

THE COUP

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Inspired by true events

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**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.