



*Je... je l'ai tué parce que j'avais ouvert la porte.  
C'est tout ce que je sais.  
Si je n'avais pas ouvert cette porte...*

Jean-Paul Sartre

("I ... I killed him because I opened the door.

That's all I know.

If I hadn't opened that door...")

## 1. Ext. African jungle - Day.

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The bough gives way beneath the monkey's feet. He drops, trying to break his fall. He hits and slaps obstacle after obstacle in the dense vegetation separating him from the dark ground below.

His arm catches in the fork of a branch. Impact. Fall suddenly stops. Fall begins again.

Now he's on the ground. He holds his shoulder, moaning.

Eusebio, Loya, and Román look on.

They gaze at the small suffering creature. Rifles twitching. They exchange a glance. The little animal rubs his shoulder, sobs and darts glances at them. Román rubs his own shoulder, as if it were infectious.

EUSEBIO

He looks so human.

ROMÁN

Let's go hunt something else.

LOYA

He does look awfully human but we're going to kill him anyway.

Loya lowers her rifle, shoots and kills.

## 2. Ext. African jungle. Camp - Day.

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The three friends rub their hands sitting around the campfire. The small animal, curled in a ball, roasts over the flames.

Beside them, African guerrillas, watching their future meal roasting. Eyes famished.

The three accomplices laugh. In the thick of the forest. A moment's relaxation, waiting.

It is only a small camp. A hut made of branches, rifles and ammunition cases stacked against it. Tree trunks cut as benches around the small fire. The terrain is hilly.

Barely ten guerrillas are gathered around the fire. All are wearing basic well-worn dark-green uniforms.

Loya, Román and Eusebio look youthful, barely twenty years old. They are the only whites in the group.

They wait, their eyes riveted to their food.

They tear the animal apart, pass pieces round to the troops. Meager portions, a pleasure all the same. Despite the lice cruelly gnawing Eusebio's skull.

The image freezes into an old blurred photo, one taken of the guerilla in the Congo. The photos don't tally with the camp set-up as though they were taken somewhere else.

### 3. Int. Prison. Román's cell.

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*Animation*

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His face is covered with a long bristling beard, his hair long and already graying.

Román rises, leaves the corner of his cell where he was sitting, fixed stare. Haggard. Nearly forty and exhausted.

He is wearing heavy orange canvas overalls. His wrists and ankles are in chains. Three paces left. The wall. Three paces right. The other wall. He lurches. A distinctive limp whenever his left foot touches the cement floor.

Lame. Bearded. He still has his striking good looks. Tall, broad-backed, strong-build, large hands. His face scarred, his hair gray, but still a twinkle in the eyes.

Backwards and forwards in his cell. A space paced a thousand times.

Román returns to the corner of the cell, sits, letting himself slide down the angle of the wall. He lights a cigarette, inhaling deeply. His muscles relax.

The cell has no window. Just an iron bed with a mattress and dirty gray cover.

He walks in circles, round and round. He mutters, chewing his words, inaudibly.

Stops at the slightest noise. Listens, limps on several paces.

Counts the steps he takes.

### 4. Ext. The house at the end of the world - Day.

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*Animation*

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Loya tosses the child skywards, catching him in her arms, laughing.

The sky is deep blue. She throws the child once more. In front of them, barely 10 yards away, the ground stops short. The cliff sheers away into the Pacific. The ocean extends as far as the eye can see, rent by a multitude of small rocky islands.

The child in Loya's arms is laughing. Her hair is still short, slightly graying at the temples.

Children run past on the grass.

Behind them, leaning on the doorframe of the wooden house, a fifteen-year-old boy looks on smiling. He has a particular manner of smoking, holding his cigarette between thumb and forefinger; his hands are webbed.



The house, painted bright blue, is bathed in sunlight, and completely isolated at the end of a dirt track that leads there and there only. Perched on the edge of the cliff, facing the sea.

In the room behind the boy, five men are playing dominoes, sitting round a table lit by the sun streaming through the large window.

Further inside, barely visible from the exterior, a group of people deep in passionate discussion. Bursts of voices reach the terrace where Loya continues playing with the child.

She places him on the ground. Walking awkwardly, he sets off to join the other children running round the house.

