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# Waking the Dead

By Robert Dillon

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A short time ago...  
terror apparently struck  
this quiet neighborhood...  
on the outskirts of Minneapolis.  
A car bomb destroyed a vehicle...  
carrying two Chilean nationals...  
and, apparently,  
a young American woman.  
The FBI is refusing comment.  
However, early reports indicate  
the bombing was carried out...  
by Chilean government agents.  
The agents were trying to stop  
Francisco and Gisella Higgens...  
who have been  
touring around the US...  
speaking out against Chile's  
military dictatorship.  
Minneapolis police believe the bomb  
was detonated by remote control...  
and that all three occupants of the car  
were killed instantly.  
The bodies have been removed to  
Minneapolis Community General Hospital.  
As for the young American woman...  
it's not yet officially known,  
but we have learned...  
that she was Sarah Williams,  
an activist from Chicago...  
who was also working  
with the sanctuary movement.  
Sources tell us that she had made  
several trips to Chile herself...  
assisting in bringing  
political refugees into the US.  
Obviously,  
the death of a young American girl...  
on American shores...  
will throw a whole new light  
on both the sanctuary movement...  
and, possibly,  
on the government's relationship...  
with the Chilean regime.

I'm Bill Haugland  
reporting live from Minneapolis.  
- Waking the Dead -  
AMOR MAIOR QUE A VIDA  
Hi, Fielding.  
Kill anyone today?  
Not yet, Tamara.  
Is Danny here?  
He's in his office.  
I'm here to see the boss.  
Who are you?  
I'm his brother.  
Oh!  
- Go on in. He's expecting you.  
- Thanks.  
You're new here, right?  
Do you like it here?  
Yeah, I love it.  
Jesus!  
- Good morning, Private.  
- Colonel.  
It's a damn good feeling knowing you're  
out there patrolling New York Harbor.  
The fuckin' Cong could be  
shoppin' on Fifth Avenue like that.  
Fielding, I want you  
out of that coast guard.  
- Come on!  
- No, really.  
I'm worried about you.  
What if Nixon takes the wrong pill  
and sends you guys over to Vietnam?  
Name one national political leader  
who hasn't served his time, Danny.  
And by the way, you remember  
that little coast guard song...  
that you made me learn?  
My new assistant just told me  
what "Semper Paratus" means.  
I don't like  
this "Always Ready" shit.  
I get distinct death vibes.  
Your new assistant?  
The girl out there?

Yeah. Sarah.  
A Catholic girl.  
They know their Latin.  
My coast guard fights for me  
And our shore's liberty  
We will be strong  
Semper Paratus us  
Even if die we must  
We'll never fail the trust  
That we've been shown  
- Good, let's go.  
- No way. We're not done yet.  
We're proud, we're true, we're brave  
We fear not pain nor grave  
Our tide rolls on  
We'll sail the ocean blue  
Coast Guard, we love you  
and everybody too  
I can't remember  
the rest of the words  
Viking's doing this book on J. Edgar  
Hoover that sounds a lot like ours.  
Really?  
Good. Cancel ours and get us  
out of the whole fuckin' thing.  
We don't wanna deal with the FBI.  
It's just a big headache we don't need.  
Ready for lunch?  
- Do you mind if I join you?  
- Yes.  
You mind?  
I mean, no.  
- We'll all go together.  
- Okay. I'll go get my bag.  
Check it out.  
Who am I?  
"Yes... No..."  
Very smooth.  
The thing about Harvard...  
for somebody from the working class,  
like us...  
is that there is a terrible sense  
of isolation, of aloneness there.  
Not to mention

I was a year younger than everyone.  
It was like walking around campus with  
"scholarship kid" tattooed on my head.  
I do believe, though, that politics  
can still make a difference.  
But you have to become  
a part of it.  
You become one of the people  
that sends the message to people...  
that lying and corruption  
in government is wrong.  
I know that we think of law  
as something that is cerebral.  
I won't say that it's a courageous  
stance to take, but it's a...  
We know the war is evil.  
It's a way for me  
not to become disenfranchised...  
you know, become some radical member  
who is now in prison...  
Should I be taking notes?  
Eat your lunch.  
Carry on. Sorry.  
Mimi, get me Don Ragland  
on the phone in my office.  
Fielding, don't hurt yourself.  
When do you have to get back  
to the war?  
Can I buy you dinner tonight?  
Can I talk?  
What do you do  
in the coast guard?  
Right now I have patrol  
in New York Harbor.  
Not glamorous, but...  
it's not the army, Canada or jail.  
Do you think they might  
send you to Vietnam?  
And the war is ending  
pretty soon.  
The war's been ending soon  
for a long time.  
It's just something  
that I have to do.

