

ROUGH CUT

by

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ROUGH CUT

FADE IN:

EXT. RED SQUARE, MOSCOW, RUSSIA - DAY 1

INT. KREMLIN, MOSCOW, RUSSIA - DAY 2

Time: The Present.

The office of Roskomdragmet, the Committee on Precious Gems and Metals for the Russian Federation. Looking out the window onto Red Square. Mist and haze.

The SOUND OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS on a terrazzo floor.

A large DOOR SLAMS as hands close the shutters on the window, blacking out the exterior view.

Cavernous interior office. A mixture of Russian and Western officials - government, business, and military - sit in straight backed chairs around a heavy mahogany table.

Military and business attachés stand behind many of the meeting participants.

CIGAR SMOKE floats in the stagnant air. Gold painted deco sconces provide dim light against the dark red pinstriped wall covering. Flags of the Russian Federation stand at attention against the walls.

LARRY SAWYER, mid 30's, dressed in Armani suit. He is the American rep for YASGAR, the diamond cartel.

Larry straightens his tie and pushes back his chair to stand. It STREAKS and SCREECHES across the floor.

LARRY

Stability, gentlemen. Stability. Every business demands it. For a new democracy. Essential. For survival. Stability, gentlemen. That is what I offer. That is why I am here.

YURI KOTLYAR, elder First Deputy Chair of Roskomdragmet is short, heavy set, and balding. He sweats too much and BREATHES LOUD AND HEAVY.

KOTLYAR

No! You want control of our diamond mines.

LARRY

But yes! Stability means control. Control is stability. For over a century we have maintained the value of diamonds, created value in diamonds because of this control. We control world-wide production. We control world-wide distribution. We control the mining, the cutting, the polishing, the selling. World-wide.

NICHOLAS WEISHAAR, a South African diamond consultant employed by the Russians, is soft looking and good humored. He smiles as he CLICKS a ball-point pen against his teeth.

NICHOLAS

Excuse me, Mr. Godoy. That is not entirely true. Yasgar only controls about 75% of world diamond production. The other 25% --

LARRY

-- are low grade industrial quality. Yes. Nicholas Weishaar is correct.

Stilted confusion around the table. CHAIRS SQUEAK. Diplomats shuffle document packets wrapped in red folders and sealed with priority markings. They make nervous notes on reports and lean into each other.

LARRY (CONT.)

Gem quality diamonds are expensive because they are rare.

RUSSIAN

Not so rare, our Siberian mines ...

He is hushed with the wave of a hand by Kotlyar.

Kotlyar breaks from a hushed conversation with the committee member next to him. They have just hatched a strategy. He speaks with a thick RUSSIAN ACCENT, but chooses his words slowly, deliberately, carefully.

KOTLYAR

We can be the world diamond leader. The richest most powerful. If we refuse, your offer, if we refuse, to come under the free market protection of which Yasgar so generously suggests -- we, Russia, would be, would become the world's diamond leader. The richest.

KOTLYAR'S ATTACHÉ

Our Siberian mines are now the world's largest producer of gem quality stones.

NICHOLAS

(Correcting)

Second to Botswana.

The Russians laugh at the mention of Botswana, and there is general laughter around the table. Very old boys' club.

LARRY

(Laughing)

Yes. Yes. Of course. Botswana. But you have no control, no stability. You flood the market ...

RUSSIAN

Who is flooding the market?

LARRY

... with Russian diamonds? You have established a San Francisco office and the leaks are coming out of there.

KOTLYAR

Bychkov, what have you to say about this?

SERGEI BYCHKOV, a tall, lean middle aged man with narrow eyes and a thin cruel smile. He is head of the San Francisco office of the Russian Diamond Mart.

Bychkov speaks with a more Westernized accent.

BYCHKOV

The San Francisco office is cutting, polishing. It is new. They have not sold any diamonds.

LARRY

400 million carats have already left Russia and passed through the San Francisco office since you established it. They are being sold. And you don't even have control of your own diamonds.

RUSSIAN

We're not selling our diamonds

An attaché hands Larry a purple velvet bag.

LARRY

Thank you. One of our London traders bought these Silver Bears. No diamond is sold that the cartel does not want sold. And for that reason alone, diamonds are expensive, are valuable. If Russia sells its diamond on the free market ...

Larry empties the bag, slinging a large quantity of rough, uncut diamonds down the table. He is very loose and casual, as if what he just did is no big deal.

LARRY (CONT.)

This gentlemen, is your greatest natural resource. Diamonds, gentlemen, from the center of the earth. The hardest element in the known universe.

(He picks one out from the table.)

A thing of beauty.

(Throws it back.)

But worthless. Without the cooperation of Yasgar, the diamond cartel.

Leaning on the table with his fists as he grabs handfuls of the diamonds, he bears down on all those present.

LARRY

No gentlemen. Stability. It is stability that I offer. Can the new democracy of Russia offer that stability? Can you control price fluctuations? Can you guarantee that diamonds will remain valuable, even when people are not buying? Our citizens follow the whims of fashion. Remember what happened to the fur industry.

KOTLYAR

Ah! Your American environmentalists!

Kotlyar laughs at his clever political joke, then realizes no one else is laughing with him.

BYCHKOV

(Cutting him down.)

Whatever.

Bychkov and Larry make direct eye contact. Bychkov breaks and announces to the group.

BYCHKOV (CONT.)

The diamond expert from California speaks the truth.

(To Kotlyar.)

You would be wise to advise our president accordingly.

LARRY

(Continues his sales pitch.)

Can this new Russian government guarantee stability?

He holds up a large cut gem to catch the light. It refracts, and is hypnotizing.

LARRY (CONT.)

A diamond is a mere lump of carbon. But. Subject it to steady, stable pressure. For a very long time. That pressure, that stress, creates a gem, a diamond, an object of beauty, of value. Governments come and go. Diamonds are forever. Can your new government guarantee that kind of stability gentlemen?

The diamond sparkles and blinds with its brilliant beauty.

LARRY (CONT.)

Your diamonds are worthless without Yasgar. If you continue to sell Russian diamonds in quantity, prices will drop, diamonds will become worthless. But sign the agreement with us, come under our control, our stability, and that thing of beauty will be valuable forever. Our price is more than fair. Sign the trade agreement with Yasgar. You have no choice.

INT. KREMLIN GRAND BALLROOM — NIGHT

3

Light from a chandelier. MUSIC. A large Russian reception with all previous characters present plus many other business and government officials. Formal attire.

Larry and Nicholas are talking over champagne. Throughout their conversation, we pick out various Russian characters, including several severe Russian women, who discretely and suspiciously 'watch' Larry and Nicholas from all arenas of the ballroom.

NICHOLAS

(Slight lift of his glass in a subtle toast.)

Congratulations old buddy. That last bit of salesmanship was the Larry I know. You can tell your bosses that you're bringing home the bacon.

LARRY

(Laughs)

Diamonds. But thanks. Anyway, what are you doing here? I was surprised to see you.

NICHOLAS

You mean, see me working for the Russians?

LARRY

Yes, I thought since --

NICHOLAS

-- since my wife's death?

LARRY

Yes.

NICHOLAS

You thought --

LARRY

-- I thought you'd quit. Working. Taking some time off. You deserved it. You needed it.

NICHOLAS

I did. Take time off. But you know, new shoes. So I consult for various diamond consortiums. Like I said, new shoes.

LARRY

And how is little Miranda, how is she?

NICHOLAS

(Sentimental, bitter
sweet.)

They grow up fast, don't they?

LARRY

Yes, they do.

(Joking.)

Thank god we don't get any older.

NICHOLAS

(More serious, almost
confessional.)

Not too well. Still hasn't spoken since
her mother's death. I've taken her to
every specialist. They
say ... nothing's wrong. She just won't
talk.

Nicholas is overcome. He turns his head away to hide his
emotions and maintain his dignity.

KOTLYAR

(Moving in on them and
interrupting.)

Ah, yes! The English speakers always
gather together at these events, even
if they work for different parties.
Sort of like moths, drawn to a candle
flame. Careful that you do not burn
yourselves.

Larry covers for Nicholas, giving him time to recover
himself.

LARRY

My dear Yuri. One of the things you
Russians must learn if you are to make
your fortune in this diamond business
is trust.

Kotlyar sees that something is wrong.

KOTLYAR

It would seem that the representative
from the Diamond Syndicate is good
friends with our consultant on free
enterprise.

LARRY

Ours is a very small world.

Kotlyar thinks he has been insulted.

KOTLYAR

We Russians can make deals over
handshakes, as you have witnessed.

Nicholas drinks from his glass, using it to cover his face so that his emotional response is hidden from Kotlyar.

NICHOLAS

And that is why you will succeed in this business Deputy Kotlyar. Our profession is based on trust. Wars are fought. Lives killed. Curses are attached to diamonds. And yet, we meet, shake hands -- unlike all other businesses -- contracts mean nothing. We never ask. Bags of money are traded for bags of diamonds. Without either party seeing the contents of the other. And all of this is done because of trust.

KOTLYAR

As Mr. Godoy says, ours is a small world.

Bychkov approached the three men.

BYCHKOV

Gentlemen, gentlemen, how curious we diplomats are. Decision makers on world affairs, yet shy men in a room full of beautiful women.

KOTLYAR

(Trying to be funny.)

I said the same thing this very moment.

BYCHKOV

Yuri, your interest in beautiful women ended long ago. It is to the Western guests that I speak.

Nicholas and Larry exchange knowing glances in response to the insult.

A waiter walks by with a tray of champagne.

KOTLYAR

Excuse me.

Kotlyar follows the waiter a couple of steps and takes a glass of champagne. He also whispers something into his ear.

BYCHKOV

(To Nicholas and Larry.)

You must not be offended by our senior Russian deputy. His appointment was regretful but inevitable. Even this new democratic president must continue to pay off old dying KGB obligations.

KOTLYAR

(Turning back to join them.)

Perhaps the representative from I.D.S. would like to see something special. Our Russian vaults, perhaps?

NICHOLAS

(To Larry.)

Don't pass this one up old buddy.

LARRY

Yes, Deputy Kotlyar, I would be very interested to see the legendary Russian diamond vaults.

KOTLYAR

And perhaps Mr. Weishaar, you have further discussions with our most prestigious head of the Russian office in San Francisco. Many Russian diamonds are sold under his, hmm, authority.

Kotlyar puts his arm around Larry. It is almost as if he is copping a feel. He leads him off.

Suspicious eyes continue to watch the conversational exchange. The reception continues at full force with music, dancing, drinking, and conversation. Excessive amounts of caviar are evident everywhere.

EXT. RUSSIAN DIAMOND VAULT

4

Kotlyar and Larry stand before a large stainless steel vault door. The waiter from the previous scene stands in attendance next to a couple of armed uniformed guards.

Kotlyar nods to the waiter, who opens the vault door. Inside is a wall full of uncut diamonds, randomly stacked by the shovel full and brilliantly lit. The glare and opulence are overwhelming.

LARRY

Good Lord!

KOTLYAR

Mr. Godoy, you have heard of our Silver Bears?

LARRY

Yes of course, but --

KOTLYAR

-- you had no idea.

LARRY

No. So many.

KOTLYAR

This is only one of 38 rooms full of diamonds. This one, I believe, is more full than the others. The others are not so full.

Larry catches himself being too awed. He is, after all, a business man here for this very purpose, to negotiate the purchase of these diamonds.

LARRY

You, of course, realize that if these were sold all at once, on the open market, that the value would drop. A world glut of diamonds would reduce their value. World wide. Simple economics. Supply and demand. There would be too many. Their value would drop to nothing.

KOTLYAR

Yes, so you tell us. Western economics is still new and mysterious to us.

LARRY

(Back in the game.)

Not so new. Your government has ...

(He chooses his word carefully.)

traded, with us since ... I believe ... Stalin was the first.

KOTLYAR

Yes. Stalin. The Imperial jewels. He is not popular in our country anymore.

LARRY

With the new government?

KOTLYAR

Yes. With the new government.

LARRY

But he is still loved, revered one might say, by many of your people. Some are wanting a return to --

KOTLYAR

(Definitive, but lying.)

No. That is not true. Here, would you like to hold a Silver Bear?

P.O.V. THROUGH CAMERA VIEWFINDER

View of Larry reaching for the diamond in Kotlyar's hand. The SOUND OF THE CAMERA'S SHUTTER. Several photos are taken.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM

5

The diplomatic reception is still in full swing. Bychkov is telling Nicholas a joke.

