

LENCHO: CHAPTER TWO
"OF POETS AND BRUTES"

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. GUERRILLA CAMP - NIGHT

Bored Guerrilleros sit around the bonfire. They drink from flasks, cups, and bottles.

A funny looking SKINNY young man spots something. He walks around the water tank to find an ice bucket, right next to an ice machine.

He grabs the bucket, lights turn on, a bar piano appears outta nowhere, PIANO PLAYER already sitting down to play.

SONG "HAPPY JAR" BEGINS

Piano starts, Skinny sings:

SKINNY (SINGING)
HOW ABOUT FILLING THE ICE BUCKET
WITH EVERY DRINK YOU COULD FIND?

Skinny walks around grabbing the remnants of alcohol bottles, much to the disagreement of their rightful owners. He POURS the contents into the bucket.

A few Guerrilleros do willingly hand him their bottles and flasks. Skinny pours all sorts of alcohol into the bucket.

SKINNY (SINGING) (CONT'D)
MAKE IT HAPPY! MAKE IT SNAPPY!
CALL IT HAPPY JAR!

A slightly older Guerrillero, a little on the HEAVY side, interrupts.

HEAVY (SINGING)
WOULD YOU MIND PASSING ME THAT
BUCKET?
QUICK WHILE IT HOLDS ITS LAUGHTER
INSIDE!

Skinny passes the bucket to Heavy, who takes a big gulp. Some people approach him, wanting to go next.

Behind them, the Guerrilleros holding Bandana walk in, Bandana with his hands tied and slightly disoriented.

HEAVY (SINGING) (CONT'D)
GIRLS STEP BACK, I GOT THE GLORIOUS
SNACK!
(takes a sip)
CALL IT HAPPY JAR!

Everyone cheers. An incredulous Bandana reacts.

BANDANA
 (to self)
 They're not even trying to hide!
 (resigned, sarcastic)
 And they have a bonfire, why
wouldn't they?

A couple of people roast marshmallows on sticks in the fire.

A STINKY GIRL spots Bandana, steals the bucket from HEAVY, heads towards him, singing.

STINKY GIRL (SINGING)
 HAVE YOU HEARD OF THIS HANDSOME
 BUCKET?

She forces Bandana a sip from the bucket. Bandana reacts in disgust.

An OLDER MAN jumps in, grabs the bucket and sings.

OLDER MAN (SINGING)
 MEAN OL' GIGGLY RASCAL STYLE, YOU
 DEVIL YOU!

Bandana, getting his senses back after the forced drink:

BANDANA
 (to self; yuck face)
 That's a health code violation.

The Older Man gives the bucket a sip. A YOUNG GIRL motions him to pass the bucket.

YOUNG GIRL (SINGING)
 PASS IT AROUND!

She gets the bucket and takes a sip. The Skinny man motions her to pass the bucket.

SKINNY (SINGING)
 HEY KID, PASS IT AROUND!
 (grabs the bucket)
 CALL IT HAPPY JAR!

SONG "HAPPY JAR" ENDS

Skinny stops singing, hands the bucket to a young child, and sprints towards Bandana.
 He reaches to grab his bandana mask.

BANDANA
(calm but menacing)
I bite. Also bark. Like a dog. A
mean one, not a cute pup.

Skinny stops short and groans. He BITCHSLAPS Bandana, and a Guerrillero KICKS him from behind.

Bandana FALLS straight on into the shot, his black outfit covering the full shot, essentially fading to black.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER: "CHAPTER TWO: OF POETS AND BRUTES"

INT. HEADQUARTERS TENT - NIGHT

Bandana falls straight into the shot, same as before, HITS the floor, having been pushed inside the tent by Guerrilleros behind him.

He looks around. A couple of Guerrilleros point machine guns at him.

In front of him: a long conference table, computers and screens on desks and stations all around it. On the screens are satellite images. One screen reads "Satellite Detection Blocker," another reads "Satellite Imaging System Override."

BANDANA
(to self)
Are you kidding me?!
Well, at least now I know...