I have one too.  
One what?  
A sense of destiny.  
Okay, what's  
your sense of destiny?  
When I was little,  
I wanted to be a nun.  
It's a true story!  
Well, what stopped you?  
Puberty.  
As it should.  
Now I want...  
a life of  
unbelievable adventure...  
and...  
profligacy.  
And, at the last  
possible moment, sainthood.  
I want a life that makes sense.  
You...  
still haven't told me how you got  
the idea you wanted to be a senator.  
That's not actually what I want.  
I want to be...  
the president.  
Why are you smiling?  
Because you mean it.  
- You're still part of the same system.  
- So what do I do, go to Canada, to jail?  
Yes! I mean,  
if it's what you believe in.  
I think that's easy for you to say  
because you can't be drafted.  
That is so patronizing.  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
But if I do those things...  
either of those things...  
I risk throwing away  
everything that I've worked for.  
This way, eventually...  
I can make some real,  
substantial changes...  
without throwing away my life  
on some ultimately meaningless gesture.

Sometimes meaningless gestures  
are all we have.  
You're very ambitious,  
aren't you?  
I'm afraid I am.  
Be careful.  
Ambition is...  
the ice  
on the lake of emotion.  
Who said that?  
I did.  
Can I come up?  
- Too fast.  
- Oh, come on.  
Can't we think of this  
as a wartime romance?  
Come on up, Fielding.  
Oh, God.  
Please don't let them  
send you to Vietnam.  
I'll be okay.  
All right?  
It's not that.  
What?  
If you go over...  
you'll be getting shot at  
by the people I want to win.  
I don't want to have to choose  
who to root for.  
You still with us, Fielding?  
I'm just thinking.  
Do you realize what the governor  
is offering here, Fielding?  
It's a big jump from  
the county prosecutor's office...  
to the United States Congress.  
What the hell are you  
looking at out there?  
He's thinking, Ed.  
You don't want a snap decision,  
do you?  
I don't wanna spend all day  
sitting here either.  
Look, there's no problem.

Nothing to be scared of, kid.  
You can't lose.  
You know the last time a Democrat lost  
a special election in this district?  
Hell, I was still  
going to high school.  
What about Jerry Charmichael?  
He hung himself.  
One thing to be a fag, but he got caught  
putting his boyfriend on the US payroll.  
Anyway, he's announced his resignation.  
That's his business.

**Yours is:**

Do you want this seat or not?  
All right.  
Now, tell me if there's  
anything about you I don't know...  
that maybe I ought to.  
I never know  
how to answer that.  
- What the fuck are you playing with?  
- Oh, come, come.  
- He's kicking a gift horse in the nuts.  
- He's a good kid.  
Clean as a whistle.  
Father's a union man.  
All right.  
I owe your friend Isaac.  
I'll get you to Washington.  
By the time you learn to find your ass  
without using both hands...  
it'll be time  
for the regular election...  
and if we ain't friends  
by then...  
that'll be that.  
- I gotta go.  
- Of course.  
It'll all work out.  
I'll have my people call you.  
All those years.  
I want a life  
that makes sense.



You're my lover, Fielding.  
I have one too.  
Sometimes meaningless gestures  
are all we have.  
Sarah?  
I want to apologize  
to the people of my district.  
I've let them down...  
and that's something I'll have to  
live with for the rest of my life.  
I also want to apologize  
to my wife Lorraine...  
my two children...  
Insiders say the man most likely  
to fill the vacant seat...  
is a 32-year-old attorney  
from the DA's office...  
Fielding Pierce,  
a bachelor and political unknown.  
Governor Kinosis  
is expected to announce...  
Beware the lonely man  
with a telephone.  
Hey, is that  
my congressman brother?  
I guess you heard the news.  
Mom and Dad told you?  
Are you kidding me?  
Mom's already bought  
a whole new scrapbook.  
Congratulations, honey.  
Thanks.  
Honey?  
- You know what I wish?  
- What?  
I wish Sarah was here.  
I know. I know.  
I still miss her too.  
It gets better, gets better...  
then it's like  
it never got better at all.  
If you were still with her,  
none of this would be happening.  
Everything she was would've taken you

away from where you wanted to go.  
I know.  
I'm starting to pretend  
she's alive.  
Why would you do that?  
I don't know.  
It's just happening.  
I can feel her around me  
in the snow.  
Oh, God.  
Fielding, don't do this  
to yourself.  
Oh, no, it's...  
I mean, it's...  
I don't mind it, really.  
It's just interesting, that's all.  
No, it isn't, honey.  
It's sad.  
It's really, really sad.  
Dear Fielding...  
if you were going off to fight a war,  
a good war...  
I could write this by candlelight...  
weep, and then go to church  
and pray for you.  
But there 's only one war...  
and it's bad...  
and though you promise that your ship's  
not going near Vietnam...  
I keep thinking  
your course will change.

