

LENCHO: CHAPTER ONE
"THE MASK AND THE BEARD"

By

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FADE IN:

THE UNIVERSE - DEEP SPACE

The Universe, vast and full of heavenly bodies.

We travel across. Comets and wandering chunks of rocks fly by. Plenty galaxies around.

A PARTICULAR GALAXY / A PARTICULAR SOLAR SYSTEM

We reach a galaxy, continue through one of its solar systems, and then onwards to a planet resembling Earth.

TROUBADOUR (O.S.)
Hear ye! Hear ye! Gather round
ladies and germs-

A PARTICULAR WORLD

The planet, as we approach, reveals an unfamiliar landmass configuration, yet somewhat similar to Earth's.

TROUBADOUR (O.S.)
-for the greatest story ever told!
An illustrious journey of success!
An odyssey of charm!

As we get closer, Superimposed: border divisions and names of countries above their respective territories.

TROUBADOUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The miraculous life of our very own
Dear Leader! The supremest man who
ever-

The most prominent country, occupying a whole continent is named "The Suprapower."

We Zoom In and focus on the tiny island next to it: "Fortuna Island."

TROUBADOUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
-lived--and still living it up to-

FORTUNA ISLAND / FORTUNA CITY

We head for Fortuna Island and into Fortuna City (name Superimposed as we get close), a coastal city lodged against hills and lush, green jungle.

We fly over the urban landscape, through streets, across neighborhoods...

EXT. STREET CORNER NEAR MAIN SQUARE- DAY

On a vibrant street corner, Street musicians prep up to perform.

With guitar case open at his feet, a few coins tossed in, their leader, a TROUBADOUR, shouts and signals as he addresses the gathering crowd.

TROUBADOUR
-this very day! Grand, very grand--
The Golden Legend! Our champion!
The one! The only! Lencho!
We got a few of his highlights for
you lucky all!

Four GUARDS, suspicious, watching, walk around the crowd, patrolling.

Troubadour plays an arpeggio intro as he commences a song on his guitar. The band joins in.

SONG "TROUBADOUR" BEGINS

TROUBADOUR (SINGING) (CONT'D)
OUR LEADER WAS BORN DURING A SOLAR
ECLIPSE,
AND FIVE RAINBOWS FILLED UP THE
FORTUNA SKIES.

OLD WOMAN #1 (O.S.)
I remember that day!

TROUBADOUR (SINGING)
A YOUNG GENIUS SAVANT AND A
CHAMPION OF MEN,
PLUS A CERTIFIED NINJA BY THE TIME
HE WAS SEVEN.
HE IS IMPERVIOUS TO BULLETS, DRONE
STRIKES AND PUT DOWNS.
HIS TEENAGE YEARS WERE NOT AWKWARD
AT ALL.

OLD WOMAN #1 (O.S.)
Not even a pimple, I tell ya!

TROUBADOUR (SINGING)
HE FIGHTS FOR US POOR AND HE'LL
MAKE US ALL RICH!
(MORE)

TROUBADOUR (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 WE'RE TRULY BLESSED LENCHO IS OUR
 LIGHT, IN THE DAY AND IN THE NIGHT.

The gathering crowd applauds. They're on their best behavior, clearly mindful that they're being watched by the Guards.

The Guards seem satisfied and head off around the corner.

TROUBADOUR (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 OUR DELIGHTFUL DEAR LEADER IS KNOWN
 TO US ALL...
 (defiant and angry)
AS A BACKSTABBING, LAND-GRABBING,
EXCUSE OF A MAN!

The crowd gasps. Startled, they turn their heads around to discover the Guards are no longer there.

They sigh in collective relief and begin to loosen up.

TROUBADOUR (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 (defiant and angry)
 HE BROUGHT REVOLUTION, AND TALKED
 OF INCLUSION,
 BUT HELD MASS EXECUTIONS, HIS CLOSE
 FRIENDS AND ALL!

OLD WOMAN #1 (O.S.)
 Killed his mama too!

The crowd delivers cheers and applause. Some people turn their heads confused, yet others seem genuinely pleased.

TROUBADOUR (SINGING)
 (defiant and angry)
 IF THAT IS HIS LESSON, THEN LEARN
 IT WE SHALL!
 LET'S RAISE OUR ARMS AND TAKE
 WHAT'S OURS! IT'S OUR RIGHT!

At this point, the crowd celebrates this new version of the song.

TROUBADOUR (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 (defiant and angry)
 WE'LL STORM HIS PALACE DEMANDING...

The Guards suddenly come back around the corner. Troubadour sees them in time and quickly changes his tone back to reverential.

