're here, but --

ALLENDE

Then why should American companies
own them instead --

MIRIA

Because the Americans have got
enough money to do this to us.

She points out the window at the rioters.

MIRIA (cont'd)

They made our copper worthless all
over the world! They paid every
trucker in the country to strike to
keep stores empty! And they made it
look like our fault! How are you
going to beat that?

ALLENDE

My restructuring plan could fix
everything, if Congress would --

MIRIA

Congress voted for the military to
intervene.

ALLENDE

They had no right to do that! I won
the popular mandate!

MIRIA

Three years ago.

The motorcade pulls up outside a large mansion nestled in
the trees. Before Miria can open the door --

A light bulb goes off in Allende's head.

ALLENDE

Then let's renew it.

MIRIA

What do you mean? Another vote? The
elections are three years away.

ALLENDE

A referendum. A recall vote on my
presidency. 'Yes' means I stay in
office. 'No' means I step down.

Allende waits for Miria to react. She chews on it.

MIRIA

When do you want to announce it?

ALLENDE

You're not going to fight me on
this?

MIRIA

If you win, the military won't
touch you and you have Congress's
support to lead without appeasing
the Americans. If you lose, you
step down and prove you're not a
dictator, show that we can have
socialism here without tyranny, so
that maybe in the future you or
another socialist can try again.

ALLENDE

You think it'll work?

Miria shrugs.

MIRIA

It's worth a shot. Talk it over
with the others.

Miria opens her door to disembark.

MIRIA (cont'd)
Will I see you later tonight?

ALLENDE
No, I'm meeting with Augusto.

Miria hesitates. Her worry is obvious.

ALLENDE (cont'd)
I'll be careful.

Miria nods at him, gets out of the car.

EXT. CASA EL CANAVERAL - EVENING

Miria heads up to the driver's side window, where her son, **ENRIQUE**, now a handsome, scruffy young man of 20, sits in the driver's seat.

A pair of AK-47s sit in the center console.

MIRIA
I'll see you later tonight, ok, *mi*
hijo?

The man in the passenger seat, **MAX MARAMBIO** (26), cuts in:

MAX
You know, you can take the night
off if you want, Enrique. I can
take over.

MIRIA
Oh no, Max. That's very generous of
you. But Enrique should put in the
time.

Allende's voice pipes up from the back seat:

ALLENDE (O.S.)
Give the kid a break sometime!

Miria grins, shakes her head.

MIRIA
Alright. Fine.

Enrique gets out with one of the AK-47s and Max jogs around to the driver's side and gets back into the car.

MAX
See you tomorrow, Enrique.

Enrique and Miria wave him off, head up to the mansion as the motorcade drives off.

INT. CASA EL CANAVERAL - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Miria and Enrique sit on the couches and eat dinner together. A fire crackles in the hearth.

MIRIA

I know you don't like it.

Enrique doesn't say anything.

MIRIA (cont'd)

You know, for years and years, I didn't do anything for Chicho but take notes and phone calls and scheduling -- all that boring stuff.

ENRIQUE

Guarding Allende right now, during this? Not boring.

MIRIA

Ok, it's not boring. But my point is that we all start out doing jobs we think are beneath us.

ENRIQUE

What about Joaquin? He works with you in Moneda, on actual political stuff, right? That's entry-level. I could have started out there.

Miria doesn't have a ready retort.

MIRIA

We all get dealt a different hand. Just give it time. You'll get to the actual political stuff.

Enrique sighs, resigned.

Miria gives him a kiss on the cheek, heads for the door.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - INDEPENDENCE SALON - NIGHT

Allende leads General Pinochet, who is here 58 and robust, into a small space dominated by a painting of some kind of Spanish conquistador or liberator, depending on who you ask.

ALLENDE

Sorry I was running late. One of my G.A.P. boys wanted to take the night off, Enrique... anyway.

He waves all that away.

ALLENDE (cont'd)

I'll need your help keeping the other generals in line until the referendum.

GENERAL PINOCHET

How long?

ALLENDE

Two, maybe three months?

Pinochet laughs, incredulous.

GENERAL PINOCHET

We're on the edge of civil war. We need to get the truckers back to work now, get food on the shelves now.

He approaches a balcony overlooking Constitution Plaza, which is filled with protesters.

ALLENDE

Please, Augusto.

GENERAL PINOCHET

There is another way out, you know.

ALLENDE

No. Absolutely not.

GENERAL PINOCHET

A state of emergency would --

ALLENDE

It would make me a dictator.

GENERAL PINOCHET

We need firm leadership right now.

Allende shakes his head. Firm on this.

GENERAL PINOCHET (cont'd)

Fine. When are you announcing the referendum?

Allende hesitates.

MINISTER TOHA (V.O.)
 (prelap)
 You told Pinochet?

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Allende sits at a conference table in a baroque room in the key of teal. Decadent chandeliers, tapestries, and rugs.

Nearly twenty cabinet ministers and advisers surround him. Miria is beside him.

ALLENDE
 Yes, but no one else.

MINISTER JOSE TOHA, 46, slick hair, white goatee:

MINISTER TOHA
 Oh, so you agree Merino and Leigh can't be trusted?

ALLENDE
 You're right, the Navy and the Air Force have been...

MINISTER TOHA
 Rebellious? Insubordinate? Violent?

ALLENDE
 Still, they won't succeed unless all four branches are united.

ADVISER JUAN GARCES, 29, long face, droopy mustache, agrees:

ADVISER GARCES
 The National Police won't turn. General Sepulveda's one of ours.

ADVISER OSVALDO PUCCIO, 51, rotund and mustached, pipes up:

ADVISER PUCCIO
 Pinochet too. We can trust him.

Silence after that. Not outright disbelief, but enough doubt.

ALLENDE
 What? Puccio's right. Pinochet stopped Souper's coup attempt back in June. He can be trusted.

Allende's daughter, Tati, now an ambitious woman of 30 and pregnant too, sits on his other side.

TATI

I still think this referendum's a bad idea. We're admitting defeat.

ALLENDE

No, Tati. If you're going to lead someday --

TATI

Papa...

ALLENDE

No, democracy is more important than any ideology. We lead by the will of the people. Always.

Tati's eyes glaze over. She's heard that kind of rhetoric a million times before.

MIRIA

Did you tell Pinochet when exactly you're announcing the referendum?

ALLENDE

Yes. Why?

MIRIA

Because it gives him a deadline.

That sobering possibility hasn't escaped Allende.

ALLENDE

I know.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Rows of radio consoles line the perimeter of the room, with then-cutting-edge gadgetry: all manner of illuminated buttons, dials, panels, and screens. All unmanned at the moment.

One entire wall is a tinted, bulletproof window overlooking Constitution Plaza, opposite the Moneda Palace.

Pinochet sits with three other generals at the central conference table, each in a different uniform.

GENERAL PINOCHET

I have half a mind to shoot all of you right here.

GENERAL LEIGH

Then why haven't you?

GENERAL LEIGH, 53, blows smoke from a fat Cuban cigar.

ADMIRAL MERINO
General Pinochet, with your
support, we might be able to avoid
bloodshed.

ADMIRAL MERINO, 58, white-haired and genteel, Navy uniform,
sits at the head of the table.

GENERAL PINOCHET
Who says you've got my support?

GENERAL LEIGH
We're not letting you take this
back to Allende, if that's what
you're thinking.

The others stare warily between Leigh and Pinochet.

ADMIRAL MERINO
Shall I outline the plan, at least?

Merino goes to a large map of Chile on the wall, points to
the relevant areas as he speaks:

ADMIRAL MERINO (cont'd)
We'll blockade port towns at six
hundred hours. The Air Force will
take down the antennae of leftist
radio stations and help the army
take control of all regional
capitals by nine hundred hours. The
police will arrest the president's
staff and any other Marxists.

GENERAL MENDOZA, 55, young big-mouth thug, pipes up:

GENERAL MENDOZA
By the time the President's awake,
he'll have no choice but to
surrender.

GENERAL PINOCHET
He might not surrender even then.

GENERAL LEIGH
See? This is why we ought to --

Merino clears his throat loudly to cut him off.

GENERAL PINOCHET
You're asking a lot of me.

ADMIRAL MERINO
You really think he'll be able to
turn this around if he wins his
referendum?

Pinochet says nothing.

ADMIRAL MERINO (cont'd)
Then he's asking a lot of you too.

GENERAL PINOCHET
If I join you, we won't be making a
martyr of Allende.

Pinochet stares at Leigh.

Leigh shrugs. Nods.

Pinochet gives it one last thought. He sighs, resigned.

GENERAL PINOCHET (cont'd)
He's going to be announcing a
referendum on his own presidency.

GENERAL MENDOZA
Why would he hold a vote to kick
himself out of office?

GENERAL PINOCHET
Win or lose, he looks good. It's a
publicity stunt. He's willing to
martyr himself.

GENERAL MENDOZA
What, you're saying we wait until
it's over? It's too big a risk.
What if he wins?

GENERAL PINOCHET
I'm saying we've got to move before
he announces it.

ADMIRAL MERINO
And when is that?

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE OVER BLACK:

"SEPTEMBER 11, 1973"

INT. CASA EL CANAVERAL - MIRIA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

An alarm clock reads 7:36 AM. A push-button phone beside it.
The last moments of blue dawn stillness elapse...

RING!

A hand smacks the alarm clock off the table.

RING!

Miria sits up in bed, by herself.

She realizes it's the phone that's ringing, grabs the entire cradle into her lap.

MIRIA
(into phone)
Mm hello?...

VOICE (V.O.)
(over phone)
Ms. Contreras? The Navy's blockaded Valparaiso.

Miria's eyes snap open. This isn't happening.

MIRIA
Where's Allende?

VOICE (V.O.)
He's already left for the palace.

MIRIA
I'll meet him there.

She scrambles out of bed.

EXT. CASA EL CANAVERAL - MORNING

Miria heads out to four black Lincoln Town Cars parked on the gravel. At each, a G.A.P. serviceman with an AK-47.

Except for one, where Max speaks closely with Enrique.

MIRIA
Everything alright?

MAX
Everything's fine. Just some nerves.

Miria meets Enrique's eyes. Sees the fear.

MIRIA

Don't worry, *mi hijo*, this is
nothing. We'll get it all sorted
out. Don't you worry.

She gets into Enrique's car. Max gives Enrique a nod, and
the pair of them get into the car as well.

The motorcade takes off.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - MORNING

Enrique steers through foggy hills. Max rides shotgun.

Miria reaches up from the back seat to tune the radio, but
nothing is clear enough through the static.

MIRIA

Stupid thing never works in the
hills.

Out of the corner of her eye, Miria notices Enrique's hand
shaking on the steering wheel.

She takes his hand, gently. Stops it shaking.

MIRIA (cont'd)

Mi hijo, calm down.

A pair of jets scream through the sky overhead.

MIRIA (cont'd)

See, the air force is already
responding.

Enrique and Max meet each other's eyes, darkly.

EXT. CITIZEN'S PLAZA - MORNING

The motorcade zooms past the empty plaza that borders the
Moneda Palace to the south, dotted with fountains and
statues.

It's too early for rioters, apparently. Hopefully.

EXT. MORANDE STREET - MORNING

The motorcade drives down the narrow street bordering Moneda
to the east.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - MORNING

Allende's voice suddenly breaks through the radio noise:

ALLENDE (V.O.)

(on radio)

... I have established contact with
the leadership of the national
police and they remain loyal --

ENRIQUE

Wait, then why are those cops
taking out their guns?

Up ahead, police cars block Morande Street where it opens
into Constitution Plaza. **COPS** approach the G.A.P. motorcade.

Enrique pulls up next to the palace's modest side entrance,
a single, tall wooden door marked "80."

MIRIA

Don't linger. Park the cars at
Public Works and join me inside.

EXT. MORANDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

As Miria disembarks, she flashes an ID badge at some
approaching officers, moves past them without incident.

She glances back.

The police are yanking all the G.A.P. servicemen out of
their cars, handcuffing them. Enrique and Max too.

MIRIA

Whoa, wait. Is there a problem
here?

SERGEANT ARAYA, 40s, brutish, rips the gun off of Enrique.

SERGEANT ARAYA

They're coming with us.

MIRIA

You must have made a mistake. Do
you know who I am?

SERGEANT ARAYA

No and I don't care.

Araya shoves Enrique into the passenger seat of his own car,
and uses his free hand to push Miria away.

MIRIA
You're going to regret that. What's
your name? Huh?

Araya gets annoyed, pulls out a pistol.

SERGEANT ARAYA
Back off. We don't have orders to
arrest you.

She notices his name badge:

MIRIA
Sergeant Araya? I'll be speaking to
General Sepulveda about this.

SERGEANT ARAYA
Go right ahead.
(directing his men)
Take them to Public Works. Hold
them there until we hear otherwise.

MIRIA
(to Enrique)
Don't worry, *mi hijo*.

Enrique shakes his head. Another policeman shoves Max into
the car next to Enrique.