**It's 3:**

and I'm needing you...  
like a thousand monkeys  
on my back.  
I'm wearing your black T-shirt.  
You were looking all over for it  
before you left, but I had it hidden.  
I needed something here  
that smells of you...  
unspeakably delicate...  
and innocent.  
It amazes me to think that while

I was growing up in Louisville...  
you were growing up  
in New York.  
But our fates had been cast...  
and every step we took...  
was only bringing us closer...  
until we fell into that bed  
and you were inside me...  
and we both knew...  
that we'd come  
to the end of the line.  
We will never be apart.  
We may be  
at each other's throats...  
or we may be separated  
by 5.000 miles...  
but we'll never be apart.  
So get off that boat.  
Get off...  
and come home to me.  
I need you.  
I need you, I need you.  
Your girl always...  
Sarah.  
We may be separated  
by 5.000 miles...  
but we'll never be apart.  
Don't go.  
What are you looking for?  
I'm definitely going crazy.

**It's 3:**

I'm needing you,  
like a thousand monkeys on my back.  
How are you?  
Every step we took...  
was only bringing us closer.  
Until we fell into that bed...  
and you were inside me...  
and we both knew...  
And so I endorse Angelo Bertelli  
in this race...  
not just because he's a good man  
of and from this district...

but because  
he represents a change...  
a change, a break...  
from machine politics...  
machine thinking...  
and machine answers.  
Great. Great.  
First the gay vote,  
now half the black vote.  
Gotta love a challenge.  
Bertelli's a nothing.  
He's like...  
a write-in candidate.  
Besides, I hear  
he's an old lecher.  
Are you gonna use that?  
But maybe we should get married.  
I'll run on the morality issue.  
You're not ready  
to marry anybody.  
I was only kidding.  
Besides, wouldn't that be awful if  
we got married and I lost the election?  
What would be so awful about it?  
I was just saying that if we got married  
for the sake of the election...  
and then I lost, that's all.  
Why does that  
make my stomach hurt?  
If I said "let's get married,"  
you'd say the same thing.  
You're making me feel bad.  
Okay.  
I'm sorry I said it.  
- Looking forward to seeing your family?  
- Oh, yeah.  
I wish I had more time.  
But you don't.  
You've got to  
hit the ground running.  
You've got to start building  
a real constituency...  
for the next election.  
Thanks for everything, Isaac.

Nothing to thank me for.  
Right. Right.  
And Pinocchio  
owed nothing to Geppetto.  
Adele asked me  
to give you this.  
It's a poem she wrote you.  
Here.  
Oh, thank you.  
Your plane takes off  
in ten minutes. Go.  
- How's Juliet, by the way?  
- Oh, she's all right.  
Nice girl.  
A real lady,  
in the best sense.  
What's wrong?  
Do you ever remember Sarah?  
Of course I do.  
What do you remember about her?  
The funeral.  
The reporters.  
And the whole thing  
sort of drifting away...  
like it never even happened.  
Yeah.  
I miss her so much...  
and I can't get away from it.  
I could've spent the rest of my life  
figuring out what happened to her...  
with all that shit, and why...  
and I just dropped it.  
There was nothing you could do.  
You had places to go.  
What's going on?  
I don't know.  
All right,  
let's go home.  
Can I just say something, then we  
don't ever have to talk about it again?  
Of course.  
I want to be good.  
You are good.  
Maybe you're too good, huh?