At the far end of the long conference table, two dark figures stand. They come slowly into the light as they walk towards Bandana, each on opposite sides of the table. They are Alondra and El Engineer.

Bandana notices them and stands up with hands still tied. As soon as Alondra and Bandana see each other clearly, they lock eyes. They have a moment.

EL ENGINEER
Shall we unmask him?

BANDANA
I wouldn't recommend it.

EL ENGINEER
(smirking)
Why? You bite?

BANDANA
(grins)
Also bark.

A Guerrillero tries to take off Bandana's mask. Bandana produces a small taser from under his wristpad, swiftly turns so his tied hands face the attacker, and TASES him. The attacker makes a funny loud shriek before COLLAPSING on the floor.

Two armed Guerrilleros aim their machine guns at Bandana, defiantly.
Bandana barks twice, deadpan, still grinning.

One of the armed Guerrilleros is about to hit Bandana in the head with the butt of his machine gun when Alondra intercedes.

ALONDRA
Enough! If the weirdo wants his mask and cape, he can keep his mask and his cape, for all I care.

BANDANA
Cape?! Do you see a cape? Come on.
(beat)
Wait, are suggesting I get one?

ALONDRA
No, that's not what I--

BANDANA
Cause it's crossed my mind, if we're being honest, and honesty is why I'm here. But, where do you start, right? Color? Length? Functionality? You want to be able to glide and deflect bullets? Good luck with that!
Five dungeons packed with scientists could not deliv... I mean, five labs packed with scientists... working in top notch, well regulated, safely ventilated... premises...

Bandana stops short of saying anything more revealing and chuckles in a friendly way.

BANDANA (CONT'D)
I'm Bandana. I come in peace,
fellas. What do you have over here?
Are you some kind of resistance?
It's lovely.

ALONDRA
I am Chief Alondra, and this here
is El Engineer. We are the jungle
Guerrilla.

El ENGINEER
The Junquerilla.

BANDANA
Really...

Alondra gives a quick, unenthusiastic glance at El Engineer.

ALONDRA
Eh.

BANDANA
Pardon me for saying this, scratch
that, don't pardon me, who cares,
but I found you in two seconds. I
could have blown this place to bits
before you--

One of the armed Guerrilleros pokes Bandana's neck with the
barrel of his machine gun.

BANDANA (CONT'D)
--even gasped your pitiful last
prayers... Ok, ok, ok...

The machine gun is withdrawn.

BANDANA (CONT'D)
...dilettantes.

ALONDRA
Lencho hasn't found us.

BANDANA
(hesitates)
Yet.

ALONDRA
Clearly, you know how to make an
entrance. And clearly, you are out
of your depth, and out of your
mind. You're out of your depth of
mind.

BANDANA
(squinting)
What?

ALONDRA
You are a guest in my jungle until
I decide you aren't. In which case
you'd be an intruder, quite
certainly an enemy informer, a
saboteur. Not a bright future for
saboteurs around here.

BANDANA
Not a bright future for saboteurs
anywhere.

ALONDRA
What do you want?

Bandana, in a swift move, unties himself. The Guerrilleros
aim their guns at him but Alondra signals them to lower them.

BANDANA
I want you to realize how badly you
need me.

EL ENGINEER
We are squaring the circle just
fine without you. Right guys?

The armed Guerrilleros drop their machine guns and produce
ukuleles, bongos, and drums. El Engineer grabs his guitar.
They begin to play and sing in unison.

SONG "SQUARING THE CIRCLE" BEGINS

EL ENGINEER (CONT'D)
One, two, three, one, two...

EL ENGINEER & GUERRILLEROS (SINGING)
WE'RE HERE TO SQUARE SOME CIRCLES!
WE'RE NOT CIRCLING THE SQUARES!
WE'RE UP-FRONT ABOUT IT, WE NEVER
DENIED IT, WE'RE HERE, HERE TO
BLEEPING SQUARE!

Alondra seems embarrassed.
Bandana grins like someone painfully waiting for his turn to
laugh.
Bandana and Alondra eye each other in silent agreement.