MIRIA (cont'd)
This is just a miscommunication.
I'll get you out in no time. All of
you.

Enrique can only stare at her in horror as a soldier drives
the car away.

Miria watches him, trying not to fear the worst.

Araya chuckles as he gets into another car with a handcuffed
G.A.P. serviceman in the passenger seat.

He drives down a ramp to a garage underneath the building
neighboring Moneda. Its marquee reads:

"MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS."

Miria follows them on foot, down the ramp:

INT. MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Miria finds rows of parked cars in the single-level garage.

At the far end of the garage, officers drag the G.A.P. servicemen from their cars and into the elevators.

OFFICERS

Get up there! Hurry up!

When the last of them get in the elevator, she checks the floor lights: the first floor light illuminates, then the light for the second floor, and the third... it stays illuminated.

They're on the third floor.

Miria nods, heads off toward a sign that reads:

"TUNNEL TO MONEDA PALACE"

INT. MONEDA PALACE - HALLWAY - MORNING

Miria emerges from a stairwell, strides past baroque opulence and a few tapestries, into:

INT. MONEDA PALACE - ALLENDE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tati and Allende are already here, both of them on the phone. **MINISTERS** and **AIDES** rush in and out, waving notes in front of Allende, depositing files.

Tati hangs up. Allende doesn't.

ALLENDE

(into phone)

Are you serious?

MIRIA

Where are your sisters?

TATI

Carmen's at home with Mama, but I couldn't convince Isabel not to come here. She's on her way.

Miria glances at Tati's pregnant belly.

TATI (cont'd)

I'm not leaving.

Allende hangs up.

ALLENDE

They've arrested Letelier.

TATI

So it's not just a Navy revolt.

ALLENDE

There's no evidence of that.

MIRIA

The police have rebelled too, they arrested my --

ALLENDE

That's impossible, Sepulveda's here! So is Navarro! They've got tanks on the northern perimeter!

MIRIA

They're arresting G.A.P. servicemen on Morande Street, my son --

ALLENDE

Find Pinochet, make sure he hasn't been arrested --

TATI

Pinochet's the reason this is happening today.

MIRIA

The police arrested my son outside! They took Enrique.

Allende and Tati are a little taken aback by the outburst. Even the frantic aides and ministers slow down for a moment. But Allende goes to Miria, squeezes her shoulder in sympathy.

ALLENDE

We'll get him out.
(to the crowd)
General Sepulveda!

SEPULVEDA

Mr. President!

Mild-looking **GENERAL SEPULVEDA** (56), police uniform, pushes through the crowd to get into the office.

ALLENDE

Policemen are arresting our G.A.P. outside.

SEPULVEDA
But I've got officers inside
Moneda.

ALLENDE
It's happening as we speak.

MIRIA
They're holding them in Public
Works. Third floor.

ALLENDE
Get them out. Payita's son was
among them.

Sepulveda nods sympathetically at Miria.

SEPULVEDA
I'll find him, ma'am.

MIRIA
Talk to Sergeant Araya, he was
leading the squad.

Sepulveda exits.

TATI
So who's commanding the police?

None of them want to say it.

MIRIA
I'll get a line to Pinochet then.

Allende nods tersely.

As Miria heads for the door, she overhears Allende speaking
to Tati:

ALLENDE
Don't be silly, Tati. You can't
stay here. It's not safe.

TATI
Papa, we're not discussing this.
You're not the one who's pregnant.

ALLENDE
(giving up)
It's not about pregnancy...

INT. MONEDA PALACE - SOUTHERN HALLWAY - MORNING

Miria walks into the southern hallway and freezes for a moment when she finds young men running around, depositing ammo boxes, spilling bullets underneath every window.

It's much calmer outside.

A FLASH of light makes Miria flinch.

Behind her, a lanky photographer, **LEO VARGAS**, 36, lowers an SLR camera with a long lens. He wears a badge labeled "PUBLICITY."

MIRIA

Good morning, Vargas.

VARGAS

Is it?

Another PR staffer with a notepad joins them: **AUGUSTO OLIVARES**, 43. His glasses match Allende's exactly, but he's got a darker mustache.

OLIVARES

Could be worse.

VARGAS

Oh shut up, Olivares. At least you don't have a hangover.

Vargas massages his forehead.

OLIVARES

On a Tuesday morning? Why?

MIRIA

Listen, I can't let press into the 9:30 briefing.

Olivares and Vargas throw their hands up in protest.

MIRIA (cont'd)

We'll work on a brief together once the President's made up his mind how to respond.

OLIVARES

Made up his mind? They're forcing him out. We've got to be in there for this. It's history!

Miria doesn't want to think about that.

She heads to the windows facing the Public Works building, hoping to catch a glimpse of her son. But no such luck.

INT. MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS GARAGE - DAY

Sepulveda jogs from the tunnel into the garage. He heads for the elevator, which opens for him almost immediately.

INT. MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS - HALLWAY - DAY

DING. The elevator opens and Sepulveda walks out. He turns a corner and --

Directly ahead of him, thirty yards away, Enrique and Max see him through an open doorway, frantically shake their heads.

But Sepulveda doesn't understand. He jogs toward them --

RATATATATATATAT! Gunfire peppers the wall above him. Sepulveda leaps behind some chairs for cover.

SEPULVEDA
Cease fire! Cease fire!

Araya and his men stand between Sepulveda and the G.A.P.

SERGEANT ARAYA (O.S.)
We don't take orders from you
anymore. Get the fuck out.

SEPULVEDA
Araya, is that you? You
insubordinate motherfucker.

SERGEANT ARAYA
Between the two of us, technically
you're the insubordinate one now.

SEPULVEDA
I command you to release the
hostages you're --

RATATATATATATAT! More gunfire zooms over Sepulveda's head, making the wall crumble and explode around him.

Sepulveda scrambles back around the corner and into the elevator again.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CRISIS CENTER - DAY

Miria walks into a ballroom-cum-crisis center with dozens of staffers running around on phones, updating figures on chalkboards, destroying documents and files.

MIRIA

Everyone, listen! The President needs a line to General Pinochet, pronto. That's priority number one, understand?

Everyone nods.

MIRIA (cont'd)

Priority number two is getting a line to Public Works. They're arresting G.A.P. and holding them there. We need to get them out.

The aides exchange wary glances, get back to work.

Miria goes to a free telephone, opens a huge binder with a typewritten cover: "MILITARY DIRECTORY."

She goes down the list, starts making calls. No answer.

All the while, **JOAQUIN** -- a frazzled young staffer roughly Enrique's age, still learning the ropes on what's likely his last day -- does his best to shout updates as they come in:

JOAQUIN

Admiral Montero's been arrested!

Miria's face darkens as she hears the developments:

JOAQUIN (cont'd)

The army's taken Concepción and Rancagua!

He goes up to a wall-size map of Chile, draws two big "X"s over the Concepción and Rancagua regions, adding to fourteen other X-ed out regions.

A pair of **FAT MINISTERS** pass in the hallway:

MIRIA

Flores, Almeyda! Meeting at 9:30!
Toesca!

The ministers nod and continue on.

JOAQUIN
Radio Corporacion just went down.
Magallanes is still live, only
station left.

Sepulveda bursts into the room, panting. He spots Miria and she him.

He shakes his head as he approaches her.

SEPULVEDA
I almost got killed in there.

Miria shakes her head, trying to keep the fear at bay.

JOAQUIN (O.S.)
Body count at ninety-eight.

Joaquin erases a blackboard, writes the number 98.

Miria stares at the number, her stomach dropping.

OLD MIRIA (V.O.)
I couldn't believe it. Chile had
never struggled with the spectre of
coups or dictatorship the same way
our neighbors had to. Our democracy
had always survived...

Miria shakes her head in denial, trying not to panic.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The conference room bustles with cabinet ministers, advisers, and others looking for a glimpse of the action.

Allende sits at the head of the table with Tati. Beside her, Isabel, now 28, a little overwhelmed at the chaos.

Miria enters, approaches Isabel and Tati.

MIRIA
Isabel, you shouldn't be here.

ISABEL
I'm not leaving my family by
themselves.

Tati rolls her eyes.

MIRIA
So where's your mother?

ISABEL
 (oblivious)
 She's at home with Carmen. At Tomas
 Moro.

ALLENDE
 Alright everyone!

Miria notices Vargas and Olivares lurking in the corner.
 She shoos them out, takes a seat at the table herself.

ALLENDE (cont'd)
 Before we get into it, who all are
 here today?

SEPULVEDA
 We've got a little over a hundred
 people. A dozen police, forty
 G.A.P., about twenty cabinet
 ministers and advisers. The rest
 are staffers, aides, medics, press.
 We've got sixty more G.A.P. on the
 rooftops surrounding Moneda.

ALLENDE
 We should release Navarro and the
 rest of the policemen.

MINISTER TOHA
 Why, have they turned?

Joaquin rushes into the room.

JOAQUIN
 There's a communique from the
 junta!

ALLENDE
 They've got two branches of the
 military together and they're
 calling themselves a junta?

Allende laughs as the aide tunes a radio to Merino's voice:

ADMIRAL MERINO (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 ... Elected President Salvador
 Allende must surrender immediately.
 The police, navy, air force, and
 army are united under General
 Mendoza, myself, and Generals Leigh
 and Pinochet.

The world goes silent for Allende. The floor drops out from under him. He white-knuckles the edge of the table.

Eyes turn toward him. Others whisper to themselves.

Miria's confidence has run out.

ADMIRAL MERINO (V.O.) (cont'd)

(over radio)

-- military plane reserved for the Allende administration at The O'Higgins Military Academy. To the people of Santiago, stay in your homes. Anyone violating curfew will be arrested. All members of Allende's Popular Unity party and known sympathizers must contact their local police precinct and submit themselves for questioning or they will be arrested and --

Allende turns off the radio. Everyone waits for him to speak.

ALLENDE

What progress have they made so far?

MIRIA

Most regional capitols have fallen. We don't know the civilian body count, but at least ninety-eight public servants have been killed.

'Body count' sets the whole room into a titter.

Allende motions for silence. He thinks for a long beat.

MIRIA (cont'd)

It's a hundred of us versus, what? The entire military? It's over. We've lost.

ADVISER GARCES

Mr. President, you had wanted to hold the referendum to step down anyway.

Allende pounds his fist on the table.

ALLENDE

Because that would have represented the will of the people. This is a violation of the Constitution.

MINISTER VERGARA

We could make concessions. Give the copper mines back to the Americans.

TATI

It's too late for that. Besides, think of the precedent that would set. No negotiating.

MINISTER TOHA

They'll bomb us out of here!

TATI

The people would never forgive them.

ADVISER PUCCIO

Let's take a vote. Who wants to negotiate?

Hands go up immediately.

MINISTER TOHA

Over half of us!

Allende nods, puts a hand up to quiet the room down.

ALLENDE

Thank you everyone. Could I have a moment please?

People glance at one another, confused.

TATI

But we just started.

ALLENDE

I know, I'm sorry.

People slowly shuffle out.

Tati exits with a squeeze of her father's hand.

Miria exits last.

MIRIA

Do you still want to speak with General Pinochet?

Allende shrugs, doesn't bother looking at her.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CRISIS CENTER - DAY

Miria returns to the crisis center, still bustling.

The map of Chile now has large "X"s over all twenty-five regions of Chile. The body count is at 137.

She takes in the sight, trying not to panic. She breathes deeply, trying to push her worry away.

She buries herself in another set of directory listings. Picks up the phone and dials.

MIRIA
 (into phone)
 Yes, hello? I'm looking for
 Sergeant Araya. Could you -- from
 the capitol.
 (beat)
 Hello? Hello?

ALLENDE (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 I speak not with bitterness, but
 with disappointment.

Miria spins around at the sound of Allende's voice.

JOAQUIN
 The President's on the radio! He's
 responding to the military!

Miria and the rest of the room crowd around the radio:

ALLENDE (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 May these words be a moral
 punishment for those who have
 betrayed their oath. The only thing
 left to say is to the workers: that
 I am not going to resign. I will
 pay back the people's loyalty with
 my life.

Silent shock explodes throughout the room. An eternity before the whispers explode in its wake.

Miria gapes in horror, shakes her head. This isn't happening.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The four generals scowl at the radio on the conference table. Behind them, a handful of **RADIO OPERATORS** man the communications consoles.

GENERAL LEIGH
 Motherfucker.

GENERAL PINOCHET
I warned you about this.

He looks out the window, across the plaza, to the palace.

ALLENDE (V.O.)
(over radio)
I want to thank you for the faith
you put in a man who was merely an
interpreter for humanity's great
yearning for justice, who respected
the law and the Constitution, as he
said he would.

EXT. STREETS ALL OVER CHILE - DAY

Tanks roll through every city square from Arica in the North
to Tierra del Fuego in the South.

Soldiers break down doors and drag men and women out by
their shirt collars. All of their homes bear Popular Unity
party flyers or posters of Allende.

ALLENDE (V.O.)
(over radio)
I address the farmer who believed
in us, the worker who worked
harder, the mother who knew we
cared for her children.