TROUBADOUR (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 (adulatory)
 ...FORGIVENESS.
 (MORE)

TROUBADOUR (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 WE ARE TRULY BLESSED LENCHO HOLDS
 THE CANDLE, IN THE TUNNEL, IN THE
 NIGHT.

The Guards eye everyone. The crowd plays it cool.

The Guards patrol around the crowd. Troubadour sings
 hesitantly, as if struggling to come up with the words on the
 spot.

TROUBADOUR (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 (hesitant)
 HE WON SIXTY FOUR MATCHES OF CHESS
 PLAYED AT THE SAME TIME, RIDING A
 UNICYCLE, BLINDFOLDED.

The Guards slowly walk back to the street corner.

TROUBADOUR (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 HE IS AMAZING AT EVERYTHING, AND IS
 VERY HANDSOME...

The Guards turn around the corner and disappear out of sight.

TROUBADOUR (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 (defiant and angry)
...AND SOON WE'LL SEE HIS MYTHICAL
DOWNFALL!
 WE'LL BURN IT ALL DOWN, CUT HIS
 BEARD, CUT HIS THROAT! HE IS NO
 FATHER TO OUR NATION! NOT ANYMORE!

The crowd cheers, then mutes just in time as the Guards peer
 around the corner.

TROUBADOUR (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 (adulatory)
 HE KEEPS TO HIS PROMISES...

The Guards pull back their peeking heads and disappear.

TROUBADOUR (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 (defiant and angry)
NO, ACTUALLY HE DOESN'T!
 IT'S TIME LENCHO DIES A NICE SLOW
 DEAD, WHILE WE RISE UP IN THE
 NIGHT!
 WHILE WE RISE UP IN THE NIGHT!

SONG "TROUBADOUR" ENDS

The crowd cheers but is abruptly interrupted by incoming
 police SIRENS.

A SWAT-like vehicle arrives. A COMMANDO UNIT BURSTS out.

They KNOCK people out, TASE a couple of innocent bystanders, handcuff the many that remained frozen in the crowd, and GUN DOWN five individuals that try to run away.

Commandos surround Troubadour. They KNOCK him down and handcuff him.

The COMMANDO LEADER SMASHES his guitar on the pavement.

TROUBADOUR (CONT'D)

You can't do this!

COMMANDO LEADER

Yes, I can.

(chanting)

Yes we can! Yes we can! Yes we can!

Commandos join him in a "Yes we can!" chant.

The Commando Leader stops chanting, pulls out his gun.

TROUBADOUR

You can't shoot me! People will know!

COMMANDO LEADER

(to Troubadour & crowd)

You know what the papers will say tomorrow? Not that. Not this.

Commandos and POLICE OFFICERS drag Troubadour and TOSS him inside a police vehicle.

They DRIVE away as the remaining forces subdue and arrest the crowd.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING

Police car in motion. Troubadour hyperventilating, clearly panicking in the backseat. There are guns all around his face. Frantic, he shakes and cries... Until he erupts in laughter.

TROUBADOUR

How was that?! How was that?!

The police officers around him join in the laughs. Some clap. One of them uncuffs Troubadour.

TROUBADOUR (CONT'D)
Am I an artist or what?! I kept
telling the Captain I could pull
this off.

POLICE OFFICER
Good job buddy!

POLICE OFFICER #2 (O.S.)
The Captain doesn't get us
sometimes, man.

FADE TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER: "CHAPTER ONE: THE MASK AND THE BEARD"

EXT. FORTUNA SQUARE - AFTERNOON

Crowds gather at the town's main plaza, Fortuna Square. The square is a large rectangle slab of concrete surrounded by government office buildings and, at the far end, lodged on a hill, an enormous mural.

The mural depicts a bearded man in military outfit, wielding a sword and riding a raging white horse into battle. He is LENCHO, quite certainly Fortuna's leader. At the bottom of the mural: a stage, empty except for a podium front center.

Flyers and posters everywhere on sight announce "Lencho's Dear Leader message to the Nation: Live from Fortuna Square." Some posters reference Lencho's long due public appearance.

Two men in dark trench coats fast walk through the multitudes. They try to pass unnoticed in a comically obvious way.

We follow behind them, focusing on their determined fists, and from then on, on a hand holding an envelope.

They step inside one of the many run down buildings surrounding the square.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - OFFICE - A MOMENT LATER

We follow the envelope and the two trench coat men as they enter a mostly unfurnished office space.

They are received by GUERRILLEROS wearing their Guerrillero uniforms under open trench coats.

