

Operation

by

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EXT. FOREST TOWN - NIGHT

A road, surrounded on both sides by houses and businesses, cuts through a forest. Lights only illuminate the odd window, and on the whole, it is very quiet and peaceful.

The titles appear one after the other in a list.

SUPER: Zarabanda

SUPER: Department of Francisco Morazán

SUPER: Honduras

SUPER: March 1984

The road weaves back and forth past the trees and buildings until a military deuce and a half passes, driving directly toward a small, unassuming building of small apartments.

It parks in a dirt lot in front of the building and a group of black clad men jump out of the back of the vehicle.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A MAN in his 20's sleeps soundly on a mattress setting on the floor in the corner of his one room apartment. A kitchenette adorns one side while the only door apart from the entrance leads into the bathroom.

The front door slams open loudly and a fury of incomprehensible shouting erupts from the black clad invaders. The sleeping man jumps up, his eyes wide in terror.

He is clad only in a t-shirt and boxers, but appears to be fit and trim. Overall, a typical Mestizo of the area, much like 90% of the population of the country.

He holds his hands up, having no choice with the guns trained on him. Two men grabs his arms and drag him out his front door.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The young man is tossed into a chair. He is still in his t-shirt and boxers, but he is surrounded by a group of men in military garb.

A single light illuminates the room. LIEUTENANT LOPEZ (as indicated by his rank and name plate) addresses the man in the chair.

LOPEZ
Señor Maduro, you know why you
are here?

The young man, MADURO, shakes his head.

LOPEZ
We have been watching you.

Maduro only looks at Lopez with a blank expression.

LOPEZ
Nothing? Well, let me enlighten
you.

He steps into the shadows of the room and takes a folder from a man standing in the shadows, but apparently dressed in a dark suit.

Lopez looks over the folder briefly and glances back to Maduro.

LOPEZ
It says you are a member of the
communist insurgents. You have
been seen going into places they
are known to have been. Does this
help your memory?

Maduro shakes his head. Lopez reels back and punches Maduro hard, throwing him from his chair. Lopez gestures to two other military garbed men in the room who pick Maduro back up and put him in his chair.

Maduro's nose is clearly broken, sitting at an unnatural angle, and bleeding profusely.

LOPEZ
You will give me the names of your
compatriots.

MADURO
I don't ... know anything. I'm not...

Lopez slugs Maduro again, knocking him face down to the floor. He rolls over. Lopez delivers a swift kick to his ribs. Maduro doubles over in pain.

LOPEZ

You will give me a name ... or your fate will be the death squad.

Maduro coughs.

MADURO

You have the wrong person. I don't-

Lopez kicks Maduro again. Maduro lies still on the ground. Lopez gestures to the two guards.

LOPEZ

Put him away. We will dispose of him tomorrow.

The two guards take Maduro by the arms and drag him out. The door slams behind them.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

The door slams. Maduro rests against the back of the cell, breathing heavily, but wincing at every breath. He looks around the plain grey cube of an ancient stone cell.

He gently touches the side of his nose, and winces again, withdrawing his hand quickly.

He looks up to find a window set into the wall of the cell. Carefully, he stands and looks out the window. Trees are just outside the window.

He steps back from the wall and looks it over. The stone is very, very old by its appearance. He scrapes at the wall with his nails. The stone crumbles.

He lies down on the floor on his back. He pulls a leg up to kick at the wall, and winces at the pain before he can deliver the kick. He takes a couple of breaths and kicks.

The walls crumbles slightly, but he wails in pain and coughs loudly.

Laughing and soft talk waft in from the hallway outside the cell. Maduro looks at the door warily, but no one comes. He looks back to the wall.

He reels back for another kick. He withholds the cry of pain and the wall crumbles a little more. He gives it one more kick and an ancient stone bounces out revealing a new hole.

Maduro looks back to the cell door. Still no one coming. He crawls to the new opening and pushes more stones out of the way along with chips of old mortar.

With a final glance back, he crawls out of the hole and stumbles into the forest.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Maduro emerges from the forest into the backyard of a darkened house. He stumbles across the yard and walks in the back door.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is small but homely in its modest furnishings. Maduro stands in the kitchen. He calls out but his voice is broken.

MADURO

Elvia!

A shuffling sounds from within the house. Maduro stumbles through the house. He reaches another room and turns on the light.

Maduro stops. He stares into the now bright room with surprise and hurt on his face. In the room, a cute, mestizo woman in her 20's sits on the bed, a sheet barely covering her nude body.

Next to her, looking just as surprised, is an American man in his 30's, whose bits and pieces are just barely covered by the bedding as he sits on the bed.

The man suddenly lunges for the nightstand upon which sits a shoulder holster containing a pistol.

Maduro runs from the room as a shot fires through the house. He runs out the back door and into the trees, not looking back.

The dark dense forest trees lighten and thin into...

EXT. PARK - DAY

...where the trees line a large gathering area. A banner showing the words "Welker Family Reunion" hangs from the posts of a gazebo. Tables set all around the gazebo with food of all kinds.

Other tables adorn the area in front of the gazebo, and people sit variously - some eating, some talking.

SUPER: Anywhere, Unites States of America

SUPER: June 2008

A mestizo man in his 40's, RAYMOND MADISON, stands with GERALD WELKER, a man in his 50's, watching the throng of people. They're both dressed in jeans and polo shirts and casually sip drinks.

RAYMOND

I want to thank you for inviting me, Gerald. I have so little.

GERALD

Think nothing of it, Raymond. My family is your family. Besides, there's always plenty to eat.

Raymond scans the families playing with their children at a playground area close by. He centers on one in particular. A woman in her 40's, also mestizo, standing with an American man.

They're talking to another couple who appear to be in their 20's.