I don't know what I am.  
I want you to come someplace  
with me.  
Okay.  
Don't you wanna know where?  
- I don't think I do.  
- Yeah, I think you might.  
Tell me where.  
An oriental massage parlor.  
I don't think so.  
Just drop me off at the hotel.  
No, listen to me.  
I am in love...  
with a Korean whore...  
and I want you to meet her.  
Well, Danny, don't you think  
I could meet her somewhere else?  
Oh, come on.  
Are you so worried about your reputation  
that you won't come with your brother...  
to meet his girlfriend?  
That's nice, Fielding.  
Okay.  
Look, here's the deal.  
These Korean gangsters brought her  
over here, promised her a job...  
and then threw her  
in this whorehouse.  
Which you just happened  
to patronize.  
- Look at you judging me.  
- What do you want me to do?  
Well, I don't want you  
to judge me.  
- What do you want me to do?  
- Use your influence.  
- You can get her a green card.  
- Oh, get the fuck out of here!  
I'm not running for office so I can  
get your friend a goddamn green card.  
My "friend"?  
This isn't...  
She's not my friend, Fielding.  
This happens to be

the woman I love.  
You fuckin' think it's so inappropriate,  
but it happens to be the woman I love.  
Remember what Sarah used to say?  
Sarah Williams.  
You do remember Sarah, don't you?  
- Go fuck yourself.  
- I know you do.  
She'd see some junkie  
on the street.  
People just walkin' by,  
nobody even noticing...  
but she'd see him and she'd say,  
"How do you know that's not Jesus?"  
You know?  
How do you know?  
Oh, God, I had this dream.  
Oh, God, I had this dream.  
You wanna hear it?  
You're a senator.  
We're at this...  
fancy Washington party...  
and I'm in this expensive,  
low-cut gown...  
and all I can think is that...  
I can't move my hands because  
I haven't shaved under my arms...  
and if anyone sees,  
then your whole career is ruined.  
I'm so glad I'm starting in Chicago  
with a job.  
Working with the church  
makes me feel like I'm here.  
On the planet, you know?  
And I matter.  
You matter to me.  
That's different.  
Besides, you have law school.  
I'm never going to see you  
anyway.  
I think I'm scared  
of disappearing.  
I'm not gonna let that happen.  
It's not up to you.

Okay, so we have one, two, three,  
four, five, six, seven, eight.

Sarah?

Sarah Williams?

Yes?

I'm Father Steven Mileski  
from Resurrection House.

- Hi.

- Call me Steven.

How did you guess who I was?

Well, you were... -

I don't know.

I just knew.

I thought you'd need help, so I figured  
I'd give you a ride to your apartment.

Absolutely.

Thank you so much.

This is Fielding.

You're a blessing.

I'm saying that if

you want real social change...

revolutions have

a terrible track record.

So you let people starve and suffer  
while they're waiting for salvation?

You know me better than that.

Come on.

You have to accept...

What are you doing?

I'm making a point.

That's not fair.

You have to accept that...

Do you know

how much I love you?

It's a brilliant paper.

You're a brilliant student.

You're gonna be

a brilliant lawyer...

and a brilliant senator.

You're just gonna have to put up with me  
as your Jiminy Cricket.

- Okay?

- Okay.

That's a good argument.



See? You retire, even your kids  
say good things about you.

- Come on, Pop.

- You made a nice speech.

Well, I'm glad.

But you made it sound  
like I raised you myself.

If you're running for office, no woman  
in this room would've voted for you.

And you get too personal.

I mean, if anybody really knew Kennedy,  
you think they would've voted for him?

You gotta be strong.

So strong...

you're gonna want to  
blow your brains out.

But you won't.

So strong, people can say  
right to your face...

you're a dirty, lying son of a bitch,  
and it's not gonna make any difference.

What if I don't want  
to do that?

Then you'll be making a big mistake.

You'll end up just like me.

So?

What's wrong with that?

You sit down in the morning and tear  
your hair out when you read the paper...

because the world is run by people  
not half as smart as you are.

Guys who think that  
working people are dog shit.

Lookin' good, boy.

Strong.

You're doing it for all of us.

If you have hope for the future  
of your community and this country...

get out and vote on January 23...

Send me to Congress...

and let me work for you.

Thank you.

Nice to see you.

You're a registered Democrat,

right?

Hi. How are you?

Thanks for coming out.

We really appreciate it.

Take a flyer.

Thank you all for coming out.

Thank you, everyone.

I know that I was grateful  
the government was there.

I'm there

for every hard-working American.

How you doin'?

Which ones are yours?

He's interested

in drawing monsters.

Wait till you see him in action.

I want you to meet him.

He has the Teamsters in his pocket.

You have to go and say hi.

This has gotta be Fielding Pierce.

It's a pleasure to meet you.

- I'm really excited about meeting you.

- Excellent.

I got a few ideas.