BYCHKOV

... and the old guard was caught with his pants down, under the reviewing stand. During the middle of the May Day Celebration.

NICHOLAS

So what did Khrushchev do?

BYCHKOV

He had him shot of course!

They both laugh. From across the ballroom, Larry appears. He and Nicholas make eye contact. Larry nods.

INT. STAIRCASE AND HALLWAY 6

Larry makes his way up a staircase into an empty hallway. He passes an open door on a dark room. He glances in and slams himself against the outside doorway, listening in.

INT. DARK ROOM 7

Kotlyar is talking to an unknown who is silhouetted in the dark. They pass something back and forth and make an exchange of handshakes.

P.O.V. THROUGH CAMERA VIEWFINDER

Same scene, but looking through a camera viewfinder. Viewing Larry viewing the scene in the dark room. The SOUND OF THE CAMERA'S SHUTTER. Several photos are taken.

INT. KREMLIN GRAND BALLROOM 8

Larry is at the base of the stairs, about to leave the party. He shakes hands with several people, saying his farewells. He continues to be 'watched.' He exits the main entrance and walks out into the dark of a foggy mist filled night.

The swelling SOUND OF A FOGHORN and the CLANKING of ship's bell. Radio V.O. segues next scene.

RADIO REPORTER (V.O.)

The fog will burn off before noon and there will be clear and sunny skies all over the San Francisco Bay Area. The Marin commute is slow and go, backed up from the Golden Gate Bridge toll plaza.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT, FREEWAY - DAY 9

Cars drive across the Golden Gate and enter the rainbow painted tunnel into Marin County.

SOUND of radio station being changed, settling on a COUNTRY MUSIC station.

INT. GODOY BEACH HOME - DAY 10

MANUELA GODOY, a small attractive girl, 8 years old, runs toward the front door of the family home.

MANUELA

Daddy! Daddy! Daddy's home!

She opens the front door to reveal Larry, dressed casually with bags in hand.

MANUELA

Mommy, mommy, daddy's home.

ELENA GODOY, an attractive olive skinned woman in her mid 30's, carries herself with the pride of subdued aristocracy. She draws her husband into the house with an emotional hug and kiss.

MANUELA'S P.O.V.

She watches her parents embrace and then sees the doll, a RUSSIAN BABUSHKA DOLL extending toward her in her father's hand. She smiles and laughs as she hugs the doll.

EXT. DOCK ON TOMALES BAY — DAY

11

A fishing line breaks the surface of the water. The sand shark flies and struggles before being yanked onto the dock. Larry steps on the fish with his rubber boot.

Elena watches from the doorway.

LARRY

Hmm, there is a god.

ELENA

Larry, why do you do that?

LARRY

God, it's great to be home.

ELENA

We don't even eat these things.

LARRY

I love this bay.

ELENA

It's like you just enjoy the --

LARRY

-- fishing, Elena. It's called fishing.

She turns back into the house.

Larry shoves a pair of pliers in the mouth of the fish and rips the tackle out. He tosses the fish carcass in the water and re-baits his hook.

Next door neighbor, MATT WINSTON, rugged and in his mid 30's, waves from his dock. He is dressed in his Coast Guard work uniform. He looks military. Sports a flat-top.

MATT

Hey, Larry! How was Moscow?

LARRY

Eh? Oh you know. You can't trust those Ruskies. They're always double dealing you. Liars and cheaters.

INT. GODOY DINING ROOM - NIGHT

12

The Babushka doll sits at the dining table next to Manuela. Larry is seated at the table. Elena is talking from the kitchen.

ELENA

(From the kitchen)

... every day. Because of the low tides too I think. The row boat has been my companion, my safety. It is like a mooring. It grounds me here. I row across the bay and back every day.

She enters carrying a large paella dish filled with saffron rice, shrimp, and chicken tarragon sausage. She sets it on the table. They eat as they talk.

ELENA (CONT.)

And you? How were the Russians? Did they agree?

LARRY

They agreed, but they still haven't signed the contract. \$200 million in uncut diamonds have already passed through the Russian Diamond office in San Francisco. Cut, polished, and sold. But rumor has it that they are not paying back Mother Russia though.

ELENA

Russian Mafia?

LARRY

Could be.

ELENA

Why San Francisco?

LARRY

Good question. Everybody wants to know. Bombay, Antwerp, Tel Aviv, even New York -- these are diamond centers, not San Francisco.

ELENA

Perhaps it's the real estate.

LARRY

Or the food?

INT. GODOY BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

13

There is an odd uneasiness in the room. Elena and Larry are out of sync. He approaches her sexually without passion or emotion and she stiffens, pulling away from him. He withdraws, and she cries in silence.

Their bedroom door opens. It is Manuela, clutching the doll. She is frightened.

MANUELA

I had a bad dream.

She gets in bed with them. Manuela's presence changes everything between Larry and Elena. They comfort her, and each other, as she relates her nightmare.

MANUELA (CONT.)

I dreamed there was a fire, and red water, everywhere. I was in a cave. And mommy was reaching out to me, in this cave. I was all covered up with rocks and stuff. But her hand kept slipping
...

CUT TO:

SOUND OF WATER SPLASHING

EXT. GODOY DOCK – MORNING

14

Elena is on the dock of the house, preparing her blue and white skiff for rowing across the bay. Her daily routine.

Larry appears on the dock with Manuela in hand.

LARRY

We're going into town. You need anything?

ELENA

Tomatoes for the pasta tonight.

LARRY

We'll see you later, then.

MANUELA

Love you, mommy.

Elena begins rowing her skiff across the bay.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR CITY PARKING LOT – MID-DAY

15

Larry comes out of a large supermarket carrying a bag of tomatoes. He gets into his car and tries to start it. It fails. There is a quizzical look of dismay on his face.

Slow-motion: BLACK SEDAN drives by, windows roll down, rifles appear, GUNSHOTS fire.

CUT TO:

SOUND OF THUNDER

EXT. GRAVESIDE - RAINY DAY

16

The double funeral is solemn in the rain. Nicholas has flown in from his home on Menorca to be present. Also present are two neighbors of Elena's, MATT WINSTON and CAMERON TAYLOR. They are both in their late 30's. Matt is dressed in the formal uniform of the U.S. Coast Guard. He is a sharp, military man with a flattop haircut. Cameron wears the more subdued uniform, formal but less military, of the local fire department. Elena holds onto his arm throughout the service.

As the funeral service breaks up, Elena walks between Matt and Cameron back to their car. Nicholas steps up to offer his condolences.

NICHOLAS

Elena, I am so sorry. I was just with Larry in Moscow. If there's anything I can do ...

ELENA

Good to see you Nick. Thanks for coming.

NICHOLAS

... anything. Please call me. Perhaps you would come to Menorca. Stay with me and Miranda. Be our guest. Please don't hesitate.

ELENA

Matt, Cameron, this is Nicholas Weishaar, a dear family friend. Larry's best friend.

NICHOLAS

If there's anything I can do ...

ELENA

Yes, thank you.

As they all turn to leave, the grave diggers begin clearing the funeral site. They shove their spades into the earth and begin throwing shovel-fulls of dirt on the lowered coffins.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY 17

. . . of ED FRENCH, council for I.D.S.

Ed is a slacker lawyer, clip on tie, blue jeans. He looks over the documents and talks too fast.

ED

... with the 401K, company stock options, and Larry's life insurance, you should, Mrs. Godoy, be financially very comfortable. Your husband guaranteed you a secure future.

He looks up at Elena. She is distracted.

ED (CONT.)

(Slowly.)

Again, my deepest sympathy. If you'll just sign here --

ELENA

"Random," they say. "Drive by shooting," the police say. "These things happen." Everybody's sorry.

(To Ed.)

I'm getting plenty of sympathy. But no answers.

JUSTIN DIEKMANN looks, dresses, and acts like secret service. He has been at attention in the background.

JUSTIN

The Company takes care of its people, mam. Name's Justin Diekmann, Mrs. Godoy.

ELENA

These things don't have to happen Mr. Diekmann.

ED

No, they don't.

JUSTIN

I'm head of the team investigating your husband's death. For the Company.

ELENA

But the police?

ED

The police report did not have access to certain information. Our investigation will go beyond the police report.

ELENA

What information?

JUSTIN

We're not at liberty --

ELENA

(Jumps up.)

What information!?

Justin and Ed exchange looks. Pause.

ELENA (CONT.)

You tell me, I swear, you tell me or I swear I will do whatever I can ...

(She looks at both of them.)

Mr. French? Mr. Diekmann? Please!

JUSTIN

(Calmly.)

Your husband was looking into some leaks.

ED

(Excited.)

Of diamonds. Out of Russia. There is a company, here in San Francisco, Russian Diamond Traders, set up to process - cut, polish, sale - diamonds shipped from Russia.

ELENA

Go on.

ED

Well, it's the quantity. Over 200 million carets have been shipped out of Russia, here, to San Francisco, this year alone. And sold. But the money? Where is it? In the hands of a couple of Russian playboys leading the good life? Smoking cigars on some yacht?

JUSTIN

Or Russian Mafia.

ED

Or ...

ELENA

Or what?

ED

That's what we think your husband had found out.

Justin Diekmann steps forward with a manila envelope and pulls out photos.

JUSTIN

Did your husband ever mention this man, Yuri Kotlyar?

It is the photo of Kotlyar in the darkened hallway room of the Kremlin ballroom.

Elena shakes her head 'no.'

JUSTIN (CONT.)

Or this man?

It is a cropped photo of Nicholas Weishaar during his joking conversation with Bychkov.

ELENA

Who is he?

Ed grabs the photo.

ED

That's Nicholas Weishaar, a South African diamond buyer. His wife was killed during a miner's revolt. He lives on Menorca now, with his daughter.

JUSTIN

He works for the Russians.

ED

But in what capacity, or to what extent, we don't know. We think he is the key to the diamond leaks, that Larry had something on him.

ELENA

And Larry was killed before you could find out?

ED

Exactly.

ELENA

(Points to photos.)

Which one did it?

(Points to Nicholas' photo.)

Did he?

Ed looks at Justin. Justin indicates the papers. Motions for him to move it along, get her out of here.

ED

You still haven't signed the --

ELENA

You're not going to tell me!

JUSTIN

Mrs. Godoy, our investigation will --

ELENA

-- you don't care. You're only interested in your diamonds.

JUSTIN

Sign the papers.

ED

The money's yours whether you sign or not.

ELENA

(Beat. Decision. Signs papers.)

Menorca. Mediterranean.

(She rises to leave.)

Spanish, isn't it?

ED

Yeah, I think so.

Elena exits. DOOR SLAMS. Ed and Justin look at each other.

ED

Do you think she --

Justin raises his hand to silence him.

JUSTIN

Good. Excellent job. You played your part well.

ED

But did she buy it?

JUSTIN

She bought it.

EXT. TOMALES BAY - CLEAR DAY

18

Flock of STARTLED SEA GULLS take flight.

Elena rows her kayak across the bay. She rows steady at first, then more furiously, finally with anger. She stops, she breaks and sobs uncontrollably.

The dazzling brilliance of the water is refracted by the wave action of the water lapping against the small skiff.
MUSIC: MARIA CALLAS' RECORDING OF "O MIO BABBINO CARO" from Puccini's Gianni Schicchi.

INT. MATT & CAMERON'S BAY HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

19

Elena is sitting near a large picture window, looking out at the water on Tomales Bay. The opera aria plays in the background. She is lost in solemn reflection.

Behind her, Matt is in the kitchen, behind a bar, his back to Elena, shucking oysters and mixing martinis. He talks as he works, oblivious to her mental state.

MATT

... as fresh as they come. Got them this morning from the local oyster farm. You know, since Cameron started working for the Tomales Bay Fire District, we've had a lot more time together. I've cut back on my hours with the Coast Guard. It's been great, like we're getting to know each other again. Sort of a second honeymoon.

During this exchange, Cameron enters the kitchen from an exterior door. He stops and surveys the atmosphere, sees Elena with sympathetic eyes, and glances at Matt.

Cameron walks over to Matt, and with affection, puts his arm around him to stop his one-sided conversation. He leans over to whisper something into Matt's ear.

Matt stops talking, looks over his shoulder, and realizes Elena's state of being. Matt and Cameron have a look of sadness, sympathy, and an expression of pathos as they watch their best friend in her suffering.