Loya wanders through to the large ground floor room. The boy stays on his own at the door, watching the children playing.

Loya's voice is heard mingling with the animated conversation.

## 5. Ext. Edge of the jungle - Day.

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The three accomplices arrive at the edge of the forest. Before them, the dirt tracks and humble squat shacks of an African town, of urban life. In several hundred meters, the jungle becomes township.

Hidden behind a tree trunk. Wearing guerilla uniforms, covered in mud, rifles over shoulders. Watching. A military patrol turns the corner of the street. Passers-by return to their homes.

In seconds, there they are in civilian clothing. Khaki clothes and weapons buried in a hole. Loya rubs brill cream into Román's hair. He accepts the attention gracefully. He sits behind Loya, plaiting her hair, in rapture.

Eusebio pulls a tin of wax from his pocket, applies it to his comb and runs it through his sleek, black hair. His face is clean.

Several steps into the street. Walking clumsily, unused to not be wearing their military garb.

They walk quicker. Take longer strides, still not totally at ease. Head straight toward the shack of a street restaurant.

## 6. Ext. African town. Street restaurant - Day.

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Propping up the whitewashed wooden bar of the shack. Román and Eusebio devour huge chunks of meat, smeared in a red sauce, knocking back large glasses of a dark alcohol.

Back turned to the street, glued to the wooden counter. Román's large back. Eusebio's fine lean silhouette; almost two heads smaller than his companion.

Loya keeps watch, less of a pig than her two comrades, but nevertheless famished.

A sixth, then seventh portion. They slip extra reserves into their pockets. The vendor starts fretting:

STALL KEEPER

Hey!... Hope you've got the cash!

As a reply, Eusebio strikes him in the face with his fist. Román bounds up to try to support the unconscious man whose chef's hat is still fluttering over him.

Eusebio and Loya are already striding along the sidewalk. Román joins them, running. Loya addresses him curtly:

LOYA

Stop running!

ROMÁN

He didn't have to do that.

EUSEBIO

So what were we going to pay with?

Román tries to walk casually and slaps Eusebio on the back of the head.

LOYA

Are you totally dumb? Stop it!

They walk on. Román can't find an even rhythm, slows, speeds up, catches them up in a couple of strides. For a moment, he sulks, then pulls a slab of meat from his pocket, slips it between his enormous teeth, hands one to Eusebio.

## **7. Ext. African town. Cathedral towers - Day.**

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The three accomplices, in civilian clothing, at the top of the two towers of a cathedral, acting as tourists, devotees. Román is atop one tower, Eusebio and Loya the other.

An extravagant baroque building in the colonial quarter of the town that dwarfs neighboring houses with its mass.

Loya is kneeling in the passageway of the tower praying. Her eyes constantly moving, watching, taking in every scrap of information.

The three accomplices exchange incomprehensible signals with each other between the towers. Vast arm movements. Measurements. Leaning on gargoyles. An elaborate ritual, miming out the action to come.

A sacristan climbs the last steps of the staircase and stands behind Eusebio, who is gesticulating. Eusebio stares insolently at him then puts one finger to his lips as a mark of silence and points at Loya praying beside him.

All three turn in speechless fascination toward their real target facing the cathedral. Target remains invisible.

## **8. Int. Cathedral - Night.**

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The sacristan facing the barrel of Loya's rifle. He looks at the black hole pointing at his chest.

The three comrades in guerilla gear, military uniforms as dark as the night around them. Faces masked by balaclavas.

Román, by far the largest of the three, steps toward the terrorized man. He strikes him with the back of his hand. The man's head twists, an unnatural angle; a disturbing cracking sound is heard. He collapses.

The three remove their balaclavas. Flushed and sweating from effort. They double-back on themselves, leaning over a huge roll of fabric by the door.

## **9. Int. Cathedral. Staircase - Night.**

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The tower staircase is never-ending. Ready to drop, lugging the enormous roll of fabric.

Straining. Loya carries her end of the cumbersome load, like the two others. In silence.

Eusebio curses and swears time and again. Román at the head. A huge smile on his face.