EL ENGINEER & GUERRILLEROS (SINGING) (CONT'D)
JUSTICE IS WHAT WE'RE HERE TO
OFFER!
(MORE)

EL ENGINEER & GUERRILLEROS (SINGING)
 DON'T MATTER IF WE WEREN'T EVEN
 ASKED! DON'T MIND US WHILE WE'RE
 OUT SQUARING SOME CIRCLES,
 JUST BE CAREFUL, CAREFUL IF YOU'RE
 NEXT! WE'RE HERE TO SQUARE SOME
 CIRCLES! WE'RE NOT CIRCLING THE
 SQUA--

ALONDRA
Enough! Please, we got it.

SONG "SQUARING THE CIRCLE" ENDS

ALONDRA (CONT'D)
 It's... not favorable.

El Engineer does not take this too well.
 Bandana erupts in laughter.

BANDANA
 (laughing)
 How long you been rehearsing that?
 And the tiny guitars! That's
 precious.
 But seriously, square some circles?
 Adorable.

He turns to the chubby guy on drums and pinches his cheeks.

BANDANA (CONT'D)
 Right baby cheeks? Adorable.
 And yet, you guys need some serious
 education, strategy, direction.

ALONDRA
 Squaring the circle is the emblem
 of the, um...

EL ENGINEER
 A mathematical metaphor about
 conquering the impossible, and we
will! That circle shall be squared.

Alondra rolls her eyes.

BANDANA
 Did you write the song? It's cute.
 Almost too cute.

EL ENGINEER
 It's an anthem.

BANDANA
 It's a drum circle.

El Engineer charges at Bandana, who stands his ground.
Alondra intercedes before they collide.

ALONDRA
Alright, alright. What are you
offering exactly, other than mild
entertainment?

BANDANA
Mild?!

ALONDRA
Tepid.

BANDANA
Victory, what else? You will need
me. This is my first contact. You
will hear from me soon. I will lead
the way. Viva the revolutio... er,
the Jungle Guerrilla!

Bandana starts heading out of the tent.

EL ENGINEER
Lead?! Are you an imbecile? Is he
an imbecile?

Bandana stops, turns back.

BANDANA
You heard me.
(turns to Alondra)
Alongside you, of course.

He pulls near Alondra, their faces really close.

BANDANA (CONT'D)
It will be an honor, and a
delight...ful privilege,...
(playful bow)
The Chief.

Alondra is taken aback, but doesn't mind it. They stare at
each other, smiling, in awe.

El Engineer snaps them out of it by clearing his throat.

BANDANA (CONT'D)
Chief, Square root, fellas, I'm
off.

EL ENGINEER
How do we know he won't sell us
out?

BANDANA
(eyes closed; rubs
eyebrows)
How... how many times?
(to El Engineer)
You'd be dead already. Very easy.
Very easy for me. Believe me. Two
seconds it took me to find you, two
seconds.

Bandana turns and walks out of the tent. He leaves the tent
entrance open.
Everyone watches as he continues walking outside.

BANDANA (CONT'D)
Two seconds. Two seconds.

Bandana DETONATES a smoke bomb and disappears.

El ENGINEER
Is that reason to trust him?

ALONDRA
I honestly don't know.

Alondra, intrigued, keeps staring out the tent. The smoke
dissipates.

EL ENGINEER
He is a spy! I would bet my
engineering degree on it.

Alondra rolls her eyes.

ALONDRA
Nah. He strikes me as a bored
millionaire.
A disgruntled oligarch, perhaps,
with access to Lencho at some
point, even. But I see something
genuine in him. A brutish spirit.

EL ENGINEER
He will be our downfall! That
masked imbecile will be this
Junguerrilla's downfall!

El Engineer keeps on talking, but the volume is lowered till
no longer audible.

EL ENGINEER (CONT'D)
If you ask me, and blast do I
already see it, he will start to--

Alondra, suddenly deep in thought, unaware of anything but herself, recites a passionate impromptu poem.