Elena looks up to them. It is an awkward moment for all of them.

MATT

Are you going to be okay?

ELENA

I never told her I loved her. Before they left. It was the last time I saw her, and I never even told her how much I love her.

Cameron walks over and sits beside Elena.

CAMERON

Don't. Don't do this to yourself.

ELENA

I'm cursed. I killed her. It was me. Death follows me.

MATT

Elena don't say that.

ELENA

But it's true. First my father, in Spain, when I was young. It was my fault. I know it was.

CAMERON

Don't believe that.

ELENA

... and then my sister.

MATT

(Softly.)

She committed suicide.

ELENA

No. It was me. I know it was. She killed herself because of me.

CAMERON

Elena, stop doing this to yourself.

ELENA

And you know? You know the really funny thing? About Larry? I don't even feel anything. Only my daughter. Manuela. Only her.

(Looking up to them.)

Why is that? Tell me. Why?

Both Matt and Cameron are sitting beside her now. There is an awkward pause. They look at each other, knowing the answer, but not knowing how to answer the question.

She breaks away from them. Stands. Walks and paces the room, searching for an explanation.

ELENA (CONT.)

I mean look at you two. You've been together longer than my marriage.

CAMERON

Matt and me, we have to be honest with each other. It's the only way we can survive. Together. As a couple.

MATT

It's hard. We struggle.

(Laughs.)

Maybe the challenge is greater for us.

They all look at each other. The conversation has gotten too serious. They break it with smiles and slight laughter.

ELENA

You guys. I swear. I will always love you both.

MATT

(Rising and going toward the kitchen bar.)

Ready for a martini and some oysters?

They gather at the bar for oysters and drinks. The atmosphere is lightened by simpatico smiles and laughter.

EXT. MATT & CAMERON'S DOCK - LATE NIGHT 20

The constellation of Scorpio is accented by the crescent moon. Elena stands alone on the dock viewing the bay. The night is cool.

CAMERON

(Joins her on the deck.)

Beautiful tonight.

ELENA

It's so gorgeous here. Even being alone is tolerable.

(She turns to face him.)

Where is Matt?

CAMERON

Oh, you know him. Early to bed, early to rise.

ELENA

Makes Matt quite the prize?

CAMERON

(Laughs.)

Oh, we have our share of problems.

ELENA

But you manage to work things out?

CAMERON

Let's just say we enjoy the struggle.

ELENA

(Laughs.)

Thanks for tonight.

CAMERON

So let's talk about you. What are you going to do?

ELENA

(Indecisive.)

I don't know. I was thinking about taking up Nicholas on his offer.

CAMERON

I had a feeling you might.

ELENA

We're the same, him and me. You know that?

CAMERON

How so?

ELENA

He also had a loss, his wife. She was killed. Two years ago. His daughter saw it. She hasn't spoken since.

CAMERON

So are you interested in him? Romantically?

ELENA

No. I don't think so. But he has offered me his guest house. On the Mediterranean. I need solitude right now. I need to be alone.

CAMERON

You need to find out who you are. Who Elena Godoy is. There is a very strong person in there, a chrysalis waiting to hatch.

The phosphorescence of the water catches their eye.

CUT TO:

INT. ELENA'S BEDROOM - MID-MORNING 21

View of bay through window. Elena is packing a suitcase.

She picks up a bottle of men's cologne, opens and smells. Her reaction is empty.

She picks up a manila envelope, also belonging to Larry and pulls out some photographs.

The photographs show Larry at the Kremlin Ballroom function: talking to Nicholas, drinking champagne, walking up the stairs. One photo she studies.

CLOSE-UP: The photo is a picture of Larry talking to Sergei Bychkov. It is the same scene Larry witnessed outside the door in the Kremlin Ballroom. But instead of Bychkov with a stranger, it is Larry.

The photos are replaced in the envelope and tossed into the suitcase. She SLAMS shut the packed suitcase.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Matt's voice is heard.

MATT

Airport taxi at your service!

Taking the suitcase, Elena heads for the door. She grabs the Babushka doll in the hallway and SHUTS the door behind her.

EXT. MATT'S CAR AERIAL ON FREEWAY - DAY 22

INT. MATT'S CAR - DAY 23

Matt drives across the Golden Gate Bridge into San Francisco. They pass the San Francisco office of the Russian Diamond Mart.

ELENA

Stop! Stop the car!

Matt does not stop the car but keeps on going. The R.D.T. building passes by in the windshield of the car. Elena turns and follows it.

MATT

Why? What?

ELENA

Oh, nothing. It's just that building. That's the building of the Russian diamond people that Larry was doing business with in Moscow. That's their San Francisco office. Nothing. Keep going.

MATT

God, you scared me for a minute.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT DEPARTURE GATE 24

They pull up in front of the airport gate for flight departures.

MATT (CONT.)

Now listen to me. You write us. Or call us. Hell, fax us, e-mail us, anything, I don't care. Something. Just don't you lose contact with us. We expect to hear from you. On a regular basis.

ELENA

Matt, you treat me like a child.

MATT

Elena, you are the only family that Cameron and I have. Okay?

(Quickly.)

Now be a good girl, and have a good time.

Elena exits the car and enters the airport passenger lounge.

CUT TO:

INT. MENORCA AIRPORT PASSENGER LOUNGE - MID-DAY 25

VOICE OVER announces "Welcome to the Island of Menorca, jewel of the Spanish Mediterranean." The voice continues with multi-language flight information. Elena walks through the passenger lounge, still carrying the doll. Two RUSSIAN BABUSHKAS fumble and argue in Russian over their luggage but their eyes follow Elena's movements through the lounge.

EXT. OUTSIDE AIRPORT AND MENORCAN LANDSCAPE

26

PEDRO greets Elena. He speaks only Spanish. He is a teenage boy, dark skinned, a farmer, a peasant. He wears stark simple but clean clothes.

Elena, on Tomales Bay in Northern California, looked Spanish, looked a foreigner. But here she looks American, wealthy class, still a foreigner, in her own home country.

PEDRO

Bienvenida, Señora. Soy Pedro. Me manda Don Nicolás. Voy a llevarla a Santa Magdalena.

He leads her and helps her into an old, dusty, military style, green jeep. As he drives, they move along a narrow road wedged between sepia colored rock walls. Elena views the stark, flat, windswept landscape. It is warm without being hot. The light is whiter and brighter than in gold, gray Tomales Bay. They pass whitewashed farm houses, dark clumps of olive and fig trees, twisted into slanted shapes by the northern wind. It is an ancient land with stone outlook towers to spot enemy pirates and archeological ruins of a people who taught their children the sport of sling shooting by placing their food on the top of poles and making them shoot it down.

Elena feels embraced by the island. America seems, in retrospect, a land of giants, while here she is a child in a playground. And all around there is the Mediterranean, holding the island afloat on its lap, rocking and tossing it, playing with it.

At the village of San Clemente, immaculate and simple, the jeep turns left along a narrower dirt road straight to the sea, lined with higher rock walls which dwarf them and their car. Pedro parks by a low white wall showing behind it a red tiled roof which shelters, in the triangle of its peak, the figure of a woman molded in clay, holding a skull in the crook of her left arm, her round right breast uncovered by the flowing robe.

Elena opens the weathered blue gate into a cobblestone patio, uneven, no rhyme or rhythm to its shape, except time and a million human endeavors embroidered upon it -- like a convent patio, like a monastery. A grape vine provides shade, a bougainvillea blooms around the front door, a stand with two earthenware water jugs speaks of austerity and discipline. Elena's expression shows her wonder and approval.

INT. SANTA MAGDALENA - EARLY EVENING

27

A basket of flowers awaits her arrival inside the house. A card with the flowers reads, "Welcome to Santa Magdalena. Please stay as my guest for as long as you need. Your friend, Nicholas Weishaar."

As she reads the card, Elena walks through the house and looks into a 'PUPPET' ROOM. Inside, a roll of dolls and puppets are lined up, sitting on a low shelf against the wall.

The evening sun gives a golden glow to the landscape as Elena looks out the window of the guest house.

In the distance, to the right, can be seen the farm house occupied by Pedro and his mother, GERTRUDIS. She is a short, somewhat hideous old woman, very witch like. A waist high rock wall separates the farm property from the gardens.

Pedro is running toward his home. Gertrudis is yelling at him in Spanish from the rock wall and he is arguing back.

Beyond the farm house and the fields is the main house of Nicholas Weishaar, a large old house with a tower residence. Beyond the tower is the ocean.

INT. THROUGH WINDOW, SAME AS BEFORE - EARLY MORNING

The light on the landscape has changed to early morning bright white. The view is the same as before minus Pedro and Gertrudis. SOUND OF BIRDS.

EXT. PATIO

28

Elena is revealed outside on the rough stone patio which is enclosed by a white stucco wall. She is pouring a cup of espresso and cutting into a loaf of peasant bread. Her clothes indicate acclimation to the new climate.

As she brings the cup to her lips, a WHITE CAT leaps into her field of vision.

ELENA
(Dropping the coffee
cup, which shatters.)

Damn!

When she looks up again, Elena is startled by the presence of MIRANDA, standing in front of her. Miranda is a beautiful young girl 8 years old, with long blond hair.

ELENA
(Slowly and softly.)
Hello. Buenos dias. ¿Como te llama?

Miranda turns and runs through the archway entrance of the stucco wall.

Elena jumps up to follow her, but stops at the entrance. She watches Miranda run through the field toward the house of Gertrudis and Pedro.

Gertrudis meets Miranda at the rock wall and shouting at her, corrals her into the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND COVE - MID-DAY

29

Far view of Menorcan coast, cliffs and coves, deep blue waters turning turquoise in the beaches. Close-up of Elena in a halter top, shorts, espadrilles, and straw hat, hiking down a zigzagging path on the side of a cliff. The path is supported by ancient human-cut boulders which are remnants of various abandoned structures in the ravine. A low arch, built of the same slabs, frames the entrance to the pristine cove where red rocky cliffs, azure water and sepia golden sand welcome her. On the right side cliff there is a boathouse built into a cave in the cliff wall and enclosed by a padlocked weathered green gate. Rough steps and a crude ramp lead into the water.

Elena undresses to a black bikini bottom and swims in the warm blue Mediterranean waters.

Several people watch Elena swimming from the surrounding hillsides, unaware of each other: The two Russian Babushkas from the airport, a lone unidentifiable man, and Gertrudis.

Elena's POV: Elena steps out of the water and onto the beach. As she looks up and over the surrounding hillsides, no one is visible.

Elena's eyes fall to the old boat house, where she sees Pedro. He also sees her and stands, smiling and waving a lantern.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO, ST. MAGDALENA – MORNING 30

Same as before. Elena drinking coffee. She is looking at the entrance archway. She pulls the coffee cup to her lips. The coffee fills her field of vision. As she lowers the cup ...

Miranda is standing in the archway.

Elena ignores her, turns back to her coffee. Miranda climbs into a chair at the patio table. Elena cuts a slice of bread and spreads some jam on it. Places it on a plate and slides it over to Miranda. Miranda picks up the bread, sniffs the jam, and eats it.

Elena gets up from the table and goes inside.

INT. DOORWAY OF DOLL ROOM 31

Elena stands staring into the room. Miranda walks up beside her and holds her hand. They walk into room together.

INT. DOLL ROOM

Elena squats on the floor to be eye level with Miranda. They are looking at the shelf of puppets and dolls.

The marionettes are wooden figures held upright by a central rod which is embedded in holes in the shelf (rather than dangled by strings and wires). Arms, legs, and head movements are controlled by sticks attached to the appendages.

Elena takes a small girl puppet off the self, and using the shelf as the 'stage' floor, manipulates the arms and head as if introducing the character.

She docks the puppet on the shelf and takes up an adult female puppet, a mother figure. Manipulating this puppet through its introductions, she uses it to stroke the hair of the child puppet.

Miranda manipulates the child puppet so that it first reaches for the hand of the adult puppet, then hugs the mother puppet.

Elena introduces an father puppet to complete the family. Miranda brings out a cat puppet and GIGGLES.

Elena and Miranda exchange LAUGHS and GIGGLES, looking at each other. The scene is both sweet and a bit too syrupy.

Miranda searches for and finds a large black figure, more ghost than human, larger than the other puppets.