They will never reach the top. Landing follows landing. Every turn resembles the last. Eusebio, his nerves on edge, asks:

**EUSEBIO**  
How many now?

**LOYA**  
269.

**EUSEBIO**  
Hell!

Román tugs from the front. The material is heavy. Heavier than six of them. Totally unmanageable, slippery, taking on new more improbable and complicated shapes with every turn of the stairs.

Out of breath. Pausing more frequently. Eusebio mumbles:

**EUSEBIO**  
How many now?

**LOYA**  
480.

They abandon pieces of equipment in their wake. Rucksacks, cables, weapons.

## **10. Ext. Cathedral. Tower - Night.**

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Collapsed at the top of the tower, Eusebio is smoking, lying on the mass of fabric. He struggles to get the smoke down, so short of breath is he.

**EUSEBIO**  
927 fucking steps ...

## **11. Int. Cathedral - Night.**

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Román runs back down. At the bottom of the steps, loaded with the gear they shed during their climb, he gives the sacristan, who is groaning dubiously, a kick in the face. Crosses the nave of the cathedral. Doorway. Staircase. He bounds lightly up the steps of the second tower.

## **12. Ext. Cathedral. Towers - Night.**

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Movements like clockwork. Román launches a cable across to the first tower. Loya catches it. Attaches it to a gargoyle. Pulls it taut. Second cable. No hanging around. Eusebio is still smoking. Recovered from his ordeal.

One cable is attached to the fabric and launched back to Román who pulls, while Loya threads it through clasps attached to the cloth; meanwhile Eusebio

feeds the roll of material out over the void below. The cable sags under the weight of the fabric, weighing heavier and heavier. The long roll of cloth hangs in an arc between the two towers. A banner waiting to be unfurled. Loya tightly grips the rope that holds the roll together.

Signs are exchanged. Ready? Agreed.

Together, Román and Eusebio shoulder a bazooka each. Aim into the distance, toward the edifice that so captivated them during the stakeout. The Presidential Palace, on the other side of the large square. Bathed in light. Armored military vehicles. Pediment emblazoned with emblems of power.

Bazooka shells, fired from one tower and the other. Converging on their joint target. A roar, explosion, mayhem and shouting. Loya tugs the rope. The banner unfurls, but not completely. It is blocked on Román's side.

Already Eusebio and Loya are abseiling down the length of the tower, scooting down the rope toward the foot of the cathedral, a section of sidewalk plunged in darkness, ready to run.

Román is grappling with the banner, tugging at it. He clammers out onto the cable. The enormous banner finally unfurls: "Africa is not the Wild West. Victory shall be ours!" Beating in the wind. Tugging at the gargoyles; the cables creak. Immediately attracting shouts and attention.

Román too abseils down to the pavement while already an army brigade is crossing the square. He runs into the darkness, his boots ringing on the pavement behind him.

Trapped. But the enormous banner billows outwards in the wind, heaving, ripping off the top of the south tower. Rocks cascade, wind howling through the fabric; the banner threatens to damage the monument yet further. An unexpected diversion.

### **13. Ext. African town. Streets - Night.**

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Román, Eusebio and Loya running together, adrenaline pumping through their veins, cheeks flushed with joy. Laughter escaping from its confinement in their lungs.

### **14. Ext. African jungle. Camp n° 2 - Day.**

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A small hill hidden by the jungle's dense vegetation. Thin wisps of smoke emerge from the peak.

Lying hidden in the wild undergrowth, Eusebio is smoking, cigarette after cigarette. Rifle slung casually over shoulder. Scrutinizing the horizon. On watch.

Nearby, sounds of great exertion. Muffled by the humidity and the efforts of those hard at work not far away to remain discrete.

In the heart of the hillside, a handful of guerillas are busy several feet underground. Digging a tunnel with their bare hands. Struts support the first few yards; branches conceal the entrance.

Román is at the mouth of the tunnel. In a space barely wider than his shoulders, he digs with a small spade. The earth is soft and sticky, full of large pebbles that hinder progress. Román digs like a machine, dislodging stones, shoveling earth behind him.

From time to time, he encounters roots. White and bulbous. He digs them out carefully and slips them into his large pockets.

Outside, Loya moves from one watchman to the next, distributing packets of cigarettes.

