

Mr. Daniels

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Black screen. Tchaikovsky's 'Dance Of The Sugar Plum Fairy' plays from a distance.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

We open on an empty hall. The interior is heavy set with dark and timeless furniture. The mansion is clearly owned by a wealthy man with exquisite taste. We float through the hall towards two French doors. They swing open as we reach them, enter a dining room. The camera floats over the table, which is set for one with a glass of white wine and a half eaten fish dish. It continues into the next room and reveals a rugged, sun tanned man with white and gray hair, wearing a loose flax shirt, a wool cardigan, matching trousers and a pair of braided leather shoes standing in the light of a fireplace. With a Walther PPK in his hand, he stands on a balcony. This is ALBERT BAKER (53). As he takes a long, smooth drag of his cigarette, the camera comes to a hold right behind his head. He slowly turns as he exhales deeply. His voice is rusty and experienced.

ALBERT BAKER

So. You finally caught up with me.

His accent revealing years of expatriation, ex: Argentina. As he turns around we come to see MR. DANIELS (37). A man in a black suit, white shirt, black tie. The shadow of a fedora i covering the mans face. He is standing next to a chair a couple of feet away from Albert. The chair is placed next to a glass coffee table along with another chair and a sofa.

ANDREAS

Can I offer you a drink? I was just about to have another one myself. Nothing like a cold drink to cool one down. I thought I would have gotten used to the heat by now... Can you believe it's Christmas Eve?

Albert moves towards a counter with bottles and glasses.

ALBERT BAKER

I would offer you a glass of the Hine '72, but I'm afraid they are all out. All we have is the '76... it's decent. But I prefer the '72.

Another bottle on the counter catches Albert's attention.

ALBERT BAKER

This here is what the locals call caña quemada. They say it keeps you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALBERT BAKER (cont'd)
healthy. But I can't stand the
taste of it... (BEAT) Like burnt
peaches...

Mr. Daniels observes Albert, without replying, as Albert pours himself a glass of the Hine '76.

ALBERT BAKER
(in a friendly tone)
Very well then. I'm gonna pour you
one anyway. Then, if you change
your mind, I don't have to get up
again. So what's it gonna be?
Brandy or the exotic local

He pours another one.

MR. DANIELS
Mr. Baker...

Then downs it.

ALBERT BAKER
Please. Call me Albert.

Pours another one and approaches Mr. Daniels who takes a seat in the chair in front of him.

MR. DANIELS
Albert. I'm not here to harm you.

ALBERT BAKER
Sure you are. They all are.

Albert places the drink on the table.

MR. DANIELS
I can't touch that.

ALBERT BAKER
What kind of a man doesn't drink?
Oh well, then I guess i'm drinking
alone again.

The music comes to a stop. Albert walks over to the record player to put on yet another Tchaikovsky. Swan Lake. Mr. Daniels sits in silence. Listening to the music.

ALBERT BAKER
I love this part. Dada deee
dadedade deee.

Albert walks around. A bit drunk he waves the gun around as if it was a conductor's baton. Then pulls out a pack of cigarettes and takes a seat in front of Mr. Daniels.

ALBERT BAKER

You smoke?

MR. DANIELS

I can't smoke either.

Albert throws the packet on the table and lights the cigarette.

ALBERT BAKER

Did the company sent you. How did you find me.

MR. DANIELS

Finding you was never the hard part.

ALBERT BAKER

Yes. I guess i've been sloppy lately... I'm giving you a fair warning. I'm not going to give up without a fight.

Albert looks at his weapon, puffs on the cigarette.

MR. DANIELS

Albert. It's me.

Daniels calmly removes his hat, revealing a handsome and very well-groomed face. He's beautiful.

ALBERT BAKER

Emmanuel. How. Your'... I

MR. DANIELS

Albert. Take a seat. Please.

Albert looks terrified.

ALBERT BAKER

I don't know what to say. Please, let me explain, I...

MR. DANIELS

I know what your going to say. I know all your stories. All your excuses. I know everything. But please believe me when i say that i'm not here to harm you, on the contrary-

ALBERT BAKER
You conspired against me! I had to
do it.

MR. DANIELS
No, I did not.

ALBERT BAKER
Because... Because you...

Albert grows more confident.

ALBERT BAKER
I heard the rumors. Yes. There were
talks about a mole. And I was
right. It was you!

MR. DANIELS
We both know that isn't true. You
know that as well as I do.

Albert rises from his chair-

MR. DANIELS
Sit down. Relax.

ALBERT BAKER
No!

Albert points the gun at Emmanuel.

ALBERT BAKER
Come on, make your move. Draw your
gun!

MR. DANIELS
Albert! The only gun in this room
is in your hands. I came to help
you, okay?

ALBERT BAKER
Why would you help me. I killed you
once, and I will kill you again.

MR. DANIELS
Then pull the trigger or put down
the gun.

ALBERT BAKER
No! You. You just want it for
yourself so you can finish me off.

MR. DANIELS
Please, calm down, your loosing it.

Albert is now standing with the gun pointed at his own head.

ALBERT BAKER
What is going on?!

MR. DANIELS
I told you. Sit down. I need to explain something. Albert. (BEAT)
It was you.

ALBERT BAKER
What are you talking about?

MR. DANIELS
The mole. It was you.

ALBERT BAKER
What are you- I would never

Then Albert remembers.

MR. DANIELS
And I found out.

ALBERT BAKER
No.

MR. DANIELS
Yes. I did. I knew for some time actually. And i was torn. On one hand, I wanted to turn you in. But I never got around to that.

Albert looks perplexed.

ALBERT BAKER
My god.

MR. DANIELS
That's the risk of the business. I knew that. But I loved you too much i guess.

ALBERT BAKER
You loved me?

MR. DANIELS
Very much. And for some time I was angry that you killed me, but slowly I began to understand. You never knew.

ALBERT BAKER
Why didn't you tell me?

MR. DANIELS
Tell you that I was secretly in
love with my partner? That would
have been reason enough for you to
kill alone, i believed. But I knew
you loved me too. I could tell.

ALBERT BAKER
You should have told me.

MR. DANIELS
I know. I know. Albert don't this.

ALBERT BAKER
It's my punishment.

Albert points the gun to his head again.

MR. DANIELS
Put that down.

ALBERT BAKER
I killed you and this is me
punishment.

Albert looks defeated. Determined to end his sorrows.

MR. DANIELS
When I was a kid. I wanted to be an
actor, you know?

ALBERT BAKER
I know.

MR. DANIELS
I wanted to be on a stage. Do you
know what kept me?

ALBERT BAKER
Tell me again.

MR. DANIELS
I was too scared.

Mr. Daniels looks lovingly at Albert.

ALBERT BAKER
I... I have done so many horrible
things.

MR. DANIELS

I know. But you need to forgive yourself. No one deserves to die alone. Go home. Say your goodbyes. Settle things.

ALBERT BAKER

I'm so sorry.

MR. DANIELS

I'm just sorry we never got to dance. But when the time comes. We'll take that dance. I'll be waiting for you.

Albert closes his eyes. Hard. He tightens every muscle in his body ready to pull the trigger. But he doesn't. Slowly he looks up. He is now sitting in the chair Mr. Daniels was sitting a moment ago. His hands are shaking as he reaches for another cigarette. He puts it in his mouth and takes a calming drag from the cigarette, exhales and lowers his head. With a routine, he disassembles the Walther PPK and throws the pieces in the fireplace. The camera tracks away out of the room. The french doors closes, leaving the screen black.

THE END