Soldiers carry parents out and throw them into military
trucks, leaving wailing children behind.

On the horizon of every city, air force jets scream
overhead, bombing radio towers, weakening Allende's voice.

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - DAY

An aged college professor plays Allende's speech to a crowd
of solemn students. Several of them wear t-shirts with
Allende's face and his coalition's name, Unidad Popular.

ALLENDE (V.O.)
(over radio)
I address the youth, those who sang
and gave us their joy and their
spirit of struggle.

BANG! Twenty police officers burst in. Riot gear. Gas masks.
Amid tear gas, police overwhelm the students with brutality.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - SOUTHERN HALLWAY - DAY

As G.A.P. servicemen run to and fro, a crowd starts to form at the windows overlooking the southern plaza: aides, press, staffers. Vargas and Olivares among them.

ALLENDE (V.O.)

(over radio)

I address the worker, the farmer,
the intellectual who will be
persecuted, because in our country
fascism has already been present
for several hours.

A few aides shout, point at something distant outside:

M41 light tanks, two blocks away and closing in fast.

EXT. MONEDA'S SOUTHERN PLAZA - DAY

Blocks of soldiers march behind the tanks, toward Moneda.

ZING. ZING. Bullets hit the tanks, still far from the palace.

Soldiers duck for cover. The tanks slow down as well.

EXT. ROOFTOOPS SURROUNDING MONEDA - DAY

Several stories above Moneda itself, snipers fire on the tanks approaching it: more G.A.P. servicemen.

ALLENDE (V.O.)

(over radio)

The people must defend themselves,
but they must not sacrifice
themselves. That is my burden to
bear alone.

ZING. ZING. ZING. The military returns fire.

G.A.P. snipers duck, protect their heads.

Tank cannons swivel toward the G.A.P. and... BOOM!

INT. MONEDA PALACE - HALLWAY - DAY

Three windows SHATTER and a dozen ministers and staffers leap away for cover, run away from the violence.

ALLENDE
 (into phone)
 Surely Radio Magallanes will be
 bombed and the metallic ring of my
 voice silenced.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - INDEPENDENCE SALON - DAY

Tati and Isabel duck under a table for cover, still listening to Allende on the radio. A few other cabinet ministers have also joined them under the table.

ALLENDE (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 It doesn't matter. I will live on,
 within all of you.

The cabinet ministers whisper urgently to one another.

INT. MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS - THIRD FLOOR BULLPEN - DAY

Enrique, Max, and the other G.A.P. solemnly listen to the broadcast playing in the adjacent office where Araya and his men are sitting:

ALLENDE (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 I have faith in Chile and its
 destiny. Other men will overcome
 this grey and bitter moment when
 treason seeks to prevail.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CRISIS CENTER - DAY

Miria and the other staffers fearfully cling to one another under the tables as well, screams breaking out at every burst of gunfire. A handful of them continue answering phones.

ALLENDE (V.O.)
 Go forward knowing that, sooner or
 later, the great avenues of
 democracy will open again and free
 men will come together to build a
 better society.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - DAY

Pinochet sits at the table while Admiral Merino and Generals Leigh and Mendoza watch the progress in the southern plaza:

The tanks and infantry are still several blocks away from the palace, firing only at the buildings surrounding it.

All the radio consoles around the perimeter of the room are now manned by young officers wearing headphones.

ALLENDE (V.O.)

(over radio)

Long live Chile! Long live the people! Long live the workers! These are my last words to you, and I am certain that my sacrifice will not be in vain.

GENERAL PINOCHET

Turn that shit off.

GENERAL LEIGH

He wants to go down fighting? We can do that for him.

GENERAL PINOCHET

It's not that simple.

GENERAL MENDOZA

How many men would we lose trying to breach the palace?

Pinochet shakes his head, estimating.

GENERAL PINOCHET

At least a hundred.

GENERAL LEIGH

Air strikes are cleaner.

Pinochet stares at Leigh like he's an idiot.

GENERAL PINOCHET

We're not making a martyr of Allende or destroying our own capitol.

GENERAL LEIGH

Martyrs are overrated. And we can rebuild.

GENERAL PINOCHET

They'll riot up and down the country! We'll have to keep martial law for years just to keep the goddamn peace.

GENERAL LEIGH

It's one life versus a hundred.

Pinochet shakes his head.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Old Pinochet speaks more firmly than he has before:

OLD PINOCHET

I always drew the line at air strikes. The political cost of that -- can you imagine? You think I'm stupid?

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - DAY

Merino breaks up Pinochet and Leigh's stare-down:

ADMIRAL MERINO

We were discussing how to convince Allende to change his mind.

Pinochet walks away from Leigh.

GENERAL PINOCHET

We'll need someone on the inside.

GENERAL MENDOZA

Who? Everyone in there's willing to die for him.

RADIO OPERATOR interrupts them:

RADIO OPERATOR

Incoming call from Moneda.

GENERAL PINOCHET

(to another radio operator)

Tell General Palacios to cease small arms fire on Moneda until I command otherwise. I want to speak to the president first.

(to Operator 1)

Ok, put him on.

Operator 1 flips a switch, points at Pinochet.

GENERAL PINOCHET (cont'd)

General Pinochet speaking.

MIRIA (V.O.)
 (over speakerphone)
 This is Miria Contreras. I have the
 president for you.

GENERAL PINOCHET
 Hold on a moment, Ms. Contreras.

An idea forms in Pinochet's mind.

He starts scribbling something on a piece of paper.

GENERAL PINOCHET (cont'd)
 I was wondering if I could speak to
 you for a moment, actually.

MIRIA (V.O.)
 Me? Why?

Pinochet shows his scribbled note to the radio operators:

"FIND ENRIQUE CONTRERAS"

INT. MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS - THIRD FLOOR BULLPEN - DAY

Sergeant Araya and his men stomp out of their adjacent
 office, right up to Enrique, Max, and the other G.A.P. Araya
 waves his gun in their faces as he talks:

SERGEANT ARAYA
 Which one of you is Enrique
 Contreras?

Nobody says a word.

SERGEANT ARAYA (cont'd)
 I'll give you three seconds.

He waits. Doesn't count aloud.

BLAM! He shoots out the kneecap of one of one **UNLUCKY**
G.A.P., who screams in agony.

The others all shout and protest, but before any of them can
 be heard...

Araya jams his gun into Enrique's forehead.

The room goes silent again.

SERGEANT ARAYA (cont'd)
 Changed your mind yet?

But still no one talks.

Max watches Enrique.

Enrique closes his eyes, ready to meet his maker.

Araya cocks his gun --

MAX

Wait!

Araya doesn't shoot.

MAX (cont'd)

That's Enrique Contreras. The one
you're about to shoot.

Araya looks down at Enrique, smirks.

SERGEANT ARAYA

Lucky thing. My ass would have been
toast if I'd killed him.

He PISTOL WHIPS Enrique and PISTOL WHIPS Max.

SERGEANT ARAYA (cont'd)

Should've spoken up sooner.

He heads back to the adjacent office with his men.

Enrique catches Max's eye darkly.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CRISIS CENTER - DAY

Staffers flit around Miria as she continues speaking with Pinochet on the phone.

MIRIA

(into phone)

What if we made concessions?

GENERAL PINOCHET

(over phone)

It's a little late for that --

MIRIA

Allende will never give the mines
back outright, but what if we
compensated the Americans better?

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - DAY

Pinochet walks back and forth between the radio operators, glaring and gesturing at them to go faster as he speaks to Miria on speakerphone. The other generals watch.

GENERAL PINOCHET

Ms. Contreras, we've passed that stage. The only concession we're willing to accept is Allende's resignation.

INTERCUT PINOCHET AND MIRIA

MIRIA

You heard him on the radio just now.

GENERAL PINOCHET

There's nothing we can say to him?

MIRIA

We?

GENERAL PINOCHET

He listens to you, doesn't he?

MIRIA

If he knew we were speaking like this --

Miria heads off to a quieter corner of the crisis center with her phone.

GENERAL PINOCHET

Then don't tell him. We're trying to avoid bloodshed here. Surrender really is the only way to do that.

Miria says nothing. She agrees.

MIRIA

He's shut everyone out.

GENERAL PINOCHET

Then for god's sake, try again.

MIRIA

I don't know.

The Radio Operator scribbles a note and shows Pinochet:

"PUB. WKS. 3RD FL. SGT. ARAYA."

GENERAL PINOCHET
For the sake of your son, then.

Miria tenses.

MIRIA
The sake of my son?

GENERAL PINOCHET
He's being held in Public Works,
isn't he?

MIRIA
You're lying. You're trying to
blackmail me.

GENERAL PINOCHET
That's clever. But I spoke to Araya.
He's got your boy. Enrique, right?

Miria breathes quickly --

MIRIA
Don't you dare hurt him --

GENERAL PINOCHET
I don't want to.

MIRIA
So if I make Allende step down...

GENERAL PINOCHET
Then your son is yours.

MIRIA
What if I can't do it? What if I
can't change his mind?

GENERAL PINOCHET
Good luck, Ms. Contreras.

CLICK. Pinochet hangs up.

INT. SANTIAGO COURT OF APPEALS - DAY

Old Miria tries to hold back her tears as she and the rest
of the courtroom stares hatefully at Pinochet.

But he's as bored as ever.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Old Pinochet chuckles.

OLD PINOCHET

I blackmailed her? Haven't heard that one before.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - DAY

Merino and Mendoza watch Pinochet, impressed.

ADMIRAL MERINO

You really think she can change his mind?

GENERAL PINOCHET

She's the only chance we've got.

Leigh snorts.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - EASTERN HALLWAY - DAY

Allende, helmet on and AK-47 in hand, leads an entourage of a dozen G.A.P. servicemen, all wielding their own AKs.

At Allende's side is Sepulveda and **POLICE CAPTAIN NAVARRO** (40s), thorough, concise, not a wasted word. He explains the fortification plan:

CAPTAIN NAVARRO

We've stocked all perimeter hallways with supplies: ammunition, helmets, weapons. Whatever's available.

They approach a corner, and the sound of gunfire gets louder. Sepulveda stops the group from advancing any further.

SEPULVEDA

We'll be engaging the military from the southern hallway here, and the northern hallway there. Approach those areas with extreme caution.

Sandbag barriers and assault rifles have been set up at a handful of windows along the length of the southern hallway.

INT. TOMAS MORO MANSION - DAY

Allende's wife, Hortensia, is still regal at 59. She sits in a lavish drawing room, surrounded by G.A.P. men at attention.

With her is her middle daughter, Carmen, now 29, holding her hand as they listen to military bulletins on the radio.

HORTENSIA
 Could you shut that off, Carmen?
 Let's play a record.

Carmen obliges her.

CARMEN
 Of course, Mama. What do you want
 to listen to?

Carmen pulls a few records from a shelf, sets up a phonograph.

HORTENSIA
 Anything.

RING RING.

Hortensia picks up a telephone.

HORTENSIA (cont'd)
 (into phone)
 Hello?... Chicho? Thank goodness!

Carmen hurries over to the phone, scoots close to eavesdrop.

HORTENSIA (cont'd)
 You've got to stop this! Get out of
 there!

ALLENDE (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 Mi Tencha --

HORTENSIA
 No! I won't let you do this.
 Absolutely not.

ALLENDE (V.O.)
 Tencha, Tencha, my love. Please.
 You're in more danger than I am --

Hortensia laughs.

ALLENDE
 Go to the Cuban Embassy. Or the
 Swedish Embassy. You'll be safe
 there.

HORTENSIA
 No! I'm not leaving without you.

ALLENDE
Just go. Take Carmen with you.

HORTENSIA
Come with us. What's keeping you
there? Hm?
(beat)
Is she there with you?

INT. MONEDA PALACE - ALLENDE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Allende, Tati, and Isabel are on speakerphone with Hortensia.

ALLENDE
Come on, don't do this. We're on
the same side.

Tati glares at her father, teaming up against him.

INTERCUT ALLENDE, TATI, & ISABEL WITH HORTENSIA & CARMEN

HORTENSIA
Are we?

Allende hesitates to say it, but:

ALLENDE
They arrested Enrique.

HORTENSIA
That's too bad.

ALLENDE
Don't be sarcastic.

HORTENSIA
I'm not. She'll be lucky to get him
back alive. They're burning hospital
records, bank records... It's like
they're trying to make us disappear.

ALLENDE
I know. We can't find anything on
Prats or Letelier.

TATI
Mama, don't worry about us. Just
get to one of the embassies.

HORTENSIA
Tati, what are you still doing
there?

ALLENDE

I tried to make her leave, but she wouldn't listen. And because of her, Isabel isn't leaving either.

HORTENSIA

Isabel is there? Ay dios.

ISABEL

Don't worry about us. We'll be fine.

CARMEN

You shouldn't be there. Come back home.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Tati cracks the door open to Miria.

TATI

Can you give us a minute? Mama's on the phone.

MIRIA

We've made contact with Pinochet.