### **15. Ext. African jungle. Camp n° 2 - Evening.**

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At the mouth of the tunnel. Sitting on the ground. The three buddies eat the roots that Román produces from his pocket as though they were treasure. The white flesh crunches between their teeth like eggshells. Full of hard sharp fibers. Their stomachs gurgle constantly in reply to each other.

Román and Eusebio scratch themselves. Heads and backs.

Eusebio loses his temper, becomes frantic. Scratches at his scalp, angrily, gesticulating.

### **16. Int. Prison. Román's cell -**

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#### *Animation*

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Román listens to the squeaking sound coming from the corridor outside. He is posted at the door of the cell, standing as upright as his gammy leg will allow him.

The prison door hatch opens. A wrinkled hand slips a hollow plate onto the shelf and the hatch closes. The squeaking sound moves away.

Román pounces, blowing eagerly at the spoon, full of a pale liquid. The soup is boiling and burns his throat and stomach. He eats it as quickly as he can, ignoring the pain.

Not quick enough. The hatch opens again. The half-full plate is whisked away by wrinkled fingers.

Before the hatch snaps shut, Román spies the stooped old man – a detainee in blue, who empties the bowl into a bucket before taking up his position behind the squeaking cart once more.

### **17. Ext. African jungle. Camp n° 2 - Night.**

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At the top of the hill, Eusebio is keeping watch once more. The night is clear and free of manmade noise. His eyes dart around; his body is relaxed.

He leans against Román kneeling behind him. Román is busy delousing him, calmly and patiently, his nostrils snorting the cigarette smoke that Eusebio chugs out. The exchange is silent. The itching is too intense at times. Eusebio

scratches his head against his friend's nails, like a cat. Román discourages him with a light tap to the head.

Román's hands are now at work, running through Loya's short hair. Her eyes are closed, exceptionally. Román's concentrates on her head, his hands stop still from time to time.

## **18. Ext. The African jungle. Camp n° 2 - Day.**

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The tunnel is finished. In front, benches made of tree trunk rounds. A fire over which a pot is warming.

Román, Loya, Eusebio, the other soldiers are filling their tin cups with their daily meal. A thin, transparent broth. Flavorless and odorless.

Román sips quickly from his cup burning his lips. Only Eusebio rebels, hurling his to the ground. He drifts off to smoke a cigarette.

## **19. Ext. African jungle. Trail - Day.**

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Fifty men, fifty guerrillas lying in ambush on both sides of the dirt track.

Eusebio is deep in concentration. He stares hard at the trail as far as he can see, before it disappears into the dense vegetation.

Román is lying beside him. On the other side of the track, Loya is watching them, waiting for a signal. Beside her, about twenty guerrillas, crouching, poised to jump.

They wait. Román's attention wanders.

ROMÁN

Do you think they'll have corned beef?

Eusebio says nothing. His eyes never leave the road.

An army truck appears, rolling slowly up the trail. Eusebio whispers:

EUSEBIO

There they are.

Román raises his arm. Loya whispers orders.

Eusebio shoulders his rifle, holds the truck in his sights.

EUSEBIO

There are only two of them. No escort.

Román holds up two fingers to Loya. She signals back to him, whistles several orders. Román translates for Eusebio.

ROMÁN

Take care of it.

The truck approaches, struggling up the slope. On either side of the track, the guerrillas grow restless, rising imperceptibly from their prone positions.

Barely twenty yards away, the truck keeps coming. The driver and passenger are now perfectly visible.

Eusebio fires just two shots. The two men teeter then fall into each other. The truck keeps rolling forwards and the starving guerrillas hurtle down toward it. They run to the back of the truck.

The three accomplices meet up on the track.

LOYA

Let's get out of here quickly.

Román! Round the back. Don't let them take the food out here.

Eusebio, get the truck away.

Eusebio climbs into the cabin, tries unsuccessfully to start the engine.

LOYA

Quick. There's meant to be an escort somewhere.

Román runs back. From the back of the truck come whoops of joy and excitement.

ROMAN

It's not food. It's alcohol.