SONG "ALONDRA'S MEMOIRS II" BEGINS

ALONDRA (SINGING)
 (to self, but loud)
 IF I AM A WARRIOR POET, YOU ARE THE
 BRUTISH SPIRIT!
 IDEAS COME EASILY TO A WARRIOR
 POET, WHILE MUSCLE AND SOUL MAKE A
 BRUTISH SPIRIT SOAR!

SONG "ALONDRA'S MEMOIRS II" ENDS

El Engineer looks at Alondra funny. He's been there all along. He walks away shaking his head, leaving Alondra slightly embarrassed.

EXT. JUNGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Bandana runs through the jungle. He looks down at his wristpad to see his GPS location.
On wristpad screen: GPS coordinates, and a map of the jungle.

Bandana runs HEADFIRST into a large tree. He FALLS back. Stands up a little disoriented. He curses at it, KICKS it, enters something into his wristpad, and then continues on his way.

He finds the hidden entrance to a secret tunnel.

INT. SECRET TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Bandana enters the tunnel and jumps on a minecart sitting ready on the tracks.
 He presses a button and braces himself for the ride. The minecart begins to move, but very slowly.
 Bandana makes a call from his wristpad.

SECRETARY (PHONE)
 Yes, dear leader?

BANDANA
 Martha, remind me tomorrow: There's a tree, the coordinates of which are now saved in our shared folder, I want it gone! Removed. Vanished. Not a single root shall remain er, rooted.
 We will build an outhouse with that wood... if that's still a thing.
 (MORE)

BANDANA (CONT'D)
If not, I'll think of something
equally demeaning.

SECRETARY (PHONE)
Yes, dear leader.

BANDANA
Remind me, Martha.

SECRETARY (PHONE)
Yes, dear leader.

Bandana enjoys the ride, then suddenly seems like he remembers something. He makes another call.

SECRETARY (PHONE) (CONT'D)
Yes, dear leader?

BANDANA
Ah no, I thought I had it.
Something equally demeaning, but
no. Never mind.
(sighs)
Forget the outhouse, just burn down
that tree.

SONG "WHERE HAVE YOUR HANDS BEEN?" BEGINS

SPLIT SCREEN - ELEVATOR-MASTER ROOM / CAMP-ALONDRA'S TENT

Bandana rides an elevator up, from the end of the secret tunnel, all the way towards Lencho's Master Room in the Palace. He is pensive but happy.

Alondra walks through her camp. Some people around her are drunk and loud. Others sleep on the floor. She enters her tent. She is pensive but happy.

ALONDRA (SINGING)
BEHIND THAT MASK I SEE NO GLASS
THROUGH WHICH OUR VOICES AREN'T
INCLUDED.

Bandana looks confused. Alondra realizes her statement was confusing.

ALONDRA (CONT'D)
(nervous laugh)
That made no sense.

Bandana shakes his head as if saying "no, it didn't."

ALONDRA (SINGING) (CONT'D)
I SEE RIGHT THROUGH THOSE EYES OF
YOURS IS WHAT I MEANT TO SAY JUST
NOW, BUT COULDN'T.

BANDANA
Better.

ALONDRA (SINGING)
THERE IS A CHILD INSIDE OF YOU
WHO'S LONGING FOR A BROKEN HOME SO
HE CAN FIX IT.

Bandana loves hearing that.

BANDANA
Yeah...

ALONDRA (SINGING)
I WANT TO BE RIGHT NEXT TO YOU WHEN
THIS CHILD BURSTS INTO THE SCENE,
AND KICKS IT.

Bandana mimics a "maybe."

ALONDRA (SINGING) (CONT'D)
BUT I WONDER...

BANDANA (SINGING)
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY
WHEN I'D BE FIGHTING NEXT TO
SOMEONE SO DELICIOUS.

ALONDRA
(smiling; flattered)
Oh stop.

BANDANA (SINGING)
SOMEONE LIKE YOU, NEVERTHELESS,
WHO'S KINDA CUTE BUT ALSO FEARLESS
AND QUITE VICIOUS.

ALONDRA
(flirty)
Oh, go on.