At the far end of the office, an imposing dark figure.

As the arriving men come closer, the figure is revealed as Chief ALONDRA, a fierce woman in her 30s, stunning, with big bright orange hair, dressed in a sleeveless Guerrillero outfit.

Appearing next to her (and presumably her second in command), is a bespectacled, bearded, skinny young man, with a permanently smug face, EL ENGINEER.

The Courier hands the envelope to Alondra as he opens up his trench coat to reveal a Guerrillero outfit underneath.

COURIER GUERRILLERO

We intercepted this security memo.
Lencho ain't showing.

Another Guerrillero, wearing headphones and sitting on a desk facing the wall, fiddles with the knobs on an old radio scanner. He removes his headphones and turns around to address Alondra.

RADIO GUERRILLERO

It's confirmed, Chief. He's a no show. Just heard it now.

ALONDRA

Did he know?

COURIER GUERRILLERO

Hard to say, Chief.

El ENGINEER

(smug)
Zero probability.

Alondra frowns and squints.

ALONDRA

(addressing the others)
Quiet, El Engineer is about to prove a statistical claim. He will, of course, casually remind us he went to engineering school...

Guerrilleros chuckle.

EL ENGINEER

If Lencho knew our plans, we'd be locked in a dungeon right about now. And I did go to engineering school, but you hardly need a real degree to do this math.

GUERRILLERO #1

Ooooh, snap!

Alondra walks a step towards this Guerrillero and punches him in the face with a boxer's skill.

ALONDRA

He's done not one of these stupid rallies for months and now he cancels last minute? Something's off.

She turns and walks towards the window. As she approaches, a couple of snipers move out of her way.

She looks out the window to Fortuna Square, packed with people attending Lencho's rally.

She stares at the mural of Lencho, then points at the crowd.

ALONDRA (CONT'D)

(with contempt)

Look at them. The people. They are... just... yech...

She shakes her head in disapproval.

Her eyes fixated on Lencho's image on the mural, she addresses him with disdain.

SONG "LANDLOCKED" BEGINS

ALONDRA (SINGING) (CONT'D)

THEY PILE UP TO HEAR YOUR BEDTIME
STORIES,
THEY WHO GROW OLDER OVER NIGHT,
THEY WHO LIMP EVEN IN DREAMS,
THEY WHO WAKE UP, FEELING THIRSTY
AND WISE!

She receives encouragement from some Guerrilleros as others look at each other, confused.

ALONDRA (SINGING) (CONT'D)

THEY SING IN THEIR MINDS YOUR EVERY
PLIGHT,

(MORE)

ALONDRA (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 THEY WON'T SHUSH A WORD TILL YOU'RE
 DONE!

She searches the crowds. As she sings, her gestures and hand movements become more animated.

ALONDRA (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 THEY WON'T MOVE THEIR EYES OFF YOUR
 GOOD LOOKING MIND!

GUERRILLERO #1
 And face.

GUERRILLERO #2 (O.S.)
 And body.

ALONDRA (SINGING)
 THEY WON'T LET YOU GO WHEN YOU'RE
 GONE!

At this point, all but El Engineer are into the song.

She points furiously at the mural.

ALONDRA (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 BUT YOU TOO WILL BE LANDLOCKED
 SOMEDAY!
 YOU TOO WILL BE LANDLOCKED SOMEDAY!
 YOU TOO WILL BE LANDLOCKED SOMEDAY!

SONG "LANDLOCKED" ENDS

The Guerrilleros cheer and both Alondra and El Engineer immediately shush them.

EXT. FORTUNA SQUARE - AFTERNOON

Crowds wait for the rally to begin. They clap and cheer as they see someone approaching the stage.

It is RUBEN, a very small, gray-mustachioed, elder man in high ranking military uniform. He walks over the stage as cheers intensify. He reaches the podium, climbs up three steps to reach the microphone, clears his throat, and the crowd turns instantly silent.

RUBEN
 We regret to inform you, that our
 dear leader Lencho will NOT be
 joining us this afternoon, as he is
 attending matters of the uttermost
 importance to national security.
 (MORE)

RUBEN (CONT'D)

Though, if there's one thing that
would make our dear leader proud,
it is you enjoying the remnants of
this day.

(shakes his arms asking
people to leave)

Now go on. Carry on.

Maybe you'll stroll through the
park? The park is pretty and not so
dangerous this time of day. Or
maybe you'll hit your local bodega
for a box of milk...

Ruben drifts off as if losing interest and walks away.

SOLDIERS force people to disperse and leave the square.