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Loya is sitting in the middle of the trail. She fans her hand over her face wearily, as though to brush away a spider's web. She opens her eyes but the spectacle hasn't gone away. Eusebio's head still plunged in the engine. At the rear, crates of alcohol, open and strewn around, surrounded by fifty drunk, rowdy men. Their thirst has been quenched with bourbon. They are drunk. Break bottles, keep drinking and drinking, on the dirt track, up in the truck. Drunk. Dumb macho drunk. No holding them in check.

Loya takes the bottle that Román hands her and downs several slugs.

Up the front of the vehicle, Eusebio keeps swearing and cursing at the engine. He hurls down his tools down and climbs the hill toward Loya and Román to drink his due.

He goes but several steps when Loya leaps out of her skin and screams:

LOYA

FALL BACK!

Even before her warning has a chance to soak into pickled brains, the escort's machine gun blurts out from the end of the trail. Bullets hit the guerrillas standing among the bottles that explode.

Running in all directions. Rout rather than retreat. Some try to shoot at the enemy, as they run like headless chickens but, in their alcoholic stupors, they are incapable of even pointing their guns. Fifty brave but dumb men, shot down by enemy bullets as well as their own.

But a handful manage to skedaddle. Loya runs among them, trying to organize a retreat.

Higher up the hill, Román and Eusebio, are frantically firing, reloading and firing their weapons.

Eusebio is remarkably effective. Every bullet hits its target. Sharp and deadly.

Román is more ponderous. Aims, waits long seconds before pulling the trigger. Trains the enemy captain in his sight. Ready to fire. Squeezes the trigger. At just the moment Loya's arm waves in the air, to direct the retreat. Her hand, hit by the bullet, two middle fingers torn off. Román dissolves.

## 20. Ext. African jungle. Camp n° 2 - Day.

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Román's hand on a tree trunk. Eusebio, apologetically, brings the axe down on Román's fingers. Loya looks on, her expression hard. Her features relax when the axe has fallen.

LOYA

Politically, you're badly underdeveloped ...

She approaches Román, running her bandaged hand through his hair. Tenderness that makes him forget his pain. With his mutilated hand, he strokes her face.

## 21. Int. Prison. Román's cell.

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*Animation*

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Drumming on a metal-paneled cell door. Far down the corridor.

Román hobbles over to his door and presses his ear to the cold steel. The cell is only lit by one small dim bulb over the bed.

The drumming grows nearer. On one door, then the next, growing ever closer, more frequent.

Finally, noises, audible, chains, a man struggling, being dragged along the corridor, orders being barked.

Román spreads his hands - all ten fingers - flat on the metal panel of the door.

The drumming starts in the neighboring cell, loud and resounding. The man being shoved along, chains jangling in front of Román's door. He too starts drumming in turn like a damnable. To the rhythm, while he mumbles a kind of song, almost inaudibly, under his breath.

They pass. The drumming starts to the right. More join in. Román pounds and pounds his door. Chewing rather than singing:

**ROMÁN**

Arise, ye starvelings from your slumber!  
Arise, ye prisoners of want!  
For reason in revolt now slumbers,  
And at last ends the age of cant.

To the rhythm. Louder. The drumming booms out, thumping through the gut, until the iron gate at the end of the corridor closes, ringing in the silence.

## **22. Int. Military training compound. TV room - Evening.**

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*Animation*

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On the television screen, scenes of jubilant crowds in the streets of Managua.

Loya in military gear at the head of a parading brigade of guerillas cheered on by the crowds. Several hundred men marching in line. A ragamuffin battalion. With beards, torn uniforms, mismatching equipment.

Loya's face, a few phosphor dots in the cathode ray tube.

The commentary relates the role of the island's guerilla forces in Nicaragua's victorious struggle. The sound saturates and hisses.

**COMMENTARY**

"Our country, an isolated bastion of revolution, sends its soldiers to fight and die in foreign lands, on faraway continents, taking a clear stand before the greatest problem facing us today - the merciless struggle for revolution. This is the significance of the heroic action of these men. The action that we take, and that you take, must show the ability of the people and its leaders to not only defend but also to attack. Defense is not enough. We must attack.

Today our guerilla troops returned victorious to the capital, cheered on by the crowds.

The dictator is on the run. He left the country this morning."

The cadets of the compound stir beneath the television set. Chatting and smoking.