BANDANA (SINGING)
I THINK IT'S TRUE WE UNDERSTAND
OURSELVES AND FINISH UP EACH
OTHER'S--

Alondra jumps in, eagerly.

ALONDRA (SINGING)
SENTENCES!

BANDANA (SINGING)
--STRATEGIES.

Alondra seems confused at the correction.

BANDANA (SINGING) (CONT'D)
I WANT TO BE RIGHT NEXT TO YOU WHEN
GUNS ABLAZE WE DO OR DIE, I'M
THINKING DO, RIGHT?

Bandana winks. Alondra agrees with a thumbs up.

BANDANA (SINGING) (CONT'D)
BUT I WONDER...

BANDANA & ALONDRA (SINGING)
WHERE HAVE YOUR HANDS BEEN?
WHAT HAVE YOUR EYES SEEN?
WHERE HAVE YOUR HANDS BEEN ALL
ALONG?
ARE THEY AT LEAST SOMEWHAT CLEAN?

END SPLIT SCREEN

FANTASY SEQUENCE

Bandana and Alondra meet by a majestic water fountain in the center of a colorful garden. They walk arm in arm around it.

ALONDRA (SINGING)
I FIND MYSELF ASKING MYSELF ABOUT
YOURSELF, AND I JUST HAVE SO MANY
QUESTIONS!
WHERE YOU COME FROM, WHAT YOU HAVE
SEEN, THE BED YOU'VE MADE, WHO EVEN
KNOWS YOU?!

BANDANA (SINGING)
THAT'S QUITE ALRIGHT, I SYMPATHIZE,
I WONDER THAT ABOUT YOU ALSO!

Alondra pulls out a magazine, flips to an article about the masked vigilante who tried to assassinate Lencho and fled.

Bandana pulls out intelligence files on Chief Alondra, a picture of her clipped on top.

BANDANA & ALONDRA (SINGING)
I'VE READ SOME THINGS, BUT NOT
ENOUGH,

Alondra and Bandana toss away magazine and files, face each in confrontation.

BANDANA & ALONDRA (SINGING) (CONT'D)
I BARELY KNOW YOU!

They walk in circles, half a step away from one another, eyes locked, like a duel.

ALONDRA (SINGING)
HAVE THEY CHOPPED WOOD AND OR
LIVER?

BANDANA (SINGING)
HAVE THEY SHATTERED UP A BODY?

ALONDRA (SINGING)
HAVE THEY PLANTED SEEDS IN ASPHALT?

BANDANA (SINGING)
HAVE THEY PULLED OUT ROTTEN TEETH?

They stop walking and confront each other face to face.

ALONDRA (SINGING)
HAVE THEY TOUCHED THE POOR MEN'S
FACES?

BANDANA (SINGING)
HAVE THEY ROBBED A POOR MAN'S
HEART?

ALONDRA (SINGING)
HAVE THEY BUILT CHILDREN A HOSPICE?

BANDANA (SINGING)
HAVE THEY BURIED ONE TOO MANY?

Their defiant faces get closer and closer to one another.

ALONDRA (SINGING)
HAVE THEY SILENCED?

BANDANA (SINGING)
HAVE THEY VIOLENCED?

ALONDRA (SINGING)
HAVE THEY MANGLED?

BANDANA (SINGING)
HAVE THEY STRANGLED?

ALONDRA (SINGING)
HAVE THEY SNAPPED?

BANDANA (SINGING)
HAVE THEY SLAPPED?

BANDANA & ALONDRA (SINGING)
HAVE THEY RIPPED HEARTS?!

They look away, dramatically, and then little by little they come closer again, locking eyes, drawn to one another.

BANDANA & ALONDRA (SINGING) (CONT'D)
WHERE HAVE YOUR HANDS BEEN?
WHAT HAVE YOUR EYES SEEN?
WHERE HAVE YOUR HANDS BEEN ALL
ALONG?
ARE THEY AT LEAST SOMEWHAT CLEAN?

Bandana and Alondra embrace.

SONG "WHERE HAVE YOUR HANDS BEEN?" ENDS

FADE OUT.

