

Fortress of Solitude
An Original Screenplay
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. TEOTIHUACAN, SUMMIT OF THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN - NIGHT

CAPTION: PYRAMID OF THE SUN, MEXICO. 24 MAY 1940.

An ancient pyramid. Once a place where a civilisation worshipped its gods and sought to control nature. Now a tourist attraction surrounded by jungle.

At the top of the pyramid, Charles NEWMAN (English, middle-class, 30s) and a native SHAMAN sit on opposite sides of a small fire in the lotus position. They are framed by a huge tropical moon.

In his cricket whites and with his Panama hat in his lap, Newman is the epitome of an Englishman abroad.

The Shaman looks impossibly old. His eyes are an archipelago of cataracts; his skin is leather. He throws a handful of roots and herbs onto the fire.

Blue smoke erupts. It engulfs Newman and the Shaman.

Newman takes several heavy breaths of the smoke. His eyes glaze over. His head slumps forward.

He is in a trance.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE

We are inside Newman's head, sharing what is either a head-trip or an out-of-the-body-experience. This sequence has a slightly 'unreal' feel. Plenty of SLO-MO and challenging camera angles. The colours are off-true.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY - NIGHT

Leon Trotsky's Villa on Vienna Avenue in Coyoacan, a suburb of Mexico City. It is a single-storey, T-shaped building surrounded by a high wall.

Close to 4 in the morning. A still, breathless night.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, TROTSKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TROTSKY (60s, goatee-faced, weak-eyed) and his wife NATALYA (plump, maternal, Russian peasant stock) sleep. Clutched in Trotsky's hand is a chess piece - the Red King.

Trotsky's gentle snoring ripples through the silence.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, THE ROSMER'S ROOM - NIGHT

ALFRED Rosmer and his wife MARGUERITE - a middle-aged Dutch couple - are asleep.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, SEVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SEVA (Trotsky's 14 year old grandson) lies on his bed staring at the ceiling.

The French window is open. It leads to a courtyard.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - NIGHT

A leafy, semi-tropical garden flanks the house on three sides. Its narrow stone sidewalks are lined with trees and plants. One wall has been given over to a multi-storey bank of rabbit cages.

A fortified gate leads to the outside world. Next to the gate stands a concrete guard house.

At the gate, Robert Sheldon HARTE - Trotsky's most trusted bodyguard - looks nervously at his watch. It is 4 am. With him are two POLICEMEN.

Harte surveys Vienna Avenue through the bars of the gate. He looks again at his watch. We hear it ticking.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT

A utilitarian concrete building lined with camp beds. Beside each bed is a locker.

Three uniformed POLICEMEN sleep on one side of the room.

On the other side, Joseph HANSEN and OTTO - two of Trotsky's Bodyguards - are asleep.

The ticking of Harte's watch persists.

EXT. AROUND THE CORNER FROM CASA DE TROTSKY - NIGHT

A fleet of cars is assembled on a side road. Each car holds three or four ASSASSINS. All are dressed in police uniform with the exception of one man in the front car dressed as an army GENERAL. Until the end of this sequence, his face is always out of shot.

In all, there are about twenty-five people in the raiding party.

The General glances at his watch and climbs out of his car. On his signal, the Assassins get out and assemble a selection of weapons. These include rifles, pistols, a heavy machine gun, home-made bombs and two dynamite bombs. They also have ladders, grappling hooks and a power saw.

The General and three ASSASSINS walk down Vienna Avenue towards the Villa.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - NIGHT

Harte spots the General and Assassins. He nudges a Policemen who draws his revolver and cocks it.

The Assassins halt at the gate. Seemingly recognising the General, the Policeman puts his revolver back in its holster.

The General salutes. The two Policemen salute back.

The General talks briefly to Harte.

Harte nods and signals to a Policeman who opens the gate.

As the General steps to one side, the Assassins whip out an array of guns and point them at the Policemen who have no hesitation in dropping their weapons raising their hands.

The Assassins frisk the Policemen and then force them to lie face down on the ground.

The General signals down the road. The cars roll up to the gate.

Fresh Assassins leap out. Those not carrying bombs or other equipment sport pistols.

Two of the Assassins tie up the Policemen. Another two pin Harte's arms to his side and march him to a car. They bundle him into the back and get in after him.

The remaining Assassins pour into the courtyard. They take up various positions around the villa.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT

Six Assassins enter the guard house. Stealthily, they run up to the occupied beds and point their guns at the sleeping Policemen and Guards.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - NIGHT

The machine gun is set up by a eucalyptus tree and manned by Frank JACSON (aka Ramon Mercader; 20s, neurotic). It is right in front of the French window that leads into Seva's bedroom.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, SEVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Seva sits up in bed. He is uneasy.

Hearing footsteps, he goes to the French window and peers out. He sees -

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - NIGHT

Cradling a Tommy Gun, the General scans the courtyard to ascertain that his men are in position.

All Assassins have weapons pointed at the Villa.

(CONTINUED)

The General raises his arm.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, SEVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alarmed, Seva dives under his bed.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, TROTSKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trotsky's snoring stops abruptly. He opens his eyes.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - NIGHT

The General drops his arm.

The Assassins open fire on the Villa.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, TROTSKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

There is an almighty din as the night comes alive with bullets. Light fittings disintegrate. Plaster cascades from the wall.

Natalya wakes with a silent scream just as Trotsky pushes her out of bed and rolls out after her. He drags her into the corner.

They crouch down. Natalya puts her arms protectively around Trotsky. He still has hold of his chess piece.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, SEVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

An incendiary bomb crashes through the French window.

Erupting into flame, it rolls across the floor and comes to rest by the door to Trotsky's bedroom.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - NIGHT

The firing continues.

Two Assassins place a large bomb outside Trotsky's bedroom. They set the timer and speedily retire.

Jacson sprays the villa, peppering walls with bullet holes and destroying windows. His gun jams. He slaps the barrel, tries again to fire. Nothing happens.

With a snarl, he picks up the gun and throws it out of the tree.

The General signals to the Assassins to beat a retreat. They stream out of the gate.

The machine gun is left behind.

Two Assassins remain in the eucalyptus tree. They take occasional pot shots with their pistols.

The General throws his Tommy gun to one of the tree-bound Assassins.

(CONTINUED)

He then takes a pistol from his inside pocket and heads for the French window that leads into Seva's bedroom.

INT. GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT

Otto, Hansen and the Policemen have been herded into a corner. They stand with their hands in the air.

Keeping their eyes and weapons on their prisoners, the six Assassins slowly back up to the door.

One of the Assassins kicks the door open with his heel.

The Assassins rush out.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, SEVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Seva is still under his bed. The door crashes open.

The General bursts in. He fires a shot at the bed.

The bullet goes through the mattress and strikes Seva in the foot. He writhes in silent agony.

Stepping around the burning incendiary bomb, the General pushes open the door to Trotsky's bedroom.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, TROTSKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trotsky and Natalya huddle in the corner. They look on in horror as the General appears in the doorway backlit by a curtain of flames.

The General fires several shots into the empty bed.

The camera shows his face for the first time - it is Newman.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. TEOTIHUACAN, SUMMIT OF THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN - NIGHT

We are now back to reality.

Newman snaps out of his trance. Through the smoke of the fire, he observes the Shaman laughing silently.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, TROTSKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

From outside comes the cackle of sporadic gun fire.

Trotsky and Natalya are still on the floor. They both look shocked.

A cry from Seva snaps them out of it.

SEVA (O.S.)
Grandfather!

NATALYA
Seva!

(CONTINUED)

Natalya gets to her feet and rushes into Seva's room.
Trotsky follows.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, SEVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The incendiary bomb has almost exhausted itself.

As Trotsky and Natalya enter, there is no sign of Seva.

Natalya lets go of Trotsky's hand and hurries to the French window.

TROTSKY
Natalya! Be careful.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - NIGHT

The Assassins in the eucalyptus tree fire a few more pistol shots at the Villa and then scramble to the ground.

The Assassins rush out of the gate.

All is quiet.

Natalya and Trotsky step out onto the patio.

NATALYA
(calling)
Seva?

Trotsky crouches and dips his fingers into a small pool of blood.

He closes his eyes and shakes his head.

TROTSKY
My grandson.

Natalya does not seem to hear him. She walks back into Seva's bedroom.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, SEVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Natalya hurries into Trotsky's bedroom.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, TROTSKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Natalya walks up to the door to Trotsky's study and tries the handle. The door is locked.

She peeps through one of many bullet holes that pock-mark the door.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, STUDY - NIGHT

INSERT Natalya's POV: the room is lit by a bare light bulb.

The study looks to have been untouched by the raid. Papers are piled neatly on the desk. On the wall is a map of Mexico.

(CONTINUED)

Natalya pounds on the study door.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - NIGHT

Trotsky sits down heavily on the patio. He gazes up at the night sky.

Hansen and Otto come running out of the guard house. They both carry guns.

Hansen stops by Trotsky. Otto hurries past and heads into Seva's bedroom.

TROTSKY

They have taken Seva. He is only a boy. This has nothing to do with him.

Trotsky slams his hand on the ground.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

Nothing!

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, TROTSKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Natalya is still looking through a bullet hole into the study. Otto comes up behind her.

OTTO

Madam Trotsky?

Natalya whirls round.

OTTO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you.

NATALYA

The door is jammed.

Gun at the ready, Otto kicks open the door. He takes a quick look around to make sure there is no threat. Then he puts away his gun and steps aside.

Natalya enters.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, STUDY - NIGHT

Natalya straightens some papers on the table.

Otto comes in after her.

OTTO

They've kidnapped Bob Harte.

NATALYA

And Seva. They have my grandson.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, LIBRARY - NIGHT

Seva lies sleeping on the table.

(CONTINUED)

The door opens. Trotsky shuffles in and puts on the light. He hurries over to Seva and gently shakes him awake.

Seva rubs his eyes.

SEVA
Grandpa, I had a bad dream.

TROTSKY
Let's get you back to bed.

Seva rolls off the table. As his foot hits the floor, he cries out in pain.

Trotsky puts his arm around Seva.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)
Your foot - it's bleeding.

SEVA
I must have trod on a sharp stone.

TROTSKY
Yes. A stone. We'll get you some morphine.

EXT. TEOTIHUACAN, SUMMIT OF THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN - DAY

Dawn. The Shaman has gone. Newman is nowhere to be seen.

The fire is now little more than ashes and cinders. Newman's panama hat sits beside the fire.

Newman appears over the horizon of the pyramid. He looks deflated and exhausted.

He picks up his hat, dusts it down and descends towards his car which is parked near the base of the pyramid.

INT. BLUE HOUSE, FRIDA'S BEDROOM - DAY

A large house owned by the estranged Mexican artists Diego RIVERA (chubby, 50s) and FRIDA Kahlo (30s).

Frida sits in front of her vanity mirror brushing her hair. Her night dress is rolled down to her waist. She wears a back brace.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE BLUE HOUSE - DAY

Chickens scratch for worms on the deserted, dusty road.

A small fleet of police cars comes screaming round the corner.

The chickens scatter.

The cars stop outside the house.

POLICEMEN pour out of the cars. They run up to the Blue House.

(CONTINUED)

As the first of them reaches the front door, it is opened a crack by a SERVANT curious to see what is going on.

The front Policeman kicks the door fully open. The Servant is sent flying.

The Policemen swarm into the house.

INT. BLUE HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Several SERVANTS look on helplessly as Police rush bullishly from room to room.

INT. BLUE HOUSE, FRIDA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Frida is still brushing her hair. The sound of running footsteps and slamming doors causes her to pause.

She is a model of composure as a Policeman bursts in.

He takes a sheet from the bed and places it over her shoulders.

POLICEMAN

(apologetically)

Senora Kahlo, I regret to inform
you that you are under arrest for
conspiring to murder Leon Trotsky.
I will wait outside while you dress.

INT. RIVERA'S HOUSE - DAY

Down town Mexico. Rivera is in bed with a WOMAN. They are both asleep.

From elsewhere in the house comes the sound of running feet and a door being kicked open.

Rivera stirs in his sleep and turns on his back. He starts to snore.

The Woman wakes. Heedless of the clatter of footsteps on the stairs, she pinches Rivera's nose.

Rivera grunts and wakes up.

RIVERA

What?

The door crashes open.

Three POLICEMEN burst in.

The Woman sits up, exposing her naked breasts.

The Policemen halt in their tracks and stare quite openly. The Woman defiantly stares back.

Rivera sleepily scratches his head. He turns to the Woman.

(CONTINUED)

RIVERA (CONT'D)
 Friends of yours?

One of the Policemen steps forward.

POLICEMAN
 Diego Rivera, you are under arrest
 for conspiring to murder Leon
 Trotsky.

Rivera is suddenly alert.

RIVERA
 Holy fucking shit!

EXT. ABBEY, DRIVEWAY - DAY

An old mission on the outskirts of Mexico City. A sign
 reads: 'THE ABBEY. NO TRESPASSING.'

ARCADIA, a Mexican native of part-Indian descent, hangs
 washing on the veranda.

She looks round as Newman's car comes up the driveway.

The car stops by the veranda. Arcadia goes to greet her
 employer.

Newman looks tired as he steps out of the car. He throws
 his jacket over his shoulder.

ARCADIA
 Good morning, Mister Newman. A
 successful night?

NEWMAN
 A frustrating one, Arcadia.
 Something happened but I'm not
 sure what.

ARCADIA
 Any sign of your Guardian Angel?

Newman shakes his head.

NEWMAN
 The bugger's gone to ground.

ARCADIA
 Perhaps he's gone back to England.

NEWMAN
 Can't say I blame him. Do we have
 any bacon?

ARCADIA
 Fresh eggs too.

NEWMAN
 Give it half an hour. I need a
 bath.

(CONTINUED)

ARCADIA

I'll run one for you.

Newman follows Arcadia indoors.

INT. COYOACAN POLICE STATION, ECHEVERRIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Frida, angry and undaunted, is being interrogated by Captain ECHEVERRIA. Two Policemen stand either side of her chair.

Echeverria is behind his desk. He bears the world-weary aura of a career cop who has seen too much of life's darkness.

ECHEVERRIA

Senora Kahlo, I am a great admirer of your work. I know in my heart of hearts that you are incapable of murder and I cannot bear the thought of you being paraded before a court as a common criminal. But there are people above me who do not see things as I do. They know nothing of art, care nothing for culture. All they want is to have someone - anyone - to blame for what happened last night.

(beat)

Senora, I beg of you. Be sensible. Tell me that Diego Rivera is the man we are after and you're free to go.

Frida stares straight ahead and says nothing.

ECHEVERRIA (CONT'D)

Your ex-husband has already made a complete confession. The lying pig names you as a co-conspirator. He will do anything to save his filthy skin. You must not let him get away with it.

FRIDA

(icily)

Captain Echeverria.

ECHEVERRIA

Senora?

FRIDA

Is this farce going to continue much longer? If it is, I would be grateful for a cushion.