Tati reluctantly allows Miria inside. Allende looks up.

MIRIA (cont'd)

(mouthing silently)
Pinochet.

ALLENDE

Tencha, Carmen, sweetie, I've got to go. Get to an embassy. We'll talk soon.

HORTENSIA

Chicho, please, stop this. It's not worth it.

Allende tries to respond to that, but just comes up with:

ALLENDE

Be safe. I love you.

TATI

We'll talk soon.

ISABEL

Don't worry. Everything's going to be ok.

Allende hangs up the phone, looks at Miria.

MIRIA

I know you didn't want to talk to him, but --

ALLENDE

No, patch him through.

MIRIA

Before I do, I was hoping I could have a word with you.

It's awkward. Tati and Isabel frown at each other.

ALLENDE

Very well.

He dismisses Tati and Isabel with a look.

They give him a warning glare as they go.

Allende waits for Miria to start. She hesitates.

ALLENDE (cont'd)

I know what you're going to say.

MIRIA

I know you know.

She slows down for the first time all day, approaches him slowly, easily.

She feels the cold metal of the gold-plated AK-47 hanging around his shoulder. She holds his gun, examines it.

MIRIA (cont'd)

Are you a good shot?

ALLENDE

I'm an excellent shot.

MIRIA

Are you? I don't think I've ever actually seen you shoot.

(re. Allende's helmet)

And this makes your head look small.

ALLENDE

I think helmets are supposed to be a little more function over form. Just one man's opinion.

She removes his helmet.

MIRIA

There, much more handsome.

Allende and Miria gaze at each other for a long moment.

ALLENDE

They'd call me a coward if I
surrendered. They don't let cowards
lead again.

Miria picks up a framed photo of his inauguration.

MIRIA

You were never willing to die for
this before. You said the Chilean
path to socialism was paved with
democracy.

ALLENDE

But what about the path to
democracy? That's worth spilling
blood to defend, isn't it?

Miria has no retort, but Allende invites her to understand:

ALLENDE (cont'd)

Say I step down, I go into exile.
What happens to all the compañeros
I leave behind?

MIRIA

They'll go on fighting, however
they can. Until you return.

ALLENDE

If they're not all purged by the
military first.

Miria doesn't respond. Tears well up in her eyes.

ALLENDE (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said
that. They wouldn't dare touch
Enrique.

MIRIA

If you die, they'll... they'll...

ALLENDE

Don't say that. We'll get him back.

Allende puts his arm around her. She cries into his shoulder.

MIRIA
It's my fault he was even arrested.

ALLENDE
Come now, you can't blame yourself --

MIRIA
I should have let him stay home
today. He didn't want to come.

ALLENDE
Mi Payita, it's not your fault. And
we're going to get him back, I
promise you. Ok?

Miria nods. Allende wipes the tears from her cheeks.

Miria notices a clock: 10:28 AM.

MIRIA
Pinochet's been expecting your call.

Allende's jaw locks.

MIRIA (cont'd)
Please, Chicho. For me. For
Enrique.

She picks up the phone and dials.

MIRIA (cont'd)
(into phone)
I have President Allende for
General Pinochet.

Miria hands Allende the phone and his helmet.

Allende puts the helmet on first, then takes the phone.

Miria exits with a worried frown.

ALLENDE
(into phone)
Augusto.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pinochet and the Generals around a boxy speakerphone unit.

GENERAL PINOCHET
(into phone)
I'm sorry to be speaking with you
under the circumstances, Salvador.

ALLENDE (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 What do you want?

GENERAL PINOCHET
 I want to avoid bloodshed.

INTERCUT PINOCHET AND ALLENDE

ALLENDE
 Then stand down, submit yourselves
 for arrest, and leave me to do my
 job.

GENERAL PINOCHET
 How? Congress isn't behind you, the
 people aren't behind you, you have
 no foreign support, the country's
 tearing itself apart --

ALLENDE
 Because the Americans fucked us!
 Fight them!

GENERAL PINOCHET
 It's not just the Americans! You
 stole every industry in the
 country --

ALLENDE
 And gave it back to the people!

GENERAL PINOCHET
 If you gave them so much, why'd the
 banks run out of liquid? Why'd
 everyone make a run on the banks?

ALLENDE
 Because the goddamn Americans
 spooked them into it! Their goddamn
 propaganda -- don't deny it!

General Pinochet rolls his eyes. He's heard this before:

ALLENDE (cont'd)
 Who was it that killed General
 Schneider the week before I was
 elected? Why? Because they knew he
 would oppose a coup under any
 circumstances! They were paving the
 way for this!

Pinochet opens his mouth to shout something else, but a
 glare from Merino slows him down.

GENERAL PINOCHET
 I'm sorry, Salvador. I should have
 stuck to my script: we can't
 negotiate unless you agree to step
 down. That's the condition.

Allende seethes.

ALLENDE
 Fine. I have a condition of my own.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - NORTHERN HALLWAY - DAY

Miria heads down the hallway when --

She bumps into Tati, who's just emerged from the side.

MIRIA
 Oh my goodness! I'm so sorry! Are
 you alright?

TATI
 I'm fine, it's ok. Don't worry. I
 was looking for you, actually.

ZING ZING. A few bullets, distant.

MIRIA
 Here, let's go somewhere a little
 safer.

Miria pulls Tati around the corner, into:

INT. MONEDA PALACE - INNER HALLWAY - DAY

Miria continues down another hallway deeper into the palace,
 this one windowless. Tati struggles a little to keep pace.

TATI
 I know what you're doing.

MIRIA
 Hm?

TATI
 Papa needs our support right now.
 Not people questioning him.

Miria slows down.

MIRIA
I'm questioning him because I
support him.

TATI
Please. I know why you want him to
surrender.

MIRIA
Oh yeah? Why's that?

TATI
You know why.

Miria stops. Watches her.

MIRIA
You love him too, don't you? As a
daughter, ok, but still. Does that
make your opinion invalid?

TATI
He'll look like a coward if he runs.

Miria smiles.

TATI (cont'd)
Why are you laughing?

MIRIA
That's exactly what he said.

TATI
He's right.

MIRIA
Tati, I'm doing this because they've
got Enrique. Maybe if we surrender,
I can see his face again.

Tati says nothing.

MIRIA (cont'd)
I'm sorry for everything I did to
your family --

TATI
Don't --

MIRIA
I am, really.

TATI
I don't want to hear it --

MIRIA

I would take it all back if I could.
But this isn't about that. All I
want now is my son. Everything I'm
doing is for him.

Tati wants to stay angry at Miria, but she says nothing.

MIRIA (cont'd)

You really want this? For your
father? Your boy will grow up
without an abuelo.

Tati's eyes flood with tears.

Miria starts crying when she sees Tati crying.

MIRIA (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

TATI

What about all the compañeros here
in Chile?

MIRIA

They'll keep fighting in Chicho's
absence, awaiting his return.

Tati can't hold back any longer. She sobs.

MIRIA (cont'd)

I'm so sorry.

TATI

No. You're right.

Miria pulls Tati into a tearful embrace.

MIRIA

I'm sorry, Tati. For everything. I
just want my boy. I just want him
back.

Aide 3 runs past them, shouting:

AIDE 3

The President's making an
announcement in the Orange
Courtyard.

Tati and Miria meet each others' eyes, hopeful.

EXT. MONEDA PALACE - ORANGE COURTYARD - DAY

Allende's press team are among the hundred people milling about the courtyard's fountain, lawns, and orange trees.

Vargas and Olivares snap photos and take notes.

OLIVARES

Hey Vargas, how many guns does an American need to fight an enemy?

Vargas's brow is knit with worry, but he knows the answer:

VARGAS

Two. One to shoot and one to sell to his enemy so he can shoot back.

Nearby, Toha chuckles.

Vargas glances at him, smiles.

A door opens and Allende emerges into the courtyard.

Vargas raises his camera to snap a picture of the President.

Allende barely has to put a hand up to get everybody's attention and silence. Miria and Tati stand closest to him. Isabel joins her sister.

ALLENDE

Compañeros! I can't thank you enough for your support today. We will fight this to the death. But I cannot ask this sacrifice of all of you.

Allende turns to the policemen standing in a group.

ALLENDE (cont'd)

Officers, thank you for your unwavering loyalty. Our paths diverge here. I wish you the best of luck in the new world that greets us tomorrow.

Allende shakes Captain Navarro's hand.

CAPTAIN NAVARRO

Mr. President.

Navarro removes his holstered gun.

The other policemen all watch him.

Navarro places the gun on the ground at Allende's feet.

Another policeman follows suit, relinquishes his gun as well.

One by one, all the other policemen disarm themselves, leave their weapons behind for Allende.

They all salute their president and walk away.

ALLENDE

Wait. Navarro.

Navarro hangs back

ALLENDE (cont'd)

One last thing. You're friends with
Sergeant Araya, aren't you?

Navarro looks at him darkly.

ALLENDE (cont'd)

See what you can do for the G.A.P.
boys he's holding in Public Works.

Allende glances back at Miria, who can hear the exchange.

SEPULVEDA

They won't negotiate --

CAPTAIN NAVARRO

I'll see what I can do.

Allende gives him a nod and he heads off.

He looks over at Sepulveda.

ALLENDE

You're not leaving with them?

SEPULVEDA

It's too late for me to leave now.
Mendoza'll have my head.

Allende turns to the crowd again.

ALLENDE

The military's provided cars and
safe passage to the Cuban Embassy
for anyone else who wants to leave.
Anyone with children, or who doesn't
know how to use a gun, please, go.

Several aides and ministers shuffle towards the exits.

Toha watches most of the cabinet stay put, some grumbling.

Allende turns to his adviser, Garces.

ALLENDE (cont'd)
 Juan Garces, I'll never forget your
 wise counsel, but a Spaniard
 shouldn't die in a Chilean coup. Go,
 tell the world what happened here.

ADVISER GARCES
 Thank you, Mr. President. I hope we
 speak again.

He steps away.

ALLENDE
 And finally, I must insist that all
 the women evacuate the palace.

TATI
 No!

Miria's face falls.

ISABEL
 We're not leaving!

ALLENDE
 You have to.

Miria melts into the crowd before anyone can see she's gone.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CRIMSON SALON - DAY

Miria cringes in the middle of a room painted deep red.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR (V.O.)
 (prelap)
 Did you feel guilty at all, hiding
 in the palace instead of leaving to
 find your son?

INT. SANTIAGO COURT OF APPEALS - DAY

Old Miria pleads her case desperately to the gallery.

OLD MIRIA
 What would I have told Araya?
 "Hello, any chance you've changed
 your mind in the last two hours
 about all those hostages you're
 holding?" That's why Allende sent
 Navarro to go talk to him.
 (MORE)

OLD MIRIA (cont'd)
The palace was the closest I could
be to Enrique until a better option
presented itself.

EXT. MONEDA PALACE - ORANGE COURTYARD - DAY

Allende placates Isabel, while Tati looks around for Miria.

ALLENDE
Isabel, my mind's made up.

TATI
Papa, did you talk to Pinochet?

ALLENDE
Yes, briefly. We haven't begun
negotiating.

TATI
But you are going to negotiate,
right?

ALLENDE
I hope so.

Tati grabs Allende's arm, her voice trembling.

TATI
Papa. Please.

ALLENDE
(chuckling)
Where's my daughter and what have
you done with her?

Allende finally sees the little girl in her again.

ALLENDE (cont'd)
Don't be scared.

He embraces her.

TATI
Promise me you'll speak to him.
Work something out.

Allende doesn't respond. He brings Isabel into the hug.

TATI (cont'd)
Please! Promise me!

But Allende can't. The crowd watches, somber and silent.

ALLENDE

Go now. The cars will be along any moment.

Tati and Isabel, finally, reluctantly leave.

Tati looks over her shoulder, scans the crowd.

But Miria's not there.

Tati's not sure how she feels about that.

Allende wipes his tears and turns to the remaining people in the building.

All seventy of them watch him, waiting for his command.

ALLENDE (cont'd)

Well, anyone who wants to fight, pick up a weapon.

No one moves. Half the crowd are G.A.P., already armed.

Vargas glances at Olivares, wondering if they should get one.

Finally, Toha steps forward and grabs a gun. Then Puccio, a few other cabinet ministers, and a few staffers and aides.

Vargas steps forward but Olivares holds him back.

OLIVARES

No. That's the only weapon you need.

He points to Vargas's camera.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The four generals watch the progress from the window, all holding up binoculars.

A dozen policemen emerge from Moneda's northern facade, waving white handkerchiefs.

GENERAL PINOCHET

There go the policemen. Where are they going?

The policemen head into the Public Works building.

Pinochet turns to the Radio Operator:

GENERAL PINOCHET (cont'd)
 Tell Araya they've got company.
 Maybe a dozen officers, give or
 take.

(beat)
 And where are the cars for the
 other evacuees?

RADIO OPERATOR
 They're on their way sir.

INT. MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS - THIRD FLOOR BULLPEN - DAY

Enrique, Max, and the other G.A.P. still sit handcuffed to
 the tables.