My dear.

- How are things?

- Very well.

You're having a good time,

I hope.

There you are.

Come here. It's okay.

I want you to meet someone.

This is Isaac Green

and Adele.

This is Sarah Williams.

- How do you do?

- Very pleased to meet you.

I'm sorry about my clothes.

- I just came from work.

- You look fine.

You should see our son.

At least you look clean.

So have you thought any more  
about the DA's office?

My connections are strong,  
and it's a hell of a launching pad.  
Well, it's definitely  
interesting.

Good.

I don't know, Fielding.

Do you really want to be  
putting people in jail?

Would you like a drink, Sarah?

Come.

So...

- Hi, honey.

- You're late.

**It's 9:**

- I know. I was worried.

- Oh. I'm sorry.

We said we were gonna cook dinner,  
you were gonna help me with my paper.

But Manuel, that little boy that  
I told you about? He talked today.

Steven was playing with him,  
and he finally talked.

You're never here anymore.

You're at the church all day long.

And you're at school

or studying all day long.

Are you in love with him?

- Who?

- Mileski.

Steven's a priest.

You're my lover, Fielding.

He's part of what I do.

You can't be everything to me.

I want to be.

Oh, dear.

I love that you said that.

- This is Sarah Wilson.

- Congressman, how are you?

- How are you?

- I'm very well, thank you.

- Sorry.

- No, you go right ahead.

This is Sarah Wilson

and Fielding Pierce.  
Very nice to meet you.  
Everything's good  
with the independent voters?  
They're pretty earrings.  
We know exactly  
where he's going.  
I only know about soccer.  
Sarah Wilson?  
These are brothers.  
This is Sarah Wilson  
and Fielding Pierce.  
Fielding Pierce.  
Nice to meet you.  
"Would you like something to drink?"  
And the Roman Catholic priest says...  
- Over here.  
- Who is that in the corner?  
Yes, Mr. Ellis.  
How are you?  
It's a pleasure to meet you.  
- I hear great things about you.  
- Thank you.  
- I hope I can live up to them.  
- I'm sure you will.  
Our friend Isaac's  
a shrewd judge of character.  
If he takes a young man under his wing,  
he's got good reason.  
Thank you.  
- Mr. Ellis.  
- Yes?  
I read your article in Newsweek  
about Chile.  
Ah, yes, my dear.  
Yeah, I thought it was reprehensible,  
disgusting bullshit.  
You have the balls to suggest  
that the overthrow...  
of a democratically elected government  
by murderous thugs is in our interest?  
You tell people to support that?  
You use your fucking power in that way?  
Now, see here, my dear...

I'm not your dear. And what about you?  
Aren't you gonna say something?  
You fucking clapped  
when I ripped up that article at home.  
Or was that someone else?  
Otto, I want you to meet  
my niece Juliet Beck.  
- Darling, this is Professor Otto Ellis.  
- Charming.  
And this is Fielding Pierce...  
How are you?  
Nice to meet you.  
And Sarah Wilson.  
It's Sarah Williams, Isaac.  
- Yes, Williams.  
- It's a pleasure to meet you.  
I'll talk to you later.  
Just what is going on here?  
- Nothing.  
- Jesus.  
It's fine.  
- It's a pleasure to finally meet you.  
- Oh, yes, you too.  
I'm sorry.  
I didn't mean to fuck up.  
He was just such an asshole.  
Why are you saying that now?  
Jesus.  
Well, he was definitely  
a part of it.  
You know, your friends  
are much tougher than they look.  
I don't even know  
most of them.  
You liked her, didn't you?  
Who?  
What?  
- Who?  
- Isaac's niece.  
You know.  
Come on.  
Miss Perfect  
Future President's Wife.  
Juliet, you mean?

She seemed very shallow to me.

Maybe.

Fuck off.

That's where you're headed.

That's your world.

It's all mapped out.

It's been mapped out

long before we ever met.

I'm not going to change it.

Do you want me to change it?

I think that both of us

would love to change each other.

- No, I don't want to change you.

- Yes, you do.

You're the incarnation...

of your family's ambition...

and I am the incarnation

of your family's fear.

Your father, his name is Ed.

Your mother's name is Mary.

- They named you Fielding.

- Yes.

- What does that mean?

- That I was meant to succeed.

And I accept that.

I don't want to watch you

turn into a cog in their machine.

That's so...

fucking condescending.

Sometimes cogs can make machines

run a little bit better.

Sometimes.

Mostly they turn in circles

and wear out.