ECHEVERRIA

You are uncomfortable? How then will you cope with twenty years in prison? I tell you, Senora, I don't think you would survive.

(CONTINUED)

FRIDA

Actually, you'd better make that
two cushions. And coffee.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - DAY

A large room with a high ceiling. It used to be a chapel
and in many ways still resembles one.

The walls are painted with angels, demons and other
supernatural creatures. The mural is dominated by two
figures: a glowing angel and a Scarlet Woman sat upon a
throne. Two giant serpents coil about the Scarlet Woman.

A pentagram has been set out on the floor with a candlestick
at each point. Upon an altar at the far end stands a statue
of the Black Madonna. The only other furniture is a small
table and chair.

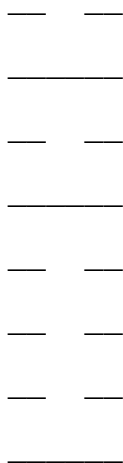
Newman walks in and sits at the table.

On the table is a pile of yarrow stalks, three coins, a
notepad, a pencil and a leather-bound book. The cover of
the book reads: 'Liber XXXVI. The Y King. A New Translation
by Charles Thomas Newman.'

Newman takes the coins, shakes them in his hands and lets
them fall onto the table. After looking at the coins, he
draws an unbroken line on his notepad.

He throws the coins again. This time he draws a broken
line above the first.

In all, he throws the coins six times, each time drawing
either a broken or unbroken line until he has completed
the following hexagram:



Newman opens the book and flicks through until he finds
the page devoted to the hexagram he has created.

He reads aloud from the book.

NEWMAN
Hexagram 3. Resolving Chaos.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

When Heaven creates, Chaos precedes.
 Danger is a doorway to ultimate
 success. The Superior Man holds
 the key. Nothing will deter him.
 Before there can be calm, the clouds
 must unleash their storm.

Newman closes the book and leans back in his chair.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Before there can be calm, the clouds
 must unleash their storm.

Newman hears the sound of cars coming up the driveway. He gets up and pulls back the blind.

A car pulls up outside the Abbey. From it steps CHANDLER, a fat, middle-aged Englishman in a crumpled white suit with sweat-stained armpits. He constantly mops his brow with a handkerchief.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Here comes the storm.

INT. COYOACAN POLICE STATION, ECHEVERRIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Echeverria continues to interrogate Frida.

ECHEVERRIA

Charles Robert Newman. You met him
 in New York.

FRIDA

A long time ago.

ECHEVERRIA

And now he's in Mexico City. You
 are aware of his ties to the British
 Secret Service?

FRIDA

Charles, a spy? Don't be ridiculous.

ECHEVERRIA

He was in Paris when Trotsky's son
 was murdered there. And now he
 comes to Mexico and there's an
 attempt on Trotsky's life. What am
 I supposed to make of that?

FRIDA

Has it occurred to you that Charles
 Newman might be here to protect
 Trotsky?

ECHEVERRIA

A lot of things have occurred to
 me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ECHEVERRIA (CONT'D)

Leon Trotsky is the centre of a vast, complex storm. Some people want him dead; some would prefer to stay alive just a bit longer. The man who once made history has become a pawn of those who would rewrite it. I wish I could flush him down a toilet and be done with him.

EXT. CELLAR - DAY

A shabby cellar dimly illuminated by a single light bulb.

One wall is decorated with an inverted pentagram. Beneath this, a packing crate serves as a crude altar. On the altar is a chalice and a knife.

Leonid EITINGON - Russian, bearded, mid-50s - stands in front of the altar. He is dressed in priestly robes.

Raising his arms, he mutters a supplication.

A rectangular hole has been dug in the middle of the room. Harte is tied between two stakes at one end of the hole. His face is covered by a leather mask.

Jacson stands behind Harte.

EUSTACIA - Jacson's mother - sits on an armchair in the corner. She has the stern look of one used to being obeyed.

Eitingon drops his arms. Picking up the chalice and the knife, he walks up to Jacson.

Jacson backs away.

EITINGON

The debt must be paid.

Jacson shakes his head.

EITINGON (CONT'D)

You knew this would have to be done.

JACSON

I can't do it.

With an impatient sigh, Eustacia gets to her feet. She takes the knife and chalice.

Eustacia holds the chalice in front of Harte and raises the knife.

EUSTACIA

To Baron Samedi, we give thanks for the success of our mission.

(CONTINUED)

Eustacia efficiently cuts open Harte's throat. She catches his blood in the chalice.

EITINGON
(to Jacson)
Your mother has your balls.

Eustacia takes a drink from the chalice. Wiping blood from her mouth, she hands it on to Eitingon who also sips some blood.

EITINGON (CONT'D)
Now you.

Eitingon thrusts the chalice at Jacson.

EITINGON (CONT'D)
Drink.

Jacson backs away.

Eitingon reaches into his robe and pulls out a pistol. He points it at Jacson.

EITINGON (CONT'D)
Drink.

EUSTACIA
It will give you strength, Ramon.

Jacson reluctantly takes the chalice.

Eustacia strokes his arm.

EUSTACIA (CONT'D)
That's my good boy.

With a shaking hand, Jacson places the chalice to his lips. He takes a brief sip and shudders.

EITINGON
All of it.

EUSTACIA
Enough, Leonid. He has done what was required. Leave him alone.

With an amused expression, Eitingon lowers the gun.

Jacson angrily throws the chalice against the wall.

Eitingon laughs.

INT. ABBEY, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chandler, impatient and not in the best of moods, sits at the table whilst Arcadia pours him a glass of lemonade.

ARCADIA
I'm sure Senor Newman won't be long.

(CONTINUED)

The door opens. Newman strides in.

Arcadia hurries out.

CHANDLER

You don't believe in keeping a low profile, do you?

NEWMAN

Good to see you again, Chandler.
It's been a long time.

CHANDLER

Not bloody long enough.

Newman sits at the table. He pours himself a lemonade.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

Why wasn't I informed you were in Mexico City?

NEWMAN

I'm here as a private citizen. You and I are no longer in the same line of business.

CHANDLER

And I suppose you had no part in last night's fun and games?

NEWMAN

I was meditating on top of a pyramid.

CHANDLER

And that's your alibi? You're an amateur, Newman. A bloody amateur.

NEWMAN

It's my understanding that the Casa de Trotsky was attacked by a small army. Now who's more likely to have organised something like that? Me or Moscow?

Chandler gets to his feet.

CHANDLER

I don't know why you're in Mexico City, Newman, but let me make one thing clear. There's a war on and I intend to be on the winning side. Get in my way and I'll have you killed. Good day.

Chandler stalks towards the door.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - DAY

POLICEMEN swarm around the courtyard collecting bullet cases and searching for clues.

(CONTINUED)

Two of the Policemen lift the machine gun between them and carry it towards the gate.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, GARAGE - DAY

Natalya and Hansen stand either side of a small, wooden table. On the table is a handful of belongings - clothes, a photograph, a couple of books and a cigarette case.

NATALYA

Is this it?

HANSEN

Apart from some clothes in the guard house.

Natalya picks up the cigarette case.

NATALYA

Poor Robert. Just a boy. How old was he?

HANSEN

Twenty-three.

NATALYA

They come to us so young, Joseph. So fresh and unformed.

Natalya replaces the cigarette case.

NATALYA (CONT'D)

I want him found. The NKVD have probably murdered him; I'm prepared to accept that. But I'm not prepared to leave his corpse rotting in a ditch to be eaten by rats. We owe him a proper burial.

HANSEN

They could have taken him anywhere, Madam Trotsky - even out of the country.

NATALYA

I hear Charles Newman is in Mexico City.

HANSEN

He's bought an Old Jesuit Mission in Polanco. They say he's turned it into a temple.

NATALYA

Bring him to me, Joe.

The door opens. A Policeman strolls purposefully in.

NATALYA (CONT'D)

(sharply)

Get out! I don't want you in here!

(CONTINUED)

The Policeman opens his mouth to protest.

NATALYA (CONT'D)

Out!

With a shrug, the Policeman turns and leaves.

NATALYA (CONT'D)

Hyaenas! Where were they last night?
What were they doing?

(beat)

They betrayed us, Joe. They knew
the assassins were coming and they
stayed out of the way. They're as
guilty of Robert's murder as Stalin
and Beria.

(beat)

Bring me Charles Newman, Joe.

INT. COYOACAN POLICE STATION, CELLS - DAY

Rivera is in an open cell. He paces angrily back and forth
while a GUARD looks on.

GUARD

Senor. I think you should know
that your ex-wife is telling Captain
Echeverria everything.

Rivera turns on his heels and glares at the Guard.

RIVERA

And I think you should know that
your mother fucks dogs.

The Guard smiles and shrugs.

GUARD

Thank you for confirming my
suspicions, Senor.

The Guard laughs raucously.

Rivera looks indignant. Then he smiles. After a few moments,
he joins in the laughter.

INT. JACSON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

SYLVIE Ageloff (20-something) is at the dressing table
performing a Tarot card reading for herself. She is dressed
in an austere business suit. Though her hair is in a bun,
she bears a marked resemblance to the Scarlet Woman in
Newman's Inner Sanctum.

The door opens. Jacson, looking exhausted, comes in.

JACSON

Trotsky's been murdered.

SYLVIE

What?

(CONTINUED)

JACSON

They came for him last night -
with machine guns and bombs. They
blew up the Casa de Trotsky.

Sylvie gets to her feet.

SYLVIE

It can't be true.

JACSON

Did the cards not warn you?

SYLVIE

I've got to get over there, Frank.

JACSON

Be careful, Sylvie. The police
will be looking for scapegoats.
Tell them nothing they don't already
know.

INT. HANSEN'S CAR - DAY

A battered American automobile rattles through the streets
of Mexico City.

Hansen drives. Newman is next to him with an attaché case
and a camera.

HANSEN

They've arrested Frida Kahlo and
Diego Rivera.

NEWMAN

You don't believe they had anything
to do with it, do you?

HANSEN

For my money, it was the Gestapo.

NEWMAN

Why would they bother?

HANSEN

Paranoia, Charles. When the Germans
smuggled Lenin into Russia, it
kicked off the Bolshevik Revolution.
Imagine what could happen if Leon
Trotsky turned up in Berlin.

NEWMAN

I shouldn't think he'd last five
minutes.

HANSEN

You'd be surprised how many Germans
are still loyal to the Old Man.
The Russians fear him. The Germans
fear him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HANSEN (CONT'D)

Even your own government fears him. Being in exile doesn't render a man harmless. Look at Napoleon.

Newman takes a cigarette out of a silver case. He offers one to Hansen who shakes his head.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

If I were you, Charles, I'd be screaming at me to stop the car and let you out. You've no idea what you're getting into.

Newman lights his cigarette.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

Madam Trotsky's got it into her head that you protected her husband with your ju-ju or whatever it is.

NEWMAN

Maybe I did.

HANSEN

Right now, I'm not so sure you didn't. How the Old Man didn't get killed last night, I'll never know. He must have a Guardian Angel.

NEWMAN

I'm glad somebody has. Mine's gone AWOL.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, SEVA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Seva, dressed in pyjamas, his foot in a bandage, sits by the broken French window. He looks out at Natalya feeding rabbits in the courtyard.

The room is riddled with glass and bullet holes.

His attention is caught by Hansen's car pulling up outside the villa.

He watches in silence as Otto checks over the car and then opens the gate.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - DAY

The courtyard is littered with grappling hooks and spent cartridges.

Shards of glass glisten in the sun. The walls of the villa are pock-marked with bullet holes.

The car rolls into the courtyard.

Hansen and Newman get out. Newman grabs his case and camera from the car.

(CONTINUED)

They stroll over to Natalya who is still feeding the rabbits. Seeing the two men, she puts down her bowl of lettuce and wipes her hands on her apron.

NEWMAN

Madam Trotsky.

Newman holds out his hand. Natalya looks at it uncertainly before sudden recognition lights up her face. She clasps Newman's hand in both of hers.

NATALYA

Mr. Newman! I did not recognise you. Forgive me. I am tired. How long have you been in Mexico City?

NEWMAN

About a month.

NATALYA

And you never thought to drop by?

NEWMAN

I've been busy.

NATALYA

Creating a temple?

NEWMAN

A Centre for the Occult Sciences.

NATALYA

That sounds very grand. Why choose Mexico City of all places?

NEWMAN

There's a lot of untapped magic here.

Newman walks around the courtyard, taking photographs of the aftermath of the attack.

NATALYA

The police have disturbed everything. I think they were more interested in souvenirs than evidence.

NEWMAN

May I explore the rest of the villa?

NATALYA

Of course.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, HALLWAY - DAY

Hansen and Newman walk in.

(CONTINUED)

HANSEN

Take as long as you like, Charles,
but stay out of the Old Man's study
until you're called. He's very
territorial about his work space.

Newman looks through an open door into Sylvie's Office.

Sylvie is at her desk typing. Sensing Newman's gaze, she
looks round.

They study each other expressionlessly.

Sylvie returns to her typing.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

Sylvie Ageloff - one of the Old
Man's favourites. Very efficient
but has ice in her drawers.

NEWMAN

You think?

HANSEN

That wasn't meant to be a challenge,
Charles.

NEWMAN

What's at the back of the Villa?

HANSEN

A yard. Nothing special.

NEWMAN

Which way?

Hansen points down the hallway.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

See you in a while, Joe.

Hansen watches as Newman wanders off to the back yard.
When he has gone, Sylvie appears in the doorway of her
office.

SYLVIE

Charles Newman?

HANSEN

You know him?

SYLVIE

I know of him.

HANSEN

Then you know he's dangerous.

SYLVIE

I know only that he's reputed to
be dangerous.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, very few men live up to their reputations.

HANSEN

This one does. He's a British agent.

SYLVIE

Seems that every Englishman who steps abroad is a spy.

HANSEN

Works for a department called C7. They specialise in psychic warfare.

SYLVIE

You're kidding. Sounds like something only the British could come up with.

HANSEN

There probably isn't a single intelligence service in the world that isn't studying ESP. It's the Morning of the Magicians, Sylvie. We've reverted to the Dark Ages.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, BACK YARD - DAY

Newman has a cursory look around. He finds nothing of interest aside from a set of muddy footprints leading to a ladder propped against the wall.

He photographs both the foot prints and the ladder.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, KITCHEN - DAY

The floor is almost entirely covered in broken china and kitchen utensils.

Newman walks gingerly around the room, careful not to tread on anything sharp.

He takes several photographs and then leaves.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, THE ROSMER'S ROOM - DAY

Alfred has a comforting arm around Marguerite. They stand looking out through a broken window.

MARGUERITE

They will keep trying until they kill the Old Man.

ALFRED

The villa is being reinforced. We'll soon be impregnable.

Marguerite steps away from Alfred. She wipes her tears with a handkerchief.

(CONTINUED)

MARGUERITE

To think of all the pain and heartache the Old Man's been through. Why won't they leave him alone?