EXT. FORTUNA CITY - LATE AFTERNOON

We Zoom Out of Fortuna Square as the crowds disperse.

We see the whole city, as it stands between the coast and
hills. Beyond the hills lies a large swath of lush jungle.
Behind the city there are hills that lead to the jungle.

On top of the hill, above the mural, overlooking Fortuna
Square, stands a huge, oddly-shaped palace.
We Zoom In on the palace.

EXT. LENCHO'S PALACE - CONTINUOUS

Slow Zoom In on a window on the top floor of the palace: A
dark silhouette of a man, pressed against the window, ominous
and menacing.

As we get closer, it is slowly revealed that the man is in
fact Lencho, not menacing but rather depressed and
contemplative. He looks down at Fortuna Square with sad eyes.
A news program can be heard in the background.

NEWS ANCHOR (TV)(O.S.)

...witnesses have claimed to see
the presence of heavily armed
militia types frolicking in the
edges of the jungle. These claims,
however, are highly contested by
army patrols covering roads and
checkpoints. Official--

He turns his gaze towards the TV offscreen.

INT. LENCHO'S MASTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON TV SCREEN

A News Program: "Viva Lencho! News". The NEWS ANCHOR, a young attractive lady, reports on a Guerrilla in the jungle, as is clear from the images and maps to her side, and chyrons below.

On Side Screen: A map of Fortuna Island shows the domain of the Guerrilla in the jungle. It is of considerable size.

Chyron reads: "Guerrilla in the jungle, troublemakers?"

NEWS ANCHOR

--reports on the ground tell us
that the rebellion in the midst of
the jungle is little more than a
bad prank.

Side Screen: A close-up image of three Guerrilleros posing for the shot, followed by an image of the same Guerrilleros walking in the jungle, taken from high above.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

The few Guerrilla members are
underfunded and way out of their
league. Our intelligence service
has declared that they are but a--

Chyron: "Guerrilla is barely a beep in the radar."

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

--tiny beep on our state of the
art satellite imaging system.

The News Anchor holds her earpiece as she receives new information.

Side Screen: The map of Fortuna Island now shows a far smaller area in the jungle controlled by the Guerrilla, than in the previous version.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Er... it's unequivocally, only a
little more than a bad prank.

Chyron: "Guerrilla, where?"

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Absolutely, in no uncertain terms,
NOT a threat to our stable nation.

Chyron: "Coming Up Next: Is Medicine overrated?"

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
Coming up next, why medicine is
overrated....

A CLICK of the remote turns off the TV.

BACK TO SCENE

Lencho leans against the window pane, TV remote in hand. He sits up, deep in thought.

LENCHO (V.O.)
(appalled)
A guerrilla in the jungle? Who do
they think they are?
(inquisitive)
Who they think they are?
(self doubt)
Do my people love me?
(self reassuring)
Of course they love me, what a
question.
(self important)
I do everything for them, my
people.
(defiant)
Only I can make my people happy and
whole! Only I can steer my nation!
Only I.
(content)
Me.
(sullen and annoyed)
If things aren't perfect it's their
own stupid fault. It's the fault of
opportunists and thankless rabble
rousers.
(reflective)
If it weren't for them...

SONG "GO MY WAY" BEGINS

Lencho stands up. He sings as he walks his Master Room from end to end, down a hallway connecting many sub-rooms within the larger layout.

We see the following sub-rooms behind him as he walks, in this order:

His sleeping quarters and bathroom area; a huge control room with surveillance monitors and computers; a games area with billiards table, arcades, slot machines, and two bowling lanes; an art gallery room with statues and paintings; a big game hunting area with lots of stuffed, possibly endangered species; a weapons area with a huge variety of different sized guns and swords;

a Lencho-themed art gallery of only statues and portraits of himself; and at the end, a jacuzzi area with a bar. Two JACUZZI GIRLS in bikinis soak inside the jacuzzi, drinks in their hands.

LENCHO (SINGING)
 IF ONLY THINGS HAD GONE MY WAY,
 I WOULD HAVE PULLED MY SWEET NATION
 AHEAD.
 BUT WE'RE LOOSING TERRAIN TO GREEDY
 HANDS, INSTEAD.
 I'LL NEVER LET THAT HAPPEN IF
 THINGS GO MY WAY.

Reaching the end of the hallway, Lencho turns, and we now see him against the hallway wall.

Behind him, a wall covered in framed newspaper front pages depicting news stories from Lencho's past: Lencho as a younger man, looking all revolutionary and with purpose; arriving on a little ship to take over the island; smoking cigars with his co-revolutionaries; hanging those same co-revolutionaries for treason in a public execution; joining a group of other world tyrants in forming their own club.