F/X PUPPET SHOW CLOSE-UP

The scared child screams, "Momma! Daddy!" The black figure brandishing a gun. A struggle between the father and the black figure. The mother huddling with the child. The father being beaten to the ground, bloody. The child holding her hands in front of her face as the black ghost points the gun toward her. The gun goes off. The child covering her mouth at the sight of the mother lying dead. The father comforting the child, hands still covering her mouth.

BACK TO DOLL ROOM

The black figure puppet falls off the shelf. Miranda and Elena are staring at each other. There are tears in their eyes. They reach for each other and hug. The same pain.

INT. KITCHEN, ST. MAGDALENA

32

Elena talks on the telephone.

ELENA

No. She's okay.

NICHOLAS (O.S.)

You sure?

ELENA

Really. She's fine. Just a little scared. Like seeing her mother murdered, again.

NICHOLAS (O.S.)

Are you okay?

ELENA

She must relive it everyday. We're the same, you know?

NICHOLAS (O.S.)

Are you okay?

ELENA

Fine. We'll see you later. Bye.

INT. BEDROOM, ST. MAGDALENA 33

Miranda lies on the bed, restless. She sees the Babushka doll. She steals it and hides it in the folds of her dress.

CUT TO:

INT. NICHOLAS' TOWER RESIDENCE - NIGHT 34

Nicholas' historic residence tower is one of the watchtowers built by the Arab population to spot any approaching African pirates in the distant horizon. The walls are 2 feet thick, windows are very few and narrow. The interior is square, austere, walls and ceilings whitewashed, red tile floors heavily worn, stairs to the second floor roughly built on the side of the south wall, high steps, no railing. The expensive Italian furniture in the rooms is in marked contrast. A luxurious, stark white, corner couch lines two walls, a five candle silver candelabra lights the room from a corner table. A dining table is set in a vaulted ceiling alcove. It is monastic in its bareness, having benches instead of chairs for sitting.

Nicholas lights a candle on the dining table. He looks over the formal table setting for two and rearranges the silverware layout one more time. He fumbles a fork to the floor and replaces it with a fresh one from the chest behind him. He checks himself in the mirror and attempts to straighten a poorly tied bow tie.

The DOOR BELL RINGS.

Elena is dressed casual, but elegant, in white linen. Her hair is tied back with an ikat scarf. She wears sandals.

Nicholas is caught off guard, rendered speechless by her. He freezes. Pause.

ELENA

Can I come in? I'm not too early am I?
 (Smiles, playful.)
 I'll wait outside, if you wish.

NICHOLAS

(Awed.)
 No. No, you're right on time.

He shuffles his feet, looks down, and avoids her gaze.
 Still does not invite her in.

Elena is amused by Nicholas' awkwardness.

ELENA

Nicholas, can I come in?

NICHOLAS

Oh, yes. I'm sorry. Please. Yes. Come.
 (Fast.)
 It's so good to see you. I didn't know
 if you would come. I mean ... I'm glad
 you're here. I hope ... Here, please.
 Do you want a glass of wine?

ELENA

Yes, that would be nice.

He picks up two random glasses off the dining table,
 obliterating the precise arrangement. The glasses clack
 together. He grabs the open bottle of wine. He hands her
 the two glasses then draws back and fumbles to hold one of
 the glasses in the same hand as the wine bottle. He then
 extends the single glass out to her.

She reaches to take the wine glass, but he starts pouring
 too soon, before she has taken control of the glass. The
 wine pours out onto her white sleeve.

NICHOLAS

Oh God, I am so sorry. Here let me ...

ELENA

(She remains calm and
 does not flinch during
 the spill.)
 Nicholas, it's okay.

She rolls up her sleeve, turning the stained part under.

NICHOLAS

I'm so nervous

ELENA

No kidding?

NICHOLAS

Is it really that obvious?

ELENA

Yes, it is. But it's sweet. I haven't had anybody fawn over me like this since, I don't know, grade school. You can calm down now.

He looks at her and laughs. They both laugh. He sets the bottle of wine down onto the immaculate table setting.

INT. SAME AS BEFORE - LATER

The dinner table is strewn with the remains of a sumptuous meal.

The fireplace roars with a blaze that is unnecessary in this Mediterranean climate. Nicholas stands over the mantle, smoking a cigar and watching Elena.

Elena sits at an easel, looking through a sketch book of charcoal drawings. Nicholas and Elena are comfortable, at ease with each other as two friends. The sexual chemistry is subdued, but ever present.

ELENA

These are fantastic. I had no idea you sketched.

NICHOLAS

But they are illustrations. For my book. I'm writing a history of diamond trading. Going to call it "Shattered Brilliance."

(He walks over to her and selects a drawing.)

See this one, this one here. this marks the beginning of the International Diamond Syndicate.

The drawing is white chalk on black paper. It depicts bare-chest black miners. White well-dressed supervisors watch the manual mining operation. The drawing style is very dramatic, Bosch-like.

His story telling is not overly dramatic. He tells it as if everything is some sort of grand inside joke.

The weaving of the story and the pictures should have a hypnotic effect.

NICHOLAS (CONT.)

This is South Africa, 1888, the beginning of the Diamond Syndicate. By controlling diamond production, they control prices world-wide. No matter the demand, the price remains constant, and always increases. The Syndicate will stockpile diamonds before they would let diamonds be sold cheap. It's funny isn't it? A luxury item with no intrinsic value.

ELENA

This is horrible.

NICHOLAS

That's what it was like. Still is in a way. Diamonds grow in harsh environments. Never easy to get to.

ELENA

I never knew Larry worked for so ...

NICHOLAS

... "powerful" a company? The Syndicate is run by a single family. Very shrewd. And they maintain a very low profile. Larry was a negotiator. And a very good one.

ELENA

It just seems so ...

NICHOLAS

... ruthless? This isn't the Mafia. Just businessmen. A hundred years ago. They're as ... how do you Americans put it? ... politically sensitive, as anybody. When Apartheid became a hot issue, the Syndicate moved it's organization from South Africa to good old neutral Switzerland.

(Laughing.)

Granted, they still own all of the operations in South Africa. But under a different name. You know, the "Worker's Collective" or something.

ELENA

And the miners now get token dividends?

NICHOLAS

You're getting it.

ELENA

Very bizarre.

NICHOLAS

Oh, you think that's bizarre. Here, let me show you something else.

He collects the sketches and puts them aside and replaces them with a larger portfolio of drawings, some colored. He continues to talk as he pulls out the first one.

NICHOLAS (CONT.)

Here's my latest. What I call "The Saga of the Silver Bear" -- the story of diamonds in Russia. It's also the story of Soviet relationships to the West. Here, look at this.

The drawing is a political cartoon, of Joseph Stalin standing on a stack of 14 cigar boxes, jewels pouring from the stack. The bodies of Cossacks (labeled "Cossacks" like a Sue Coe painting) lay under the stack of cigar boxes.

NICHOLAS (CONT.)

This is Joseph Stalin. There were no diamond mines in Russia back then. So Stalin had to pay for his Bolshevik Revolution by selling jewels he stole from the imperial family. And who do you think he sold them to? The West. The Diamond Syndicate. They didn't approve of Communism, of course, but business is business. So the Syndicate sent a rep to Moscow who shipped the entire stockpile of Soviet diamonds back to London in fourteen cigar boxes.

ELENA

Cigar boxes?

NICHOLAS

You'd be surprised how much of modern history travels through cigar boxes.

(Continuing the story.)

During the war with Hitler, everybody needed diamonds for industry, to cut machine parts, airplane engines, torpedoes, radar. But the Syndicate refused to supply Stalin with industrial quality diamonds. So Good Old Joe found the first Russian diamond mine -- in Siberia.

He pulls out another drawing. It is a Siberian gulag setting. Starving, malnourished prisoners in rags huddling around a small stove, scenes of torture, death, and oppressive guards.

NICHOLAS (CONT.)

In 1954, Stalin sent millions to the gulags as forced labor for his new diamond mine. Poets, writers, artists, generals, scientists -- hell, Stalin destroyed the future of his own country -- all for a few jewels. The Siberian mining camps were not a pretty picture. Millions died from disease, hunger, cold. But when the Syndicate got word of diamonds in Russia, they negotiated a secrete agreement with Stalin.

He pulls out an old photograph, sepia toned, of a small unassuming London store front. A sign in front reads "The East-West Town Store."

NICHOLAS (CONT.)

Here, you're going to love this.

ELENA

What is this?

NICHOLAS

The Communist didn't want to be tied to a capitalistic corporation in South Africa. So Soviet diamonds were sold to this little mom and pop store in London. But the store was secretly owned by the Syndicate.

ELENA

And that's also when the Syndicate moved headquarters to Switzerland?

NICHOLAS

Correct.

She reaches for the portfolio and pulls out a large laminated poster. It is a full colored commercial advertisement for "The Eternity Ring." The fashion is late 1960's. An attractive Anglo couple are holding hands, pointing down, so that the diamond rings show. They gaze into each other's eyes. Hearts and flowers surround the border. The poster reads: "...for someone you Love."

ELENA

What's this?

NICHOLAS

Oh, this is the best part. By 1970, with all those diamonds now coming out of Soviet mines, and people dying by the millions, and the Syndicate buying through mom's grocery store -- the Syndicate had too many Russian diamonds. They had to sell them. So they started what has to be the most creative marketing campaign ever.

(He holds up the poster.)
 "The Eternity Ring." An affordable gold ring surrounded by clusters of small diamonds -- the Silver Bears!

ELENA
 This is incredible. So Russian diamonds ...

NICHOLAS
 Bought by a South African corporation.

ELENA
 ... were sold to Americans.

NICHOLAS
 (Correcting.)
 American men. For their wives. As a sign of enduring love. A luxury good with no practical value. Oh yeah, as a minor aside in this trade agreement, the Syndicate sent over industrial diamonds -- which made possible the building of nuclear missiles. And the Cold War.

ELENA
 Good God.

NICHOLAS
 Yeah, good God.

There is a pause as he collects the photos, sketches and posters, reassembles the portfolio and bundles it together.

Elena stands up in contemplation and paces over to the fire place.

ELENA
 Nicholas?

NICHOLAS
 (Serious now.)
 Yes.

ELENA
 Why did you invite me here?

NICHOLAS

What do you mean?

ELENA

Just that, why?

NICHOLAS

Would you like some more wine?

ELENA

You're avoiding my question.

NICHOLAS

Yes, I am. Would you?

ELENA

Yes, I would. Why?

NICHOLAS

(Playfully.)

Why what?

ELENA

Nic, maybe I should go.

NICHOLAS

No.

ELENA

It's getting late.

NICHOLAS

Elena, this is very difficult for me.

ELENA

Nicholas, we're old friends.

NICHOLAS

Don't. Don't say that. Anything but that.

ELENA

(Angry.)

Then you tell me.

NICHOLAS

(Smiling, playful.)

Do I really need to?

ELENA

(Beat.)

You're amazing. A father. And so at peace here, on your island. So full of laughter, something I haven't known in a long time, even before ...

She hesitates.

NICHOLAS

Before Larry --

ELENA

-- before Manuela's death.

NICHOLAS

Which hurt the most?

She looks at him, stares him down.

NICHOLAS

I'm sorry. That was inappropriate. Of me. How can I make it up to you? You are so lovely. Here. In this candle lit, moon lit island. You belong here. Already you are changing. Becoming more clear, more defined, as if the flaws, the hurt, bring out the beauty, the beauty in you.

ELENA

(Beat. Then laughs.)

Are you describing me or one of your diamonds?

NICHOLAS

(Laughs with her.)

I guess both.

He reaches around her and holds her in his arms as they both laugh. It is a friendly, comfortable, yet passion filled embrace. She turns to face him. They stare into each other. He moves forward slowly, putting his lips to hers, and she pulls away slightly. She allows him to search for her lips until they meet. There is a long, passionate kiss.

He pulls back and lets her lean back from him, still in his arms.

NICHOLAS (CONT.)

You do radiate when you smile, do you know that?

ELENA

Weishaar you confuse me with you rocks.

NICHOLAS

No. Elena. No. I don't.

She breaks from him, walks across the room, looks back and laughs.

NICHOLAS

What?

ELENA

I ... just ... I ...

NICHOLAS

What?

ELENA

You confuse me, mister.

NICHOLAS

Good, I'm glad.

ELENA

Yeah, well, I don't know if I want to be confused.

NICHOLAS

Do you know that you don't want to be confused?