There is a knock on the door.

ALFRED

Yes?

The door opens. Newman steps in.

NEWMAN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to disturb you.

ALFRED

A reporter?

NEWMAN

Charles Newman.

ALFRED

Ah, the magician. Natalya told us to expect you. Do you wish to question us?

NEWMAN

I need to take some photographs - that's all. And then I'll get out of your way.

ALFRED

Please be quick. My wife and I would like some time to ourselves.

NEWMAN

Of course.

Alfred and Marguerite look on curiously as Newman photographs the bullet holes in the walls.

ALFRED

The police took away the bullets.

NEWMAN

No matter. I've got all I need. Thank you very much.

Newman exits.

ALFRED

A sorcerer! Next thing you know, Natalya will have us sacrificing chickens.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, SEVA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Seva has fallen asleep on the bed. His foot is bandaged.

(CONTINUED)

Newman photographs the boy, the broken window, various bullet holes and the charred walls.

Seva awakes. Rubbing his eyes, he looks questioningly at Newman.

NEWMAN

Hello, Seva. You don't remember me, do you?

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, SEVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BEGIN FLASHBACK -

- to the assassination attempt. Seen from Seva's POV.

Seva is under his bed, clutching at his injured foot. The burning incendiary bomb throws writhing shadows on his face.

Two shots ring out.

Newman is standing in the doorway to Trotsky's bedroom. He slips his gun in his pocket and hurries out through the French windows.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, SEVA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Seva shakes his head.

NEWMAN

We met in Paris.

Newman opens his attaché case.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

I have something for you.

Newman drops a pile of Superman comics on Seva's bed.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Don't tell your grandpa or grandma. They wouldn't approve of such bourgeois decadence.

Newman picks up a shard of glass. He puts it in the case which he then closes. Seva flicks through the comics.

Newman opens the door to Trotsky's bedroom.

SEVA

Thank you, sir.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, TROTSKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

More bullet holes. The mattress has been ripped open.

Newman takes a shot of the corner where Trotsky and Natalya huddled during the attack. Then one of the mattress.

(CONTINUED)

He runs his fingers over the bullet holes in the study door and photographs them.

Opening the door, he goes through to the study.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, STUDY - DAY

Newman looks around.

A bullet casing lies on the floor next to a Red King chess piece. Newman photographs both.

He crouches down and picks up the Red King.

As he stands, the door opens. Trotsky walks in. He eyes Newman suspiciously.

TROTSKY

You don't look like a policeman.

NEWMAN

Charles Newman.

TROTSKY

Ah, the so-called clairvoyant.
Pity you weren't able to warn us
of the attack.

Trotsky goes over to a cabinet.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

Sit down, Mister Newman. I'd like
to talk to you.

NEWMAN

What about?

TROTSKY

Anything. Sometimes it is good to
just talk.

Trotsky opens the cabinet. He takes out a bottle of vodka and two shot glasses.

NEWMAN

I don't drink.

TROTSKY

Pity.

Trotsky puts one of the glasses back.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

According to some, I am the most
dangerous man in the world. Do I
look dangerous to you?

NEWMAN

No.

Trotsky taps his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

TROTSKY

It's here, Mr. Newman. My ideas are my arsenal. Is it possible to kill an idea?

NEWMAN

It's been done before.

Trotsky sits behind his desk and pours himself a drink.

TROTSKY

(insistently)

Please sit, Mister Newman. You're not in a hurry, are you?

Newman sits opposite Trotsky.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

According to my wife, I have a lot to thank you for. She believes you placed some sort of protective shield round us.

NEWMAN

Madame Trotsky greatly over-estimates my powers.

TROTSKY

An assassin walked right into our bedroom. He was as close to us as you are to me now. And yet he didn't see us. He fired into the bed as if we were still there.

Trotsky pours himself a vodka and knocks it straight back.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

You're going to find Robert Sheldon Harte. Is that right?

NEWMAN

I'm going to try.

TROTSKY

Wouldn't that be better left to the police?

NEWMAN

If someone could persuade the police to take the trouble.

Trotsky knocks back his vodka. He points at the Red King in Newman's hand.

TROTSKY

Do you play chess, Mr. Newman?

NEWMAN

When I find the time.

(CONTINUED)

TROTSKY

Come back tomorrow and we'll have a game. The Irrationalist versus the Rationalist. It should be most diverting.

Newman gets to his feet.

NEWMAN

I won't take up any more of your time.

TROTSKY

I'd be grateful if you didn't. Time is something I desperately lack. Good day, Mister Newman.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, SYLVIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Newman and Sylvie sit by Sylvie's desk.

SYLVIE

The wickedest man in the world.

NEWMAN

A soubriquet from the same newspaper that declared Adolf Hitler the saviour of Europe.

SYLVIE

What can I do for you, Mister Newman?

NEWMAN

Tell me your dream. The one you had last night.

SYLVIE

I don't recall any dream.

NEWMAN

There was an angel.

SYLVIE

(taken aback)

Now you mention it... How did you know?

NEWMAN

Go on.

SYLVIE

There was an angel. I was in bed and it came through the window and swooped on me like a hawk. It carried me outside and up into the night sky.

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN

And you rose above the clouds and looked down on the Earth. And it was on fire.

SYLVIE

Flames everywhere. Billions of human beings reduced to ashes and cinders. Even the oceans burned.

NEWMAN

And then?

SYLVIE

The angel let go of me and I plummeted towards the flames. That's when I woke up.

NEWMAN

Interesting.

SYLVIE

What does it mean, Mister Newman?

NEWMAN

You saw the future.

SYLVIE

The distant future?

Newman shakes his head.

NEWMAN

The war in Europe will spread to every part of the world. As it goes on, men will find newer, more efficient ways to kill one another. They'll harvest the power of the sun, turn Nature against herself. It won't end until the human race is extinct.

An alarm goes off. Sylvie looks at her wrist watch.

SYLVIE

A drill. We have to assemble in the courtyard.

NEWMAN

You go ahead. I'd like to stay here for a minute - to get the vibrations.

Sylvie looks uncertain.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Didn't Madam Trotsky say I was to have a free rein? I won't be long.

Sylvie gets up and heads out the door.

(CONTINUED)

When she has gone, Newman flicks through the papers on her desk and photographs them.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - DAY

Various STAFF are assembled. They mingle in groups, chatting to one another.

Newman comes out. He spots Sylvie talking to Natalya. They make eye contact.

Hansen strides over to Newman.

HANSEN

Come with me. There's something you should see.

Hansen leads Newman to -

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, BACK YARD - DAY

Hansen and Newman arrive just in time to see Trotsky climbing the ladder and disappearing over the wall.

HANSEN

There he goes. The Great Revolutionary. Father of the Red Army. Lenin's Heir Apparent. For all he knows, there's an NKVD assassin waiting on the other side.

NEWMAN

Where's he off to?

HANSEN

One of his mistresses.

NEWMAN

It's a bit early in the day for infidelity.

HANSEN

It's the only time he can be sure the husband is away.

(beat)

Don't get me wrong, Charles. I've nothing against the Old Man having his bit of fun. God knows, he's earned it. But it's one hell of a risk he's taking.

NEWMAN

And therein lies the appeal. Hey, Joe?

INT. EITINGON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eustacia is in an armchair in the corner of the room.

Jacson and David SIQUEIROS (Mexican, 40s) sit either side of the dining table.

(CONTINUED)

Siqueiros is dressed like an American mobster.

Eitingon paces angrily around the room.

EITINGON

Unbelievable! Absolutely incredible.

Eitingon stabs a finger in the direction of Siqueiros.

EITINGON (CONT'D)

I hold you responsible for this.
You had twenty-five men and enough
weaponry to over-run the Kremlin.
Only a moron could have failed!

SIQUEIROS

It's not my fault the bomb didn't
go off.

EITINGON

The bomb is irrelevant. Its purpose
was to destroy evidence. You should
have personally made sure Trotsky
was dead. Either you're incompetent
or you've deliberately betrayed
me.

Siqueiros is immediately on his feet.

SIQUEIROS

While you were skulking around
here making your grand plans, I
was out there risking my life.

EITINGON

It's a shame you didn't lose it!

EUSTACIA

Leonid, calm yourself. This is no
time to be picking fights amongst
ourselves. Trotsky's not going
anywhere. We have all the time in
the world to finish him off.

EITINGON

(to Siqueiros)

You hear this woman? How clearly
she thinks! If she'd been in charge
last night, Trotsky would be dead
and I wouldn't be facing awkward
questions from Moscow. Believe me,
Siqueiros, you have not heard the
last of this.

SIQUEIROS

You really think you're scaring
me, don't you?

JACSON

We have to get out of Mexico City -
all of us.

(CONTINUED)

EITINGON

That would be an admission of guilt.

JACSON

So you are staying?

EITINGON

I have to go to New York.

JACSON

Yes, of course!

EITINGON

I have my orders the same as you have yours.

JACSON

To hell with orders.

EITINGON

And to hell with you! Do you think because your mother's here you can get away with insubordination?

Jacson slams his hand on the table.

JACSON

Stop using my mother against me!

EUSTACIA

Ramon. Come here.

Jacson ignores his mother.

JACSON

I see through you, Eitingon. I know you for what you are.

EUSTACIA

Ramon! I mean it. Come here.

Glaring at Eitingon, Jacson does as he's told.

Eustacia pats the arm of the chair. Jacson sits on it. Eustacia takes his hand.

EUSTACIA (CONT'D)

Leonid has everything under control.

JACSON

You think he's in love with you but he's just using you. You'll see I'm right. He'll show his true colours soon enough.

(beat)

I'll book us a flight, Mama. I don't want you staying in Mexico. It's too dangerous.

EUSTACIA

I'm going to New York with Leonid.

(CONTINUED)

JACSON

No! I won't permit it! Stay with me. I'll take care of you.

EITINGON

For God's sake! Why do you have to be such a child?

SIQUEIROS

Mama's little boy.

Jacson strides over to Siqueiros.

JACSON

What did you say?

EUSTACIA

Ramon! Enough.

JACSON

I've had it with you, Siqueiros. You think everything is a joke, don't you? Well, the day is coming when I shall teach you it isn't.

Jacson storms angrily out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

EUSTACIA

Such a temperament. I don't like the thought of leaving him on his own in Mexico.

EITINGON

It'll do him good to stand on his own two feet.

EUSTACIA

And you - you must stop riling him. It's not his fault things went wrong last night.

EITINGON

What am I supposed to tell Moscow? They've had people shot for lesser failures.

EUSTACIA

We'll worry about Moscow when we have to. In the meantime, it would be useful to know what Charles Newman was up to last night.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - DAY

Throwing his three coins, Newman constructs a new hexagram. He looks it up in his book.

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN

(reading)

Hexagram 4. The Fool. Seek not
the Fool, for the Fool approaches
even now. The Superior Man discerns
wisdom in the words of the naive.

Newman gets up and walks to the altar. He pushes it to one side, revealing a small trap door.

Kneeling, he opens the trap door to reveal a small hole. In the hole is a sniper's rifle and a pile of folders.

He takes the folders and drops them on the table.

Newman opens the top folder. Inside are various documents relating to Trotsky. He thumbs through the papers and takes out two large photographs: one of Trotsky, one of Sylvie.

He places the photographs on the floor.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - LATER

The floor is covered in photographs. Some are shots of protagonists in the current drama - Trotsky, Sylvie, Echeverria, Natalya, the Rosmers, Rivera, Frida, Siqueiros, Stalin, Hitler.

Others are portraits of surrealist painters - Andre Breton, Marcel Duchamp, Max Ernst, Salvador Dali et al.

Mixed amongst them are the photographs Newman took at the Villa.

Newman and Arcadia walk around this strange montage.

NEWMAN

Anything?

ARCADIA

No, Mr. Newman. Nothing.

NEWMAN

Same here.

Newman steps back from the photographs.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

There has to be a pattern.

ARCADIA

Well, I can't see it. Perhaps if you removed the surrealist painters?

NEWMAN

(shaking his head)

We can no longer separate art from politics. It's all about ritual now.

Newman resumes pacing around the photographs.

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Something or someone is missing.
We need more data.

EXT. A DESERT - DAY

DREAM SEQUENCE

Trotsky lies on the floor of a freshly-dug grave. He is wrapped in bandages like a mummy with only his eyes left uncovered.

From Trotsky's POV: Earth is thrown into the grave by two MEN WITH SHOVELS. They keep shovelling in more and more soil until Trotsky's vision is obscured and there is only darkness.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, STUDY - DAY

Asleep at his desk, Trotsky wakes from his nightmare.

He raises his head, takes off his glasses and polishes them with his handkerchief.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, LIBRARY - DAY

Natalya is at the table. Sylvie stands by her side.

Natalya holds up Harte's cigarette case.

NATALYA

This was Robert's. It's the only possession he treasured. I have no idea why.

SYLVIE

A gift?

NATALYA

Perhaps. There's no inscription. I want you to take it to Charles Newman. I'll have Joe run you there and back again. Make sure you give it to him yourself. It has to be you.

INT. ABBEY, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Newman sits in a wicker chair handling the cigarette case.

Sylvie stands nervously nearby.

NEWMAN

Why don't you sit down?

SYLVIE

I have to be going.

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN

Aren't you curious to know why
Madam Trotsky sent you to give me
this?

SYLVIE

Joe's waiting in the car.

NEWMAN

Sit down. This won't take long.

Newman closes his eyes and clasps the cigarette case in both hands.

Sylvie eyes the doorway but curiosity gets the better of her. She sits in the chair beside Newman's.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

He had a great passion for life -
almost childlike. Too trusting
though - much too trusting.

Newman is quiet for a few moments.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

I see birds. Colourful birds with
bright plumage.

SYLVIE

Bob collected them. He built an
aviary at the Villa.

NEWMAN

They reminded him of the girl who
gave him this case. He loved her
very much.

SYLVIE

What happened to her?

NEWMAN

She went away. He always believed
she'd come back, but she never
did.

Newman opens his eyes. He proffers the cigarette case to Sylvie.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Go on - take it.

Sylvie warily takes the case.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Hold it in your hands and listen
to what it's telling you.

SYLVIE

It's just a cigarette case.

Newman gets up and kneels in front of Sylvie.

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN
How does it feel?

SYLVIE
How should it feel? Cold. Metallic.

NEWMAN
How about now?

Newman touches the case. Sylvie reacts as if a bolt of electricity has shot through her.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. CELLAR - DAY

A brief flash of Harte's throat being cut open.

This is followed by flashes of the faces of Eustacia, Eitingon and Jacson.

INT. ABBEY, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sylvie drops the case. She looks terrified.

NEWMAN
Did you see it?

Sylvie shakes her head.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)
Robert Sheldon Harte's final moments.

Sylvie jumps to her feet and dashes to the door.

Newman calls after her.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)
The assassins - do you know them?

Sylvie halts in her tracks.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)
Who is Frank Jacson? Who is he really?