Raymond gestures towards them.

RAYMOND

Who are they?

Gerald looks over.

GERALD

Oh, that's my brother, Frank, and his wife, Elvia. I forget where she's from, but not from around here, if you know what I mean.

Raymond nods and takes another sip of his drink.

RAYMOND

Where did he meet her?

GERALD

I dunno. Mexico or somewhere. He was on a business trip down there, and he knocked her up. Boom. Instant citizenship.

RAYMOND

What business is he in?

GERALD

What's with the twenty questions?

RAYMOND

What am I going to ask about you? You own a gym membership and work at Universal Exports as a file clerk.

GERALD

So? You own a gym membership and work at... Where do you work again?

Raymond rolls his eyes.

RAYMOND

Shall we meet your brother?

GERALD

You can meet my brother. I already know him.

Gerald laughs and leads Raymond across the lawn to where Frank and Elvia are still talking to the younger couple.

The brothers greet each other and shake hands. Frank looks at Raymond. Elvia also looks at Raymond. Recognition flickers across her face, and a little panic registers. Frank is unmoved. The young couple moves off.

GERALD

Frank, this is my good friend,
Raymond Madison. I know him from
the gym, and before you ask, no,
we're not a couple.

FRANK

Where's Janine?

GERALD

Working. The kids are playing
with mom and dad.

FRANK

So, Raymond, what do you do?

RAYMOND

Independent contractor.

FRANK

Construction?

RAYMOND

Demolition.

FRANK

Your accent sounds ... Guatemalan?

RAYMOND

Honduran.

FRANK

Really? That is interesting. Isn't
that interesting, Elvia?

Elvia nods slowly.

GERALD

Honduras! That was it. Your wife's
from Honduras. I knew it was
somewhere in Mexico.

Frank rolls his eyes.

RAYMOND

I heard about how you met your wife
on business. What do you do?

FRANK

Business Consultant.

RAYMOND

What was in Honduras?

FRANK

My firm had a branch in Tegucigalpa
at the time that we were trying to
increase productivity at.

RAYMOND

Interesting.

FRANK

Very.

Gerald tips his cup all the way back.

GERALD

Very boring. Look, I'm out of ...
whatever this is.

Frank looks at Gerald, and then back to Raymond.

FRANK

I'll come with you, Gerald. I'm
sure Raymond can keep my wife...

He looks at Raymond for a very long moment, holding on the word.

FRANK

...company for a couple minutes.
Who knows? Maybe they can talk about
the old country.

GERALD

Oh yeah, they're from the same
place, aren't they?

Frank leads Gerald away from Raymond and Elvia.

ELVIA

Ramón?

Raymond nods.

RAYMOND

Is he the guy that...

Elvia nods. Raymond shrugs.

RAYMOND

I don't care anymore. Not about that. And was that his son?

Elvia shakes her head.

RAYMOND

He was mine.

Elvia nods.

ELVIA

What are you going to-

RAYMOND

Nothing. Not about that. Whyever you did what you did to me, I'm sure he coerced you somehow.

ELVIA

I didn't know I was pregnant.

RAYMOND

Forget it. I didn't know you were here.

Elvia looks at him, surprised.

ELVIA

You didn't?

RAYMOND

No. I knew he was here, but I didn't know you were with him.

ELVIA
How do you know him?

RAYMOND
That's not important.

Raymond takes a few steps away from her.

RAYMOND
It was nice seeing you, Elvia.
You don't need to tell our son
about me. In fact, it's better
if you don't.

Raymond walks toward Frank and Gerald. Gerald looks at him first.

GERALD
There he is.

Frank looks over to him.

FRANK
Well?

RAYMOND
I would have a word.

FRANK
Gerald, if you'll excuse us.

Gerald nods and raises his glass in a mock toast as Frank walks away with Raymond.

They pause on the edge of the treeline. Frank stands silently waiting for Raymond to speak.

RAYMOND
You know who I am.

FRANK
Ramón Maduro. Suspected of
communist affiliations in nineteen
eighty four in Honduras. Captured
under Operation Charly by Battalion
three one six. Escaped the death
squad shortly after capture.

RAYMOND

And you're Frank Welker. CIA.
In nineteen eighty-four, you were
the liaison to Honduras. You were
the man standing in the room with
the former Lieutenant Lopez. You
were the one who handed him the
supposed file on me.

Raymond turns to Frank. Frank only watches him, motionless.

RAYMOND

You were in bed with Elvia when I
got to her, hours later.

Raymond sighs.

RAYMOND

All these years... I never realized.

FRANK

She was done with you, Ramón. She
wanted to leave you, but she didn't
know how. I was tired of you always
coming around. Making life hard on
her. I disposed of you.

RAYMOND

Illegally.

FRANK

Nothing I do is illegal.

RAYMOND

You ruined my life.

FRANK

You ruined your own life.

RAYMOND

I was so happy to get to come
here and take care of you.

FRANK

You hunted me down for some kind
of mis-directed vendetta? Weak
for an ex-communist.

RAYMOND

You know I was never a communist.

FRANK

Can we finish, so I can get back
to my family?

Raymond chuckles.

RAYMOND

Ask me how I found you.

FRANK

I don't care.

RAYMOND

They sent me to take care of
Colonel Alvarez Martínez and then
Lieutenant Alfieri Lopez. Remember
him? He thought I'd make him a
deal for his life, and he gave me
the CIA contact from his time in
Battalion three one six. I killed
him anyway. Had to. Part of my job.

Realization dawns on Frank's face. His mouth drops open as it
comes to him.

FRANK

Independent contractor...

RAYMOND

Demolitions.

Raymond turns and levels a pistol with a silencer at Frank's
forehead.

RAYMOND

I told them I'd do this one for
free.

Raymond fires.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.