A large common room, somewhat run-down. Large fans on the ceiling trying to cool the air. The furniture is mismatched. A drinks machine, an old juke-

box, school tables, and a long bar. On the walls are portraits of bearded middle-wearing generals. A large photo of Che Guevara in military uniform.

The room has clearly been rearranged for the occasion, rows of chairs, adolescent soldiers sitting facing the television fitted high on the wall.

In the first row is an older NCO.

Román is sitting at the end of one of the rows of chairs. He is fascinated by the pictures. At last, a revolution. He yells out the occasional slogan.

Eusebio is more rowdy. Standing by the wall, he keeps pulling Román by the sleeve.

**ROMÁN**

Not tonight.

**EUSEBIO**

But it's tonight that it all happens.

Eusebio grabs him and leads him out of the room. He tries to slip away discretely. But at the door, Román hurls one last slogan. The instructor, the older soldier, by the television, turns toward them.

### **23. Ext. Military training compound. Inside perimeter wall - Evening.**

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#### *Animation*

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They climb the huge wall. 4 yards high. Román stands on Eusebio's shoulders, even if Eusebio is the smaller man. He heaves Román skywards holding him on up-stretched arms. Defying improbability, Román grabs the top of the wall and hoists up both himself and Eusebio, who is hanging onto his feet.

They take a breather at the top, legs dangling. Behind them, they leave the hubbub of the compound common room, training center and barracks with their red flags and slogan-painted walls.



On the other side, facing them, the shimmering Caribbean town, buzzing with music and people partying.

They jump down, change clothes and comb their hair.



Their preparations seem ritual. Eusebio slicks back Román's hair, takes out a tin of hair wax from his pocket, applies it to his comb, hair good and black. Faces well scrubbed.

They run off, too excited for caution, even as they pass the compound guards posted at the entrance to the barracks.

#### **24. Ext. The Caribbean Town. Burger shack - Night.**

##### *Animation*

Propping up the bar of a burger shack. They eat sausages, gobbling them hurriedly between slurps from huge glasses of dark-red wine.

Román drinks more than he should - for Dutch courage. Eusebio reassures him.

**EUSEBIO**

Hey, it's not so hard, you'll see.  
A bit mind-blowing first time, OK...

Román takes in what Eusebio is saying. Waiting, daring to ask nothing.

**EUSEBIO**

Just pay attention to...  
Nah! I'll let you find out.  
Because sometimes, you get a hair inside, and...  
You'll manage great.  
There's another problem ...  
No, you're not really going to get that wrong?

Román nods his head, perplexed. He is about to ask a question, then changes his mind.

**EUSEBIO**

You've at least got a rubber?

Román is embarrassed, he looks at the barman, then slips the rubber from his pocket very discretely, shows it to Eusebio then plunges it back into his trousers.

**EUSEBIO**

You know how to put it on?

**ROMÁN**

I know very well how to put it on.

**EUSEBIO**

You've only got one?

**ROMÁN**

Whose place are we going to?

**EUSEBIO**

A buddy of my cousin ...  
Lets go.

They make to pay, empty their loose change, count it out, try to negotiate a bottle of wine to take away.

Eusebio straightens himself up before leaving. Full of himself. Still in the mood for a joke, he brushes Román up too. He is out for fun. His teasing isn't over:

**EUSEBIO**

You're going to celebrate Nicaragua's victory by losing your virginity!

Román is cheered by his friend's enthusiasm.

**ROMÁN**

Yeah, yeah... a revolution cherry!



25. Int. The Caribbean town. Cousin's friend's house. First floor - Night.

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*Animation*

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Music is blasting from the open doors and windows of the house - a beautiful, old, Spanish colonial style building. At the back, the music fills the stripped passageways of the courtyard and out front, spills into the street through the large gaping yellow door.

In the huge main room between street and yard, people are dancing to the rock music.

Román is leaning against a pillar in the courtyard. Alone. Absorbed in his glass of rum and his cigarette. His tall, youthful body hanging awkwardly.

He is tall, taller than everybody. Over people's heads, his eyes follow his friend. Sweet-talking, hot-strutting Eusebio. Each new tune brings a different dance partner.

