

NEVER FORGOTTEN

(Code Name: Kamileon)

by

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LEGEND: An Original Screenplay

SETTING: A spectacular look at the participation of a regular man in USA counter terrorism intelligence work and the hunt and demise of Osama Bin Laden.

LOCALE: Peru, New York, London, Jerusalem, Pakistan

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KAMILEON

FADE IN:

INT. A WAREHOUSE IN SAN JUAN DE LURIGANCHO, LIMA, PERU. NIGHT
A semi empty warehouse (about fifteen hundred square feet),
the walls are cracked and unpainted, there's a single one
hundred watt bulb hanging from the center of the ceiling.

The front entrance's opening is covered by dark plastic bags
that hang from the top.

Several men push the plastic bags to the side as they enter.

There are ten fifty-five gallon drums on the left side of the
warehouse and six long pieces of wood, propped on top of
cinder blocks, in the middle of the room, used as long
makeshift benches.

A man, Carlos Francisco, early twenties, black, bald, no
facial hair, in clean casual gray pants and a white shirt,
addresses a group of about twenty male workers, most of them
dressed in raggedy, dirty, work clothes, different ages, from
twelve to seventy.

DANTE Mondragon [17, 5'7, 140 lbs, shoulder length straight
hair, olive skin, dressed in black jeans and a white and blue
short sleeve striped shirt] and KARLOS Romanoff [17, 5'11, 175
lbs, short red curly hair, white, dressed in casual gray
slacks and a short sleeve yellow shirt] sit on the next to
last row, with other men around them.

Two large Hispanic males [early thirties, black, clean shaven,
short hair, dressed in blue corduroy overalls and boots] stand
(hands in front) on each side of Carlos Francisco as he
lectures the audience vociferously. (in Spanish)

CARLOS FRANCISCO

Let us not forget what Maximo
Canales is doing against
imperialism in Venezuela!

A slight approval from the crowd.

CARLOS FRANCISCO [CONT'D]

Let us not forget that Ilich
Ramirez Sanchez is writing
history with his own blood
in Palestine...

He pauses as he paces around the front area, before the crowd.

CARLOS FRANCISCO [CONT'D]

... and most importantly, let us
not forget the sacrifice of the
eight heroes on September the
fifth, this year, in Munich.

The crowd cheers and claps as he makes a strategic pause.

CARLOS FRANCISCO [CONT'D]
My friends, we'll teach you to
read and write so you can write
your own history, (pointing
his right index finger downwards)
right here in Peru.

Carlos then raises his voice even louder.

CARLOS FRANCISCO [CONT'D]
Don't let rich people write your story!

A roaring, approving, crescendo heard from the crowd.

Karlos and Dante, Dante elbows Karlos who is next to him, they
look at each other and whisper as they talk.

KARLOS
All the flier said was
'help your neighbor'.

DANTE
(grinding his teeth)
I hate terrorists.

KARLOS
(chuckles) Let's get out of here.

Dante and Karlos leave as other men walk into the warehouse.

EXT. A STREET, LIMA, PERU. NIGHT
Dante and Karlos walk away as they hear people inside the
warehouse scream and bang on the large drums.

Dante and Karlos talk as they walk away slowly. (in English)

KARLOS
He called the Black
September terrorists
heroes.

DANTE
Not even in hell.

Two blocks away from the warehouse they hear siren sounds.

They turn around and, from the distance, look as police cars
and army jeeps surround the warehouse.

Police enter the warehouse, several shots heard.

Two men exit the warehouse, running.

The two men see the soldiers outside, weapons trained on the
entrance and throw themselves, face down, on the ground.

EXT. CENTRO ARENALES, LIMA, PERU. DAY
A billboard on a building in Centro Arenales on Avenida Arequipa reads "Merry Christmas 1972", Dante and Karlos walk under the billboard.

Larita, a beggar [5'4", 110 lbs, frizzy short black hair, very slim, in black overalls, scarecrow hat] walks, with an exaggerated limp due to a short left leg, around people, obviously handicapped, asking for alms using grotesque guttural sounds.

Dante and Karlos look at Larita as they walk next to him.

LATER

The sunset projects a reddish crepuscular tint on the windows of the houses in the Miraflores neighborhood.

Four high school friends: ALESSANDRA Romanelli [16, white, 5'3, 105 lbs, long, curly, blonde hair], ZULLY Leon [16, 5'0, 95 lbs, long straight black hair, light skin, thin facial features, both dressed in a navy blue school dress uniform with a white flap on the back], and Dante and Karlos make plans together. [In Spanish]

KARLOS

So, you pick Alessandra at the U and we'll wait for you at la Muralla.

Dante's right hand rests on Alessandra's right shoulder.

ALESSANDRA

Which movie are we going to see?

ZULLY

We want to see (reaching for Karlos hand) Midnight Cowboy.

EXT. A STREET IN MIRAFLORES, LIMA, PERU. EVENING
Dante walks Alessandra to her house (private home, two stories, large front garden), he hides around a tall fence and kisses her goodbye as the sun sets. [In Spanish]

DANTE

I love you.