LENCHO (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 THE WEIGHT OF MANHANDLING THIS DUTY
 IS TEARING MY INNER AND OUTER
 BEAUTY.

He sprints back to the opposite end of the Master Room and bursts out of his window, holding on with one hand, most of his body hanging out. He sings his heart out:

LENCHO (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 MY LOVE FOR MY PEOPLE DOWN IT WILL
 TRICKLE!
 BUT MOST IMPORTANT, THAT LOVE THEY
 HAVE FOR ME!

INT. A TEXTILE FACTORY ROOM - DAY

A room full of Seamstresses sitting behind old school knitting machines. Rows and rows of crammed Seamstresses working, sewing.

An OLD SEAMSTRESS in the back row sews on a black bandana. She fashions a mask from it. A fake beard lays on top of her workstation, as well. It looks just like Lencho's beard.

The Old Seamstress packs mask and beard inside a brown envelope.

She brings it forward to a FEMALE OFFICER waiting at the front of the room.

As the Old Seamstress walks very slowly across the room, the following sequence can be seen through the large windows in the background:

An open green field with trees planted in odd spots. Suddenly, a fleeing RUNNER sprints across the field. A loud GUNSHOT, and the Runner falls down. In an instant, an ambulance arrives and takes the dead Runner away. Immediately after, a crane and an excavator arrive at the spot. The crane carries a dangling tree. As the excavator digs a hole right where the runner fell, the tree is dropped and planted in the hole. They exit quickly.

LENCHO (SINGING)(O.S.)
WHEN THINGS START TO GO MY WAY,
I'LL PLANT A NEW TREE WHERE EVERY
TRAITOR FELL!

The Old Seamstress arrives, hands the brown envelope to the Female Officer, and turns back towards her workstation.

Envelope underarm, the Female Officer turns around, walks a few steps in the direction of the door, stops, turns back around and SHOOTS the Old Seamstress in the back of the head. She heads out.

LENCHO (SINGING)(O.S.)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I'LL ROUND UP THE REST AND MAKE 'EM
SING SHOW TUNES ALL DAY!
THAT WAY, THEY'LL KNOW I AM GETTING
MY WAY!

EXT. THE STREETS OF FORTUNA - NIGHT

Lencho marches down a mostly empty street, a heavily armed military unit flanking him. A few lights turn on as he walks by, others turn off, people peeking through their windows, afraid.

LENCHO (SINGING)
WE'LL KNOW WHEN THINGS ARE GOING MY
WAY,
BY THE FEAR THAT WILL BLAST JUST
FROM HEARING MY NAME!

A DRUNKEN MAN walks out of a bar. A soldier smacks him in the the head with the butt of his rifle. The other soldiers join in, and beat the living daylight out of the man.

Lencho points ahead. In front of him is Fortuna Square.

He points at the huge mural of himself riding a white horse into battle.
The image of Lencho and the horse comes alive as we enter a Fantasy Sequence.

FANTASY SEQUENCE

Lencho rides his horse in a glossy and colorful atmosphere.
Fire all around him, a lively version of hell.

LENCHO (SINGING)
AN ACCOMPANYING IMAGE OF ME RIDING
A HORSE THROUGH THE GATES OF HELL!

Lencho, on top of his horse, produces a laser gun and SHOTS down the following attackers that spring up along the way: three Guerrilleros, one polar bear, a croc, and three small flying saucers.

LENCHO (SINGING) (CONT'D)
WIND IN MY HAIR, GLORIOUS SMILE,
WHAT A SUPERSTAR! THEY'LL DECLARE!
OH THEN WE'LL KNOW THAT IT'S GOING
MY WAY!

EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

The Female Officer carrying the brown envelope arrives at the entrance of a government building. Two Guards let her in.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The lobby of the building is mostly an ample hallway. In the background, a lot of people are crammed in a small glass walled waiting room. Posters promoting government programs hang on walls. A RECEPTIONIST reads a magazine.

The Female Officer walks in. A HIGH RANKING OFFICER waits for her at the opposite end of the lobby. She marches towards him, brown envelope under her arm. She arrives, salutes him, and hands him the envelope.

The High Ranking Officer, envelope in hand, turns around, begins to walk away. Satisfied, the Female Officer turns towards the exit.

The High Ranking Officer swiftly turns back around and SHOTS the Female Officer in the back of the head. There is a mild contained reaction from people in the waiting room. The Receptionist lowers her head and hides her face behind her magazine. A baby crawls out of the waiting area. No one comes after her.