Max nudges Enrique: three men approach stealthily from the
 hallway. Max and Enrique shake their heads frantically.

Araya and his men leap out and fire -- RATATATATAT!

Navarro and the others duck for cover.

CAPTAIN NAVARRO
 We're unarmed! Don't shoot!

As the gunfire stops, Navarro waves his white handkerchief
 and slowly stands up.

CAPTAIN NAVARRO (cont'd)
 Sergeant. I'm here to request you
 release those men.

SERGEANT ARAYA
 Why would I do that?

CAPTAIN NAVARRO
 Because you have us now.

SERGEANT ARAYA
 So what?

CAPTAIN NAVARRO
 They're just boys. Look at them.
 They're no threat to you.

Araya looks back at the G.A.P. servicemen -- very young
 faces -- but his mind isn't changed. He shakes his head.

His men step forward to handcuff Navarro and the others.

Enrique and Max look on in dismay as the men join the
 G.A.P., chained to the tables.

Araya and his men head into the adjacent office.

MAX

What was the point of trying that
without any guns?

CAPTAIN NAVARRO

I'm not going to shoot any of them.
Those are my men.

Enrique chuckles, shakes his head.

CAPTAIN NAVARRO (cont'd)

Well, they were. But they'd do the
same if the roles were reversed.

Enrique turns his head so Navarro can see his black eye,
swollen from Araya's nasty pistol whip.

ENRIQUE

You sure about that?

He points at the G.A.P. serviceman with the shattered
kneecap, covered in sweat from the pain.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - DAY

Pinochet continues staring through his binoculars, while the
other generals shift impatiently behind him.

GENERAL MENDOZA

Why would he want people to evacuate if
he was going to negotiate a surrender?

GENERAL LEIGH

Because he's not going to
surrender.

Leigh smokes his cigar near the radio operators, blows smoke
over the control panel.

ADMIRAL MERINO

He seemed sincere to me.

GENERAL LEIGH

Acting isn't hard over the phone.

Pinochet, preoccupied searching for the cars, lets the
others bicker about it without much interference.

RADIO OPERATOR

The tanks are within range of the
palace.

GENERAL PINOCHET
What about the cars?

But there still aren't any cars next to Moneda.

GENERAL MENDOZA
We could end this now, ourselves.

GENERAL PINOCHET
We give Allende this one small thing and he'll at least talk. We break our promise, and we're looking at a long night and a lot of lives lost.

RADIO OPERATOR
Incoming call from Moneda.

GENERAL PINOCHET
Already? Patch him through.

Operator 1 hits a button and points at Pinochet.

MIRIA (V.O.)
(over speakerphone)
General Pinochet?

GENERAL PINOCHET
(into speakerphone)
Oh, Ms. Contreras.

MIRIA (V.O.)
I'm staying behind in the palace until my son is released. And I want to speak to him.

GENERAL PINOCHET
Fine. But it'll have to wait until the evacuation's complete and I've talked to Salvador.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CRIMSON SALON - DAY

Miria white-knuckles the phone, almost shouting into it:

MIRIA
(into phone)
No, I want to speak to him now.

GENERAL PINOCHET (V.O.)
(over phone)
You're not exactly in a position to bargain.

Miria hesitates, realizes something.

MIRIA
You don't have him, do you? You
don't know where he is.

Pinochet sighs.

MIRIA (cont'd)
You've been blackmailing me with a
phantom threat. You have --

A CLICK on the phone line. Miria looks at the phone -- did
Pinochet hang up?

She waits a moment, but hears nothing. She shakes her head,
goes to hang up the phone.

But a NOISE comes through. She puts the phone back to her
ear.

MIRIA (cont'd)
Hello?

ENRIQUE (V.O.)
(over phone)
Mama?

MIRIA
Enrique? Is that you?

ENRIQUE (V.O.)
It's me! Oh my god, it's good to
hear your voice --

MIRIA
Mi hijo, are you ok? How are you
doing, tell me --

Enrique SCREAMS over the phone, in excruciating pain,
leaving Miria to only imagine what they're doing to him.

MIRIA (cont'd)
Enrique? Enrique! What's happening?
Oh god!

CLICK. The line goes dead.

Miria screams in anguish, slams the phone on the cradle.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - HALLWAY - DAY

Allende heads through a hallway, his ministers following.

ALLENDE

Gentlemen, would you give me a moment? I'd just like to clear my head and then --

He hears muffled screams coming from around the corner.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CRIMSON SALON - DAY

Allende walks in on Miria, still screaming and slamming the phone around.

ALLENDE

Payita! What are you doing?

She stares at him through her tears, and Allende melts with sympathy. He approaches her while the other ministers hang back by the door.

ALLENDE (cont'd)

What are you doing here? The women and the others haven't left yet. Go, you should be with them. Find your son.

MIRIA

I can't abandon you.

ALLENDE

I gave you express permission to do that.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - DAY

Pinochet surveys the plaza through his binoculars.

RADIO OPERATOR

The cars have reached the palace.

Pinochet spots a pair of black Lincoln Town Cars pulling up to the Morande Street door beside the palace.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - INSIDE THE MORANDE STREET DOOR - DAY

Tati, Isabel, and the others wait to evacuate. Tati is glued to the peephole.

TATI

They're here. Let's go.

She opens the door and everyone heads outside:

EXT. MORANDE STREET - DAY

The cars are waiting for them on the curb of the narrow street. But the moment Tati grabs one of their door handles, the cars peel away from the curb and speed off.

TATI

Hey! Wait!

They glance around, all of them exposed to the elements. A handful of soldiers across the plaza spot them, start shouting at one another and pointing.

ISABEL

Tati, what's happening?

Tati looks back at Moneda. But the heavy door swings shut behind them. They try to open it again, but it's locked.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - DAY

Pinochet gazes at the confusion through the binoculars.

GENERAL PINOCHET

What the hell is going on?

He spots the cars speeding away, disappearing into the city.

EXT. MORANDE STREET - DAY

As the evacuees bang on the palace door, Tati surveys the plaza, holds her belly to protect her baby.

SHOUTING FROM ABOVE. The G.A.P. snipers on the rooftops, saying something to the women. Desperate.

Something is very wrong. They're pointing at something:

A block away in the southern plaza, tank artillery swivel toward Moneda.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pinochet, Merino, and Mendoza watch the women from the window.

Leigh hangs back near the radio operators.

GENERAL PINOCHET

Why are they aiming...? What's happening? No!

EXT. MORANDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Tati watches the tank cannons settle on their targets --

TATI

Take cover!

Tati holds her belly, pulls the others to the ground.

BOOM! RATATATATAT!

Deafening gunfire shatters the silence.

The evacuees scream, huddled out of the line of fire.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CRIMSON SALON - CONTINUOUS

Allende and Miria hear the gunshots and spin around.

They run out to:

INT. MONEDA PALACE - EASTERN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hallway's not too exposed to the gunfire, unlike the evacuees visible outside, huddling against the palace one story below. Sparks fly dangerously close to their heads.

ALLENDE

Where are the cars?

MIRIA

Call Pinochet!

Sepulveda and fifteen G.A.P. run past them.

ALLENDE

No time.

He runs after them, northward.

Miria's stomach drops. She chases Allende.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - NORTHERN HALLWAY - DAY

A hailstorm of bullets and debris flying everywhere.

Allende and the G.A.P. return fire from the windows.

Miria crawls into the hallway, spots Allende a ways off.

ALLENDE

Draw their fire to the west side!
Away from Morande!

Sepulveda grasps his shoulder.

SEPULVEDA

Sir, you shouldn't be here! Let us
handle this!

ZING! A bullet shatters a window near Allende.

Allende sprays his AK-47 out the window with a primal scream.

EXT. MORANDE STREET - DAY

Bullets zing and mortar fire shakes the ground under the women huddling against the palace walls.

It's a cacophony of screaming, gunfire, and debris.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pinochet's turned on the other generals, spitting and screaming in their faces.

GENERAL PINOCHET

Who did this? Who ended the
ceasefire?

He looks from one General to the next, trying to suss out the liar. The Generals all cower in fear, except for Leigh.

He smokes casually, next to the radio operators.

GENERAL PINOCHET (cont'd)

You have no idea what you're doing,
you fucking --

GENERAL LEIGH

I'm getting the job done.

GENERAL PINOCHET

We need the people behind us! They
won't do that if we shoot at
unarmed pregnant women!

GENERAL LEIGH

The president's shooting back.

GENERAL PINOCHET

What?

Pinochet raises his binoculars again.

THROUGH BINOCULARS: Allende shoots wildly from a window, and then ducks inside to reload.

GENERAL PINOCHET (cont'd)
Son of a --

INT. MONEDA PALACE - NORTHERN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Miria continues crawling toward Allende.

A G.A.P. serviceman's head EXPLODES with blood in front of her.

She controls her gag reflex, keeps moving.

Another one gets hit behind her. Bleeds out. And another.

Allende tosses his AK-47 aside.

Miria reaches him, still on her belly.

MIRIA
Chicho! Don't do this!

ALLENDE
Have our people escaped?

MIRIA
How the hell do I know?

Allende returns to his gun.

Miria tries to yank Allende away.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THROUGH BINOCULARS: Allende and Miria rush away from the fighting together.

Pinochet snarls, locks eyes with a smug Leigh.

GENERAL LEIGH
I told you. She wants to die with him.
(to radio operators)
How long would it take to launch
air strikes?

RADIO OPERATOR
Forty-five minutes, give or take.

Pinochet watches Leigh warily, but doesn't say anything.

He looks at a clock on the wall: 11:10 AM.

EXT. MORANDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The evacuees are still huddled against the palace. The gunfire is a little more distant now, not focused here.

Tati uses the opportunity to look around. She spots an exit.

TATI
Come on, Public Works garage, let's
go! Hurry up!

The evacuees burst off the wall.

Tati leads them across the street, until she spots:

Isabel, still frozen in place near Moneda, eyes shut tight, hands over her ears.

Soldiers shout, turn their guns back toward the evacuees.

TATI (cont'd)
Isabel! We have to go!

Tati runs back and drags Isabel with her.

They all head toward the garage ramp under the Public Works building that Miria used earlier.

Allende appears in a window of the palace, spots them.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - EASTERN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Miria joins Allende at the window, and they both watch Tati and Isabel scurry out of sight, into Public Works.

ALLENDE
Oh thank god. They'll find a way
out through the city somewhere.

Miria grabs him.

MIRIA
What the hell is wrong with you?

ALLENDE
What?

She pulls him into a nearby office:

INT. MONEDA PALACE - EMPTY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She slams the door after they're inside.

ALLENDE

What's wrong?

MIRIA

You almost got yourself killed!

ALLENDE

They were shooting at our people!
And my daughters!

MIRIA

And the G.A.P. were handling it
fine without you!

ALLENDE

Payita, this is a good thing!

MIRIA

How! In what way!

ALLENDE

Think what they'll write. The
president risked his own life to
save his people from the maniacs
attacking the government. That's
great for us.

Miria shakes her head.

MIRIA

You need to call Pinochet.

ALLENDE

Why? It would look like a peaceful
transfer of power.

MIRIA

Chicho, I don't like this. I stayed
here to help you --

ALLENDE

Payita, my mind is clear. For the
first time today, I know how to
win --

MIRIA

You've already lost!

ALLENDE
 (ignoring her)
 -- and I don't need any help. But
 your son --

MIRIA
 They won't touch him if you just stop.

ALLENDE
 You really believe that?

Miria's not so sure anymore. It scares her.

MIRIA
 Please, Chicho. Don't do this.

She tries to embrace him, but he steps away from her.

ALLENDE
 Go save your son.

Miria gazes at him through her tears, her heart breaking.

Allende strides out of the room without another word.

Miria starts to cry.

OLD MIRIA (V.O.)
 He was right, of course. I'd been
 stupid. I should have admitted it,
 at least said goodbye properly.

But after a moment, Miria calms down. She wipes her tears.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY

Miria finds a stash of guns, ammunition, and other supplies haphazardly thrown into the closet for the siege.

OLD MIRIA (V.O.)
 But it was time to move on. No one
 else was going to save Enrique for me.

Miria heaves a bulletproof vest on, perches a helmet on her head, and then slings an AK-47 over one shoulder and an ammo belt over the other.

She lifts the gun to aiming position. Drops it. Aims it again, faster. Drops it. Aims it even faster.

This is insane. Is she really doing this?

She sees a grenade on the ground. Picks it up.

She takes a deep breath, and then heads off on a mission.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ministers pace back and forth -- the sounds of gunfire more muffled here -- while staffers sit around in varying states of terror.

Snippets of the dozens of conversations are intelligible:

MINISTER TOHA
Unbelievable!

ADVISER PUCCIO
On their own capitol!

MINISTER TOHA
At women!

Olivares and Vargas walk around, snap photos, take notes.

Vargas jumps at every little noise.

OLIVARES
Hey, Vargas. How many American
soldiers does it take to screw in a
light bulb?