Then they get replaced.

- Come work at the church with me.

- Yeah, don't work for the US government.

Work for the people who brought us the

Children's Crusade and the Inquisition.

- That's a moral step up.

- It's infuriating loving you sometimes.

The feeling's mutual.

Honey?

I'm home, and I'm horny.

I'm so glad you're home.

I'm going to Chile.

I'm going to be gone for two weeks.

We're going to get some friends  
out of there.

- How are you gonna do that?

- It's all planned.

- It's not difficult or dangerous.

- When is this happening?

Tonight.

Our flight's at 7:00.

Can I ask you not to go?

Who are you going with?

Steven.

We're meeting up with a nun  
named Sister Angela.

- What'll the army think you're doing?

- I can't talk about that.

Listen, Fielding,  
if anybody comes snooping around...  
just dodge their questions.

- We must go. There'll be traffic.

- Not to mention the storm.

God has given us  
a lot to put our shoulder against.  
Yeah, He's been such a help.

Really.

I'll bring her back  
safe and sound, Fielding.

You have my word.

Is there something I can do  
to help?

Do you have any money?

Thanks.

Take me with you.

Please.

- You'll be with us. We feel your love.

- No, I mean it seriously.

- I speak better Spanish than you both.

- Sister Angela speaks it perfectly.

Just take me with you.

Everything's arranged  
for this time.

It means a lot you asked.

- I'm sorry, but we must go.  
- I'll go with you to the airport.  
You think what I'm doing is wrong?  
Of course not.  
Truth is I think you're...  
fucking incredible.  
And I do wish you weren't going.  
I want to forget everything  
that separates us, Fielding.  
You're my lover.  
The only man in the world I love.  
You're the only woman I love.  
Ten years ago we could run  
a campaign for \$10,000.  
Now it takes a goddamn million.  
We got the votes, right?  
As in, vote early and vote often.  
What we need to do is coast.  
We'll get plenty of ink for free.  
Reporters got nothing to do  
this time of year, right, Kelly?  
You're right.  
Also, we can count on  
Jerry Charmichael's full cooperation.  
I don't know if you want him involved,  
but he's willing to do whatever's best...  
I'm losing my mind.  
- Beg your pardon.  
- Yeah.  
- What do you mean?  
- I just... I've...  
I've been seeing things  
and hearing things...  
from Sarah.  
And I've been believing them.  
Believing that she's...  
I don't know. Come back from  
the other side, or maybe she never died.  
I can't explain it.  
I thought I saw her  
couple of years ago in New York.  
It seemed really crazy,  
so I never told you about it, but...  
she was coming out of a...



like, a coffee shop...  
with this guy, this older guy.  
And I didn't think about it.  
I just...  
called her name.  
And she looked around,  
and she looked straight at me.  
And...  
I guess I was  
just so surprised...  
I just forgot that  
she wasn't alive anymore and...  
she turned around and walked a bit  
further, so I called her name again.  
And she turned around...  
and then I remembered.  
And, you know...  
it wasn't her.  
She looked different.  
That's not true.  
She looked a lot like Sarah.  
But she wasn't Sarah.  
That's the point.  
She just looked like her.  
I was really freaked.  
I really was, but I just carried on  
and made myself forget all about it.  
I never told you, because  
it was just dumb. But that happens.  
- But you saw her.  
- I thought I saw her.  
I didn't see her.  
Of course I didn't see her.  
I am absolutely sure about that.  
You're absolutely sure?  
Yeah.  
So will Congressman Charmichael  
be participating in your campaign?  
Jerry's pretty exhausted, so...  
You remember me at all, Fielding?  
It was my very first news job  
in Minneapolis.  
It was one of the biggest stories  
of the year there.

What was the story?  
There were American priests giving  
left-wing Chileans sanctuary...  
and right-wing Chileans  
hunting them down...  
and Fielding's girlfriend  
got caught in the middle.  
I'm sorry. There's a woman...  
who has some statistics  
that I need.  
I won't be long!  
What is this?  
What is this?  
What... Goddamn you!  
Goddamn you!  
Who is making this disturbance?  
My God, what's wrong?  
What brings you here?  
- I don't know. Where am I?  
- You're in my church.  
This is my parish now.  
You've created a disturbance...  
- I want to talk about Sarah.  
- What do you want to know...  
Just tell me about her!  
Is she alive?  
- Tell me, please.  
- All right.  
Just stop the shit  
and tell me if she is alive!  
She is alive in the hearts  
of those that love her.  
Bullshit! I followed her  
into this church!  
I followed her into this church!  
And I'm tired of being screwed with!  
Poor Fielding.  
Francisco and Gisela Higgens...  
I'd like you to meet my right arm here.  
Sarah Williams and her friend  
Fielding Pierce.  
Hello.  
It's an honor really.  
I hope we can be of service to you.