LENCHO (SINGING)(O.S.)
THE WEIGHT OF MAINTAINING THIS
BEAUTY IS TEARING THE FABRIC OF MY
DUTY!

EXT. LENCHO'S PALACE - NIGHT

Lencho sits on his window pane, legs dangling as he sings:

LENCHO (SINGING)
MY LOVE FOR MY PEOPLE DOWN IT WILL
TRICKLE!

We tilt down along the palace facade all the way to the entrance just as the High Ranking Officer, envelope underarm, walks in through the front doors.

INT. PALACE ENTRANCE HALL- CONTINUOUS

Once in the main entrance hall, the High Ranking Officer walks down in the direction of an elegant staircase where he meets a SECRET SERVICE AGENT. He hands him the envelope. In the background, a huge painting of Lencho.

The Agent and High Ranking Officer stare each other down. The officer shivers, drops of sweat sliding down his cheek.

The Agent, envelope underarm, turns around and begins to climb up the staircase. Satisfied with this, the Officer turns around to leave.

The Agent stops, glances back, reaches for his gun, swiftly turns around and SHOOTS the Officer in the back.

LENCHO (SINGING)(O.S.)

BUT MOST IMPORTANT--

Zoom In on Lencho's portrait in the background as it comes alive, going into another Fantasy Sequence:

LENCHO (SINGING) (CONT'D)
--THAT LOVE THEY HAVE FOR ME!

INTERCUT - FANTASY SEQUENCE / PALACE STAIRCASE

Lencho sings in a colorful atmosphere, first a version of heaven, blue and inviting, and then a version of hell, fiery red and aggressive (prompted when he sings the word "hell").

This scene is intercut with shots of the Secret Service Agent climbing the never ending staircase to Lencho's room, getting more and more tired in the process.

LENCHO (SINGING)
THERE IS NO ONE THEY CAN TRUST
LIKE THIS MAN WHO'S GIVEN HIS ALL,
FOR A NATION AS SWEET AS THIS ONE!
THERE IS ONLY THIS MAN THAT CAN
SAVE IT FROM HEEEEEEEEEEELL!

INT. LENCHO'S MASTER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lencho leans into a dresser mirror station. His back to us, his face can be seen in the reflection of the mirror.

LENCHO (SINGING)
THERE IS ONLY THIS ONE ONLY MAN,
THIS ONE AND ONLY MAN--

The Secret Service Agent arrives panting. He hands the envelope to Lencho, who repositions himself where his face is no longer reflected.

LENCHO (SINGING) (CONT'D)
--THE ONE RIGHT HERE, THE ONLY--

With envelope on top of the dresser, Lencho grabs an old school electric razor and goes nuts trimming off his beard. A tornado cloud of hair and dust builds up around him.

LENCHO (SINGING) (CONT'D)
--AND THAT MAN IS ONLY, ONLY, ONLY
MEEEEEEEEEE!

When the dust settles, his back to us, he now wears a dark ninja-like costume, a Wristpad device on his forearm, and the bandana mask covering his head (and presumably his face). He is now BANDANA.

BANDANA (SINGING)
THAT MAN IS ONLY MEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Bandana turns around and takes a knee with arms wide open as the song comes to its epic conclusion. He is clean shaven, with bandana mask covering the upper half of his face. He is revitalized and ecstatic. Arms extended, he sports a big proud smile on his face.

SONG "GO MY WAY" ENDS

The Secret Service Agent claps effusively.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
Bravo sir! Braaaaavo!!

Bandana, still taking a knee, slowly brings down his arms as he stares at the Agent. He presses on his wristpad and brings it close to his face:

BANDANA
Ruben, could you come in a second?

Bandana stands up. Ruben runs in instantaneously, breaking and SKIDDING as he arrives.

Upon seeing Bandana, he does a double take.

RUBEN
With due respect, the proverbial heads-up is much appreciated, sir. Regardless, that's a spectacular get up, sir.

BANDANA
This new rag? Why thank you. Designed it myself. It itches. Look into it.

Ruben stares hesitantly, afraid of what's being asked of him. Bandana nods towards the Secret Service Agent.

BANDANA (CONT'D)
Could you, er, how to put it?

Bandana points with his eyes at the Agent. The Agent stands expectantly with a smile on his face, happy to be a part of all this. Ruben, relieved, snaps back into shape.

RUBEN
Oh yes. Of course.

Ruben pulls out a joystick controller. He presses a few buttons and a mechanical robotic arm (with humanoid hand) drops down from the ceiling. The hand holds an old-timey pistol. It aims it at the Secret Service Agent. He gasps and shivers.