Nearby, Vergara provides the punchline instead of Vargas:

MINISTER VERGARA
Only one, but he's got to do it
from another continent with an
eight-million dollar laser
targeting system.

Vargas stops flinching for a moment to roll his eyes. He can't help but smile at Olivares and Vergara.

Joaquin sits with another **STAFFER** in the corner.

STAFFER
Hope she made it out of the city.

JOAQUIN
My uncle left last week. Wish I'd
joined him.

Allende strides into the room, a spring in his step.

The ministers leap to their feet and crowd him.

MINISTERS AND ADVISERS

(ad lib)

Mr. President! You've got to
surrender! You've got to negotiate!
Someone's going to die!

Allende takes a seat and raises a hand for silence.

The others take their seats. The staffers and aides stand.

ALLENDE

We've got no chance of winning --

MINISTER VERGARA

So you've agreed to surrender?

ALLENDE

-- but we can still win a moral
victory.

MINISTER TOHA

And what does that mean, exactly?

ALLENDE

Get Pinochet on the phone.

Joaquin grabs the phone, dials.

JOAQUIN

I have President Allende for
General Pinochet.

The ministers look worried as Allende takes the phone.

GENERAL PINOCHET (V.O.)

(over phone)

Salvador? What's the meaning of
this?

ALLENDE

(into phone)

You're one to talk! You just shot
at my daughters, you son of a
bitch!

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - DAY

Pinochet and the other generals sit around the speakerphone.

GENERAL PINOCHET

(into speakerphone)

And you shot at our soldiers! Let's
call it even!

ALLENDE (V.O.)
 (from speakerphone)
 There's a world of difference
 between the two!

Allende's ministers gesture desperately for him to calm down.

INTERCUT PINOCHET AND ALLENDE

GENERAL PINOCHET
 You have no right to fire on our men!

ALLENDE
 No, we made a deal, Augusto! And
 you broke it!

Pinochet glares at Leigh: I told you.

ALLENDE (cont'd)
 How could I have ever trusted you?
 You son of a bitch. You god damn --

A light bulb goes off for Pinochet. He presses a button, puts Allende on hold.

GENERAL PINOCHET
 He's provoking us. He wants us
 to escalate.

GENERAL LEIGH
 Then let's give him what he wants.

GENERAL PINOCHET
 No. How soon can we surround the
 presidential mansion?

RADIO OPERATOR
 At Tomas Moro? Give me one moment.

GENERAL LEIGH
 You played your game with his mistress
 and it didn't work. Now this?

RADIO OPERATOR
 The closest unit is three minutes away.

Pinochet takes Allende off hold. He's still ranting:

ALLENDE (V.O.)
 (over speakerphone)
 -- fascist pig, and you --

GENERAL PINOCHET
 Salvador! Salvador, please! Can I
 say something?

INTERCUT PINOCHET AND ALLENDE

GENERAL PINOCHET (cont'd)
 The police are surrounding Tomas
 Moro as we speak.

Allende freezes.

ALLENDE
 Is that right?

GENERAL PINOCHET
 No one has to get hurt. But if we
 can't negotiate, we'll have to --

Allende presses a button, puts Pinochet on hold.

ALLENDE
 Get my wife on the phone. Hurry.

The aides spring into action.

Pinochet frowns. The speakerphone's interrupted him. He realizes:

GENERAL PINOCHET
 He's trying to reach his wife. He's
 calling our bluff!
 (to radio operators)
 Cut the phone lines to Tomas Moro. Now!

The radio operators spring into action, getting messages to soldiers in the field.

Allende's aides dial furiously, trying a few different lines.

JOAQUIN
 Yes, Mrs. Allende?

Allende snatches the phone out of Joaquin's hand.

ALLENDE
 (into phone)
 Mi Tencha? Are you alright? Is
 everything ok?

HORTENSIA (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 Yes, yes. Everything's fine. What's
 the matter, Chicho? What's going --

ALLENDE
 Leave! Now! There are --

The line goes dead.

ALLENDE (cont'd)
 Tencha? Tencha?

INT. TOMAS MORO MANSION - DAY

Hortensia looks at the phone, frowning. Carmen sits nearby.

HORTENSIA
 (into phone)
 Chicho? Can you hear me?

Carmen tries the phone as well:

CARMEN
 Papa? Hello? What did he say?

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - DAY

The Radio Operator calls out to the Generals:

RADIO OPERATOR
 All lines to Tomas Moro have been cut.

Pinochet stares at the speakerphone, waiting...

Allende comes back on the line:

ALLENDE
 (over speakerphone)
 You sick son of a bitch, Augusto.
 There's no low you can't reach.

GENERAL PINOCHET
 Salvador, please --

ALLENDE
 My family's innocent. I'm the one
 you want.

GENERAL PINOCHET
 Then let's talk --

ALLENDE
 But they're willing to die for
 this, same as me. So do your worst.

Pinochet doesn't understand... He puts Allende on hold.

RADIO OPERATOR
 Sir, the infantry unit's reached
 Tomas Moro.

EXT. TOMAS MORO MANSION - DAY

From the safety of some distant underbrush, Hortensia and Carmen watch military jeeps and soldiers surround their home and search it.

The two armed **G.A.P. SOLDIERS** behind them keep watch.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)
 They're saying the home is empty.
 The first lady and her daughters
 are gone.

Hortensia and Carmen turn away from their home soon enough, and the G.A.P. men quietly lead them away on foot.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM

Pinochet slams a fist on the table.

GENERAL PINOCHET
 God damn it!

GENERAL LEIGH
 This is a waste of time.

GENERAL MENDOZA
 You're never going to get through
 to him.

But Pinochet's mind is working.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Allende waits for the speakerphone.

ALLENDE
 Augusto? Did you hang up?

GENERAL PINOCHET (V.O.)
 (over speakerphone)
 Do you want to know a secret,
 Salvador?

Pinochet's voice is different. More laid back. The urgency of a few moments ago has vanished.

It disarms Allende.

ALLENDE

A secret?

INT. MONEDA PALACE - HALLWAY - DAY

Miria, still decked out in all her gear, opens a door, starts heading down the stairs and into the basement of Moneda. A sign at the bottom of the stairs reads:

"TUNNEL TO MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS"

INT. MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS GARAGE - DAY

Miria emerges from the tunnel into the underground garage.

GENERAL PINOCHET

Do you want to know who I've been chatting with, all morning?

(beat)

I'll give you a hint. You know her very well. She might even be in the room with you.

She heads towards the elevator, goes to press the call button, but hesitates.

She goes through another door, takes the stairs instead.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Allende looks all around the room at his ministers, staffers, aides. Only men surround him.

GENERAL PINOCHET (V.O.)

(over speakerphone)

She called me this morning, desperate, the poor thing. She said she could convince you to surrender.

Allende's eyes widen, starting to understand.

INT. MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS - STAIRWELL - DAY

Miria climbs up the stairs, passing the second floor and approaching the third. Slowly. Quietly.

Pinochet's leering taunts continue:

GENERAL PINOCHET (V.O.)
 She said she was confident she
 could engineer a peaceful transfer
 of power.

Miria approaches the third floor door. A small window on it.

She peers through. Sees nothing. Coast is clear.

She opens the door as quietly as she can, can't help it
 creaking as she closes it behind her.

INT. MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS - HALLWAY - DAY

Miria stalks down the hallway, checking every room she
 passes, turns a corner --

GENERAL PINOCHET (V.O.)
 All she wanted in return was one
 small thing.

THERE'S ENRIQUE! There at the end of the hallway!

GENERAL PINOCHET (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Her son.

Enrique sees her, shakes his head frantically.

She heeds his warning, stops in her tracks.

Miria's breathing quickens. She looks around, her mind
 racing. What to do, what to do?

She pulls out her one grenade...

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The ministers look around at one another, shocked by
 Pinochet's revelations.

Allende stays stone still, his blood boiling.

GENERAL PINOCHET (V.O.)
 (over speakerphone)
 Wait, she didn't tell you about
 this? She... lied to you?

Allende puts Pinochet on hold.

ALLENDE
 (to the aides)
 Find her.

JOAQUIN

Who?

ALLENDE

Miria! She was headed to Public Works. Get her back!

Joaquin runs out.

INT. MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS - THIRD FLOOR BULLPEN - DAY

BOOM! From somewhere inside the building on this floor.

Araya and his men burst out of the adjacent office, glare at the G.A.P. men and Navarro, but they haven't moved.

Araya and co. run off in search of the blast...

And Miria sneaks in through another entrance.

ENRIQUE

Mama!

MIRIA

Enrique, *mi hijo!*

She runs to him, scoops him into a tight embrace.

The G.A.P. servicemen and the police sit up, hopeful.

CAPTAIN NAVARRO

We don't have a lot of time.
They'll be back any moment.

MIRIA

Where are the keys?

Max points to the adjacent office.

MAX

If they're anywhere, they'll be in there.

Miria rushes in:

Sure enough, she spots a large keyring and grabs it -- she remembers a little late to muffle the jangling of the keys.

She returns to the G.A.P., searching for the handcuff keys.

CAPTAIN NAVARRO
 No, not that one. Keep going, I'll
 tell you which one. No, no, no. See
 that one. Yeah, try that.

He nods toward one of the keys.

Miria fishes it out and tries it on Enrique's cuffs.

CLICK.

Enrique comes free! He stands up.

CAPTAIN NAVARRO (cont'd)
 Unlock me and then get out of here.

Miria uncuffs Navarro.

CAPTAIN NAVARRO (cont'd)
 Go. I'll get the rest.

He takes the keys from her.

MIRIA
 But --

She wants to keep helping, but Enrique pulls her away.

ENRIQUE
 He's got it. Let's get out of here,
 mama.

MAX
 Enrique, good luck.

They run for the doors. Grab the handle --

RATATATAT! Gunfire rakes the ceiling.

Everyone ducks for cover.

Araya and his men stroll back into the room, guns raised.

Fuck.

SERGEANT ARAYA
 We just got orders to evacuate.

He holds up his radio. Gestures for Enrique to join him.

MIRIA
 Please, Sergeant. He's my son.

But Araya shakes his head.

Enrique has no choice. He tries to walk to Araya, but Miria clings to him, won't let him go.

MIRIA (cont'd)
No, please. Don't do this!

ENRIQUE
Mama, it's alright.

Araya wrenches Enrique from her grasp, pulls him away.

MIRIA
I'll do anything!

Miria pulls Araya close to her, slides her hand down to his --

Araya grabs the AK-47 hanging around her neck and yanks it away before he pushes her off.

MIRIA (cont'd)
Then arrest me too! Take me with you! Please!

She proffers her wrists for handcuffs.

SERGEANT ARAYA
No.

His men finish rounding up the G.A.P. men for the evacuation and start trickling out.

Max doesn't resist. He's one of the first to be led out.

Araya keeps watching Miria, making sure she can't do anything but look on helplessly.

MIRIA
Where are you taking them? Where are they going?

No one answers. She's without a weapon, without a protest.

ENRIQUE
Mama, go now.

Araya glances back --

Miria leaps forward

SHE FORCES THE MUZZLE OF HIS GUN TO HER OWN HEAD.

Everyone raises their guns, panicked.

MIRIA
Kill me! But let him go. Please,
Sergeant. I'm begging you.

ENRIQUE
Mama, don't do this!

MIRIA
It's ok, *mi hijo*. Everything's
going to be ok.

Miria smiles at him, ready for the end. She closes her eyes.

Enrique turns away, sobbing.

Araya considers. He gets a better grip on his gun, and...

YANKS the gun away from Miria.

SERGEANT ARAYA
No.
(to his men)
Hurry up, get them out.

MIRIA
No. No! Kill me!

Enrique gets pushed toward the door. He watches his mother
the whole way, no words left.

Miria runs toward him -- a GUT-PUNCH from Araya fells her.

MIRIA (cont'd)
Mi hijo...

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Allende continues shouting at Pinochet on the phone, ignoring
the angry gestures of the remaining ministers in the room.

ALLENDE
(into phone)
You've lost, Augusto!

GENERAL PINOCHET
I could level the palace right now,
you --

ALLENDE
Then do it! Put your money where
your mouth is and --

The ground shakes.

Everyone looks around for a beat, and then....

EXT. MONEDA PALACE - DAY

A HUGE EXPLOSION rips through the second floor of the palace, the most devastating blow it's suffered all day.

Fighter jets scream overhead.

INT. MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS - THIRD FLOOR BULLPEN - DAY

The SHOCKWAVES throw everyone off balance.

Miria bolts toward Enrique --

She can't yank him free from Araya.

It becomes a messy, three-way wrestling match.

Just when it seems like Miria and Enrique have pinned Araya down, he slips free.

Just when they've grabbed his gun, he yanks it away and sprays the ceiling with bullets.

More jets roar over the city --

BOOM! BOOM! More bombs fall.

The thick smoke outside rolls across the windows, throwing Miria's fight into pitch black.

The occasional sliver of sunlight that breaks through exposes a sliver of the wrestling match.