SYLVIE
I have to go.

Newman watches Sylvie run out. He picks up the cigarette case and sits back in his chair.

From outside comes the sound of a car pulling away.

Arcadia walks in. She stands by the door.

ARCADIA
Is she the one?

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN

I'll know for sure when Azardin gets here.

ARCADIA

You realise you might have to kill her?

NEWMAN

Would you ring Captain Echeverria for me? Tell him I know where Bob Harte is?

EXT. CELLAR - DAY

Newman and Echeverria watch two Policemen digging freshly-turned earth.

The Policemen stop digging.

Echeverria peers into the pit. Harte's corpse stares back at him.

ECHEVERRIA

What do you need?

NEWMAN

His watch will do.

Echeverria jumps down into the grave and removes Harte's watch. He looks at the broken face.

ECHEVERRIA

Well, I can tell you the time of death.

Echeverria hands the watch to Newman and climbs out of the grave.

Newman holds the watch in both hands and closes his eyes.

INSERT: Shots of Jacson and Eitingon filling in the grave. And then darkness.

Newman opens his eyes.

ECHEVERRIA (CONT'D)

Well? Do you know who killed him?

Newman shakes his head.

NEWMAN

(lying)
Harte never saw their faces.

ECHEVERRIA

I'm beginning to lose faith in you, Mister Newman.

Echeverria clicks his fingers at the Policemen. They bury the corpse once more.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, STUDY - DAY

Newman and Trotsky are playing chess. Newman plays the white pieces, Trotsky the red. The game is at an early stage.

TROTSKY

I still don't understand why Mexico of all places.

NEWMAN

I was sent here.

TROTSKY

By whom?

NEWMAN

My Guardian Angel, Azardin.

TROTSKY

A pity Seva's invisible friend is no longer around. They could have kept each other company.

Trotsky makes a move and looks up.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

Forgive me, Mister Newman. Perhaps I shouldn't joke about such matters.

Newman studies the board.

NEWMAN

Quite all right. A certain amount of derision goes with the territory.

TROTSKY

What do you hope to accomplish here?

NEWMAN

I hope to shorten the war.

TROTSKY

The European war? It'll be over in a matter of weeks.

NEWMAN

I don't think so.

TROTSKY

The workers won't be led so easily to slaughter as they were in 1914. This time they'll recognise the real enemy. In any case, I don't see how you can effect things one way or another.

Newman makes his move.

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN

Miracles happen, Comrade. Or they
can be made to.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, SEVA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Seva is lying on his bed. He reads aloud from the Superman comic in front of him.

SEVA

(reading)

Never forget, Superman, that the
fate of humanity rests with you.
Don't let us down!

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - DAY

Newman consults the Y King. He throws the coins six times
and creates a new hexagram.

He looks it up in his book.

NEWMAN

(reading)

Hexagram 1. The Lingam. As Heaven
moves with unstoppable power, so
the Superior Man becomes stronger.
The Dragon awakes. His power is
brittle unless tempered by Wisdom.

There is a knock on the door. Arcadia walks straight in.

ARCADIA

Frida Kahlo rang. She's agreed to
see you at the Blue House. This
afternoon - if that's convenient.

INT. BLUE HOUSE, COURTYARD - DAY

Newman and Frida sit at a table drinking lemonade.

FRIDA

Do you talk to the dead, Mister
Newman?

NEWMAN

Not if I can help it. They're not
great conversationalists. Still,
maybe they can tell me who was
behind the attack on the Casa de
Trotsky.

FRIDA

The NKVD.

NEWMAN

Almost certainly. But they would
have got someone local to lead the
raid.

(CONTINUED)

FRIDA

Someone like David Siqueiros.

NEWMAN

The artist?

FRIDA

Do you think artists incapable of murder?

NEWMAN

Not since meeting Salvador Dali. But why would Siqueiros want Trotsky dead?

FRIDA

To please Stalin. To get back at Diego. To regain favour with the Mexican Communist Party.

NEWMAN

I thought he was the MCP's blue-eyed boy?

FRIDA

Siqueiros was helping himself to party funds. Nothing can be proved but everyone knows he's a thief.

NEWMAN

So he turns to murder to show what a fine chap he is.

FRIDA

It's all about ego, Charles. You can't be an artist without it.

NEWMAN

Your ex-husband being a case in point.

FRIDA

You think Diego organised the attack?

NEWMAN

He has plenty of reason to want Trotsky dead.

FRIDA

He's no killer, Charles. You know that.

NEWMAN

I wonder what he makes of it all.

FRIDA

Why don't you ask him?

INT. RIVERA'S STUDIO - DAY

A converted warehouse, full of large canvasses - some blank, some painted or part-painted with colourful murals.

Rivera is supervising his two assistants, DAISY and MIRABELLE. They are working on a canvas together.

RIVERA

More sweep, Daisy. Attack the sky.
Make it speak for you. And,
Mirabelle, put a smile on that
man. He's meant to look happy -
not constipated.

(beat)

Dear God, why are you two so afraid
of colour? Stop thinking about
art. Just enjoy! You're not Michael-
fucking-angelo!

Unnoticed, Newman walks in, stands by the doorway. He looks on - an amused spectator - as Rivera positions himself behind Daisy and puts his arms around her waist.

RIVERA (CONT'D)

There. Feel that. Imagine it
thrusting in and out of you. Tell
the sky how it feels. Paint me a
glorious blue orgasm.

NEWMAN

Wouldn't that work better in water
colour?

Startled, Rivera lets go of Daisy and spins on his heels to face Newman. Consternation quickly turns to recognition.

RIVERA

(delightedly)

Madre Dios! Charles Newman! I'd
heard you were in Mexico.

As Newman strolls serenely towards Rivera, Rivera rushes up to him and enfolds him in an enthusiastic bear hug.

Neither sees Frida walk in.

RIVERA (CONT'D)

How long has it been, you old dog?
And how's that rogue, Crowley?
Still outraging public taste and
decency, I hope.

Rivera releases Newman.

RIVERA (CONT'D)

But we can talk about all that
later. Come and meet Mirabelle and
Daisy. They're an inspiration to
me.

(CONTINUED)

FRIDA

And what else, Diego?

Rivera is momentarily thrown by the unexpected appearance of his ex-wife. But then he manages a smile.

RIVERA

Hello, Frida.

FRIDA

Aren't you going to say it's good to see me?

RIVERA

It's good to see you. How have you been?

FRIDA

Lonely. We should talk.

RIVERA

You have your lawyers, I have mine. Let them talk. It's what we pay them for.

FRIDA

Do you really want it that way?

RIVERA

You make any other way impossible.

NEWMAN

Is there a bathroom here?

RIVERA

The toilet's blocked. I piss in the street.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE RIVERA'S STUDIO - DAY

Newman finds a space between two buildings. As he relieves his bladder, an uneasy feeling makes him look over his shoulder.

Across the road, a SINISTER-LOOKING MAN in raincoat and shades smokes a cigarette. He makes no secret of his interest in Newman.

Newman finishes his business, zips his fly and heads back to the studio. As he approaches, he hears Rivera and Frida exchanging angry words.

INT. RIVERA'S STUDIO - DAY

Newman walks in on a blazing argument.

FRIDA

You are impossible, Diego.
Impossible!

(CONTINUED)

RIVERA

All I'm saying is that I'm not the only one at fault here.

FRIDA

If you'd been a better husband,
I'd have been a better wife!

RIVERA

Trotsky! Why in God's name Trotsky?
Him of all people! I gave you
everything, Frida! Everything!

FRIDA

(to Newman)

You see what an ass he is?

Frida storms angrily out of the studio.

Newman and Diego stand in uncomfortable silence for a few moments.

RIVERA

That woman! I've never known one
to get so under my skin.

NEWMAN

You still love her.

RIVERA

It's driving me crazy. I'll say
this for Frida - with her around
I'll never be my own worst enemy.

Rivera thinks about what he has just said. He laughs and is suddenly jolly again.

RIVERA (CONT'D)

You must tell me all the latest
scandal and gossip. We hear so
little about Europe today except
for that abominable war.

Rivera makes space on a work bench cluttered with paints, brushes, rags and jars of water. He points to one of two chairs.

RIVERA (CONT'D)

Sit. Relax.

Newman makes himself comfortable.

Rivera snaps his fingers at Daisy and Mirabelle.

RIVERA (CONT'D)

Tequila.

Daisy crosses her arms and stares defiantly at Rivera.

(CONTINUED)

DAISY

We are not your servants, you fat bastard.

Rivera rolls his eyes.

RIVERA

This is what I get for preaching equality. Quite right, my dear. What I meant to say is: will you lovely ladies please bring us some tequila?

NEWMAN

Tea for me, if you have any.

DAISY

I don't know how to make tea.

RIVERA

Just do your best. Please?

Daisy and Mirabelle shuffle off to an adjoining room.

RIVERA (CONT'D)

Women, hey, Charles? Would we bother with art if there were no women? We bare our souls so that they'll bare their bodies. We penetrate in order to penetrate.

(beat)

Believe me, that sounds better in Spanish.

Rivera produces a joint and lights it.

RIVERA (CONT'D)

I suppose you don't - ?

NEWMAN

(shaking his head)

My body is my temple.

RIVERA

Thank God I'm an atheist.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE RIVERA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

The Sinister-Looking Man extinguishes his cigarette, gets into his car and drives off.

Another car follows at a discreet distance. Captain Echeverria is at the wheel.

INT. RIVERA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Rivera contentedly puffs away at his spliff.

(CONTINUED)

RIVERA

The trouble with Frida is that she's so desperate for approval, she'll fuck anyone. And I tell you what, Charles, if she fucked half the world, she'd still be a virgin.

INT. RIVERA'S STUDIO - LATER

Newman and Rivera are still at the bench. Newman has his tea, Rivera his Tequila. Daisy sits on Rivera's lap.

Mirabelle stands nearby, unashamedly giving Newman the glad eye.

RIVERA

Trotsky? Looks like a goat and acts like a goat.

Rivera knocks back his Tequila. Daisy refills his glass.

RIVERA (CONT'D)

Damn it, Charles. I'm no prude. Frida has always turned a blind eye to my indiscretions and I've turned a blind eye to hers. We're artists. We have to express ourselves in any way we can. But Trotsky -

(beat)

It's the hypocrisy that gets to me. That and the ingratitude.

INT. RIVERA'S STUDIO - LATER

A group of studenty REVELLERS are standing around, drinking, chatting and flirting. A party atmosphere is developing.

Mirabelle is standing right beside Newman now, her hip touching his arm.

Rivera is slightly drunk.

RIVERA

Where does Frida get the notion that Siqueiros has the balls to try to kill Trotsky? The man is a maggot.

(beat)

Do you know who I think is responsible for the attack? None other than Leon Trotsky himself. He faked the whole thing to force the police to clamp down on his enemies. What do you say to that, Charles?

INT. RIVERA'S STUDIO - LATER

The studio is filling up. People are losing their inhibitions.

(CONTINUED)

Mirabelle is on Newman's knee. Daisy pours him a fresh cup of tea.

This little group - Newman, Rivera, Daisy and Mirabelle - seem isolated from the revelry going on around them.

INT. RIVERA'S STUDIO - LATER

RIVERA

(drunk and angry)

But for me, Trotsky would still be adrift on the high seas. Wasn't a country in the world wanted him. And how does he repay me?

INT. RIVERA'S STUDIO - LATER

Things are getting orgiastic. The Revellers shed their clothes. They cover each other in paint and roll about on a large canvas spread on the floor.

Others make love, some as couples, some as groups. Newman and Mirabelle dance slowly in each other's arms.

Rivera takes the opportunity to slip some powder into Newman's tea. Then he pours a tin of paint over himself and lets out a great roar.

Rivera charges at the writhing mass of bodies on the canvas.

RIVERA

Make way for papa!

People hurriedly get out of the way as Rivera launches himself at the canvas. Laughing with glee, he slides the whole length of it.

The Revellers ignore his half-hearted pleas for mercy as they pounce on him and pull his clothes off.

INT. RIVERA'S STUDIO - LATER

Mirabelle drinks some of Newman's tea. She takes a large mouthful and - without swallowing - kisses Newman full on the lips. Tea dribbles between their chins.

INT. RIVERA'S STUDIO - LATER

Mirabelle and Newman inspect the murals. From Newman's hallucinogenic POV, the murals morph and mutate. Colours change shade. Perspectives shift.

Newman 'finds' himself in one of the murals - a jungle of faces and flowers.

He pushes his way through the undergrowth. A light shines ahead of him. He makes towards it as quickly as the dense foliage will allow.

Newman calls out to the light.

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN

Azardin! Come here, you unearthly
bastard! Come here!

Newman suddenly finds himself stumbling out of the jungle.
Ahead of him is the Pyramid of the Sun.

EXT. TEOTIHUACAN, THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN - DAY

At the base of the Pyramid, Trotsky is on his hands and
knees facing Newman.

Newman walks up to Trotsky.

TROTSKY

See what they have done to me?

NEWMAN

Leon?

TROTSKY

It's better this way. I'm not in
favour of dying in a bed in the
Kremlin.

Trotsky slumps forward. An ice pick protrudes from the
back of his neck.

Newman hears a rustling in the undergrowth. He turns on
his heel to find himself facing a ball of light suspended
in mid-air.

The ball makes a rustling/crackling sound which sounds
like badly distorted speech.

NEWMAN

No! It's too much to ask! I won't
do it. Do you hear me, Azardin? I
won't do it!

FADE TO RED:

EXT. ABBEY, DRIVEWAY - DAY

A taxi rolls up the driveway and stops by the front door.

Sylvie gets out. While she is paying off the driver, the
Abbey door opens.

Arcadia steps onto the porch. She stands silently watching
Sylvie.

The taxi pulls away.

Sylvie approaches Arcadia.

ARCADIA

Mister Newman is away at the moment.

SYLVIE

I'll come back later.

(CONTINUED)

ARCADIA

You didn't come to see Mister Newman.

SYLVIE

Well, yes -

Sylvie looks momentarily confused.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

That is - To be honest, I don't know why I came.

ARCADIA

Come in. I'll show you.

INT. RIVERA'S STUDIO - DAY

Newman wakes to find himself surrounded by naked, sleeping bodies. He is lying on a blank canvas between Daisy and Mirabelle.

Uncertainly, he gets to his feet and - stepping over sleeping bodies - creeps out the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE RIVERA'S STUDIO - DAY

Newman quietly closes the door behind him. Blinking in the sunlight, he stretches and yawns.

The Sinister-Looking Man stands across the road. He throws away his cigarette and hurries towards Newman.

Newman defiantly stands his ground.

A police car swings around the corner. It pulls up in front of Newman.

The Sinister-Looking Man stops in his tracks. He eyes the police car warily.

A window is rolled down in the police car. A Policeman looks out.

POLICEMAN

Get in, Senior.

Newman looks at the Sinister-Looking Man.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Captain Echeverria requests the pleasure of your company.