Ruben moves the joystick and the arm flexes down, aims the pistol away, and turns the other way. The Secret Service Agent breathes a sigh of relief, turns his back to take a breath.

The arm swiftly turns around, pistol points back at the Agent and SHOTS him dead.

BANDANA

Couldn't do it myself. I must show
the world a fresher face. A clean
slate.

A couple of Guards rush in with guns drawn, SKIDDING as they reach Bandana and Ruben. They are noticeably tired and panting (from climbing the stairs, presumably).

BANDANA (CONT'D)

Ah good, Emilio, you're here. The
man on the floor is an assassin,
er, slash spy.

RUBEN

Was.

Bandana smiles, proud of Ruben.

GUARD #1

(panting)

Sir?

They see Bandana, an unidentified masked man, and raise their guns at him, not pointing directly, yet.

BANDANA

Yes Emilio, my good Ruben shot him
down. Saved the day, really.

The Guard looks at Ruben, who smiles, and then at the body of the Secret Service Agent, lying on the floor, not a weapon in his hands or anywhere near him.

GUARD #1

That's not my name, sir.

The Guards point their guns at Bandana.

BANDANA

Oh, right.

Bandana turns to the dresser mirror station and in one swift whirlwind tornado move turns himself back into Lencho: wearing his full Lencho outfit, bottom part of his face covered with his new fake beard, indistinguishable from his former real beard.

He smiles at the Guards, waves hello.

GUARD #1

Sir?

The Guards lower their guns, confused.

Lencho stares, blinks, ponders.

LENCHO
(shaking his head)
Oh, fellas.

Lencho pulls out his gun and SHOOTs both Guards.

In a whirlwind tornado move he turns back again into Bandana.

BANDANA
Starting now. Clean slate starting
now! It counts.

EXT. A MID SIZED BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

A mid sized baseball stadium lodged between suburban slums
and the jungle.

The baseball stadium is packed, as can be seen from outside.
The scoreboard reads República Valiente vs Fortuna. RV is
winning 9 to 1 in the bottom of the 9th inning.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

RV's PITCHER throws a pitch. Umpire calls a fourth ball. The
BATTER walks to first. He is the only man on base with two
outs.

From RV's dugout, a big bulky bald man bursts out shouting.
The name on the back of his jersey reads HECTOR. He speed
walks to the mound and backhand-SLAPS the Pitcher without
saying a word. He points to the bull pen and the Pitcher
leaves, with his head down.
Hector resumes as the pitcher. He throws a few pitches to
warm up.

Lencho, dressed in baseball outfit, witnesses this from his
dugout. He seems detached and uninterested. He glances at the
scoreboard and sighs.

EXT. PALACE GARDENS - DAY

Beautiful gardens on top of the hill, golf course in the
background. Lencho and Hector have lunch and a drink.
Hector serves himself a shot of hard liquor and offers some
to Lencho, who declines.

HECTOR
You are turning soft, my friend.

LENCHO

Because I draw the line at seven shots in the middle of the *stupid* day, Hector?

HECTOR

You played disgusting baseball, Lencho. Just bad. As if lost outfield chasing butterflies.

LENCHO

That has to be a metaphor. There's no way you saw me doing that.

HECTOR

Lencho, you're no fool. You got eyes everywhere. The Guerrilla in the jungle is no prank.

LENCHO

(sarcastic naive)

Wait a second, did you just change the subject?

HECTOR

I drew a parallel with your disgusting baseball performance today so I could tell you what I really think about your handling of the Guerrilla situation.

LENCHO

Ah, subtle.

HECTOR

The Guerrilla is not a prank. They're as real as an easily preventable outbreak--if not for the shipments of vaccines you dumped in the sea as a matter of principle, that one time, possibly inoculating a few bathers, though not verified--Right?

LENCHO

You saw that on the news? Don't watch imperialist news. Phony news, I call them.

HECTOR

(nodding)

Damn right.

Hector downs a shot.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Terminate the Guerrilla. Now.
Sooner than later.

LENCHO
Having a de facto enemy of the
state makes me stronger. More
popular, anyways.

HECTOR
Not according to the polls I
read...

Lencho gives him the stink eye.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
In the news. Er, phony news.

LENCHO
Damn right.

Hector sets his leather briefcase on top of the table. He
opens it, grabs a folder and hands it to Lencho.

HECTOR
Look, I'm certain you're already in
possession of this...
But I need to make sure. Machines
get broken and whatnot.