ELENA

I've got to go now.

NICHOLAS

I'm not pressuring you to stay.

ELENA

(Surprised.)

No?

NICHOLAS

(Smiling.)

Not yet, anyway.

ELENA

You ... you ... I'd better be going.
Before it gets dangerous.

NICHOLAS

It already has.

She turns to leave then thinks twice, turns back, walks over to Miranda's sketches.

ELENA

(Picking out one of the sketches.)

Can I borrow one of these?

NICHOLAS

Sure. Why?

ELENA

Don't tell Miranda. Keep it a secret.

NICHOLAS

Sure. Why?

ELENA

Just a game we're playing. Just a game.

NICHOLAS

Should I walk you home?

ELENA

(Laughs.)

Then I would have to walk you back.

NICHOLAS

We could be at this all night.

ELENA

No.

NICHOLAS

Okay. Goodnight.

She goes out the door. Nicholas watches her cross the field from his window.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA MAGDALENA - LATE NIGHT 35

A STORM is brewing. Lightning and thunder. Wind.

From her window, Elena can see Pedro and Gertrudis. They hurry about the field, yelling at each other, and herding goats into the barn for the approaching storm.

Beyond the field, Elena can see into the window of Nicholas' tower. There are shadows and movement.

Elena digs through a drawer in the guest house and finds a pair of binoculars. She uses them to spy on the tower. The image is distant and not clear, but through the open window of the tower she can barely make out two figures. One is Nicholas. The other is Kotlyar.

Elena rushes into her bedroom and digs out the envelope of photographs. She pulls out the one of Larry and Bychkov. She falls against the wall of the house and slides to the floor, still holding the photograph, staring at it, puzzled.

The storm growls its intensity.

CUT TO:

INT. NICHOLAS' TOWER RESIDENCE - MORNING 36

Nicholas wears a goofy magician's robe and pointed hat. He has on a red clown nose.

On the table are a strange array of cheap magic tricks, a top hat with a fake rabbit, juggling scarves, metal rings, bright colored balls, and cylinders.

Miranda giggles, watching her dad's 'magic act.'

NICHOLAS

... and now, for the lady of the house ...

He reaches up in the air and produces a bouquet of flowers. Miranda giggles and applauds in childish delight.

Loud KNOCK at the door.

EXT. AT FRONT DOOR

ELENA

(Agitated.)

Nicholas! Nicholas are you there? Let me in!

INT. TOWER

NICHOLAS

(Wide eyed to Miranda.)

We seem to have a gate crasher.

Miranda giggles.

Nicholas opens the front door. Elena pushes her way in.

Miranda clutches the Babushka doll which has been 'sitting' next to her, 'observing' the magic show.

Elena looks at Miranda, at the doll, then back at Miranda.

Miranda grabs the doll and runs into the back room.

NICHOLAS

Well, I guess the show is over.

(He takes off the pointed hat, thinking he is presentable, but has forgotten the red nose.)

And what can I do for you, Madame?

ELENA

Nicholas we need to talk. Look, I trusted you. I don't feel ... I don't want to be lied to. Anymore. I'm not ... I'm vulnerable right now.

(Angry.)

I need to know what is going on!

She pulls out the photo of Larry and Bychkov, throwing it on the table amongst the magic tricks.

ELENA (CONT.)

And take that silly nose off!

He takes off the nose, picks up the photo, looks at it, and turns his back to her. He slowly and deliberately removes the robe.

NICHOLAS

Would you like some coffee?

(He makes a sign that he
doesn't want Miranda to
know that anything is
wrong.)

Come with me.

INT. TOWER KITCHEN

37

He leads her into the kitchen through a curtain made of aluminum chains. The tower kitchen is an addition to the tower, much warmer. There is a corner fireplace with a raised hearth and a big cast iron pot hanging over it. The sink is made of red earthenware antique bowls, the floor to ceiling dish cabinet of stripped wood with years of layered paint removed. A modern designed espresso pot is on the stove.

The espresso pot GURGLES to boil. Nicholas takes the pot and pours two cups of coffee. He hands one to Elena.

NICHOLAS

What do you know about Larry? Why he
was in Russia?

She holds the cup, not drinking. She looks both ways then sits at the table.

ELENA

He was re-negotiating the contract. It
had expired. The Russians wanted market
protection from the Diamond Syndicate.

NICHOLAS

Do you know about the leaks?

ELENA

There were rumors. But it's a luxury
market Nicholas, you know that. The
Russians needed our protection as much
as we wanted them. It's a fact of life.
Diamonds can't be subjected to the
whims of Wall Street ... call boys.

NICHOLAS

(Laughs.)

Very good. And you're right. But the new Russian democracy isn't as stable as the old Soviet empire. They are even more desperate for cash than old Stalin was. And they have the resources. Not just diamonds, but gold, petroleum, uranium. They have enough uranium to power the world for the next 25 years. Just taken out of dismantled warheads!

He reaches into an upper cabinet and pulls out a tin can. Out of the can, he pulls a small purple bag and an eye scope. From the bag, he pulls several diamond stones.

NICHOLAS (CONT.)

Here, let me show you something. These are rough diamonds, uncut.

ELENA

You just happen to have these lying around?

NICHOLAS

Yuri Kotlyar, head of Roskomdragmet -- uh, sorry, the Russian Office of Diamonds -- gave these to me. They are samples to help me trace the leaks.

ELENA

He was here last night?

NICHOLAS

Yes.

ELENA

(Pointing to photo.)

Then who is this?

NICHOLAS

I have to tell you something, Elena. Something unpleasant.

(He sits at the table
with her.)

Larry was involved in the leaks. Over \$400 million in uncut diamonds was shipped to San Francisco, to the Russian Diamond Mart, for cutting, and polishing, and selling.

(Pointing to photo.)

That man is Sergei Bychkov, head of the San Francisco office. Those diamonds were never paid for. Ever. Now either someone is living the good life with a lot of money. Or ...

ELENA

Or what?

NICHOLAS

Or, some group is trying to flood the diamond market and destroy the Syndicate.

ELENA

Who do you work for Nicholas?

NICHOLAS

I work for the Syndicate. I was in Russia, advising the Russians, but sent to check up on Larry.

ELENA

Larry?

NICHOLAS

Yes. We think Larry was involved. In the leaks. And getting a lot of money to do it.

Elena gets up from the table and as she does, she knocks over her coffee cup. It falls to the floor and shatters.

ELENA

(She hugs herself.)

Sorry.

NICHOLAS

(He ignores the broken
cup and spilt coffee.)

Elena, last night you asked me why I
invited you here. I think you know. It
has nothing to do with diamonds.

He stands behind her and puts his arms on her shoulders,
holding her close.

ELENA

I'm ... I'm confused. I don't ... I
don't know. Now I don't even know if I
want to know.

NICHOLAS

Elena, I want you, I need you, I love
you.

The chemistry is strong. She finds it hard to resist. She
feels his tender embrace, something she has not felt in a
very long time. She slowly turns to him. Their eyes meet
but she averts her gaze, down, then up to him again, then
away.

ELENA

(Softly, almost in
tears.)

I can't, Nicholas. Not yet. Not yet.
Give me some time. Please. Wait.

She pushes him away, gently. He stands empty handed as if
she is still with him. They look at each other, but she
turns away and slowly makes her way to the door. She turns
to him one more time.

ELENA (CONT.)

I need time.

She exits. Nicholas stands alone, rejected. He sits at the
table and buries his head in his hands.

EXT. RUINS - MID-DAY

38

The Menorcan ruins of Talaiot de Dalt are an archeological remnant of a Bronze Age village. In its center courtyard stands a monolithic 9 foot rough pillar holding a huge horizontal slab as a sacrificial altar, an observation post, or a rough symbol of a bull, according to various theories. Six other pillars circle it. There is a definite sense of the past, of rituals unexplained, of mysterious memories of past human experience.

Elena views the island from the ruins. She squats on the ground and eyeballs various lines of sight, treating the ruins like a variation of Stonehenge. She hugs a rock column and starts to sob. She tears herself away and runs across the open area.

At the edge of the hillside cliff, she spots a man in the distance, walking toward the ruins. It is Yuri Kotlyar. He is dressed inappropriately for the climate. Elena watches him make his way up the hillside. He stops at the ruins and catches his breath, leaning over on one knee.

Elena turns her back to him and straightens her scarf, wipes her eyes, and gazes out into the distance.

Kotlyar approaches at a reasonable distance and gazes out over her. The conversation is low key.

KOTLYAR

Is very beautiful.

She jerks her head around to him ever so slightly.

KOTLYAR (CONT.)

Excuse me. It is very beautiful. Here.
This island. Peaceful.

ELENA

(With hesitation.)

Yes.

KOTLYAR

It is dry. Rock. Almost like ...
desert. But it feels like home. Like a
land where life can begin and end. Good
for solitude. A very good land for ...
What is the expression?

ELENA
Finding out who we are?

KOTLYAR
Yes.
(He steps forward and
extends a hand.)
Yuri Kotlyar, Mrs. Godoy.

ELENA
(She accepts.)
Yes, I know.

KOTLYAR
Your friend, Nicholas Weishaar, is not
whom he seems to be.

ELENA
Yes, I know.

KOTLYAR
But you don't care? Do you?

ELENA
I don't know. I don't know if I want to
know.
(She turns to face him.)
Are you going to kill him?

KOTLYAR
I am not Russian Mafia, Mrs. Godoy.
Your husband's death was a disgraceful
incident.

ELENA
Was he ... involved?

KOTLYAR
Who is who they seem to be? One day, we
are Communists. The next, Democracy.
KGB? Russian Mafia? Leaders of diamond
industry? Who is who? You answer me
that.

ELENA
Why are you here?

KOTLYAR

Same as you. For truth. Have you seen
this photo before?

He hands her a photo. It is a picture of Nicholas and
Bychkov, the same scene that Larry witnessed outside the
dark room of the Kremlin ballroom.

Elena only has to glance at it to know what it shows. She
continues to look out and lets the photo rest in her lap.

ELENA

Yes, something like it.

KOTLYAR

Do you know what is happening here?

ELENA

Yes.

(She looks to him.)

No.

KOTLYAR

(He turns away from her
and looks out over the
Mediterranean.)

There are people who want our country
to return to the old regime. They
prefer Communism. Even Stalin. to our
new ...

ELENA

... freedom?

KOTLYAR

(He looks back at her
and snickers.)

Yes. The loss of ... these diamonds ...
could be very embarrassing for our
President. If people were to know. If
the newspapers were to find out.

ELENA

But the diamonds. Who stole them? Don't
you care?

KOTLYAR

We Russians are used to things ...
disappearing, losing things, people.
But we are also used to ... not talking
about it.

ELENA

Some things never change.

KOTLYAR

Let us hope, Mrs. Godoy, that our world
does get better. That man, in the
photo, the one with Mr. Weishaar, have
you seen him?

ELENA

(She looks him firmly in
the eye.)

No.

KOTLYAR

(He contemplates her.)

Very well. Thank you, Mrs. Godoy. I
hope you have a good life.

He turns and leaves, walking down the hill. She continues
to sit, holding the photo in her lap and staring off into
the Mediterranean.

She looks down and watches Kotlyar's descent down the hill,
then following the landscape's line of sight, sees Nicholas
off in the distance. He has observed the entire exchange.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA MAGDALENA — NIGHT

39

It is black. There is a LOUD KNOCK on the door.

NICHOLAS

Elena! Elena let me in!

A match is struck and an oil lamp is lit, revealing Elena
answering the door in her bed clothes. She is holding the
oil lamp.

She opens the door and he forces his way past her.

ELENA

What do you want Nicholas?

He turns to look at her and shakes his head. He slowly sits down on a couch. He rests his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. He rubs his eyes and looks up at her with a slight boyish smile. She towers over him holding the oil lamp. It casts soft shadows over the sparse room.

NICHOLAS

I want ...

(He searches for the
right words.)

I want ... to make you laugh. To make
you smile. To make you happy. I want to
make love to you, to love you.

She leads him into the bedroom and slowly takes off her robe, keeping the old linen nightgown as she enters the four poster farmer's bed and lies with her back to him. He talks softly and convincingly as he undresses.

NICHOLAS (CONT.)

You have always seemed to me an uncut
diamond. I want to cut you, chisel you
magnificently. Make you into a gem and
bring your clear brilliant light out.