Thank you.  
What about you?  
Another good Catholic?  
Not at all.  
Darling, if it weren't  
for some great churchmen...  
we wouldn't be here to speak out...  
and our friends Gustavo and Seny  
would be in prison or dead.  
So what do you do?  
Fielding wants to be a senator.  
Well, well. A senator.  
With so many of your politicians  
showing their corruption...  
I am surprised to see  
someone from the youth...  
who chooses to  
follow their example.  
I'm sorry. Do you really believe  
that I'm going into politics...  
so I can become  
a corrupt son of a bitch...  
who sells electrodes  
to the Chilean secret police?  
What Gisela means is when  
you enter a corrupt institution...  
you become part of it.  
So you would say leave politics  
to the worst America has to offer?  
Young man, everything is politics.  
Life is politics.  
Calling only your elections politics  
is part of your sickness here.  
I am so sick of having to apologize  
for being an American.  
- North American.  
- Oh, God, I'm so sorry. North American.  
I can't help but noticing  
that when people run to freedom...  
they tend to wash up  
on North American shores.  
This country is the best we've been able  
to do in the history of the planet.  
You can't be serious.

We know our government plays rough.  
Of course it does. All governments do.  
But when you compare it  
to a country like Chile...  
where even the leaders of the opposition  
come from the upper class...  
a guy like me would have no shot.  
My parents, my family,  
they were nothing.  
Now my brother is a publisher.  
My sister is an artist.  
If I do become an elected official,  
I think that has to mean something.  
This is like the patient who describes  
his symptoms as a sign of good health.  
That's ugly, Steven.  
Yes, yes, that is ugly, Steven.  
Reminds me of something  
Sarah would say.  
You're in this conversation  
by yourself, Fielding.  
I'm in this whole fucking room  
by myself...  
and I'm choking on  
the collective sense of superiority!  
I'm just going to Minneapolis  
to drive them around for a few days.  
You're acting like  
I'm leaving you forever.  
If it's only for a few days,  
why are you taking so much stuff?  
Because Seny doesn't have any winter  
clothes, so I'm bringing her some too.  
I do love you, you know.  
You have to love me too.  
Not an image and not an idea.  
And not in spite of who I am.  
We'll be at Our Lady of the Miracle  
by tomorrow afternoon.  
You know...  
most people think  
you all are crazy.  
Most people?  
Or you?

Most people.  
And me.  
The coroner is expected  
to make his initial report.  
As for the young American woman,  
it's not yet officially known...  
but we have learned  
that she was Sarah Williams...  
an activist from Chicago who was also  
working with the sanctuary movement.  
Obviously the death of a young  
American girl on American shores...  
will throw a whole new light  
on both the sanctuary movement...  
and possibly on the government's  
relationship with the Chilean regime.  
I'm Bill Haugland,  
reporting live from Minneapolis.  
Mr. Williams, who do you blame  
for your daughter's death?  
I just want to take Sarah home  
and bury her.  
You're the boyfriend, right?  
The fianc?  
Who do you blame  
for Sarah Williams's death?  
There are times when death  
seems not the will of God...  
but the venal, ugly act of man.  
And these are the times...  
that make us want to raise  
our heads to the heavens and shout.  
Shout loud enough  
to wake the dead.  
Tony has been doing some informal polls.  
Tony has been doing some informal polls.  
And?  
You're slipping.  
You're not behind yet, but you are  
slipping. You have to work harder.  
Come on, Caroline.  
Work harder?  
I went 18 places yesterday.  
My throat is killing me. Come on.

My hand is so swollen I can't put a glove on it. What do you want me to do?  
I want you to put everything out of your mind until after all this is over. Absolutely everything.  
After the election...  
we can be as crazy as we like.  
You can't get there from here...  
but send me and let me work for you.  
Thank you very much.  
Thanks for coming out.  
- You want some more?  
- No, I'm fine.  
You have the will power...  
to have just one glass of this?  
That's good.  
Fuck, yeah, very strong.  
Stay put. Don't say anything interesting. I'll be right back.  
My brother.  
You sure you don't want any of this?  
Because it's good.  
Sorry.  
Is this all we have? Rice cakes?  
I can't stay here tonight.  
What? Where are you going to go?  
A friend's.  
You gonna come back?  
- Yeah, of course.  
- That's very nice of you.  
I'll be back tomorrow.  
You want something special for breakfast?  
I'll fix you  
a sprout omelette or something.  
Do you know what I think?  
I think if you win this election and I don't go to Washington with you...  
in three weeks you won't even know the difference.  
You know what I think?  
I think you're right.  
A chance to see my brother go down the tubes.

