

COLPIAGO

Written by

Sophie Flack

Sjflack@hotmail.com  
07969 168 032

INT. MOBILE OFFICE ONSITE AT COLPIAGO MINE. NIGHT.

A shabby, standard mobile office, filled with piles of paperwork, in trays and a large filing cabinet.

Christina runs through the door and gets the lock turned just at the shoulders of the pursuing families pound against it.

Looking for another exit, she shrieks as a large mongrel jumps through the open window. She leaps on top of the filing cabinet as the dog's snarling muzzle narrowly misses her. The cabinet sways wildly as she stands and tries to open the back window. She manages to get a grip on the window pane and thrusts it open, when the cabinet tips and falls, spilling Christina onto the carpet.

The dog leaps when the door bursts open and Michaela Carros steps through.

MICHAELA CARROS

Mowlto!

Inches from Christina's face, the dog sits back to attention. Christina scuttles backwards on her rear until she bumps into the fallen cabinet.

MICHAELA CARROS (CONT'D)

Send them in to find my husband.

Gasping for breath, keeping her eyes firmly on the dog, Christina nods.

INT. SAN SOSE MINING COMPANY HQ FLORIDA. DAY.

A plush, luxuriously decorated executive office. The slightly garish taste is at odds with the minimalist corporate design of the offices.

Leaning back on a wheelie chair with stockinged feet draped on the desk is CHRISTINA ESTEBAN (35). Designer heels lie discarded beside the desk as she plays with a sticking desk drawer and talks lazily into the phone.

CHRISTINA

Of course he signed it..... I told you he was a Chevy man...

The office door opens to admit MRS. BRUMTON - middle-aged, hard working, disapproving.

Christina slides a pack of soluble aspirin out of the broken drawer, as Mrs. Brumton crosses and places an unopened bottle of sparkling water on the desk, just where Christina has rested her feet. Christina swings her feet gracefully off the desk and covers the mouthpiece of the phone.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
 (to Mrs. Brumton)  
 Thank you - you're an angel! Send  
 Malcolm up again to look at this  
 drawer would you?

Mrs. Brumton nods something that could have been assent and  
 leaves without smiling.

Christina dissolves the aspirin in the mineral water and  
 takes a sip.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
 No not you sir, you're not an angel  
 you're more of a ....

Christina sees another call coming through.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
 Sorry I've got a call coming  
 through from Colpiago. I'll see you  
 at the San Tolgo briefing.

Christina hits the other line and places her feet back on the  
 desk.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
 Mr. Monto, how can I help you?

Slamming the aspirin glass down, all laziness leaves her.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
 What?!

INT. JUAN VALDEZ'S HOUSE COLPIAGO. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

A shabby depressing room, dated brown furniture and plastic  
 covers. A small collection of dried flower prints and  
 religious icons along one wall.

Standing by the sofa in front of the TV is Juan Valdez. In  
 his pajamas he dances slowly along with the reality TV show  
 try-outs playing on the screen.

INT. JUAN VALDEZ'S HOUSE COLPIAGO. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

The lean figure of Jacob Carmarni calmly throws boxes,  
 bottles and pills off the shelf, as Maria Valdez cries out  
 and vainly tries to stop him.

Jacob finds Juan's drug stash and takes hold of it. Maria  
 grasps his arm.

MARIA VALDEZ  
 Don't!

Jacob removes her grip and Maria winces disproportionately, pulling her long night-shirt sleeves further down to cover up her arm.

A glint of understanding in Jacob's eyes.