Newman hesitates. Then, with a shrug, he complies.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - DAY

Arcadia and Sylvie stand before the portraits of the Angel and the Scarlet Woman.

Sylvie is in awe.

(CONTINUED)

SYLVIE

She looks exactly like me. And that Angel - he seems familiar.

ARCADIA

Azardin. Mister Newman's Guardian Angel.

SYLVIE

Charles honestly believes he has a Guardian Angel?

ARCADIA

You've met him in a dream. You and he watched the world burn.

Arcadia walks over to the table and picks up a booklet.

ARCADIA (CONT'D)

Mister Newman asked that I give you this.

Sylvie takes the booklet and looks at the cover.

SYLVIE

(reading)

The Cosmic Law by Charles Thomas Newman. A Treatise on the Mechanics of the Coming Epoch.

INT. POLICE STATION, ECHEVERRIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Newman leans against the wall by the door.

Echeverria sits on the edge of the desk.

On the floor, between the two men, is the bomb left by the Assassins outside Trotsky's bedroom.

ECHEVERRIA

Can you imagine a more inept bunch of assassins? They had guns, dynamite and a bomb big enough to take out an entire block. And the worst they could manage was to shoot a little boy in the foot. What does this say about Mexican competence?

NEWMAN

You're certain Mexicans were involved?

ECHEVERRIA

I wish I could say otherwise. We will be the laughing stock of the world.

NEWMAN

Maybe they'll have better luck next time.

(CONTINUED)

ECHEVERRIA

If I could have my way, I'd have every Communist in the country rounded up and shot. Give me some names, Mister Newman. Something I can go on.

NEWMAN

I'm as much in the dark as you.

ECHEVERRIA

It would suit your government if Trotsky was out of the way.

NEWMAN

As far as my government is concerned, Trotsky is out of the way.

Echeverria opens his desk drawer and takes out a buff folder. He opens it and runs his index finger down the front page.

ECHEVERRIA

(reading)

Charles Thomas Newman. Born in Cairo, Egypt on the 11th of November, 1908. Author, occultist, secret agent, assassin. Shall I go on?

NEWMAN

I've committed no crime on Mexican soil.

ECHEVERRIA

Can you account for your movements on the night of the attack?

NEWMAN

Not convincingly. My housekeeper is my only alibi.

ECHEVERRIA

She's a witch.

NEWMAN

A Santeria Priestess.

Newman calculatedly takes out a cigarette and lights it.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

There's a man been following me. One of yours?

ECHEVERRIA

Not if you know he's following you. I don't employ amateurs.

NEWMAN

Can you do something about him?

(CONTINUED)

ECHEVERRIA

Do it yourself. Kill him if you have to. Just make sure you hide the body.

NEWMAN

Are we finished here?

ECHEVERRIA

I'll have one of my men drop you off. Goodbye, Mister Newman.

NEWMAN

Aren't you going to tell me not to leave town?

ECHEVERRIA

I really wish you would, Senor. You and Trotsky and his whole pathetic circus.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, STUDY - DAY

Dressed in his night clothes, Trotsky is at his desk talking into a dictation machine.

TROTSKY

It is first of all necessary to affirm that the attempted assassination could only be instigated by Stalin through the agency of the NKVD. During the last few years, Stalin has shot hundreds of real or supposed friends of mine. He actually exterminated my entire family, except me, my wife and one of my grandchildren.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - DAY

The camera roves around the courtyard. Builders are at work reinforcing the Villa.

TROTSKY (V.O.)

Through his agents he assassinated one of the old leaders of the NKVD, Ignace Reiss, who had publicly declared himself a partisan of mine. The same NKVD agents who killed Reiss trailed my son in Paris. On the night of November 7, 1936 NKVD agents broke into the Scientific Institute of Paris and stole part of my archives. All the theatrical Moscow trials during 1936-37 had as their aim to get me into the hands of the NKVD.

(beat)

In saying this I do not exclude the possibility of the participation

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TROTSKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
of Hitler's Gestapo in the
assassination attempt.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, STUDY - DAY

Trotsky continues to dictate.

TROTSKY
Up to a certain point the NKVD and
the Gestapo are connected with
each other; it is possible and
probable that in special cases the
same agents are at the disposal of
both. Authoritative representatives
of the German government have
publicly indicated that they
consider me a dangerous enemy. It
is completely plausible that these
two police forces cooperated in an
effort to eliminate me.

There is a knock on the door.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)
Come.

Natalya enters with a tray of breakfast.

NATALYA
No arguments. You've missed too
many meals of late.

Natalya puts the tray in front of Trotsky. Under a plate
of egg and bacon is a tattered Superman comic.

Trotsky picks up the comic.

TROTSKY
What's this?

NATALYA
Seva left it in the library. I
thought you should know.

Trotsky flicks through the comic.

TROTSKY
We can hardly expect him to be
absorbing Das Kapital at his age.

NATALYA
He shouldn't be filling his mind
with trash.

TROTSKY
Let him grab what childhood he can
while he can. The way things are,
he's going to grow up all too soon.

(CONTINUED)

Trotsky drops the comic on his desk. It falls open at a page with a large picture of Superman. A goatee, a moustache and a pair of spectacles have been crayoned on the face.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

Hello. What do we have here?

(reading the speech
bubble)

Time is running out. I must save
the world!

NATALYA

Not before you've had your
breakfast. Eat.

TROTSKY

Is this how he sees me? As Superman?

NATALYA

Don't get carried away. You wouldn't
look good in tights.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - DAY

Newman consults the Y King. He throws the coins six times
and creates a new hexagram.

He looks it up in his book.

NEWMAN

(reading)

Hexagram 25. Innocence. The fly
in the web worsens its plight
through its struggles. The Superior
Man extricates himself with grace
and patience. Those who oppose him
can be won over but not subdued.

INT. JACSON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sylvie stands in front of a wall mirror. She is dressed in
her usual no-nonsense manner.

Behind her, Jacson sits up in bed and lights a cigarette.
He coughs and splutters.

SYLVIE

You should give those up.

JACSON

Don't tell me what I should do.

SYLVIE

I wasn't telling you. It was a
suggestion.

EXT. OUTSIDE JACSON'S HOTEL - DAY

Newman stands over the road from the hotel. He gets the
occasional glimpse of Sylvie as she walks past the window.

INT. JACSON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

JACSON

I'll be working late tonight. I'm expecting a consignment.

Sylvie walks over and sits on the bed.

SYLVIE

You've been having a lot of late nights recently.

JACSON

A few more weeks and I'll be done here. And then we can move on. Cuba perhaps.

SYLVIE

I can't just walk away from the Old Man.

JACSON

You may have to. We'll talk about it later.

Sylvie gets up.

JACSON (CONT'D)

Don't I get a kiss?

Smiling, Sylvie gives Jacson a quick peck.

JACSON (CONT'D)

I'll see you tonight.

Sylvie heads for the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE JACSON'S HOTEL - DAY

Newman checks his watch.

He is about to cross over to the hotel when a car pulls up in front of him. The car is an expensive one with blackened windows at the rear.

The front window winds down to reveal the Sinister-Looking Man at the wheel.

Before Newman can react, two Thugs step smartly out of an alleyway. One of them swipes the back of Newman's head with a gun. They bundle him into the back of the car.

The door slams. The car speeds away.

INT. SIQUEIROS' WORKSHOP - DAY

A large room that might once have been a warehouse. Murals cover the walls.

Dotted around the place are several large sculptures, some surrounded by scaffolding.

(CONTINUED)

Siqueiros and Chandler drink tea at a small table. A Tommy gun nestles in Siqueiros' lap.

Newman is led into the room at gunpoint by the Sinister-Looking Man. He dabs a handkerchief at a trickle of blood on the back of his head.

CHANDLER

Sit down, Charles. Have a cup of tea.

Chandler pours a fresh cup. Newman warily joins Chandler and Siqueiros at the table.

NEWMAN

If you wanted to talk, you could have called.

CHANDLER

I thought I should demonstrate how easy it is to dispose of trouble-makers in these parts. Sugar?

Newman shakes his head.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

I trust the lesson won't be lost on you.

Newman takes a sip of tea. He turns his attention to Siqueiros.

NEWMAN

You must be David Siqueiros.

SIQUEIROS

It seems there's a story going around that the Mexican Communist Party is out to get Trotsky. This is a monstrous slander which can't be allowed to go unchallenged.

NEWMAN

So plant some stories in the newspapers.

SIQUEIROS

The people we need to convince are not inclined to believe newspapers.

NEWMAN

Which people specifically?

SIQUEIROS

Leon Trotsky for one. Diego Rivera for another.

CHANDLER

You have their ear, Charles.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

They trust you. It would be enormously beneficial to all sides if - let's say - the Gestapo were shown to be culpable for the attack on the Casa de Trotsky.

NEWMAN

They had nothing to do with it.

CHANDLER

Beside the point.

NEWMAN

Do your own dirty work, Chandler.

CHANDLER

Perhaps you've forgotten how you came by that lump on the back of your head.

Siqueiros gets to his feet and picks up his Tommy gun. He points to a section of wall over which a large tarpaulin has been draped.

SIQUEIROS

Let me show you my latest work, Senor.

Siqueiros grabs the tarpaulin and gives it a tug.

The tarpaulin falls to the ground revealing a large painting. It shows a long gallows from which hang Trotsky, Natalya, Frida, Rivera and Newman. A hooded hangman stands to one side.

SIQUEIROS (CONT'D)

What do you think, Mister Newman? Have I captured your essence?

NEWMAN

You've made my shoulders too wide.

SIQUEIROS

So I have. Perhaps I can persuade you to pose for me some time?

NEWMAN

With a rope around my neck?

(beat)

What about these others? The Trotskys and the Riveras?

SIQUEIROS

You have a saying in England. Give them enough rope -

NEWMAN

Who's the hangman?

(CONTINUED)

SIQUEIROS

That's for the viewer to decide.
All great art contains elements of
ambiguity.

NEWMAN

Don't think me a Philistine, Senor,
but I've seen enough art for now.

Newman turns to Chandler.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

The mural was your idea?

CHANDLER

Don't take it to heart, Charles.
I'm not going to kill anyone unless
I have to. But I'm relying on you
to pour oil on troubled waters.
Aren't you going to finish your
tea?

Newman gets to his feet.

NEWMAN

I have a nasty taste in my mouth.

SIQUEIROS

One more thing, Mister Newman. Do
you seriously believe the Mexican
Communist Party has the desire or
the means to attack Leon Trotsky?

NEWMAN

With a little help from Moscow -
yes.

Siqueiros takes out a small note pad and a pencil. He
scribbles an address.

SIQUEIROS

There's a meeting of the Mexican
Communist Party tonight. Come as
my guest. Meet the people you so
casually accuse of attempted murder.
Perhaps you'd care to share with
them your thoughts on their role
in the attempted assassination of
Leon Trotsky?

CHANDLER

An excellent idea. And then you
can truthfully tell Rivera and
Trotsky that the MCP have no
interest in them.

Siqueiros rips off the page he has written on and hands it
to Newman.

(CONTINUED)

SIQUEIROS

Here's the address. Come any time
after seven. You'll be expected.
Adios, Senor Newman.

Siqueiros undoes the safety on his Tommy Gun. Laughing
gleefully, he sprays the mural with bullets.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - DAY

Newman is at his desk. Arcadia stands behind him.

ARCADIA

You shouldn't trust him, Charles.
It's a trap.

NEWMAN

It's a test. Siqueiros wants to
see if I've got the balls to meet
him on his home ground.

ARCADIA

And Chandler? Why does he allow
this?

NEWMAN

He's hoping I'll be killed. I intend
to disappoint him.

Newman creates a new hexagram. He looks it up in his book.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

(reading)

Hexagram 16. The Sun Upon the Water.
The light, though strong, is
scattered and weakened. The Superior
Man speaks the least and says the
most. He cannot avoid the Waters
of Confusion.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, TROTSKY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Trotsky is bathing. Marguerite sits on a stool taking down
Trotsky's dictation on a notepad.

TROTSKY (O.S.)

Dialectic is neither fiction nor
mysticism, but a science of the
forms of our thinking insofar as
it is not limited to the daily
problems of life but attempts to
arrive at an understanding of more
complicated and drawn-out processes.
The dialectic and formal logic
bear a relationship similar to
that between higher and lower
mathematics.

INT. CENTRAL HALL - NIGHT

The hall is dominated at the far end by a raised platform.

(CONTINUED)

Siqueiros and the eleven other Members of the Central Committee sit behind a long table on the platform.

Siqueiros bangs his fist on the table.

SIQUEIROS

Comrades! This meeting is now in session.

The room silences.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

Newman, dressed in priestly robes, stands in the middle of the pentagram.

Holding a willow twig in front of him, he slowly turns 360 degrees.

NEWMAN

The circle is closed.

INT. CENTRAL HALL - NIGHT

SIQUEIROS

I call upon Comrade de Molina.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

Newman, still in the pentagram, raises his arms.

NEWMAN

I call upon the fifty-five angels of the moon. Comeil. Cemeil. Charochin. Azardin. Reanei. Agars. Achithim. Abrancasai. Larabusin. Iangas. Mangarozan. Mamenim. Hacsemim. Mimgogm. Labelas. Mezetin. Farbarakin. Candanegin. Iaciz. Andonin. Rasaidin.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, TROTSKY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Trotsky continues his dictation.

TROTSKY

I will here attempt to sketch the substance of the problem in a very concrete form. The Aristotelian logic of the simple syllogism starts from the proposition that 'A' is equal to 'A'. This postulate is accepted as an axiom for a multitude of practical human actions and elementary generalisations. But in reality 'A' is not equal to 'A'. This is easy to prove if we observe these two letters under a lens - they are quite different from each other.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

NEWMAN

Procul, O procul este profani!

(beat)

I invoke Kronos, Lord of the Ages!
Hail unto Thee, O Kronos. Even
unto Thee, O Thou Great One of the
Night of Time! Thou, the terrible
and hoary One, the Dweller in
Eternity. Thou that didst devour
His own Children, and Whose Darkness
is concealed in the Heaven of
Misunderstanding! Hear me: O Thou
Mighty God of the Aeons!

INT. JACSON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sylvie sits at her dressing table. She is absorbed in Newman's book.

INT. CENTRAL HALL - NIGHT

De Molina stands in front of the platform. He is holding a thick bundle of notes.

DE MOLINA

(reading)

In place of the present and archaic
hierarchy of systems whose liberties
are intangible and illusory, we
must as soon as possible implement
a program of internal revolutions
and establish on a peaceful and
industrial basis an order of Society
that will direct its labours to
the work of terrestrial cultivation
and improvement.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

NEWMAN

The Dew of Immortality. The
Continuity of Existence. The Love
that knoweth no Symbol. The
Perfection of the Universe. The
Squaring of the Circle. The Entry
into the Palace of the King's
Daughter.