INT. LENCHO'S ROOM INSIDE THE PALACE - AFTERNOON

Lencho sleeps in his bed. A tubby little finger nudges his shoulder. Lencho doesn't budge. The finger tries again. This time, Lencho wakes up. He JUMPS back, startled.

There are people around his bed. Ruben takes a step back. The nudging finger clearly belonged to him.

From left to right around Lencho's bed:
A blonde fit woman wearing military cargo pants and a bikini top, ELENA; a young chubby man in a suit, hair combed tightly to one side, KEN; a big smiley Hector; a man dressed in a safari outfit, JOHN; a petite, bespectacled, middle aged woman, well dressed, ANITA.

ANITA
Lencho. This is an intervention.

Lencho, still in shock, frowns, but his eyes remain wide open, scared.

INT. PALACE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A sleek, minimalist living room with floor to ceiling glass windows. The living room has a TV area with sofas facing a huge screen, a billiards table, a snacks table, and a bar. In the background, through the glass, an impressive garden on the hill.

Hector stands by the bar. Anita sits on a stool. Ken and John at the snack table help themselves to cookies, pies, coffees, teas, etc. Elena sits on the edge of the billiards table in a sexy muscle pose.

Lencho, arms crossed, not amused, and Ruben, sit on a couple of folding chairs.

They all face each other in a sort of circle.

An emotional Ken recounts a story.

KEN

(in a thick foreign accent)

...and now this is a few years back, but boy do I remember it so clearly. There was a spring feeling in the air. You could feel it, smell it. A mixture of hope and fear, but mostly hope. The good natured hope that is daring and inspiring. The spirit of free men had begun to rise for all who wished to see. Young and old equally confident that the blessings of freedom were there for the taking. And what's more, they were worth dying for.

That all made it so much more poetic when we hung every one of these radicals on street lamps, for kilometers on end. The imagery, it was just...

Ken blows a kiss and makes a "poof!" hand gesture to illustrate the point.

KEN (CONT'D)

...sublime.

John applauds at the story, moved.

HECTOR

Anyone else wants to share their story of overcoming a people's revolt? No? Anita? You sure? You have so many. No? OK. Elena?

Elena gives Hector the cold stare.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

How about you Lencho? Why don't we talk about why we're here? Why do you think we're here?

LENCHO

Because no one wants you back home
and you know it.

Hector chuckles.

HECTOR

We're here because sometimes,
people like us need a little
support, and there's no shame in
that. We bring a variety of top
quality snacks--which you
gracefully arranged on a foldable
plastic table--and we share a few
laughs and moving personal stories--
thank you again, Ken, it was
wonderful--so we can show our
support, and reassure you that you
will overcome whatever this hiccup
is--

KEN

You just believe in yourself a
little, man.

HECTOR

--and we will help in any way we
can.

ELENA

(heavy accent)
You crush them like potato.

JOHN

You must already have this, but in
the very improbable chance you
don't--machines malfunction all the
time and whatnot--here is all
gathered intelligence from our
sources combined. We all got eyes
on each other's patios, as agreed.
Anything and everything on that
jungle Guerrilla.

LENCHO

The Junquerilla.

JOHN

That's not bad.

LENCHO

(proud)
Thank you.

John hands Lencho a large portfolio.

HECTOR

I mean, you probably already have
all this...

Everybody nods apologetically.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

...but redundancies, you know me.

Everybody nods enthusiastically, and mockingly.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

And it's neat, and color coded. All
printed out in large fonts. Just in
case.

KEN

Ridiculously large fonts. Almost
cartoonish.

LENCHO

So, anyways... I was saving
something for a special occasion,
and maybe this is it.

Lencho turns around, takes a few steps for a little privacy.

Out of view from the rest, he rolls up his left sleeve to
reveal Bandana's wristpad. He presses on the screen, and
inserts an ear piece into his ear. He talks a little more
quietly, but still loud enough for the rest to hear.

SECRETARY (PHONE)

Yes, dear leader?

LENCHO

Yes, Martha... you know, you never
reminded me of that thing I asked
you to remind me about. We need to
talk about that.