He enters her bed and holds her in his arms, fitting her into his embrace like a child by a father. She accepts one of his hands on her breast, the other on her hip sliding the nightgown up. Soon they are one, easily. He brings out of her gasps and sobs. The rain falls on the roof above them.

Lightning illuminates the farm house.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND COVE - MID-MORNING

40

A flock of birds take flight from the beach. Out in the water, Elena is swimming.

Several people watch her from the surrounding hillsides, the same as before.

She makes her way to shore and walks out of the water onto the beach. She looks up and surveys the hillsides, seeing each and everyone of the watchers.

She looks down at the sand. She reaches a rock where her bathrobe lays and taking it, wraps it around herself. She nonchalantly begins to walk and hum. She does not care about the watchers on the hillside. They do not matter. She has conquered them.

Each of the watchers, realizing that they have been caught, slowly turn, one by one, and walk away.

Down the beach, in front of the boat house, Pedro is excited, shouting, and waving.

PEDRO

¡Señora, venga rápido, por favor,
corra, corra, en seguida!

Elena runs up to the boat house. Pedro is pointing in the water.

PEDRO (CONT.)

Rápido Señora. Dèse prisa, señora.
¡Venga, ahí, en el agua, mire, ahí,
mire!

He grabs her by the shoulder and forces her in the direction he is indicating.

In the water, amongst the rocks, in a shallow clear tide pool, is the Babushka doll, face down.

Elena wades out in the water and reaches down for the doll. She examines it closely and discovers that the back of the doll has been cut open and rocks have been added to weigh the doll down and hold it underwater.

Elena takes the doll and runs up the path from the beach and across the open field, toward Nicholas' tower residence. Pedro follows behind her shouting in Spanish.

INT. TOWER RESIDENCE

41

The door opens and blinding white light pours in with Elena standing in the doorway. Gertrudis and Pedro are standing behind her yelling in Spanish.

ELENA

Nick!

She runs through the house with Pedro and Gertrudis in tow, still shouting in Spanish. Each room is empty. Any sign of personal belongings have disappeared.

ELENA

Nicholas?

When she enters the bedroom, the dresser drawers have been emptied and left open. The bed covers have been thrown on the floor.

She exits the house into the yard. Her breathing is hard and loud. Elena's POV surveys the yard and the field back and forth. All is quiet and empty. A flock of birds distract her. The goats run by the barn.

She stops and stands still, looking out over the Mediterranean. She is completely calm and tranquil.

Pedro's and Gertrudis' voices are heard still arguing over the serenity of the Menorcan landscape and the Mediterranean Sea.

Their VOICES SLOWLY FADE OUT and the SOUND OF AN ARRIVING AIRPLANE FADES IN.

Elena, at peace, continues to look out over the sea as a VOICE OVER ANNOUNCES FLIGHT INFORMATION into San Francisco.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - LATE-AFTERNOON 42

Matt and Cameron are parked curb side at the San Francisco International Airport arrival gate. The trunk of the car is open; the doors are open and the two men lean against the open doors on opposite sides from each other, with their arms resting on the tops of the doors.

They watch Elena exit the airport to the curb side pick up. She wears dark glasses and looks wildly Menorcan in beige linen peasant dress with her hair tied back. She has changed.

The two men look at each other with an expression of recognition and surprise. Matt lets out a wolf whistle.

MATT

Hey! Sexy!

(He clicks his tongue.)
Here! Over here! Yeah. You, gorgeous.

Elena runs over to the men, drops her bags. Cameron grabs her first and gives her a big hug.

CAMERON
God, I missed you.

ELENA
Me too.

MATT
Hey, don't leave me out of this dog
pile.

The three of them have a group hug. Matt continues to hug her as Cameron takes her bags and puts them in the trunk of the car.

INT. CAR, DRIVE FROM AIRPORT 43

Through the front windshield, they are seen to talk, smile, and laugh.

MUSIC: MAGNETIC FIELDS' "YOU AND ME AND THE MOON" plays on the car radio. Cameron drives. Elena sits in the front passenger seat, and Matt hangs over the seat from the middle of the back.

ELENA
... was so wonderful. I knew it
couldn't last. I knew it when I got
involved. When I let myself get
involved. Every thing was so like a
dream. And I knew it. And I let myself
have that dream.

CAMERON
Even though he left?

ELENA
That's the beauty of the whole thing,
you see? Really, it is. It was like ...
(Searching for the
words.)

MATT
Physical therapy?

ELENA

(Laughs.)

Yeah, no really, it was, that's exactly what I needed. Not emotion ...

MATT

... just old honest hot sweaty sex?

ELENA

(Hesitates,
embarrassed.)

Well, yeah.

CAMERON

But this guy ...

MATT

... Nicholas?

CAMERON

Yeah, Nicholas. I mean, he sort of just packed up and left, with no trace, with no message, no ...

ELENA

... regrets?

Matt and Cameron give each other a knowing look. Out the window, in full view of the car from the elevated freeway, a giant billboard advertises the "Eternity Ring -- the gift of a lifetime!"

ELENA

Exit! Quick, take the next exit.

CAMERON

Huh?

ELENA

Just do it, take the next exit. Quick.

MATT

What's this all about?

EXT. VIEWING THE CAR LEAVING THE FREEWAY

The car continues on the elevated freeway, veering into the right lane to take the next exit. The 'Eternity Ring' billboard towers over the freeway and their car. A glass brick and stainless steel modern three story building looms at the base of the billboard.

ELENA (V.O.)
Remember Joseph Stalin?

EXT. NEXT TO CAR, PARKED ON SIDE STREET 44

The car idles as it is parked on a side street that gives the best ground view of the 'Eternity Ring' billboard.

ELENA
Come on, let's go, just around the corner is the headquarters of the Russian Diamond business.

They get back in the car and drive around the corner. On their left is the glass and stainless steel diamond trade center building. Elena points it out to the men. On their right is a large Toys R Us.

As they approach the intersection, with both buildings on opposite corners, they all three see it at once, the window display of Toys R Us.

CLOSE-UP TOYS R US WINDOW DISPLAY

Over 200 Babushka dolls are stacked in a brick arrangement in the large display window of Toys R Us. Behind the Babushkas is a modern Glasnost poster that serves as a backdrop to the dolls.

CAMERON
Wow!

MATT
Who'd of thought?

ELENA
I guess it wasn't a dream after all.

CAMERON
No, I guess not.

Cameron parks the car on the street next to the Toys R Us. The three of them get out of the car and walk up to the Babushka display. They stand with their faces and bodies pressed to the glass window, hands overhead to eliminate any glare so that they can stare into the display.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMERON AND MATT'S HOUSE, TOMALES BAY — NIGHT 45

Elena has her face pressed up against the glass of the picture window overlooking Tomales Bay. Matt and Cameron are once again eating oysters and swilling martinis at the kitchen bar.

CAMERON

... but it's too obvious.

MATT

Like some sort of joke.

ELENA

No, it explains everything. Larry. Nicholas. The Russians. It's all there, right before us.

MATT

Literally.

CAMERON

Across the street?

ELENA

Yes.

CAMERON

But what is the connection?

ELENA

You mean between Toys R Us?

MATT

She doesn't know, anymore than you or me. Amateur sleuths.

CAMERON

That's us.

ELENA

I want to go back there.

MATT

And do what?

CAMERON

What do you think?

MATT

No, you're not even thinking ...

ELENA

Yes, yes I am.

MATT

And what about us?

CAMERON

Of course, we wouldn't think of letting you do this without us. We're your back-up, your protection.

MATT

Oh give me a break.

CAMERON

Matt, why not?

ELENA

You guys don't have to come along.

She turns and exits the back door out onto the dock.

MATT

What'd I say?

CAMERON

Sometimes.

Cameron gets up to follow Elena out on the dock.

MATT

Hey!

EXT. DECK OF DOCK

46

CAMERON

(To Elena.)

You know I ...

ELENA

(Turns to face him.)
... wouldn't let me. Go it alone.
That's what you were going to say?

CAMERON

Well, yeah.

ELENA

Honestly Cameron, sometimes, I just wonder.

CAMERON

And just what might that be? That you wonder?

Matt joins them on the moon lit deck.

MATT

Are you hustling my boyfriend again?

ELENA

Just using him.

CAMERON

(To Matt.)
To get to you!

MATT

Oh yeah, no doubt.

ELENA

(To Matt.)
So, are you in?

MATT

Beautiful night. Or did anyone notice?

CAMERON

Oh course, he's in.

MATT

Yes, I'm in.

ELENA

Good.

MATT

Oh yeah, this is such a great idea.

CAMERON

It is!

MATT

This is the stupidest thing we will ever do.

ELENA

But we're doing it together.

CAMERON

(Pause.)

Well, now we can either join hands and sing Kum-Ba-Ya, or go for another martini.

ELENA & MATT (TOGETHER)

Martini!

They turn to go back indoors.

CUT TO:

INT. TOYS R US — DAY

47

The electric double doors of Toys R Us swings open. MUSIC: "QUE PEQUEÑO ES EL MUNDO" (Spanish version of the Disney song "It's a Small World After All").

Cameron, Matt, and Elena are standing in the entrance, with dumb expressions and kooky smiles. They talk through their teeth.

CAMERON

Off we go!

MATT

(Singing.)

Into the wild blue yonder.

ELENA

Steady boys! We know what we're doing.

CAMERON

Like hell we do.

MATT

I do believe in spooks. I do believe in spooks.

ELENA

Matty, stop it!

CAMERON

Yeah, you tell him Dorothy.

ELENA

Just take a deep breath and let's go for it.

MATT

Can we hold hands?

CAMERON

Shut up Matt.

MATT

Oh, I love it when you get rough.

The step forward as one unit into the giant toy emporium as if they were aliens setting foot onto a strange new world. But then they stop suddenly.

ELENA/MATT/CAMERON'S POV: OUT INTO THE STORE

The store is full of high school age clerks wearing badges on blue matching outfits. They run around like Santa's elves, carrying stacks of merchandise to be stocked. Despite the fact that the clerks are blinded by the stacks of merchandise that they carry, there is an order to the chaos. Employees avoid bumping into each other in apparent near miss collisions. Every now and then, a gang of very young children runs by as a mob going for free money, chased by frantic mommies. Matt, Cameron, and Elena are overwhelmed by the chaos in the store.

MATT

Suddenly I feel very old.

CAMERON

Are we on planet earth?

ELENA

Goddamn, I never expected this!

MATT

Steady, steady, just proceed as planned. Synchronize watches and rendezvous at Ground Zero in ...

(He looks at his watch.)
... point 'O' five hours.

Elena and Cameron give him an incredulous look.

CAMERON
(To Elena.)
He means three minutes.

ELENA
Aye, aye General.

MATT
And may the Force be with you.

CAMERON
Will you ...

He makes a move as if to hit Matt. Matt scurries and the other two fan out into different areas of the toy paradise.

Matt passes the section of cartoon character back packs and seriously evaluates the merchandise as if contemplating a real purchase.

In another isle, Elena witnesses a conversation between a mother and her son.

SON
But why can't we?

MOTHER
I told you. We can't afford it.

SON
But why?

MOTHER
Because daddy's office is downsizing and he may not make the cut and we made some bad investments in utilities. And mommy's liposuction isn't covered by daddy's HMO. That's why.

SON
Oh.

Elsewhere, Cameron watches a little girl of about 8 years old blast away at a Sega video monitor. His cellular phone rings. He answers it. It is Matt on the other end.

MATT

Dragon Breath to Dog Hiney. Dragon
Breath to Dog Hiney. Come in Dog Hiney.

CAMERON

Uh, yeah, Dog Hiney here. What do you
want?

MATT

I'm over here in the Baywatch Barbie
section. Man, she looks pretty good.
They've added some perky little nipples
to this thing.

CAMERON

Dragon Breath? What do you want?

MATT

Just wanted to tell you, I've got a
secure view of Ground Zero from here.
Can intercept enemy interference from 3
angles. So you might, like, want to get
your ass away from that video game and
position yourself for Operation Back
Stab.

CAMERON

Operation what?

MATT

You know, taking apart the dolls. Over
and out.

Elena is now at the window display of Babushka dolls. She
takes one down and examines the back of the doll, unzips
the back and pulls at the stuffing. Nothing. She puts the
doll to the side and picks up a second one.

In Matt's isle, a sales clerk walks by Matt in the Baywatch
Barbie section and suspiciously eyes him. Matt takes a
Barbie box off the shelf.