INT. JACSON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

As Sylvie reads, her lips move in sync with Newman's voice.

NEWMAN (V.O.)

And in the heart of the Sphinx
dances the Lord Adonai, in His
garlands of roses and pearls making
glad the concourse of things; yea,
making glad the concourse of things.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, TROTSKY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Trotsky gets out of the bath and begins towelling himself down. As he does so, he continues dictating to Marguerite.

TROTSKY

But, one can object, the question is not of the size or the form of the letters, since they are only symbols for equal quantities, for instance, a pound of sugar.

(beat)

The objection is beside the point; in reality a pound of sugar is never equal to a pound of sugar - a more delicate scale always discloses a difference.

Trotsky looks over his shoulder at Marguerite.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

Read that last part back to me. Starting from, "The objection is beside the point."

MARGUERITE

(reading from note pad)

The objection is beside the point; in reality a pound of sugar is never equal to a pound of sugar - a more delicate scale always discloses a difference.

INT. CENTRAL HALL - NIGHT

The Audience is on its feet, clapping and cheering.

AUDIENCE

Hear! Hear!

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

NEWMAN

Amen.

INT. JACSON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Looking drained and exhausted, Sylvie shuts the book.

SYLVIE

Amen.

INT. FOYER OF MEETING HALL - NIGHT

The foyer is buzzing with people. Heated conversations are being held in Spanish.

Newman walks in from the street and through to -

INT. CENTRAL HALL - NIGHT

The meeting is becoming chaotic. Several people are all talking at once.

SPEAKER#1

Trotsky must be made to feel the
heel of history grinding into his
lying face -

SPEAKER#2

The dialectic of the plebiscite
dynamic highlights the heterogeneous
semiotic and symbolic -

SPEAKER#3

I demand an apology!

SPEAKER#4

There are some amongst us who mouth
the edicts of Marxist-Leninism but
would sabotage the revolution.

SPEAKER#5

Liar!

SPEAKER#6

Recidivist!

SPEAKER#4

Reactionary!

SPEAKER#5

Bourgeois monkey!

SPEAKER#6

Traitor!

SPEAKER#2

Trotskyite!

Speaker#6 angrily throws himself at Speaker#2.

The meeting erupts into a mass brawl.

Some of the Committee Members leap off the platform and enthusiastically join the fray. Others hide beneath the table.

Siqueiros bangs his shoe on the table.

SIQUEIROS

Order! This meeting will come to
order! Comrades! Please!

Siqueiros ducks a flying chair. He scurries under the table.

Staying close to the wall, Newman edges his way towards the platform. Now and then he has to move sharply to avoid injury.

(CONTINUED)

An ANNOUNCER walks in from an adjoining room. Wary of flying objects and people, he takes out a gun and shoots it into the air.

The Men are suddenly still. There is silence.

ANNOUNCER

Senors! The show is about to begin.

With a cheer, the Men charge into the adjoining room.

Newman, untouched by the fighting, walks up to Siqueiros who is still crouching under the table.

NEWMAN

(dryly)

Vive la revolucion.

Smiling to himself, Newman goes into the adjoining room which proves to be a small theatre.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

Newman strolls in at the back.

People enthusiastically take their seats. The curtains part to reveal a bedroom.

A cheer goes up.

Two men dressed as SCHOOL GIRLS rush onto the stage. The Audience responds with cheers and wolf-whistles.

Enter (an actor playing) 'TROTSKY' stage left. His blackened eyes denote him as the villain of the piece.

The Audience boo.

'Trotsky' harasses the School Girls.

The whole thing is acted out in the style of a silent movie.

Newman sees Jacson standing off to one side. He stares openly at him.

Jacson becomes aware of Newman's gaze and stalks over to him.

JACSON

Senor, why do you stare at me?

NEWMAN

You may remember me. Charles Newman.
We met at the Casa de Trotsky.

JACSON

I have never been to Trotsky's villa.

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN

Perhaps I was thinking of someone else.

JACSON

Idiot!

Jacson pushes Newman aside and stomps out of the theatre.

Newman turns his attention back to the show.

'Trotzky' has one the School Girls pinned to the bed. The other School Girl sneaks up behind him with a vase in her hands. She raises it above her head -

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - DAY

Newman constructs a new hexagram. He looks it up in his book.

NEWMAN

(reading)

Hexagram 54. The Virgin Bride. The threshold is crossed and there is much work to be done. Dust lurks in every corner. Venture not from these walls until the house is in order.

INT. ABBEY, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sylvie sits on a dining chair. 'The Cosmic Law' rests in her lap.

Newman stands in front of her. The impression is of a stern teacher and a timid pupil.

NEWMAN

History is coming to an end. The concept of the nation state will soon be obsolete. Everything has to be torn down and rebuilt. A New World Order is taking shape.

(beat)

The war in Europe is the climax of two millennia of Christian patriarchal domination. It will end with the building of terrible weapons. You remember your dream, Sylvie? The Earth was turned into a raging hell. It will come true unless we do something.

SYLVIE

You can't stop the war, Charles.

NEWMAN

I can shorten it.

SYLVIE

How?

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN

The dawn of every Aeon begins with the death of a man - Jesus, Buddha, Zarathustra.

SYLVIE

You see yourself as a Messiah?

NEWMAN

I am perhaps more akin to John the Baptist.

Newman cups Sylvie's chin in his hand.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Do you trust me, Sylvie?

SYLVIE

I'm not sure.

NEWMAN

Where's your life going? Are you going to spend the rest of your days taking dictation from a failed revolutionary? Can you stand to watch his dreams die one by one?

SYLVIE

Leon still has much to say.

NEWMAN

I love and respect the Old Man as much as you do, but his time has passed. It's over. I'm offering you that which he's failed to deliver - a chance to change the world. I'll be your teacher. Your mentor. I'll make you my Scarlet Woman.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - DAY

Sylvie lies naked on the pentagram. Her arms and legs are aligned with four of the arms of the star. Her head rests on the fifth.

Newman, dressed in a priestly robe, stands before her.

NEWMAN

You are the Scarlet Woman, the Whore of Babylon. You are Isis, the Great Sky Mother.

Newman undoes his robe and lets it slip to the floor.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

You are the Altar of Life.

Newman lies on top of Sylvie and enters her.

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

You are the Well from which I draw sustenance. You are the sun that defies the darkness.

(beat)

You are the White Goddess Incarnate.

Newman and Sylvie continue coupling in silence.

INT. JACSON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jacson lounges on the unmade bed, a glass of tequila in his hand. The bottle rests on the bedside locker.

Siqueiros stands angrily over him.

SIQUEIROS

You fool, Jacson! What possessed you to come to the meeting?

JACSON

I didn't want you to forget me. It's all right for you - you have the Mexican Communist Party to support you. I have no one. My back is exposed.

SIQUEIROS

Of all the whining, self-pitying -

Jacson throws his glass against the wall.

JACSON

Do you know what happened to Harte?

SIQUEIROS

He's in hiding.

JACSON

Now who's a fool? He's dead. Killed in cold blood by Eitingon.

SIQUEIROS

What of it?

Jacson jumps to his feet.

JACSON

Harte was one of us. If Eitingon can kill him then why not me? Why not you?

SIQUEIROS

Don't be paranoid.

JACSON

Perhaps you already know what he's got planned for me.

SIQUEIROS

Paranoid, paranoid, paranoid.

(CONTINUED)

JACSON

There was a man at the meeting -
an Englishman. Who was he?

SIQUEIROS

How the hell should I know?

JACSON

He had the look of an assassin. I
think you sent him to kill me.

SIQUEIROS

Now I've heard everything.

JACSON

Perhaps I should go to the police
and tell them all I know.

SIQUEIROS

I won't stop you. The police will
send you to an insane asylum. And
in the meantime, there's no telling
what will happen to your mother.

Jacson lurches around, ready to swing at Siqueiros. But Siqueiros has anticipated his move and already has a gun in his hand.

SIQUEIROS (CONT'D)

Go ahead, Jacson. Make it easy for
me.

Siqueiros backs towards the door.

SIQUEIROS (CONT'D)

The Englishman's name is Charles
Newman, and you're right - he is
an assassin. Steer clear of him.
He eats people like you for
breakfast.

JACSON

Whose side is he on?

Siqueiros ducks out of the door.

JACSON (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Is he one of us?

Jacson glares into thin air for a few moments. Then he sits down heavily on the bed and grabs the tequila bottle. He takes a large swig from it.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, SEVA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Seva lies on his bed, his chin cupped in his hands. He is looking at one of his Superman comics.

(CONTINUED)

SEVA
 (reading haltingly)
 Meanwhile, in his Fortress of
 Solitude, the Man of Steel grieves
 for things lost.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, STUDY - DAY

Trotsky and Newman play chess at Trotsky's desk.

Trotsky stares moodily at nothing in particular. Newman
 picks up a pawn.

TROTSKY
 Leave it.

With a shrug, Newman replaces the chess piece.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)
 Do you think you'll be remembered
 when you're gone, Charles?

NEWMAN
 It's not something I've ever given
 much thought to.

TROTSKY
 You will be. You'll keep writing
 your nonsense and acting the
 charlatan and people will hail you
 as a great guru. I, on the other
 hand - this villa - this home for
 my wife and grandson -

NEWMAN
 Your Fortress of Solitude.

TROTSKY
 My mausoleum. I'm being buried
 alive, bit by bit. Everything I
 ever stood for is being encased in
 concrete.

Newman points to the chess board.

NEWMAN
 The game?

TROTSKY
 Go away, Charles. Your potential
 immortality wounds me. It reminds
 me of how frail and insignificant
 I am.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - DAY

A watch tower is being erected by the rabbit hutches. The
 wall is being heightened. Other projects to strengthen the
 villa are underway.

(CONTINUED)

Sylvie, Hansen and Harold ROBINS (30s, American) sit at a table drinking lemonade. On the table, in front of Sylvie, are her Tarot cards.

Newman comes out of the villa looking somewhat dejected.

HANSEN

Charles! Come and join us.

Newman strolls over to the table.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

(to Robins)

This is the man I was telling you about - Charles Newman.

(to Newman)

Charles, I'd like you to meet Harold Robins. He's our new Chief of Security.

Newman and Robins shake hands.

ROBINS

Take a seat. Grab some lemonade. Trotsky's old lady made it. It's delicious.

NEWMAN

I really must be off.

ROBINS

What do you think of our little tower? Enough to deter the NKVD, do you think?

Newman spreads Sylvie's Tarot cards and picks one at random. He flips it over - Card 16. The Tower.

NEWMAN

It may be effective against a full-frontal assault, but the NKVD have already tried that and failed. Next time they'll employ a different tactic.

ROBINS

The lone assassin?

NEWMAN

It's their usual style. They've had a shot at something new and it didn't work. They're bound to fall back on their tried and trusted methods.

ROBINS

And how do we defend against that?

NEWMAN

Make sure Leon Trotsky never turns his back on anyone - ever.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - DAY

Newman constructs a new hexagram. He looks it up in his book.

NEWMAN

(reading)

Hexagram 61. Inner Truth. The Strong defend the Weak. The Weak give purpose to the Strong. The Superior Man does not shirk his responsibilities. By leading others, he guides himself to greatness.

EXT. ABBEY, COURTYARD - NIGHT

Echeverria kneels before Arcadia. She is dressed in colourful robes.

Arcadia takes a clay jug from a table next to her and sprinkles herbs in it. She holds the jug to Echeverria's lips and pours some of its contents into his mouth.

INT. JACSON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jacson sits on the bed. He leafs through 'The Cosmic Law'.

Sylvie walks in. She looks flustered.

Jacson gets to his feet.

SYLVIE

I thought you were out drinking tonight.

Jacson throws the booklet at Sylvie. He slaps her across the face.

Sylvie stumbles against the wall.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

Frank! No!

Jacson slaps Sylvie again.

JACSON

I can't trust even you!

Jacson grabs Sylvie's hair and throws her to the floor.

JACSON (CONT'D)

You're all against me!

Jacson kicks Sylvie.

SYLVIE

(sobbing)

Stop! Please stop!

Jacson drops to his knees and grabs Sylvie's hair again. He lays into her.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A crowded, badly-lit bar. Ceiling fans stir the sluggish air.

Hansen and Otto sit at a table with Jacson.

Jacson pours sangria from a clay jug into three glasses.

The Bodyguards take a glass each.

Jacson puts down the jug and picks up his own glass.

HANSEN

A toast then. To absent friends.

JACSON

To absent friends.

They clink glasses together and knock back the sangria.

INT. ABBEY, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Echeverria and Newman sit at the dining table.

Echeverria opens a large envelope and takes out two black and white photographs. They are head and shoulder shots of Jacson and Eitingon.

Echeverria pushes the photo of Eitingon over to Newman.

ECHEVERRIA

General Naum Isakovich Eitingon.
Head of Soviet Counter-Intelligence.
Friends call him Leonid. He's been
behind a number of Stalin's wet
jobs, mostly in Europe. I presume
you're familiar with the term 'wet
job'?

NEWMAN

Yes, though in England, we prefer
our euphemisms to be more - well,
euphemistic.

Echeverria pushes the other photo over to Newman.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Frank Jacson.

ECHEVERRIA

Real name: Ramon Mercader del Rio
Hernandez. A Communist and veteran
of the Spanish Civil War. His mother
is Eustacia Maria Caridad del Rio
Hernandez. She happens to be
Eitingon's lover.

NEWMAN

And Sylvie Ageloff? Where does she
fit into this?

(CONTINUED)

ECHEVERRIA

An innocent dupe. We think Mercador seduced her in order to infiltrate the Casa de Trotsky.

Echeverria takes out one more photograph. He passes it to Newman.

ECHEVERRIA (CONT'D)

You and Leonid Eitingon together in Paris. It was taken four days before Trotsky's son died in mysterious circumstances.

NEWMAN

I'm impressed. I wonder how the Mexican Secret Service managed to get hold of this.

ECHEVERRIA

Would you care to comment on the circumstances of the meeting?

NEWMAN

Most decidedly not.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jacson is blindfolded.

Hansen shuffles a pack of cards. He draws a card at random and places it face-up in front of Jacson. It is the nine of hearts.

Jacson runs his fingers over the card.

JACSON

Nine of hearts.

Hansen turns up another card - the three of clubs. Jacson scans it with his fingers.

JACSON (CONT'D)

Three of clubs.

EXT. BLUE HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Frida is in a wheelchair. She watches Newman laying out the photos he took of the attack on the Casa de Trotsky.

Newman taps a photograph of the door to Trotsky's study.

NEWMAN

The pattern of these bullet holes correspond to Hexagram 31 of the Y King.

FRIDA

Which tells you what?

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN

Absolutely nothing.

FRIDA

Don't you ever get tired of playing the mystic buffoon?

NEWMAN

You seem to be more than usually depressed today, Frida.

FRIDA

Any moment now, I expect the police to kick down my door and drag me back to that horrid police station. I can't look at anyone without wondering if they're a spy or an assassin.