LENCHO
Just...
(eyes closed, rubs
eyebrows)
...tell me what it is.

HECTOR
Satellite photos, Intel on their
leaders...
As I said, I'm certain you already
have this, but I live and die by
redundancies, you know me.

LENCHO
Yes, I do. "I live and die by
redundancies" is stamped on your
bills--

HECTOR
And coins.

LENCHO
 --under your ridiculous portrait,
 and you constantly slip it into
 conversation, you do know that,
 right?

Hector gives him a smile and nod.

LENCHO (CONT'D)
 Ok, redundancies, I get it.

HECTOR
 I care for you, Lencho. You were my
 inspiration. The day I first saw
 you on the news, fighting your good
 fight, is the day I took to the
 streets and became my people's
 version of you.
 You started all this.

Hector and Lencho share a locked-eyed moment of camaraderie.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
 Now you need to shut this bathroom
 door before it stinks up the whole
 place.

LENCHO
 I hope that's a metaphor.

HECTOR
 At the moment it is. Later today,
 it may prove me a prophet.

Hector winks, elbows Lencho playfully, and laughs. Lencho
 reluctantly joins in.

LENCHO
 (eyes closed, rubs
 eyebrows)
 Just...
 (looks away, sighs)
 ...go downstairs this time.

EXT. GUERRILLA CAMP - NIGHT

Deep in the jungle, a Guerrilla camp stands.
 Guerrilleros on duty guard the camping ground, inside and
 out.
 In the center of the camp, Guerrilleros sit on benches around
 a bonfire, drinking.

Zoom In on Alondra's tent.

SONG "ALONDRA'S MEMOIRS I" BEGINS

ALONDRA (SINGING) (O.S.)
SOME PEOPLE CALL ME A--

INT. ALONDRA'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Alondra sits on the floor, pen in hand, notebook over her legs. She continues writing her poem, singing.

ALONDRA (SINGING)
(to self)
--WARRIOR POET,
I HAVE COME TO SAY I AM NEITHER.
FOR YES I DO WELL FIGHT,
AND YES I'LL WRITE A VERSE.
I'M JUST NOT THIS WARRIOR POET,
OR MAYBE I AM.
Huh.

SONG "ALONDRA'S MEMOIRS I" ENDS

A smug smile, proud of her poem.

She turns to her old portable TV on top of her sleeping bag, turns it on, and goes back to her notebook.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
...that there is no imminent
threat. However, the masked
vigilante is at large after gunning
down a number of people inside
Lencho's private quarters, in what
some called a trigger-happy spree.
What you see now on your screens
are video captures of the masked
vigilante.

Upon hearing this, Alondra dives to fetch her TV and turns up the volume.

ON TV SCREEN

A couple of snapshots of Bandana played back and forth: one is of him jumping from a palace fence, the other one is him sprinting right after landing. Headline on chyron reads "Dangerous masked vigilante on the loose."

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Two of the victims worked closely with President Lencho, our sources say, and we are happy to report that our dear leader is perfectly safe and out of harms way.

BACK TO SCENE

Alondra turns the TV off, looks away, bemused.

ALONDRA

Who the hell was that?
Who in the name of hell's servant
on Earth was that?
The second was better. Definitely.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF GUERRILLA CAMP - NIGHT

Bandana approaches the Guerrilla camping ground. It is somewhat visible through the foliage. He carries a thin folder from the bunch of files Hector gave him.

He reads a file from the folder, a map of the Guerrilla camps.

BANDANA

How did I not have this? What kind of machines are we using anyways?

Bandana types on his wristpad, it BEEPS, he brings it close to his face:

BANDANA (CONT'D)

Department of Defense. Entire personnel. Dungeon.

He LIGHTS a small match and sets the documents on fire. The documents burn in an instant. He tries the same with the folder, but it doesn't light up that easily. He goes through two MATCHES and then decides to TEAR it to pieces instead. He sort of buries the pieces in the ground.

Bandana resumes walking towards the camp, dusting off his hands on his outfit.

As he arrives at the camp's perimeter, two Guerrilleros spot him and take action.

GUERRILLERO #1

You! On your knees! Now!

GUERRILLERO #2
Raise your hands, scum!

Bandana doesn't put up much resistance.

The Guerrilleros restrain him easily, tie up his hands.

BANDANA
This is not what I had in mind, but
alright.
Take me to your leader, fellas.
I come in peace, and other generic
terms of diplomacy.

A Guerrillero SMACKS him on the back of the head with the
butt of his rifle. Lights out.

CUT TO:

CLOSING CREDITS

FADE TO BLACK.