ALESSANDRA

I love you too. [Moving away from Dante] But I don't want mom to see us, she'll give me hell.

DANTE

I know.

Dante's gestures (like if he was talking on the phone) with his hands.

DANTE [CONT'D]
I'll call you when I get home.

ALESSANDRA
Yes... [blows him a kiss]
love you, bye.

Alessandra goes through the front door, Dante watches her disappear into the frondose garden.

EXT. UNIVERSIDAD DE LIMA. DAY
Dante [wearing black jeans and a long sleeve light blue shirt] stands by a street sign that reads Avenida Javier Prado Este.

Dante walks towards the entrance of a building with white Greek columns and a façade that looks like a large version of the Parthenon.

EXT. LAW FACULTY ENTRANCE. DAY
People start to come out the front of the building that has carved writing that reads in Spanish: "Law Faculty".

RATANO Torquemada, 30 years old, tall [6,1"], skinny [155 lbs] with an unkempt large beard (a cross between Che Guevara, a Jewish Rabbi and a coke addict) wearing white pants and a pink shirt and Dante. Ratano stands by the door to the Law Faculty.

Dante approaches him. [In Spanish]

DANTE
Excuse me, is everybody out yet?

RATANO
Yes.

DANTE
Is Alessandra... [pauses then adds]
Romanelli still inside?

RATANO
She didn't come in today.

Dante looks surprised.

DANTE
Oh, thank you.

LATER

EXT. A STREET NEAR THE LAW FACULTY ENTRANCE. DAY
Dante looks lost near a park bench then sits down.

Dante puts his head down.

Larita, the beggar, walks awkwardly as he passes by Dante.

Dante, looking confused, lifts his head up and sees Ratano embracing Alessandra as they walk.

Alessandra sees Dante.

Dante doesn't move, in shock.

INT. DANTE'S HOME.DAY

Dante's room, humble but clean, Dante sits on a wooden bed with white sheets, Karlos and Zully sit on a small loveseat next to a fenced window.

Dante stands up and starts packing a suitcase. [In English]

DANTE

I just need to borrow enough
so I can get a passport and
leave the country.

Karlos gets up from his seat and responds slightly agitated.

KARLOS

You are crazy. Just like
that? That's dumb. Where
are you going to go?

Dante speaks slowly, his eyes red, biting his words.

DANTE

Anywhere far, where I
won't ever see her
again, with anybody.

KARLOS

You are being extreme. Did
you talk to her? Did you
ask for an explanation?

Dante pauses for a moment. Looks into Karlos eyes and responds with visible difficulty:

DANTE

What's there to ask? I
know what I saw.

KARLOS

Maybe it wasn't like that,
maybe it was her cousin.

Karlos exasperation grows.

Dante looks down to the floor and mumbles:

DANTE

Karlos, my mind is made up.

Zully, looking to appease the men, interjects.

ZULLY

Danty I can get \$300.

Silence, the three friends look at each other.

Karlos raises his arms, giving up, and sighs in frustration before finally consenting.

KARLOS
I've got \$700, but I think
you should think this over..

Karlos hugs Dante as he speaks.

KARLOS [CONT'D]
...you should talk to her.

Dante hugs Karlos and Zully.

EXT. A STREET NEAR THE LAW FACULTY ENTRANCE. DAY
Dante, dressed in black jeans and a black short sleeve shirt looks visibly upset as he confronts Ratano, who is wearing his customary pink shirt and white slacks, defiantly near the same bench where he had seen Ratano and Alessandra. (in Spanish)

DANTE
You think you are smart?

RATANO
What?

DANTE
She didn't come in, eh? You needed
to lie to go out with her? Why did
you tell me she hadn't come in?

Ratano spits on the floor looking proud and superior while Dante walks around Ratano, sizing him up.

RATANO
I am a Torquemada, (waiving
him away) get lost kid.

DANTE
Can you spell IQ?

RATANO
What?

DANTE
I knew you couldn't.

Dante lunges forward and hits Ratano on the face.

Ratano falls forward and grabs Dante's belt as he falls pulling Dante to the ground.

Both men roll, tangled up, several feet.

Puffing and grabbing they both get up on their knees.

Ratano hits Dante in the stomach.

Dante rolls away and crouches up to a standing position.

Dante grabs Ratano's hair with his left hand while hitting him with a closed right fist in the face several times, moving his arm back and forth.

Ratano's eyes are closed out.

People separate both men, Ratano's pink shirt is bloody.

DANTE [CONT'D]
[gasping] Now, you can have her.

Ratano, with both his eyes shut and puffy eyelids, wipes blood from his mouth with his left hand while his right hand is still on the floor, helping himself up.

RATANO
Get the fuck lost.

DANTE
You get lost! You are
nothing and she's trash!

RATANO
Fuck you!

Dante walks away while people stare.