NEWMAN

I heard about Diego going to New York.

FRIDA

I have no interest in Diego.

NEWMAN

Really?

FRIDA

Please, Charles. Let's not talk about the fat pig.

NEWMAN

It's time you got that monkey off your shoulder.

FRIDA

I've grown accustomed to it.

NEWMAN

Accustomed?

FRIDA

All right, I hate the damned thing. But what can I do? I love it and I think it loves me. Diego, for all his faults, is the greatest artist in Mexico. Do you know how much it means that someone of his genius should so much as look at me?

NEWMAN

You're a great artist in your own right.

FRIDA

I know that. But if it wasn't for Diego, no one else would.

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN

And that's why you love him?

FRIDA

That's why I need him. God knows why I love him.

(beat)

Diego once said I was the Earth and he was the sun. The Earth is a beautiful place but without the sun it would be cold and barren.

NEWMAN

And without the Earth, the sun would have no purpose.

FRIDA

You know what would please me? If I could see your temple.

NEWMAN

Abbey.

FRIDA

I'd be interested to see what strange rites you perform there.

NEWMAN

You'd be disappointed. At the moment, I'm limited to mundane rituals. The Inner Sanctum is not yet consecrated.

FRIDA

When will it be?

NEWMAN

When my Guardian Angel says so.

INT. ABBEY, BEDROOM - DAY

Newman and Sylvie make ferocious love.

Sylvie's face and body bear the marks of Jacson's beating.

EXT. ABBEY, DRIVEWAY - DAY

The Shaman, using a branch as a walking stick, shuffles up the driveway.

INT. ABBEY, BEDROOM - DAY

Newman and Sylvie bite and scratch at each other.

Newman enters Sylvie.

EXT. ABBEY, DRIVEWAY - DAY

The Shaman reaches the front door. Before he can knock, it is opened by Arcadia.

(CONTINUED)

Neither speaks as the Shaman steps inside.

INT. ABBEY, BEDROOM - DAY

Newman and Sylvie both reach orgasm.

Exhausted and sweaty, they lie in each other's arms.

The door opens. Arcadia and the Shaman step in.

Sylvie covers herself with a sheet. She looks questioningly at Newman.

NEWMAN

I have to go.

SYLVIE

Where?

NEWMAN

I don't know. I'll be gone some time.

Sylvie is alarmed. She grabs at Newman's arm.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

I'll be back. Jacson won't hurt you while I'm gone.

Newman reluctantly pulls himself away from Sylvie and slips out of the bed. He kisses Sylvie.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

It has to be this way. I'm sorry.

EXT. THE SHAMAN'S HUT - NIGHT

An adobe hut on a cliff overlooking the ocean.

Newman and the Shaman sit beside a small fire.

The Shaman throws roots and herbs onto the fire.

Smoke billows up. It engulfs them both.

INT. THE SHAMAN'S HUT - NIGHT

Newman is strapped to a small, wooden bed. He is feverish and delirious.

The Shaman stands beside him.

Newman hallucinates a series of events from World War II: Battles in both Europe and Asia. Stalin, Hitler and Churchill making speeches. Scenes from concentration camps. The attack on Pearl harbour. The Hiroshima bomb.

EXT. THE SHAMAN'S HUT - NIGHT

Newman, stripped to the waist, is tied to a tree. The Shaman whips his exposed back with a bunch of twigs.

(CONTINUED)

Blood is drawn.

INT. BLUE HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Frida and Rivera pose for a photograph. They are both dressed formally.

The PHOTOGRAPHER holds up a flash pan. It pops and flashes.

Frida and Rivera both laugh. They turn to each other. Then they kiss.

INT. BEACH BENEATH THE SHAMAN'S HUT - DAY

Newman draws a pentagram in the sand.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - DAY

Natalya looks on happily as Seva and Jacson play tag amongst the trees.

BUILDING WORKERS are everywhere. They are busily refortifying the Villa and its grounds.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, THE ROSMER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alfred and Marguerite are asleep in their separate beds.

Trotsky, dressed in pyjamas and dressing gown, walks boldly in.

Alfred wakes. He sits up and watches without comment as Trotsky sheds the dressing gown and slips into bed with Marguerite.

EXT. RAIN FOREST - NIGHT

Newman sits meditating in the Lotus position. He is oblivious to the rain pouring down on him.

A rustling in the undergrowth causes him to open his eyes.

Newman finds a JAGUAR prowling in front of him. The two regard each other for some moments.

The Jaguar turns and ambles back into the undergrowth.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, SEVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Seva is lying on his bed, reading a Superman comic.

INT. THE SHAMAN'S HUT - NIGHT

Newman cavorts with two NATIVE GIRLS.

The Shaman sits in the corner, puffing on a long-stemmed pipe. He seems far away.

EXT. THE SHAMAN'S HUT - DAY

Early morning. Newman and the Shaman sit drinking coca tea. The Shaman smokes his pipe.

In the distance, through a shimmering haze, they see a column of dust approach.

After a while, a Jeep can be discerned throwing up the dust.

The Jeep stops nearby. Chandler hops out.

CHANDLER

He's back.

NEWMAN

Eitingon?

CHANDLER

He's brought that witch Eustacia with him.

NEWMAN

You think he's come to kill Trotsky?

CHANDLER

I know it.

Newman gets to his feet, dusts himself down. He walks towards the Jeep.

NEWMAN

You want me to stop him?

CHANDLER

Control's given you carte blanche. It's up to you whether Trotsky lives or dies.

INT. ABBEY, BEDROOM - DAY

Newman lies naked on the bed. Although not asleep, he seems exhausted. He has an arm over his eyes.

Sylvie walks hesitantly into the room. She looks tenderly at Newman and turns to go.

NEWMAN

Sylvie.

Sylvie freezes in her tracks. Newman sits up.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

I've missed you.

Sylvie rushes to Newman and all but throws herself at him. They embrace.

(CONTINUED)

SYLVIE

I've missed you too, you bastard.
Arcadia said you've been on a fast.

NEWMAN

A spiritual journey.

SYLVIE

You're all skin and bones.

NEWMAN

Arcadia will soon have me pleasantly
plump again.

They smile at one another. Sylvie gets to her knees and begins removing her top.

INT. ABBEY, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frida lies naked on a table while Arcadia massages her spine. Her back brace rests on a chair beside her.

Newman sits in an armchair.

FRIDA

September the 17th, 1925.

NEWMAN

How old were you?

FRIDA

Eighteen. I was on my way home
from school. A train ran into the
bus I was on.

(beat)

The bus flew apart. I felt like I
was trapped in an exploding rain
drop. Thousands of bright shards
flowered around me.

(beat)

A metal rod pierced my uterus. I
was raped by a piece of machinery.
That's how I lost my virginity.

Newman opens a folder and takes out a medical report.

NEWMAN

(reading)

Fracture of the third and fourth
lumbar vertebrae; pelvic fractures;
fracture of the right foot;
dislocation of the left elbow;
deep abdominal wound produced by a
metal rod entering through the
left hip and exiting through the
genitals. Acute peritonitis;
cystitis with drainage for several
days.

(CONTINUED)

FRIDA

I have had thirty-two operations.
I am accustomed to pain. It is my
mission in life to depict every
wound.

NEWMAN

Frida Kahlo. The woman who paints
herself from the inside out.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT

The furniture has been re-arranged. Several rows of chairs
face a bed sheet hanging from the rafters. The chairs are
filled with Policemen and Bodyguards.

Hansen stands by a projector.

Trotsky and Newman come in and take seats at the back.
Hansen hits the light switch and starts the projector.

A movie plays on the sheet. Involving a Priest and two
School Girls, it bears a remarkable resemblance to the
skit at the MCP meeting.

TROTSKY

Pornography, Charles, is the new
opium of the people. Do you know
who the biggest producer of
pornography in Mexico is? The
Government. Get the people by their
gonads and their hearts will surely
follow. If the Church had learnt
that lesson two millennia ago,
there wouldn't be a single atheist
in the world today.

INT. JACSON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sylvie is asleep in bed. Jacson, dressed in coat and hat,
is getting ready to go out. He slips into his pocket an
ice pick and a gun. As he makes for the door, Sylvie opens
her eyes.

SYLVIE

(groggily)

Where are you going, Frank? It's
early.

JACSON

It's nearly mid-day. You overslept.

SYLVIE

Why didn't you wake me?

JACSON

You've been very tired, Sylvie. I
thought it best to let you rest.

SYLVIE

I have to get to work.

(CONTINUED)

JACSON
You're not well.

Jacson puts his hand on Sylvie's forehead.

JACSON (CONT'D)
I thought so. A fever.

SYLVIE
I feel dizzy.

JACSON
That place is doing you no good.
Quit the Casa de Trotsky and start
living again.

SYLVIE
But my work -

JACSON
- is over. I want you to go to New
York and wait for me there. I'll
book you a flight and see that you
have enough money to live on.

SYLVIE
Frank? What's going on?

JACSON
Nothing! Why must you always
question me about my business?

SYLVIE
I have a right to know.

JACSON
It's not safe for you in Mexico.
I'm only thinking of what's best
for you.

SYLVIE
I can't just up and leave.

JACSON
We'll discuss it when I get back
this evening.

Jacson straightens the bed clothes.

JACSON (CONT'D)
Now you sleep, my darling. I'll
send a doctor to you.

Sylvie settles down and is almost immediately asleep.

Jacson gives Sylvie a perfunctory kiss. He heads out the
door.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - DAY

Newman casts a hexagram. He looks it up in his book.

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN

(reading)

Hexagram 64. The Ford of Harmony.
The river is nearly crossed. The
next step is the final one. Caution
ensures success. Haste invites
disaster.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - DAY

Seva is on the lawn, playing with a toy glider. He runs in circles, holding the toy at arm's length, pretending to be a fighter pilot.

He pauses briefly to watch Hansen escort Newman into the villa. Then he carries on with his game.

SEVA

(holding his nose)

Death to all spies. Death to all
spies.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, STUDY - DAY

Newman and Trotsky are in the middle of a chess game.

NEWMAN

I was looking for Sylvie earlier.
She doesn't seem to be here.

TROTSKY

She has a cold.

Newman plays a bad move. Realising his mistake, he sits back and waits for Trotsky to punish him for it.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

You should stop thinking about
Sylvie. Women and chess don't mix.

Trotsky takes Newman's rook.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

I think the tide has turned,
Charles. That last move may be the
death of you.

A knock on the door. Trotsky looks annoyed.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

I gave strict instructions we were
not to be disturbed.

(calling out)

What is it?

Hansen walks in.

HANSEN

I'm sorry, Comrade. It's Jacson.
He insists on talking to you right
away. He seems very agitated.

(CONTINUED)

TROTSKY

I'm in the middle of a chess game.

NEWMAN

(getting up)

It's all right. I need time to think of a way out of this mess. I'll call again tomorrow.

Newman and Jacson nearly collide in the doorway. As Hansen said, Jacson looks very agitated indeed.

Jacson glares at Newman.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

It's good to see you again, Jacson.

Newman steps into the courtyard.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - DAY

Hansen closes the study door after Jacson. He walks with Newman towards the guard house.

NEWMAN

Tonight, Joe. Will I see you there?

HANSEN

It's time then?

NEWMAN

We can't put it off any longer. Do you think you can get hold of Sylvie?

HANSEN

She rang a few minutes ago. She's at the hotel.

NEWMAN

Good. Tell her seven o'clock.

EXT. ABBEY, COURTYARD - NIGHT

A crowd of brightly-dressed Santeria WORSHIPPERS has gathered in the courtyard. Some have live chickens in wicker baskets.

They chatter away to each other. There is something of a carnival atmosphere.

Off to one side, the members of a STEEL BAND set up their instruments.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

Frida, Diego, Arcadia, Sylvie and Echeverria are dressed in robes. They sit cross-legged at each point of the pentagram.

(CONTINUED)

A large candle burns on the altar. It is flanked by a silver chalice and a small ceremonial knife.

Newman kneels in front of the altar.

NEWMAN

Procul, O procul este profani.

(beat)

I invoke Horus. Thou art the Eye of the Dawn and the Tears of the Frozen Ones. Thy breath stirs the sands of the desert.

(beat)

Let no one stand against me while I bear testimony to the Lords of All Things. Homage to thee, O ye gods who are holy by reason of your sceptres. Speak ye for me words of good import to Horus.

Newman takes a taper and lights it from the candle on the altar.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

I invoke Astarte, Mother of the Night and Redeemer of Mankind.

Newman lights the candle at the top of the pentagram.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Blessings be on thy head.

He lights the left-most candle.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Blessings be on the hand that nurtures.

Then the right-most candle.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Blessings be on the hand that guides.

The bottom left candle.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Blessings be on thy foot which treads the Gilded Path.

The bottom right candle.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Blessings be on thy foot which crushes adversity.

Newman blows out the taper and places it on the altar. He kneels before the pentagram and kisses the point where the bottom two spokes meet.

(CONTINUED)

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Blessings be on thy holy womb.
Amen.

Frida, Diego, Arcadia, Sylvie and Echeverria all stand.
Newman remains kneeling.

Arcadia leads Frida, Diego, Sylvie and Echeverria out of
the Inner Sanctum.

INT. EITINGON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room has been converted into a makeshift temple with
the dining table serving as an altar. On the altar is a
chalice and knife and a crossed hammer and sickle.

Eustacia, dressed in a robe, stands before the altar.

Behind her, Jacson, Eitingon and Siqueiros stand in a
straight line.

Eustacia kisses first the hammer and then the sickle. She
turns to the three men and removes her robe.

EXT. ABBEY, COURTYARD - NIGHT

The crowd of Worshippers has grown louder and more festive.

A door opens. Arcadia steps out from the Abbey.

The Worshippers fall silent.

Frida, Diego, Sylvie and Echeverria line up behind Arcadia.

A SANTEROS (a priest) steps forward with a knife and a
trussed-up chicken.

ARCADIA

In the name of Olorun, owner of
Heaven, you are welcome, one and
all!

(beat)

I call upon Babala Ayi to bring us
health. I call upon Shangs to keep
the storm at bay. I call upon
Elegba, Obatala, Oggzn and Oshzn.
I call upon all the saints to bless
and join in our celebration.

The Santeros raises the chicken for all to see. He cuts
its throat. Blood drips onto his face.

A wild cheer goes up.

The Steel Band launch into a lively number.

The Worshippers dance with frenzied abandon.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

Newman kneels in front of the altar. He removes his shirt and then takes the knife and chalice from the altar. The chalice is full of red wine. Newman dips the knife in it.

NEWMAN

I am the Lord of the Maat. I have
crossed the Abyss. Seven Veils
have parted before me. Seven Pillars
have I seen. Seven Hills I did
climb.

With the wine-soaked knife, Newman draws a pentacle on his chest.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

The light is mine. I shall walk
into the heart of the sun and the
heat shall not consume me.