MATT

Do you have a Baywatch Barbie that is
Guatemalan?

SALES CLERK

Sir?

MATT

And comes with windsurfing accessories?

Back to Elena. She has made a dent in about 6 of the Babushka dolls. She is neatly restacking them, trying to cover her tracks.

CAMERON'S POV

A family is headed his way accompanied by a sales clerk. Cameron heads them off.

CAMERON

(To sales clerk.)

Do you have any of those Godzilla action figures?

SALES CLERK

Do you mean the Transformers? Or do you actually mean Godzilla, which really don't move all that much, but they do scream.

CAMERON

Scream?

SALES CLERK

Yeah, you know, that Godzilla scream, or yell, or cry, or whatever it is.

CAMERON

Huh?

SALES CLERK

They're right over here.

(He leads Cameron and the family one isle over.)

There's Mothra, Ghidorah, Mecha-Godzilla, and of course, Godzilla.

CAMERON

Do you have Rodan?

SALES CLERK

Out of Rodan. They only come one to a case.

CAMERON

Huh?

SALES CLERK

One to a case. They each have their own unique scream. You just have to press this little red button on their chest ... here.

The plastic creature lets out a low volume, but distinctive Godzilla-like scream. The children in the family are wide eyed. They go wild. They are rushing up and down the aisle, pushing every red button on the chest of every Godzilla, etc. action figure. The aisle is a cacophony of screams from kitsch Japanese horror movie icons.

At the Babushka window, Elena looks up from her destruction derby to the sound of Godzillas. She pauses for a moment, then resumes her work on the dolls.

In the Barbie section, another clerk walks by and suspiciously eyes Matt.

MATT

Do you have any lesbian Barbies?

Meanwhile, Cameron has made his way to a play area section of the store. There is a large, life size Pachinko game being played by several children. Hundreds of multi-colored balls are shot up on the vertical game board by spring triggers. There is a store clerk monitoring the children playing the game. He stands next to the game board. Cameron approaches.

CAMERON

Is this thing for sale?

SALES CLERK

No. Well, probably. I'd have to check. It would be very expensive though.

CAMERON

(Points to a game part.)

What's this lever do?

SALES CLERK

(Agitated.)

Don't touch that. That opens the top. It's for filling the game up with balls. But if it opened now, while the game is being played, all the balls would come flying out.

In Matt's section, another clerk walks by suspicious.

MATT

What about a Chinese Barbie? A traditional one. You know, with bound feet?

At the Babushka window, the stack of ripped apart Babushka dolls has grown. Elena is less concerned about trying to hide her destruction.

Back at the Pachinko game.

CAMERON

Do you still have any normal games, like Monopoly, or Checkers?

SALES CLERK

Those would be downstairs, in the basement.

Suddenly there is the sound of a loud cymbal, a crash, then lots of noise. The Sales Clerk rushes off toward the noise. Cameron takes a long look at the ball release lever.

Two isles over, Matt is standing watching the parade of wind up and battery operated walking, moving toys. Bunny rabbits that waddle and beat a drum, hopping frogs, toy soldiers -- a wide variety of every imaginable toy that could be wound up or turned on and sat down on the floor to start a little toy parade. They all move, walk, wave their little arms, and make noise at the same time.

Back at the Pachinko machine, Cameron whistles a little tune and leans against the ball release lever.

From the toy parade isle, Pachinko balls begin to rain all over the store. There is total and absolute, uncontrolled chaos. Store clerks are running like chickens with their heads cut off. Children are laughing and grabbing toys off the shelves in a free for all. Small babies are crying. Parents are seen scolding small children and yelling out for lost ones.

Elena, Cameron, and Matt are at the electric double door. They look back over their shoulders with a quizzical expression of innocence and step through the electric doors out into the freedom of the day.

Automatic doors close off the dim of the store. The parking lot is strangely dead quiet.

Back in the store, a single sales clerk with eyes glued to a clipboard used for taking inventory rounds the corner of the Babushka window display. She looks up in horror at the 200 mutilated dolls lying on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMERON AND MATT'S HOUSE, TOMALES BAY — NIGHT 48

Elena, Matt, and Cameron are sitting around the bar of the kitchen, swilling martinis and eating oysters. They are somewhat dejected and depressed.

MATT

Well that sure was fun.

CAMERON

You can say that again.

MATT

Well that sure was fun.

CAMERON

(Looks at him in
disbelief.)

Didn't work though.

ELENA

No, but at least we tried.

MATT

Tried? Tried what?

CAMERON

I felt like a fool.

MATT

Yeah, well you looked like a fool.

CAMERON

Oh yeah? Not as stupid as you.

MATT

Yeah? At least I tried to be professional. I tried to act like ... like ...

CAMERON

... James Bond?

MATT

Well, yeah. So?

CAMERON

So? So what!

ELENA

Look, let's not argue about it. Okay? We tried and it didn't work. So we were wrong.

MATT

But how could we be so wrong. I mean, we weren't even in the game.

CAMERON

We weren't even in the right ball park.

ELENA

I think we've all seen too many movies.

They look at her, incredulous. They are all getting playfully drunk.

ELENA (CONT.)

Think about it. The very idea. Diamonds stuffed in foreign-made dolls? Every movie about jewel smuggling ends up that way.

MATT

But not here.

ELENA

Apparently not.

Cameron grabs an oyster and smothers it in Tabasco and without looking, tosses it back. Too much Tabasco! It is way too hot, and he jumps up, fanning his mouth.

MATT

Yes? You got something you want to say?

CAMERON

Ah, ah, ah.

MATT

Yes? Go ahead, we're listening, we're all ears. Go on. Spit it out.

Elena takes the martini shaker and pours the drippings into Cameron's glass. He douses the fire in his mouth.

CAMERON

Um! God that was hot.

(To Matt.)

You bastard.

MATT

(To Elena.)

Undying devotion. Love. Isn't it wonderful?

ELENA

I'm going home. We're not getting anywhere tonight. I give up.

(She stands, makes to leave, then turns to them. She is slightly drunk.)

I just keep thinking about that little girl, Miranda, so sweet, so innocent.

CAMERON

You mean Manuela, your own daughter?

ELENA

Yes. I mean no. I mean yes. I guess I do. But that doll. That doll. Seeing it torn, almost gutted, and then buried, in the water. It seemed so deliberate. Like a message to me. Like Manuela is reaching out to me, speaking to me, telling me to do something, to save this innocent ... girl, this human being, this innocent soul. She is not responsible for her father, or me, or for Larry's death. As if I can balance the world, correct the ...

(She searches for the word.)

... the ... the tack. Like a sail boat headed for the rocks, and I have to change the course. Me.

There is a pause. She is lost in thought. Matt and Cameron look at each other. Then they look at Elena. She 'wakes up' and realizes that they are watching her.

MATT

(Softly, as if he means it.)

That is so fucking beautiful!

Elena is embarrassed but laughs with them.

MATT

No. I mean it. It is.

ELENA

(She starts to leave.)

Thanks.

CAMERON

(Walking her out.)

Can you get home okay?

ELENA

I'm just next door.

CAMERON

Call us in the morning.

Cameron walks her to the door, opens it, and watches her walk out into the dark starry night. He slowly closes the door.

EXT. CAMERON AND MATT'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - EARLY MORNING

49

The door opens. Matt is standing in his bath robe. He is droopy, sleepy, tousled, not quite awake, slightly hung over. He reaches down for the morning paper.

The front page headline read "I.R.S. SEIZE RUSSIAN DIAMONDS"

On the newspaper, in a small column to the right, a picture of Yuri Kotlyar and the heading "DEPUTY KOTLYAR ARRIVES SAN FRANCISCO."

MATT

Cam! Cameron! Cam, wake up!

INT. CAMERON AND MATT'S KITCHEN TABLE — MORNING 50

Cameron, Matt, and Elena sit around the kitchen table in their bath robes or pajamas, or morning attire, clearly rushed and not organized, anxious to discuss the paper's headlines. Elena holds the newspaper and reads it intensely.

ELENA

What the hell?

MATT

Yeah, what the hell.

CAMERON

(Grabs the newspaper out
of her hands.)

Yeah, uh huh, what the hell.

Cameron throws the newspaper on the floor, gets up, goes to the stove, and grabs the coffee pot, very aggressive, not subtle.

CAMERON

So?

MATT

(Indicating the coffee
pot.)

Yeah, sure.

CAMERON

(To Elena.)

How 'bout you?

ELENA

Yeah, sure, but take this sugar away.
And no more cream.

CAMERON

(He opens a kitchen
cabinet full of liquor
and reaches for a
bottle.)

Pernod?

ELENA

At this point? Yeah, sure.

Cameron pours her cup full of coffee, leaving an inch into which he pours the Pernod.

MATT

Hey! As long as we're ...

Cameron pours the Pernod for Matt also.

CAMERON

... I thought you might.

There is a pause, giving Cameron a chance to sit back at the table and join them. They all look up at each other. What next? Cameron takes the bottle of Pernod and pours some into his coffee.

CAMERON

So. What do we do now?

ELENA

I'm going to drive in and talk to Yuri.
I don't trust Nicholas. I've got to
know what happened. If Miranda is okay.

MATT

We should come with you.

ELENA

No. I have to do this. Alone. On my
own.
Do you have any aspirin?

CAMERON

Sure. In the bathroom. Let me get ...

ELENA

No. Stay. I'll get it.

She gets up from the table and leaves them with their coffee. She goes toward the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

51

Elena walks in and closes the door. Still facing the door, she falls against it quietly. Gathering her strength, she turns and throws her head back, gaining self-assurance. Opening the mirrored cabinet, she searches the men's toilet articles and finds a bottle. She opens it and pours out a couple of aspirin. She pops them in her mouth as she shuts the mirrored cabinet. She sees her reflection in the mirror and avoids the gaze. She turns on the water and takes a handful of water to drink down the pills. But after swallowing the pills, the gaze in the mirror remains, staring at her.

She looks at her reflection and does not recognize the woman staring back at her. She looks older, worn, weary. She starts to cry.

Elena turns on the water full force to drown out her tears. She holds onto the sides of the sink for support and looks into the water. She bends over and generously splashes water on her face. She looks up and shakes off, like a dog.

She looks into the mirror, now with a defiant look of confidence and independence, straightens her hair, checks herself out one more time and turns to step out.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN DIAMOND MART - MID-DAY

52

The entrance hallway rakes down to a glass enclosed security booth. On both sides of the hall, built into the walls are display cases of various jewels and gems.

Elena is dressed very smart, Euro-model styled, still wearing her sunglasses. She steps up to the booth and the security guard.

ELENA

I'm here for lunch.

The guard looks up from his magazine, gives her the once over and motions her to pass around the booth into the foyer. The security is surprisingly lax.

Behind the guard's enclosure is an open foyer, a lobby with potted palms, modern furniture, subdued shades of gray. It is also the atrium restaurant of "Istanbul." Several business types are sitting at tables enjoying their meal.

The lobby looks up onto the various floors of the circular three story Diamond Mart. From here can be seen the comings and goings of each of the jewelry traders. The Russians occupy the entire top floor.

Elena sits at a table and blends into the general lunch time decor. A waiter takes her order. She studies her table.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

The diners have all left except for a single couple and Elena. Her table shows the remnants of the meal, several papers and notepads, as if she is a business lady on a typical lunch break.

She professionally rises from the table and heads for the elevators.

EXT. ELEVATOR

Elena reaches out for the 'Up' button but sees that the elevator is key locked. She turns to see if anyone has noticed her. They haven't. She digs through her briefcase, stalling for time looking for papers.

The elevator door opens. A Sikh man walks out.

Elena nods to the man, pauses, and then enters the elevator as the doors begin to shut.

EXT. HALLWAY OF THIRD FLOOR

As the elevator door opens to the third floor, Elena sees busy people walking at a clipped pace back and forth.

She makes her way down a corridor, noting signs on the various doors. They have English and Russian Titles: "Translation Dept.," "Accounting," "Sales," "Communications."

Some of the rooms have glass walls so that Elena can see in them and through them, across the open atrium and into rooms on the other side of the third floor offices.

She continues cautious down the hallway and comes upon

INT. DIAMOND SELLERS CONFERENCE ROOM

Nicholas and Bychkov are present, engaged in a violent argument. There is considerable finger pointing and yelling.