SECRETARY (PHONE)

Deep apologies, dear leader.

LENCHO

Remind me to reprimand you.

Lencho turns, winks, and smirks at his fellow leaders. They
in turn look at each other, unsure.

SECRETARY

Yes, dear leader.

Lencho slowly walks back towards the group, sends the call to the room's speaker system, and raises his voice.

LENCHO

Now, you know those coordinates I saved in our shared folder? The ones I mentioned yesterday? Give it the go ahead. Bomb that camp.

SECRETARY (SPEAKERPHONE)

The camp?

LENCHO

(Honeymooners-like)

Don't question me, Martha!

EXT. JUNGLE - AFTERNOON

The tree Bandana collided with stands in the Jungle. Suddenly a missile HITS it, EXPLODING into tiny pieces.

INT. PALACE LIVING ROOM - RESUMING

Back at the support group circle, they all cheer. In unison they begin to chant: "Encore! Encore!"

LENCHO

Now, now. No need to overdo it. It's the suspense that kills them, anyways. The not knowing whether... when another camp will be destroyed.

JOHN

Wait, the attack just now... that was one camp? They're stupidly close to each other! Come on, they're bloody asking for it!

Lencho stares at John in a threatening manner.

HECTOR

Whoa, whoa, we are not here to pass judgement on one another. Each of us is a winner, and a survivor, with unique and distinctive styles.

JOHN

Pardon me. That was out of line.

HECTOR

But do bomb one more camp, Lencho.
It's the right thing to do.

ELENA

(heavy accent)
Crush potato, with Polonium.

Lencho, feeling cornered, pulls a document from the portfolio. He unfolds it. It is a huge sheet of paper with coordinates in a ridiculously large font.

He types the coordinates into his wristpad screen. About to type the last couple of digits, he pauses, hesitates, and then clearly types the wrong numbers. The coordinates are off, but not by much.

Lencho stands up on his chair and with the grace of a magician, he presses the launch key on his wristpad.

LENCHO

Launch.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF GUERRILLA CAMP - AFTERNOON

Guerrilleros patrolling the camp's perimeter react:

GUERRILLERO #1

What is going on?

GUERRILLERO #2

Seems like an air strike...
(pointing)
A kilometer that way.

GUERRILLERO #1

Weird, there's nothing out there.

A wider shot of the camp reveals the missiles striking close by, somewhere in the jungle.

INT. PALACE LIVING ROOM - RESUMING

SECRETARY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Target hit, dear leader.

The support group cheers. They chant: "Lencho! Lencho!"

SECRETARY (SPEAKERPHONE) (CONT'D)

General Ruben wants to know if he
should green-light the ground
troops.

Lencho raises one eyebrow and turns to see Ruben sitting on a chair, looking down at his own wristpad. Ruben raises his head to look at Lencho, offers a thumbs-up / shoulder-shrug combo.

They all expectantly look at Lencho, who feels the pressure of everyone staring at him.

LENCHO
Green-light it is.

They break into a cheer again: "Lencho! Lencho!"

Ruben gets busy working on his wristpad screen. He pulls out his joystick controller.

LENCHO (CONT'D)
Who wants to shoot some pool?! But
no cheating Anita!

They all laugh.

Lencho turns away, dropping the facade. He seems distressed.

INT. HEADQUARTERS TENT - SAME TIME

Alondra and El Engineer stand by the control desk, looking at computer screens, analyzing satellite images.

El ENGINEER
Is it a trap? Or intimidation
tactics?

ALONDRA
Whatever it is, troops on the
ground will find us.

EXT. PALACE LIVING ROOM - RESUMING

Lencho steps out to the garden outside the living room. The guests are all inside in the background, shooting pool and drinking, as can be seen through the glass windows. Lencho seems disturbed.

ALONDRA (O.S.)
In no time, there will be a fight.

Lencho looks up, his face no longer showing worry, he stares heroically at the horizon with a grin on his face. Confident. Defiant.

CUT TO:

CLOSING CREDITS

FADE TO BLACK.