EXT. LIMA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. DAY
Dante in a bleached jean outfit and a large backpack turns around before boarding a plane at Jorge Chavez Airport.

Karlos and Zully wave goodbye from an outdoor deck.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT. DAY
Dante, his backpack on his left hand, walks with other passengers into a portion of the terminal that has a large sign that reads 'Welcome to London'.

Dante exits the security area at Heathrow airport and walks down a staircase under a sign that reads 'Underground System'.

INT. UNDERGROUND SYSTEM. DAY
Dante gets in the tube, looking tired, places his backpack on his lap then crosses his arms as the train rides away.

INT. A PRIVATE HOUSE. NIGHT
Dante and the LANDLADY [5'6" 200 lbs, curly red hair in sandals and a kitchen apron on top of a casual dress].

LANDLADY

The rent is 20 pounds a month,
no loud music and no women
allowed, here is the key.

DANTE

Thanks.

Dante grabs the keys, walks into a long corridor and stops in front of room number four.

INT. OUTSIDE DANTE'S ROOM. NIGHT

Dante puts his key in the keyhole, the door next to his room opens up, a young Arab looking male (OBL, 15, 5' 11", 160 lbs, light skin, thick eyebrows, long nose, droopy eyes, in a white Arab outfit with a turban and a very thin mustache) exits the room, as he passes Dante the Arab male uses his left hand to make the shape of a gun and points it in Dante's direction.

OBL

(thin voice with a heavy Arab accent)
Hello, I am an Arab Prince.

Dante, thrusts his hand out, the young Arab, moves his left index twice, like shooting the gun, laughs and says:

OBL [CONT'D]

Bang-bang! Got you, son of bitch.

Dante shakes his head in disapproval, then enters his room.

INT. DANTE'S ROOM. DAY

Dante, in shorts, studying in his room, a picture of Alessandra in school uniform on one side of his desk, a picture of Karlos and Zully on the other side.

INT. PHOTO SHOP. DAY

Dante, wearing a gray apron, behind a counter loads film into a 35 mm camera, tests the shutter then hands the camera to a white man, 55, 6", 180 lbs., blonde hair and well dressed, in front of the counter. Indistinctive people around them.

INT. DANTE'S ROOM. DAY

Dante in shorts and a black t-shirt, subdued light, pictures of Alessandra on his desk, Dante listens to "Eres tú" (Mocedades), a one day/page calendar reads, December 19, 1974.

Dante writes on a piece of paper: "December 8, 1975 - December 19, 1977, two years, eleven days", Dante crumbles the paper.

LATER

MONTAGE

BACK TO THE HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Reggie and Barry discuss the operation; there are several large photographs of the Pool of Siloam and the Gihon spring entrances taped to the walls, several aerial photographs of

the area and a hand drawn four by five feet long map is spread on top of a table.

INT. BEIRUT INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. 2ND MARINE DIVISION
HEADQUARTERS. LEBANON. DAY

Dante asleep in his bunker, daylight and a warm breeze enters through one of the open windows.

A clock on the night table reads 6:22 a.m. a large calendar behind the clock reads, Oct. 23, 1983, Alessandra's picture sits on the night table.

Dante covers his face with a pillow, turns his face away from the window and keeps on sleeping.

A yellow Mercedes Benz truck delivering bottled water goes through an access road and circles a large parking lot.

The Mercedes Benz accelerates between two sentry points and goes through a chain-link fence with barbed wires.

Soldiers unable to open fire as the truck crashes through the doors of the headquarters building.

A tremendous blast occurs the moment the truck loaded with six tons of TNT plows into the structure.

The force of the explosion lifts the four story structure several feet off the ground, as it drops back down the reinforced concrete and steel support columns seem to buckle in, as a massive shockwave spreads in every direction.

Flaming gas comes out from every single window and hole of the building. People scream, smaller explosions heard all over.

A surreal scene. A large fog like dust cloud coming from the building covers the surroundings.

Several Marines walk around aimlessly, covered in dust, like zombies.

Soldiers outside the complex run from one side to the other, sirens heard.

Alarms sirens heard everywhere, soldiers and paramedics run into the scene from nearby buildings.

Sniper fire hits several soldiers.

A local female teenager (13 years old, dirty faced, in a long red dress carrying an AK-47) jumps from behind trucks and fires several shots at a rescue team nearby.

The armed teen is shot and killed by soldiers.

Rescue efforts hindered by sniper fire, two paramedics carrying a stretcher duck when fire is opened upon them.

On top of a large mountain of rubble, four soldiers find a Marine almost buried in the rubble and lift away chunks of cement that are pinning his chest, legs and arms down.

The Marine's long blue jogging suit is torn in different portions, his chest is bloody and bones come out through his right arm skin and from his left leg.

The Marine is conscious and looks around with wide open eyes as he is lowered on a stretcher.

The Marine winces in pain but sits up, staring at the devastation.

The Marine moves his head sideways, like refusing to believe what his eyes tell him.

His open mouth screams a silent scream although his veins around the throat are all tensed up.