Elena watches the fight and scans the room. Her eyes meet Miranda, sitting docile and afraid, huddled in a corner, holding the Babushka doll. Miranda spies Elena.

Elena jumps back and slams herself against the wall of the hallway, hiding from the view of Miranda. After a beat, she carefully peaks around the corner to see

Bychkov and Nicholas continuing to argue as Nicholas turns his back on Bychkov and opens a wall safe. He speaks to Bychkov over his shoulder and pulls stacks of \$100 bills from the safe, tossing them on the table.

Elena motions for Miranda to come to her, which she does as Bychkov secretly pulls a knife on Nicholas.

Nicholas turns on Bychkov in time to foil the knife attack. As they struggle, he sees Elena grabbing up Miranda. They make eye contact and she turns and runs off.

The hallway of the Russian Diamond Mart is now utter chaos. Elena, still carrying Miranda, opens a fire exit. Russian officials are heard from below. She double checks her options and heads for the roof.

EXT. ROOF OF RUSSIAN DIAMOND MART — NIGHT

53

Elena breaks free to the roof top, still carrying Miranda with Babushka doll in tow. The "Eternity Ring" billboard is in full action.

Nicholas runs out onto the roof, chasing her. They are at opposite ends of the roof top.

A blinding light appears overhead, tracking Elena. It is a helicopter. She panics and looks over the edge of the building.

Yuri Kotlyar has followed Nicholas to the roof. He points a gun at Nicholas to place him under arrest.

The helicopter is revealed to be a Coast Guard helicopter. Matt is piloting the rescue. Cameron drops a rope ladder to the roof top.

Elena and Nicholas look at each other and freeze. He is sad but reconciled to his fate. He gives them a slow, solemn wave as Elena turns to climb the rope ladder with Miranda in her arms.

KOTLYAR

Come, Mr. Weishaar. Return to your position.

NICHOLAS

Yes, yes. Everything's fine now. I understand. I am with you.

The sound and action of the billboard takes over as Elena stands rocking the child and Nicholas turns to surrender to Kotlyar.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELENA'S DECK, TOMALES BAY - NEXT DAY 54

Miranda sits by the bay window, playing with a wooden dump truck, several blocks, and the Babushka doll.

Elena is working in the kitchen, watching her as she talks. The television is on.

ELENA

You want some oatmeal? I bet you really like oatmeal.

Miranda looks up at her with a look of "Yuck, no way." There is an embarrassed moment for Elena. She is not so sure she is up to motherhood again.

ELENA (CONT.)

Yeah, well, okay. I got you. Anyway, I hate oatmeal myself. Always makes me gag.

Miranda laughs.

ELENA (CONT.)

I usually don't really eat breakfast, maybe some juice, that's about all. Do you want some juice? Or milk?

Miranda nods agreement.

The PHONE RINGS. It is Cameron. Elena gets the milk out of the refrigerator as she balances the phone.

ELENA

Hello?

CAMERON (O.S.)

Hey. Is this the child rescue service?

ELENA

Morning Cameron.

CAMERON (O.S.)

Morning. How's the girl? Talking yet?

ELENA

She's fine, playing by the window.
Loves it here. Slept like nothing ever
happen.

CAMERON (O.S.)

Kids are amazing. But is she talking?

ELENA

No.

On the television screen, the aerobics show filmed in Hawaii has ended. The "Top of the Hour" news show begins.

CAMERON (O.S.)

(Pause.)

How are you doing?

ELENA

Good, real good. I feel like a
butterfly. That just hatched.

CAMERON (O.S.)

(Laughs.)

Like that chrysalis?

ELENA

You were the one that first said it.

The newscast is INTERCUT with their conversation.

TV NEWSCASTER

And this hour, the top story: Russian Deputy Yuri Kotlyar was found dead this morning. Kotlyar, head of Roskomdragmet - the Committee on Precious Gems and Metals for the new democratic Russian Federation, was found stabbed 58 times. The Russian diamond industry was recently rocked by scandal after the San Francisco office was raided by the I.R.S. for non-payment of over 63 million dollars in back taxes.

TV NEWSCASTER (CONT.)

Yesterday an auction was held in an attempt to raise the back taxes, but the sales of luxury yachts, a fleet of BMW's and several Faberge eggs only netted the I.R.S. \$750,000 - less than 2% of the total tax bill. Yuri Kotlyar, aged 52, had flown in from Moscow the day before to try and stop the auction with a Washington court order, claiming that the assets of the Russian Diamond Mart belong to the Russian government. He also claimed that the executives of that company had been pilfering the profits to bankroll their own pipe dreams.

TV NEWSCASTER (CONT.)

However, the I.R.S. refused to stop the auction, disobeying the court order. The repercussions of this flagrant abuse of power by the I.R.S. is not yet know. Again, our top story: Russian Deputy Yuri Kotlyar - found stabbed to death. In other news, German underwater archeologist Steve Schneider claims to have found 17th Century Spanish emeralds sunk off the Mediterranean coast of Valencia, Spain.

In the background, TV footage shows a diving savage operation with a salty fellow talking to news crews.

Elena spills milk as she pours, missing the glass, covering her hand and the counter.

ELENA

Cameron, stop! Damn it! (referring to the milk) Stop talking.

CAMERON (O.S.)

What? What's going on?

ELENA

Are you watching the news?

CAMERON (O.S.)

Matt's got the TV on, why?

ELENA

(Interrupting. Not waiting for an answer.)

Turn it on, quick. It's Kotlyar. He's dead. Kotlyar is dead!

CAMERON (O.S.)

Just remain calm Elena, we'll be right over. Let me get dressed.

ELENA

Okay

She slowly hangs up the phone and looks over at Miranda who has been oblivious to the whole thing.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Elena goes to answer the door.

ELENA

(As she opens the door.)

That was awfully quick. I thought you said you had to get ...

She opens the door. It is Nicholas. He is wearing the same clothes when we last saw him, but his shirt is ripped and he is bloody.

NICHOLAS

(Pushing past her.)

Aren't you going to invite an old lover in?

ELENA

Nic, don't.

NICHOLAS

Hey, where's that smile? Remember me?
The guy who made you laugh?

ELENA

Please? Don't.

He searches around the kitchen, grabs the milk and drinks from the bottle. A partially eaten bagel lies on the counter, which he grabs. He digs into some butter with it, and eats while he talks.

NICHOLAS

Aren't you happy to see me?

ELENA

Yes.

(Catches herself.)

No. No. I'm not. I'm not glad to see you. Not now. Now that I know what you've done.

NICHOLAS

You knew. You knew all along.

ELENA

(Pause. She tries a different tack.)

Nic? I have to know ... did you kill Larry?

NICHOLAS

(He tosses his head back to swallow and lets out cruel laughter.)

Maybe. Maybe not.

ELENA

Nic! How can you -

NICHOLAS

- how can you!?

(Appealing to her, as friend, as lover.)

How can you? After all ... God damnit! I trusted you. You! Not some Russian Mafia piece of ... Where is she?

ELENA

Nic, leave her alone, leave her ...

NICHOLAS

Where is she!

ELENA

... out of this.

NICHOLAS

She's my daughter.

(He turns from her.

Tears. Pause. Looks back
at her.)

Okay? Do you understand now? Do you?

Elena reaches to touch him, to put her hand on his shoulder, wanting to embrace. Through them we see Miranda, innocent, approaching.

MIRANDA

Daddy?

It is a moment of revelation. Miranda has finally spoken. She reaches out to him, then to them. He picks Miranda up and hugs her close. Elena hugs both of them.

NICHOLAS

It's okay, baby, it's okay. Daddy has
to go away. For a long time.

(Fighting back tears.)

And I want you to stay. With Elena. I
want you to stay with her, and be a
good girl.

Nicholas can barely keep it together. Elena has to talk softly but firm to him, giving him the orders, what is to be done.

ELENA

I have a boat Nicholas. But I'll have
to pilot you out the channel. It's too
treacherous. You can drop us off at the
beach. We'll be okay. You can make your
way north. There's plenty of gas. It's
rural enough, wild enough.

NICHOLAS

Oh God, what did I do to lose you?

ELENA

Stop it Nic. You did what you did. It's time to move on.

EXT. GODOY BOAT, SPEEDING ACROSS TOMALES BAY 55

There are white caps on the bay, very windy. Elena commands the Sea Dory, named "Prospero," with experience and determination. She is home, in her element, finally. Nicholas hangs on to edge of the boat, alternately staring off into the distant unknown waters and then at his daughter. Miranda holds Elena's hand, excited by the adventure.

ELENA

(Yells over the roar of the boat engine.)

We're in the channel now. It's very narrow. The seaweed and kelp can destroy a boat.

A floating mass of kelp is starboard. Beyond that are sea lions and bay otters sunning themselves on a sand bar.

NICHOLAS

(He yells also and starts a difficult question.)

Elena?

ELENA

(She does not hear him.)

People underestimate the bay. Think it's a toy. But it's all part of the ocean and can kill you.

NICHOLAS

Elena? You have to know something. I didn't kill Larry. And I didn't kill Yuri Kotlyar.

ELENA

Then who did?

He looks at her. He doesn't know. She stares back at him and then on ahead. Finally she slows the boat near a little island in the bay. She stops the engine.

ELENA

There're spare gas tanks, plenty.
 (Joking.)
 You could probably make Alaska.

She edges herself over the side and stands waist deep in the waters near the small island.

Nicholas sits on the side of the boat, motionless, not knowing what to do, what to say. He gazes off into the distance and at the situation at hand.

ELENA (CONT.)

She'll be all right, Nicholas. She will. One day ... maybe ...

He helps Miranda over the boat and into her arms.

NICHOLAS

I love you. Elena I always will.

ELENA

And I loved you.

She punctuates the past tense, but is honest in her past feelings.

Off in the distance, a red and white Coast Guard cutter is speeding their way.

ELENA

Hurry Nic. You have to go. Now. We'll be okay.

EXT. DISTANT OVERHEAD VIEW

56

From far overhead, we can see the Coast Guard rescue boat heading toward the little island. Elena, holding Miranda, is a point, a speck on the tangent of that island. Further ahead, in a continuing straight line from the other two, is Nicholas, speeding away in the Godoy boat.

EXT. COAST GUARD BOAT AT ISLAND

The rescue team has pulled up next to Elena and stopped cold in the water. Matt is commanding the Coast Guard vehicle.

MATT

Are you all right?

ELENA

You keep asking me that.

MATT

(Indicating his crew.)

Get her aboard.

INT. COAST GUARD BOAT

They continue to race ahead, now with Elena and Miranda on board.

MATT

You know, you could be charged with aiding and abetting.

ELENA

He didn't do it, Matt.

He looks at her. She has changed and convinces him with her look.

MATT

(He gives her a knowing look.)

Well, he may get away anyway. He did have a big head start.

At that moment, they come around a cove. In the cove is the Sea Dory. It is on fire.

Elena's POV: The blaze consumes the boat as the smoke and flames consume her complete vision.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON THE BEACH OF THE COVE — NIGHT

57

Elena and Miranda are wrapped in a blanket, still wet. Coast Guard rescue workers, police, and divers are on the scene. There are flashing emergency lights and warning flares. Matt is in charge of the operation and is very official and authoritative. Cameron comforts Elena and Miranda.

MATT

Had a lot of gasoline on that boat.

(To her.)

We haven't found any trace of him.

ELENA

No. I didn't think you would.

CAMERON

Any idea where -

ELENA

- no. No, I don't.

Miranda looks up to Elena and pulls herself closer to her. Elena looks at her and gives a faint smile. Elena points to something over on a local house dock. It is a night heron, poised and proud.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOMALES BAY - DAY

58

A GREAT BLUE HERON flies gracefully across the length of the bay.

Elena rows her skiff across the bay. Miranda is in the boat with her, holding the Babushka doll. She is laughing and talking.

MIRANDA

... and when I grow up, I'm going to be big and famous. I like to draw, with 'char-cola' -

ELENA

You mean charcoal.

MIRANDA

Yeah, that's what I said, 'char-cola.' Daddy didn't like me to, 'cause it got my hands all black and dirty. But that's why I like it. You know what 'char-cola' is?

ELENA

(Knowingly.)

Yes. I do.

The dazzling brilliance of the water is refracted by the wave action of the water lapping against the small skiff.
MUSIC: MARIA CALLAS' RECORDING OF "O MIO BABBINO CARO" from Puccini's Gianni Schicchi.

FADE OUT.

THE END