The occasional STROBE of the gun going off also illuminates the tableaux.

Until finally the sounds of struggle stop.

The smoke clears, revealing...

Miria and Enrique, free of Araya...

And Araya pointing his gun at them.

ARAYA

Either of you try anything else,
I'll shoot both of you.

Enrique looks at his mother before he walks toward Araya.

ENRIQUE
I'm sorry, mama.

MIRIA
No, I'm sorry.

ARAYA
Let's go.

Araya jams the muzzle of his gun into Enrique's back and walks him out.

MIRIA
I love you, Enrique. Never forget that.

Miria collapses to the floor, sobbing.

She turns toward the windows, stares at the smoking wreckage of the palace's upper floors.

OLD PINOCHET (V.O.)
(prelap)
I did not order the air strikes!

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Old Pinochet is adamant on this point:

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR
The records indicate that you did.

OLD PINOCHET
Bombing my own capitol? Who does that sound like to you?

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Merino and Mendoza watch the smoke and flame of Moneda smoke and flame through the window --

Pinochet glares at Leigh with pure hatred.

GENERAL PINOCHET
It was a bluff, Leigh. A god damn bluff. A military maneuver, a tactic.

GENERAL LEIGH
Fuck off. I just ended this.

GENERAL PINOCHET

This is exactly what he wanted --

GENERAL LEIGH

No, somebody had to do something about Allende while you were busy playing games with his mistress.

GENERAL PINOCHET

You've made us the villains.

GENERAL LEIGH

I've won.

INT. MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS GARAGE - DAY

Miria emerges from the elevator and walks into the garage.

There are only a few cars left since Araya evacuated the G.A.P. men. Miria tries every car door there is, goes down the line quickly, desperately hoping --

One of the car doors opens --

JOAQUIN (O.S.)

Wait!

Joaquin comes running in from the Moneda tunnel.

MIRIA

Joaquin?

JOAQUIN

I have to bring you back to Moneda.

MIRIA

I have to find my son, they just took him --

JOAQUIN

President's orders.

MIRIA

The president's dead! They bombed him halfway to hell!

Joaquin hangs his head. It sinks in. For the both of them.

They embrace, crying. Too much heartbreak for one day.

But a radio crackles. A garbled voice comes through.

MIRIA (cont'd)
That's coming from the palace?

Joaquin nods, pulls the walkie off his belt, turns up the volume a bit.

They lean forward, listening...

Only static... only static...

ALLENDE (V.O.)
(over radio)
Only a dog shits in his own house,
Augusto.

Miria CRIES OUT in joy and grabs Joaquin in a tight embrace, crying once again. Joaquin laughs with joy.

But when they break, they're not sure what to do.

JOAQUIN
Go save your son. I'll tell them I
couldn't find you.

But Miria hesitates.

OLD MIRIA (V.O.)
I had no idea where they were
taking my son, and I would've
gotten arrested in minutes if I'd
tried to find him like that.

Miria doesn't get in the car, shuts the door.

Joaquin stares at her, a little surprised.

OLD MIRIA (V.O.) (cont'd)
But I thought if I could save
Allende, maybe Pinochet would give
my son back.

Miria puts a hand around his shoulder for support, and the two of them walk back to the tunnel to the palace.

After they've safely gone...

RATATATATAT. The small arms fire is back on around the palace, audible just outside the garage ramp.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - DAY

Chaos. Radios buzz, phones ring off the hook.

Both radio operators and all four generals on phone calls, instructing various subordinates, including Pinochet.

GENERAL PINOCHET
 (into phone)
 Tell Palacios to proceed with
 extreme caution! I want the
 president alive!

He hangs up, passes Leigh, corners him against a wall.

GENERAL PINOCHET (cont'd)
 Leigh! You're lucky he survived. We
 might not be completely fucked. But
 I promise you, if you cross me
 again, you will regret it.

Pinochet walks off.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - HALLWAY - DAY

Fire and debris everywhere. Tear gas clouds. Shouting.

G.A.P. keep fighting at the windows, wearing gas masks. They pop up and down, fire a few shots each time.

Allende's right there next to them, channeling pure rage through the barrel of a gun.

Ministers Vergara and Puccio run up to Allende, no masks of their own, coughing profusely.

MINISTER VERGARA
 Mr. President!

ADVISER PUCCIO
 There aren't enough gas masks to go
 around in the Toesca Lounge!

ALLENDE
 Let's go!

Puccio and Vergara lead the president away from the fighting:

INT. MONEDA PALACE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A couple of staff **MEDICS** flit between thirty-odd wounded and wheezing ministers and staffers on the smoky room.

Allende takes off his own mask, gives it to a young staffer.

ADVISER PUCCIO

Sir. We've got to negotiate. This is suicide.

ALLENDE

Wait, the Declaration of Independence!

MINISTER VERGARA

What are you talking about?

ALLENDE

We've got to remove it! It's in the Independence Salon! It'll get damaged!

Allende bolts. Puccio and Vergara take off after Allende.

MINISTER VERGARA

Sir, come back!

In the corner of the room, Olivares and Vargas try to keep their cool. It's not working. Vargas snaps pictures of the wounded, the rubble.

Vargas's hand shakes, even when he snaps a photo.

OLIVARES

Hey Vargas, what's the difference between a military coup and a peaceful transition of power?

(beat)

A lot of people die in a military coup. It really isn't a laughing matter.

Vargas chuckles again.

He doesn't notice Olivares is pale as a sheet himself.

Olivares sees a pistol lying on the ground next to an unconscious G.A.P. serviceman.

OLIVARES (cont'd)

Be right back. Need to use the bathroom.

He maneuvers around the wounded and slyly swipes the pistol.

But Vargas notices him tucking the gun into his pocket before he's left the room.

VARGAS

Olivares!

Vargas runs after him.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - INDEPENDENCE SALON - DAY

Allende rushes into the meeting room, navigating piles of debris from the caved-in roof.

It's quieter here, away from the gunfight.

Allende removes a framed document that's lucky not to be damaged. The Chilean Declaration of Independence.

Puccio and Vergara reach the door.

MINISTER VERGARA

Mr. President! We are losing! We are dying!

ALLENDE

Fine.

ADVISER PUCCIO

We've got to negotiate!

ALLENDE

Yes, yes, fine.

MINISTER VERGARA

What?

ALLENDE

We'll negotiate. But they can't repeal any of our legislation.

MINISTER VERGARA

That's not a negotiation!

ADVISER PUCCIO

Let's at least start the conversation. Let's talk to the junta.

ALLENDE

Don't call them that. God damn traitors.

Puccio and Vergara head for the doors.

ALLENDE (cont'd)

Wait. Has there been any word from the Cuban Embassy?

MINISTER VERGARA

I believe Tati and Isabel made it there.

ALLENDE

Any word from my wife? Or from Carmen?

No response.

Allende nods stoically.

The ministers leave.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - HALLWAY - DAY

Allende wanders the crumbling, flaming hallway, far from the gunfight, like a hallucinatory fever dream.

He still clings to the framed Chilean Declaration of Independence, the only thing he has left.

He tries to read its faded ink.

But it vanishes before his eyes, melts off the page --

He spots Miria coming up a staircase. He comes back to his senses. Remembers her betrayal, his anger.

MIRIA

Chicho! Oh my god! I thought I'd lost you!

She runs over and embraces him, but he doesn't return it, just stays still.

MIRIA (cont'd)

My son, they took him. I couldn't save him. I couldn't save Enrique.

She notices the scowl on his face. He doesn't see her crying.

MIRIA (cont'd)

Chicho, what's wrong?

ALLENDE

A peaceful transition of power?

MIRIA

What?

ALLENDE

Don't be stupid.

MIRIA

What?

ALLENDE

What you promised Pinochet!

The color drains from Miria's face.

MIRIA

What? He made me --

ALLENDE

No wonder you never wanted to leave
the palace. You had a mission to
accomplish.

Allende walks towards her, makes her back up straight into a
hallway that's caved in, a dead end of flaming debris.

MIRIA

No, you don't understand --

ALLENDE

I'm trying to create a legacy here,
and you've just been trying to
erase it all day.

MIRIA

You can have a longer legacy --

ALLENDE

And what about your son? Huh?
You're letting him --

MIRIA

I did all of this for him! All of
it! Did Pinochet tell you that?

Allende stops, regards her.

MIRIA (cont'd)

He blackmailed me. He promised he'd
let Enrique go.

ALLENDE

And you believed him?

Miria shrugs.

MIRIA

Everything else had failed.
Sepulveda, Navarro... You. What was
I supposed to do?

(MORE)

MIRIA (cont'd)
I did all of this for Enrique. Not
to hurt you. I'm sorry.

Allende's heart melts for her.

BANG! A gunshot nearby.

Allende and Miria follow the sound to:

INT. MONEDA PALACE - EMPTY OFFICE - DAY

They discover Olivares alone, slumped in a chair, pistol tucked under his chin. Blood runs down his shirt.

VARGAS (O.S.)
Olivares, no!

Vargas bursts into the room from behind them. He freezes when he spots the body. He melts into tears, collapses, crawls toward his friend.

All sounds fall away for Allende. Time stands still.

Vargas rocks back and forth, sobbing.

He rocks Olivares too, his dead stare, eyes locked.

Flames dance near the ceiling.

Shattered glass on the floor.

Miria clings to Allende, sobbing.

She's saying something, pulling him.

Slowly, gradually, he hears her:

MIRIA
Stop this, Chicho. Please. Just
come with me.

He follows her, to:

INT. MONEDA PALACE - HALLWAY - DAY

Miria leads Allende down the crumbling hallway. But he stops.

ALLENDE
I'm not a coward.

MIRIA

What coward could have braved this?
And what hero bombs his own city?
You won.

ALLENDE

No, I --

MIRIA

Yes, you did. You don't have to be
a martyr. Olivares, he didn't have
to be a martyr. None of us do.

Allende looks in her eyes and keeps following her.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - DAY

A couple of soldiers lead Vergara and Puccio into the War Room, sit them down with the generals.

GENERAL PINOCHET

So, the president's agreed to
surrender, has he?

MINISTER VERGARA

Under certain conditions.

Pinochet laughs, shaking his head.

GENERAL PINOCHET

No.

Puccio's taken aback, but Vergara hangs his head, knew this was coming.

RADIO OPERATOR

Sorry to interrupt. The President
is calling.

Pinochet picks up a phone nearby.

GENERAL PINOCHET

(into phone)

No conditions. You surrender, or
we --

ALLENDE (V.O.)

(over phone)

Alright Augusto, it's over.

GENERAL PINOCHET

What's that?

ALLENDE (V.O.)
I'm calling it off. Full and
unconditional surrender.

GENERAL PINOCHET
You're serious?

ALLENDE
Yes.

Pinochet pumps his fist.

GENERAL PINOCHET
I'm glad you finally came to your
senses.

ALLENDE (V.O.)
Cease fire and we'll evacuate from
the Morande Street door.

GENERAL PINOCHET
You've got fifteen minutes. Come
out with your hands on your head or
we'll shoot.

Pinochet hangs up.

The clock reads 2:14 PM.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - EMPTY OFFICE - DAY

Allende hangs up the phone and Miria embraces him, keeps
crying into his shoulder.

ALLENDE
Shhhh. It's ok. We're all ok.

MIRIA
Thank you.

ALLENDE
Of course. We're going to get
Enrique back, you hear me?

MIRIA
No, I mean, thank you for this.
(gesturing to the building)
All of it.

ALLENDE
Thank you for destroying Moneda?

Miria laughs.

MIRIA
No! I mean, for what you --

ALLENDE
I know. But you were always
destined for greatness, Miria
Contreras.

Miria laughs.

MIRIA
Destined to fall in love with
greatness, anyway.

They stare at one another for an eternity.

They kiss, knowing deep down that it's the last time,
knowing they'll have to remember each others' touch by this
moment, never wanting this to end.

EXT. MONEDA PALACE - DAY

Ugly black smoke still mars the crumbling ruins of the
palace. Tanks have moved in close.

Soldiers shout instructions to each other as they form up
around the Morande Street door, waiting for the evacuation.

OLD MIRIA (V.O.)
Around two-thirty, we lined up to
evacuate the palace.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - INSIDE THE MORANDE STREET DOOR - DAY

The palace inhabitants line up along the staircase that
leads down to the door. Around sixty after all the fighting.

At the front of the line, Miria shakes hands with Allende.

ALLENDE
Thank you, Payita. For everything.

Miria is crying too much to speak. She manages a nod.

ALLENDE (cont'd)
I want you to keep The Declaration
of Independence. Make sure it's
taken care of.

He shows her the folded up parchment in his jacket pocket,
now removed from its frame.

He takes off the jacket, drapes it around Miria with the parchment still inside.

Allende continues to Joaquin behind Miria. Shakes his hand.

ALLENDE (cont'd)
Thank you, Joaquin.

JOAQUIN
It's been an honor, sir.

Allende continues up the stairs to thank each and every person, one-by-one, getting emotional over and over again.