Newman runs the knife across the palm of his hand. He holds the wounded hand over the altar and allows his blood to drip onto the candle.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Azardin, this is my gift to thee.
By my sacrifice, I reveal my love
and reverence. Abide with me, O
Angel of the New Aeon. This Temple
I dedicate to thee.

The room slowly fills with light.

INT. EITINGON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eustacia stands naked, her arms and legs spread wide.

Jacson walks slowly up to her. He kisses both her hands in turn. Then he kneels and kisses her feet. Straightening up, he kisses her yoni.

EXT. ABBEY, COURTYARD - NIGHT

The dancing continues. Many of the Worshippers are in ecstatic states, seemingly possessed by spirits.

Newman seeks out Arcadia, Echeverria, Sylvie, Frida and Rivera. he finds them standing off to one side.

ARCADIA

It went well. I could feel the
power.

NEWMAN

Azardin has spoken. A blood
sacrifice is called for.

INT. EITINGON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

CAPTION: 20 AUGUST 1940.

(CONTINUED)

Eustacia is in her armchair. Eitingon leans on the mantelpiece. He is puffing away on a King Edward cigar.

A fire burns in the grate.

Jacson slams his ice pick and revolver onto the dining table.

JACSON

I won't do it!

Eitingon strides over to Jacson and grabs his collar.

EITINGON

Who do you think you are? You prima donna!

Jacson breaks away from Eitingon's grasp.

JACSON

I am a soldier! I'll willingly fight any man face to face but I will not be an assassin.

EUSTACIA

Ramon, please! You have to do this. You know you do.

JACSON

This man wants to turn me into a murderer.

EUSTACIA

Trotsky has been found guilty of appalling crimes. His sentence is both just and legal.

EITINGON

There. Listen to your mother.

JACSON

You think because you share her bed, you have the right to order me about.

Eitingon strides over to Eustacia.

EITINGON

I am your direct superior. My authority comes from Joseph Stalin.

JACSON

I quit. I resign from the NKVD and I renounce my membership of the Communist Party.

Eitingon pulls a gun out of his pocket.

JACSON (CONT'D)

Go on then. Shoot me. I've had enough anyway.

(CONTINUED)

Eitingon grabs Eustacia's hair and points the gun at her forehead.

EITINGON

Your resignation is not acceptable.
You know how we deal with traitors -
and their immediate family.

JACSON

You bastard.

EUSTACIA

I will kill you for this, Leonid.

EITINGON

Quiet, my love. Your idiot son
left me no choice.
(to Jacson)
Where are your papers?

Jacson reaches into his pocket and takes out the required documents.

EITINGON (CONT'D)

Burn them.

Keeping his eyes on Eitingon, Jacson goes over to the fire and drops the documents into the flames.

EITINGON (CONT'D)

Frank Jacson no longer exists.

EXT. AVENIDA INSURGENTES - DAY

The road leading to Vienna Avenue. A car pulls up.

In the back, Eustacia is guarded by the Sinister-Looking Man who keeps a gun trained on her.

Eitingon is in the driving seat. Jacson, looking distraught, sits next to him.

JACSON

I don't know what it will take or
how long, but one day, Eitingon, I
will kill you.

EITINGON

Get out. We will wait here for
exactly twenty minutes.

Jacson looks at his mother.

EUSTACIA

It's all right, Ramon. They will
not harm me if you do as they say.
Be brave now and do your duty.

Jacson gets out of the car.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - DAY

Trotsky feeds his rabbits. From the watchtower, Otto looks down.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - DAY

Arcadia sits in the lotus position before the altar. In her lap is a bowl of water. Newman stands just behind her.

Arcadia stirs the water with her fingers.

ARCADIA

It has begun.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - DAY

Robins is on duty at the fortified gate. On the roof of the guard house, three men - Hansen, Cornell and Melquiades - are fixing up a siren. All four watch as Jacson approaches.

Robins opens the gate.

ROBINS

If you're looking for Sylvie, you're going to be disappointed.

JACSON

I need to see the Old Man.

ROBINS

Is he expecting you?

JACSON

I think so.

ROBINS

You look like you've got a fever. Why the hell are you wearing a coat in this weather?

JACSON

I have a chill. I must have caught it off Sylvie.

Robins backs away.

ROBINS

Just don't give it to me. The Old Man's with his rabbits.

Jacson hurries into the courtyard. Robins closes the gate behind him.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - DAY

Arcadia stares into the bowl of water.

ARCADIA

The Death Angel is hovering. He prepares to strike.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - DAY

Trotsky pushes lettuce leaves into a rabbit hutch.

TROTSKY

There you go, Petroushka. I suppose there's no point admonishing you to share this leaf. You encapsulate all the worst vices of the petit bourgeoisie.

Trotsky pushes in another lettuce leaf.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

Remember now - to each according to his needs.

An embarrassed Jacson coughs to get Trotsky's attention.

JACSON

Comrade Trotsky -

TROTSKY

(looking up)

Jacson! Have you come to help me feed my rabbits?

JACSON

I have revised my article as you suggested.

TROTSKY

Splendid. Give me a few minutes.

Jacson looks around. Seeing Natalya on the patio, he hurries over to her.

JACSON

Good day, Madam Trotsky.

NATALYA

I see you are trying to compete against my husband's rabbits for his attention. You'll find it an uneven struggle, I'm afraid.

JACSON

I'm frightfully thirsty. May I have a glass of water?

NATALYA

Perhaps you would like a cup of tea?

JACSON

No, no. I have some food stuck in my throat. It's choking me.

NATALYA

Why are you wearing your hat and topcoat? It's so sunny today.

(CONTINUED)

JACSON
 I thought it might rain.
 (beat)
 My article is ready.

NATALYA
 Is it typed?

Jacson holds up the manuscript for Natalya to see.

NATALYA (CONT'D)
 That's good. Lev Davidovich dislikes
 handwritten manuscripts.

Trotsky walks over.

Jacson clears his throat.

TROTSKY
 (to Jacson)
 Your health is poor again. You
 look ill. That's not good.
 (pause)
 Well, what do you say? Shall we go
 over your article?

Trotsky fastens the hatches and ushers Jacson towards the house.

INT. JACSON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sylvie is in bed. She appears to be having a bad dream.
 Her face is soaked in sweat.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, STUDY - DAY

Trotsky goes to his desk and puts on his reading glasses.
 Jacson stands nervously behind him.

Trotsky examines the article.

Jacson reaches into his coat and brings out his ice pick.

JACSON
 Forgive me, Comrade.

Jacson strikes a tremendous blow to the back of Trotsky's head.
 The ice pick lodges in his skull.

Trotsky gives vent to a long, anguished scream. He whirls around to face Jacson. As he does so, his hand strikes the chess set, knocking the Red King to the floor.

Terrified, Jacson backs away.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - DAY

Robins is standing by the gate. He spins round towards the study.

(CONTINUED)

ROBINS

A scream! Did you hear that?

Melquiades, Hansen and Cornell scramble down from the roof of the guard house.

The four Bodyguards rush towards the study.

EXT. AVENIDA INSURGENTES - DAY

In the car, Eitingon lights a cigarette.

EUSTACIA

The spirits won't forgive you,
Leonid. You can't defy their will
like this.

EITINGON

To hell with the spirits, my sweet.
And to hell with you and your
peasant superstitions.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, STUDY - DAY

Trotsky throws himself at Jacson. He grips him in a bear hug.

Jacson frantically tears himself away from Trotsky. The ice pick falls from Trotsky's skull.

Trotsky once more launches himself at Jacson and bites his hand.

Hansen looks in at the window.

Otto and Melquiades dash in and grab Jacson. They pull him away from Trotsky who staggers into -

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, DINING ROOM - DAY

Trotsky clings to the door frame.

Natalya and Robins come running in.

Natalya throws her arms around Trotsky.

Robins rushes through to the study.

TROTSKY

See what they have done to me?

NATALYA

What happened? What happened?

Trotsky points to the study.

TROTSKY

Jacson.

Natalya helps Trotsky to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

TROTSKY (CONT'D)
Natasha, I love you.

NATALYA
Yes. I know. I know.

Natalya sits on the floor. She rests Trotsky's head in her lap.

TROTSKY
Seva has to be taken away from all this.

Robins comes in.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)
Don't kill him. He must talk.

ROBINS
What happened?

TROTSKY
Jacson shot me with a revolver. I am seriously wounded. I feel that this time is the end.

Robins kneels down and lifts Trotsky's head. He touches the wound, making Trotsky flinch.

ROBINS
It's only a surface wound. I don't think it's too bad.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, STUDY - DAY

Hansen struggles with Jacson.

Robins grabs Jacson. Hansen punches Jacson hard in the stomach.

The fight goes out of Jacson. He weeps.

JACSON
They have my mother. Sylvie Ageloff had nothing to do with this. It was not the NKVD. I have nothing to do with the NKVD.

Hansen swipes Jacson across the face.

JACSON (CONT'D)
Please. You must rescue my mother. Please.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - DAY

ARCADIA
It is done.

Newman drops to his knees behind Arcadia. He kisses the back of her head.

INT. JACSON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sylvie wakes with a start.

SYLVIE
(feebly)
Frank?

EXT. VIENNA AVENUE - DAY

Seva is on his way home from school.

He sees a group of uniformed police officers hanging around the entrance to the Casa de Trotsky.

Seva half-walks/half-runs towards the house.

EXT. TEOTIHUACAN, THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN - DAY

The Shaman stands at the foot of the Pyramid.

He raises his arms in supplication and begins the slow, painful climb to the summit.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - DAY

Seva bursts through the milling policemen and collides with Robins.

Robins is agitatedly waving a revolver.

ROBINS
Jacson! Jacson!

Seva runs towards the front door. He stops in his tracks as Hansen and Melquiades drag Jacson out into the courtyard.

The assassin is bruised and bloody. His sobs become a howl.

Seva heads into the -

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, LIBRARY - DAY

Through the half-open door, Seva sees his father lying on the floor of the dining room.

Natalya applies ice to Trotsky's wound.

Robins looks anxiously on.

INT. CASA DE TROTSKY, DINING ROOM - DAY

TROTSKY
It's better this way. I'm not in favour of dying in a bed in the Kremlin.

NATALYA
Hush now. Who says you're going to die? You mustn't talk such nonsense.

(CONTINUED)

Seva rushes in.

SEVA

Grandpapa!

Robins blocks Seva's way.

NATALYA

Get him out of here, Harold. I
don't want him to see this.

Robins ushers Seva back towards the library.

EXT. STREETS OF COYOACAN - DAY

A cordon of police motorcycles escorts a racing ambulance.

INT. BACK OF AMBULANCE - DAY

Trotsky is strapped into a stretcher.

DR. DUTREN presses a large pad of cotton wool against the
wound.

Natalya holds her husband's paralysed hand.

NATALYA

How are you feeling?

TROTSKY

Better now.

EXT. TEOTIHUACAN, THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN - DAY

The Shaman is halfway up the Pyramid.

The climb is taking its toll. Every step is a battle.

EXT. FORECOURT OF HOSPITAL - DAY

The ambulance and its motorcycle escort scream up to the
hospital and stop.

PARAMEDICS are waiting with a trolley. They open the
ambulance door and carry Trotsky onto the trolley.

A small crowd gathers. Trotsky is wheeled into the hospital,
Natalya trailing in his wake.

EXT. TEOTIHUACAN, SUMMIT OF THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN - DAY

The Shaman reaches the top of the Pyramid and lies down.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Trotsky is lying on the bed as DOCTORS examine him.

Natalya stands at the head of the bed looking helplessly
on.

A SISTER shaves Trotsky's head.

(CONTINUED)

TROTSKY

(weakly)

See. We've found you a barber.
It's about time you had a haircut.

Another SISTER cuts Trotsky's outer clothes away from him until he is left only in his underclothes. As she goes to remove these, Trotsky grabs her hand.

TROTSKY (CONT'D)

(to Natalya)

I don't want them to undress me. I
want you to do it.

Natalya begins removing Trotsky's vest.

NATALYA

I've been thinking - maybe we should
go away for a holiday. Diego Rivera
has a villa on the coast. He's
offered it to us before. We can go
there secretly - you, me and Seva.

INT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - DAY

NEWMAN

The Temple is open. The New Aeon
has begun.

FADE OUT:

FREEZE FRAME

CAPTION: At 19:25 on the 21st of August 1940, Leon Trotsky is declared dead. An autopsy reveals a large brain and a big heart.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, COURTYARD - DAY

Trotsky's body is on view. Mourners file respectfully past.

FREEZE FRAME

CAPTION: On the 22nd of August, Trotsky's body is left on view for the public. An estimated 200,000 people pay their last respects in just five days.

INT. POLICE STATION, ECHEVERRIA'S OFFICE - DAY

While Echeverria looks on, two POLICEMEN brutally kick Jacson who huddles on the floor.

Echeverria grabs Jacson's hair and hauls his head up.

Jacson's face is streaked with blood.

FREEZE FRAME

CAPTION: Frank Jacson is held by police and rigorously interrogated.

(CONTINUED)

In time, it becomes evident that he is a Stalinist agent who was blackmailed into killing Trotsky by the NKVD, the precursor to the KGB.

CAPTION: In May 1960, he is released from Lecumberri prison and flown to Havana. He eventually arrives in Moscow where he is decorated as a Hero of the Soviet Union under the name of Ramon Lopez.

EXT. ABBEY, INNER SANCTUM - DAY

With Sylvie looking on, Newman covers the altar in petrol.

He takes out a match, lights it and throws it on the altar.

Flames leap into the air.

Sylvie looks ecstatic as fingers of light and shadow caress her cheeks.

FREEZE FRAME

CAPTION: The whereabouts of Sylvie Ageloff remain a mystery to this day. Some claim that she and Frank Jacson were in fact brother and sister.

INT. SIQUEIROS' WORKSHOP - DAY

Siqueiros throws tin after tin of paint over his painting of Trotsky and others being hung.

FREEZE FRAME

CAPTION: David Siqueiros is arrested and gaoled for his part in the 1st assassination attempt on Leon Trotsky and the murder of Robert Sheldon Harte. He spends several months in a Mexican prison and is then exiled to Chile. He returns to Mexico in 1942 a national hero.

INT. BLUE HOUSE, COURTYARD - DAY

Frida and Rivera pose for a photograph.

FREEZE FRAME

CAPTION: After the assassination, Frida Kahlo and Diego Rivera journey to San Francisco for a showing of Rivera's work. While in America, they remarry.

EXT. CASA DE TROTSKY, TROTSKY MEMORIAL - DAY

Present day. A view of the Trotsky Memorial.

FREEZE FRAME

CAPTION: To this day, there are many uncertainties surrounding the murder of Leon Trotsky, not least the exact identity of Frank Jacson.

EXT. ABBEY - DAY

Arcadia and Newman stand by Newman's car watching the Abbey burn.

FREEZE FRAME

CAPTION: In all probability, Charles Thomas Newman never existed.

FINAL FADE OUT.