The lights flicker and the music goes dead. A power-cut. People boo, as they usually do. Eusebio, standing on tiptoe, looks around for Román. Tries to glimpse his head poking over the crowd.

Román's voice booms out strong and loud.

**ROMÁN**

No! I don't like it at all!

Eusebio follows the voice, making his way through the idle dancers. Román has grabbed a boy by the front of his tee shirt and is looming down on him. Eusebio hustles in and separates the two adversaries. He brushes down the boy's tee shirt, decorated with the American flag.

**EUSEBIO**

You're not going to deck him for a tee shirt! Really!

The boy storms off, knocking Román on the way.

**ROMÁN**

Not just his tee shirt... we were talking about the power-cut. He was saying that...

**EUSEBIO**

What about that good time you're supposed to be having?

He draws his friend by the hand back into the main room. Lighted candles scattered around. A makeshift orchestra strikes up a salsa. Eusebio stops one of his dance partners and whispers in her ear. She slips into Román's arms.

Román follows, listens, joins in, takes the girl by the waist. Not such a bad mover, despite the bottle of wine sticking out of his jacket pocket, knocking other couples that stray too close.

Eusebio drifts away, watching them.

A couple of yards away, the boy with the American flag on his tee shirt. Eusebio shoves him. A couple more shoves and he has him in the street. Another shove. Music blasting and congas pounding, just behind the window. Eusebio hits the boy. Just hard enough to knock him down, make his nose bleed, stop him fighting back.

When he returns to the party, the girl is on her own. She shrugs, raising her arms to the heavens. Eusebio starts dancing again.

26. Int. Caribbean town. Cousin's friend's house. Bedroom - Night.

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*Animation*

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The girl is stretched out in darkness on a battered armchair in one of the small upstairs rooms that opens onto the landing overlooking the party below. Eusebio, head plunged between her spread thighs, eyes raised toward her arched form. He caresses her near-naked body. Her hands hold Eusebio's head and guide him.

He kisses her pussy one last time, then looks up and whispers:

**EUSEBIO**

I'll be back.

He slips through the half-open door, caught up in the music, the percussionists pounding away. His face is flushed. Peers into the yard. Urgent gesture to Román, still propped against his pillar, who doesn't see him. A man nearby does and taps Román's shoulder. He looks up at Eusebio, doesn't know where to put his glass.



Román crawls toward the armchair and the half-naked woman, encouraged by Eusebio who stays on the gallery, shutting the pair in.



Román lays his hand on the woman's knee. She places her hand on his and spreads her legs. Román moves in closer, trembling. He smothers his face between her open legs. Her head rocks backwards; she runs her hands through Román's. Strokes and leaps back. Like an egg, hunched on the armchair, stifling a cry.

Román topples backwards.

**ROMÁN**

Sorry...

He retreats crab-like toward the door. Stops.

## **27. Ext. Military training compound. Perimeter wall - Dawn.**

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*Animation*

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Román is waiting for Eusebio at the foot of the wall.

Eusebio is late as ever. He bounds toward Román, hair all over the place, neck covered in hickeys, jubilant.

**EUSEBIO**

So, did you do it?

Román climbs onto his shoulders, grabs the edge of the wall. Draws himself up.

**EUSEBIO**

You didn't leave the room anyway. I waited for you,  
half an hour!

Top of the wall, legs dangling over the edge, looking town-wards. Drunk on the whitening dawn and the crazed effort of the climb.

**ROMÁN**

I'm in love.

**EUSEBIO**

You did it then?

**ROMÁN**

Course, we did it.

Eusebio stares, scrutinizing him closely. His eyes stop at the top of his fly.

**EUSEBIO**

And that stain, what's that? That's a sperm stain!  
You didn't do anything. You didn't even open your fly.

**ROMÁN**

Oh yes I did.

Eusebio grabs at Román's pants, tries to search his pockets.

**EUSEBIO**

Go on, show! I bet you've still got that rubber in your  
pocket ...

Román seizes his hands, puts them back by his sides.

**ROMÁN**

I'm in love.

Eusebio's body relaxes. He looks at the sky turning white above the houses of the Caribbean town and the sea.

Román removes the bottle of wine from his pocket. Moment's rest. They take one last slug.