OLD MIRIA (V.O.)
He knew all of their names, even the newest staffers. He knew what all of them did. He cried for every last one of them, and they all cried for him.

Once Allende's thanked the last person, he heads upstairs and disappears around a corner.

Miria's eyes never leave him...

Even when the door opens to the outside and CHAOS ensues.

Soldiers yank out the unarmed palace employees to get inside faster, squeezing through the crowd.

OLD MIRIA (V.O.) (cont'd)
When the doors opened, I saw a soldier follow Allende upstairs.

Miria keeps looking upstairs. A soldier runs up --

OLD MIRIA (V.O.) (cont'd)
After he'd gotten to the top, I heard a --

BANG! A gunshot from upstairs.

But the soldier freezes on the steps, mid-ascent. He continues on and disappears around the corner.

Another soldier YANKS Miria out and --

EXT. MORANDE STREET - DAY

Miria's thrown onto the ground next to Joaquin and some of the other aides. She's pale as a ghost.

JOAQUIN

They killed him. They killed him.

But Payita knows the truth.

Soldiers go down the line, frisking people and barking
"HOSPITAL" or "BOOK HIM."

Joaquin and Miria lock eyes, no time to think about it --

They both scream in agony. Miria clutches her leg. Joaquin
clutches his arm.

A **BRASH SOLDIER** suddenly lifts Miria up, pats her down.

BRASH SOLDIER

Hospital.

He finds the Declaration of Independence in Miria's pocket.
He tries to read it, but the ink is faded.

BRASH SOLDIER (cont'd)

What's this?

Miria struggles to speak through her sobs, but it's
unintelligible mumbling.

MIRIA

Please... it's the declaration...
wait, don't --

BRASH SOLDIER

Is this some sort of secret code?

The soldier pulls out a lighter. Miria gets more frantic.

MIRIA

No! Please, no, don't do that!
Please! It's important! You don't
know --

He lights the corner of the parchment. She scrambles to get
it back, but he holds it out of reach, laughing.

He tosses the burning parchment aside, and drags her off to
an ambulance. He returns after depositing her inside.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - WAR ROOM - DAY

The generals all watch Moneda through the window.

GENERAL PINOCHET
 This is taking too long. Has
 General Palacios entered Moneda
 yet?

RADIO OPERATOR
 He's gone inside, yes.

After another moment.

RADIO OPERATOR (cont'd)
 I have General Palacios.

GENERAL PALACIOS (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 Mission accomplished. Moneda taken.

Manly grunts and cheers throughout the room, but Pinochet
 puts a hand up because Palacios says something else.

GENERAL PALACIOS
 President dead.

Pinochet's jaw clenches.

The other generals glance at Pinochet, gauging his reaction,
 their celebration tempered.

EXT. MORANDE STREET - DAY

As soldiers continue to sort out the palace employees, a
 black Lincoln town car pulls up to the palace.

Pinochet jumps out, looks frantically among the employees on
 the sidewalk, those in police cars.

GENERAL PINOCHET
 Where is she? Where did she go?

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Miria sits handcuffed in the back of the ambulance with a
 couple other mildly wounded staffers, bouncing as the
 ambulance drives through the city.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Miria is handcuffed to her bed in the insanely busy
 emergency room. She stares into the distance, shell-shocked.

OLD MIRIA (V.O.)
I escaped with the help of some
friends at the hospital.

A **NURSE** walks past, 40s, plain. She spots Miria and hugs her. They speak M.O.S. while Old Miria continues:

OLD MIRIA (V.O.) (cont'd)
But it wasn't easy.

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

Payita lies in a body bag, and the nurse zips it closed over Payita's face.

OLD MIRIA (V.O.)
I was one of the most wanted people
in the country.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A couple of **HOSPITAL EMPLOYEES** heave Miria into the back of a truck filled with a bunch of other body bags.

INT. TRUCK BED - DAY

Miria sits crushed under a handful of bodies as the truck bounces and bumps its way through the city.

EXT. CUBAN EMBASSY - DAY

The truck is parked outside a small two-story whitewashed apartment-come-office, with a tall iron gate around it. The Cuban flag flies over the gate.

An **EMBASSY EMPLOYEE** waits at the open gate, brow furrowed.

The hospital employees check the tags on the body bags, find Miria's bag, pull it out.

They carry her into the gate, and the Embassy Employee leads them into the building.

INT. CUBAN EMBASSY - FOYER - DAY

The hospital employees have left, and the Embassy Employee unzips the body bag on the floor.

EMBASSY EMPLOYEE
 You're safe now. You're at the
 Cuban Embassy.

Miria sits up, breathing quickly.

MIRIA
 Did the first family make it here?

At that moment, Tati and Isabel enter. When they spot Miria, they run to her and pull her into a teary embrace.

MIRIA (cont'd)
 Your mother, and Carmen -- are they
 here?

Nearly on cue, Carmen and Hortensia enter as well.

Hortensia keeps her distance, but her eyes are red. She's clearly been crying.

When Tati and Isabel spot their mother, they quickly break from Miria, pretend they weren't weeping with her.

OLD MIRIA (V.O.)
 (prelap)
 They left the country a few days
 later. I had to stay behind.

INT. SANTIAGO COURT OF APPEALS - DAY

Old Miria is completely spent at the end of this tale, but she's got a few more words.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR
 To save your son?

Old Miria nods.

OLD MIRIA
 I moved between one house and the
 next, sleeping on couches, trying
 to lie low. I couldn't go and look
 for him myself, so I had to send
 Max to look for him. For some
 reason, the police saw fit to
 release him.

She gestures to her attendant in the gallery, with the salt and pepper hair. He's the older Max Marambio.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR
 Was he able to track down your son?

Old Miria sighs.

INT. MONEDA PALACE - DAY

Pinochet enters the palace and stalks upstairs, straight to:

INT. MONEDA PALACE - INDEPENDENCE SALON - DAY

Pinochet walks into the room, where a few soldiers stand around the body of Salvador Allende, slumped on a couch.

An AK-47 sits in Allende's lap. A spray of blood on the wall behind his head.

His glasses have fallen to the ground, split cleanly along the bridge, lenses cracked and dirty.

GENERAL PINOCHET

Who did this? Huh? Who was it?

He glares at each and every soldier in turn, but they all shake their heads.

SOLDIER 3

That's how we found him.

Pinochet looks at Allende, rage bubbling.

OLD PINOCHET (V.O.)

(prelap)

You see what he'd done? He knew no one would believe me.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Old Pinochet shouts as loud as his frail frame will let him:

OLD PINOCHET

The whole world would think I'd done it! Salvador Allende framed me for his murder!

(beat)

He won his martyrdom.

INT. DETENTION FACILITY - DAY

Pinochet stomps into a drab county jail, right past the receptionist without acknowledging her or any of the other employees he's shoving out of the way, straight into:

INT. DETENTION FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Enrique stands up when Pinochet bursts in.

Pinochet raises his pistol.

ENRIQUE
Whoa! Wait wait --

BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Pinochet throws his gun on the ground. It hits the floor before Enrique does.

Pinochet shakes with fury. Breathes heavily.

He storms out.

On the ground, Enrique's fingers relax. Blood pools around his hand.

OLD MIRIA (V.O.)
They say they found his body on the banks of the Mapocho River.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

A stainless steel body cabinet slides open. A body lies on it, covered with a sheet. A pair of gloved hands roll back the fabric, revealing Enrique.

Miria, standing over him, lets out a horrible, anguished wail when she sees his lifeless face.

She hugs him, sobbing harder than she ever has in her life.

Max has to pull Miria back or else she'll climb in.

INT. SANTIAGO COURT OF APPEALS - DAY

Old Miria stares at her feet in the witness stand.

OLD MIRIA (V.O.)
I tried to save the man I loved so
I could save my son. But I failed
them both.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Old Pinochet still holds his head high.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR
 Were you in any way responsible for
 or aware of the extrajudicial
 murder of Enrique Ropert Contreras?

Pinochet shakes his head.

OLD PINOCHET
 I don't remember anybody by that
 name.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR
 You've been less than accurate in
 your other recollections. Records
 indicate you ordered the infantry
 to open fire on the palace for the
 first time. And that you also
 ordered air strikes on the
 presidential mansion.

But Old Pinochet just shakes his head.

INT. SANTIAGO COURT OF APPEALS - DAY

Old Miria glares at Pinochet, fury etched into her face.

OLD MIRIA
 I know you blame Allende for this!
 For the way they look at you! The
 way they call you a monster!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
 Objection!

OLD MIRIA
 You could have resisted, you could
 have changed, but you didn't.

Judge Guzman BANGS his gavel.

JUDGE GUZMAN
 (banding)
 Ms. Contreras!

But Old Miria won't be stopped. Pinochet's finally looking
 at her, finally listening.

OLD MIRIA
 I changed. I let my son die, but
 here I am, confessing. You can
 change too!

BANG BANG BANG! Judge Guzman glares at them over his gavel.

JUDGE GUZMAN

Ms. Contreras! You will stop right now or I'll hold you in contempt of court.

Old Miria finally sits silent.

But Pinochet can't un-hear her words. Can't stop thinking about what she said.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR

One thing still doesn't make sense to me. If Pinochet ordered the army to kill Allende, as you say, why did he retaliate against you? What was his motive? You held up your end of the bargain.

Old Miria says nothing.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR (cont'd)

Was it, as you say, an unconscionable execution? Or was it the final act of a man hellbent on becoming a martyr?

Old Miria studies Old Pinochet.

She looks at the ground. Nods.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR (cont'd)

What was that, Ms. Contreras?

The entire court is silent. This is the moment they've all been waiting for:

OLD MIRIA

Pinochet did not kill Allende.

The entire court bursts into murmurs.

OLD MIRIA (cont'd)

I couldn't give him Allende alive.

JUDGE GUZMAN

Silence in the court, please.

The murmurs quiet down.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR

You're confirming that Allende took his own life?

Old Miria nods.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR (cont'd)
Just one more question. You held
onto that secret for almost thirty
years. Was it worth it?

OLD MIRIA
It was, once. To give the people a
martyr to fight for. But today is
for my son.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR
No further questions.

JUDGE GUZMAN
Very well. Thank you, Ms.
Contreras. You are dismissed.

The older Max helps Old Miria down from the witness stand.

JUDGE GUZMAN (cont'd)
The court will take a short recess
and then reconvene to hear
complaint number seventy-three.

He bangs his gavel.

The whole crowd watches Miria as she and Max leave.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Old Pinochet looks as spent as Old Miria does.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR
Do you have anything else to say?

Old Pinochet just stares at the ground.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Augusto Pinochet was declared unfit for trial
due to his failing health, and died in 2006 with
over three hundred charges pending against him."

"He ruled Chile for fifteen years before holding
democratic elections that unseated him from
power. Today, Chile's democracy is ranked
alongside that of the United States."

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The Allende women, Hortensia, Carmen, Isabel, and Tati -- still pregnant -- stare out the windows of the plane as it departs. They watch their homeland recede into the distance.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Allende's family escaped Chile with the help of the Mexican government and found a home in Cuba. Isabel and Carmen survive the family."

"Isabel has since returned to Chilean politics as the head of the socialist party. Her second cousin of the same name is a noted author."

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Old Miria exits the modernist-styled courthouse with older Max, stops at the top of the steps.

ALLENDE (V.O.)

(radio filter)

I have faith in Chile and its destiny. Other men will overcome this grey and bitter moment when treason seeks to prevail.

She's flooded with memories, quick bursts of images:

- *In the back of a car, Miria and Allende's hands clasped together. Rioters bang on the windows.*
- *Police drag Enrique away from Miria, just outside Moneda.*
- *Miria witnesses bombs falling on Moneda.*

Old Miria and Max walk down the steps, passing through throngs of reporters and onlookers as though floating.

ALLENDE (V.O.) (cont'd)

(radio filter)

Go forward knowing that, sooner or later, the great avenues of democracy will open again and free men will come together to build a better society.

- *Miria answers the door to Allende. She grins.*
- *Miria takes Enrique's hand as he drives. He smiles at her.*
- *Miria removes Allende's helmet, giggling.*

ALLENDE (V.O.) (cont'd)
(radio filter)
Long live Chile! Long live the
people! Long live the workers!
These are my last words to you, and
I am certain that my sacrifice will
not be in vain.

- *Two houses, side by side, on Guardia Vieja Street. Nearly identical. The snowcapped Andes on the horizon.*

- *Allende emerges from one house, knocks on the door of the other, and Miria answers the door.*

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. GUARDIA VIEJA STREET - DAY

Old Miria stands outside the gate alone, looking at the house where she was Allende's neighbor.

There are so many buildings on the horizon that the Andes are no longer visible.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Miria 'Payita' Contreras fled to Cuba and worked with Max Marambio for decades to help victims of political persecution escape their home countries."

"She died in 2002. Her day in court was her sole public appearance since the military coup."

"Her son, Enrique, was only 20 when he was killed."

FADE TO BLACK.