- Dan, hey!  
- I'm just kidding.  
If that's the way you feel,  
why did you come here?  
When I took Kim from the massage parlor,  
the Koreans were furious.  
They wanted her back.  
Korean men think  
because Kim run away...  
maybe other girls run away too.  
I can't get involved  
with your shit right now.  
It's either very fucking stupid of you,  
or it's sadistic of you to come here.  
Wait a minute.  
It's not that big a deal.  
You cannot be here.  
I'm in the middle of an election,  
and it's going to be close.  
And when it's close,  
it gets ugly.  
I don't want to have to explain you  
or your girlfriend to anyone anymore.  
Wait. You're a powerful man.  
You have influence.  
Just make a phone call  
or something...  
You're not in my district, Danny.  
I am your fucking district.  
Who do you think made you what you are?  
You are me, you fuck!  
You close the door on me,  
you close the door on yourself.  
So be it then.  
What would you be without us?  
Some repulsive combination of...  
Harvard and the coast guard  
stirred up by Isaac Green...  
and his fucking tight-assed niece.  
I'll get a cloth.  
Goddamn it.  
Did I wake you?  
Yes.  
Who is this?

I'm so sorry, Fielding.  
Every day I had to decide  
whether I should call you.  
I tried to bring you to me.  
Put your name on a little piece  
of paper and I pinned it to my blanket.  
I couldn 't stay where I was.  
I wanted to so badly,  
but I couldn't stay that person.  
I don't think you're  
going to like me anymore.  
What?  
I don't think you're  
going to like me anymore.  
Oh, honey,  
I will always love you.  
- Where are you? Tell me where you are.  
- I'm far away.  
- Tell me where you are and I'll...  
- I can't.  
I can. Tell me where you are.  
Just tell me, please.  
I'm with you.  
Calm.  
Why the fuck is this  
happening to me?  
- Hello?  
- It's Isaac. You'd better come over...  
- Do you want to lose this election?  
- What's the problem?  
You've missed three appearances  
this morning.  
Dayton's poll  
has you in a dead heat.  
Your campaign is out of money,  
and the election's in three days.  
Is that enough?  
Come in. Sit down.  
Whatever problems you two are having  
can be put aside for a while.  
He's not beating us on issues.  
On issues you cream him every time.  
But he's very affable,  
and that comes across.



When he wants to be, you can be  
the most charming man on Earth.  
What are you doing here?  
Why are you here?  
Because I want to be.  
But we're not, you know...  
You left.  
It is stupid to let you throw  
this campaign away when you're so close.  
Do you want to lose this election?  
- Do you realize...  
- I've got to go. I'm sorry.  
- Where do you think you're going?  
- I'm going to go find Sarah.  
You're going to visit her grave?  
- I don't understand. This is crazy.  
- Listen to me, Isaac.  
They didn't bury Sarah.  
It was somebody else.  
They probably realized  
it would help them a great deal...  
if they thought  
they had killed an American.  
Does that make sense?  
You saw her, Caroline!  
- What is happening to him?  
- Didn't you?  
- You got the time, man?  
- What time is it?  
Nice fucking watch you got there.  
Get rid of the watch.  
It should be snowing,  
but that's okay.  
Right about...  
there.  
Turn the light out.  
What do you want me to do?  
What do you want me to do?  
Should I do what they want?  
Is that the right thing?  
You still gonna love me?  
Where did you go?  
Where the fuck did I go?  
A simplified tax code with

radical reductions of write-offs...  
and a thorough reappraisal of  
our endless expenditures on defense.  
When I was given the opportunity...  
to run for Congress...  
I was going to say that...  
I accepted the opportunity because it'd  
give me a chance to serve my country.  
But that's not entirely true.  
The truth is  
that I have wanted this...  
as long as I can remember.  
And when you've wanted  
something that long...  
just getting it becomes  
the most important thing.  
We become dogs chasing a mechanical  
rabbit around a racetrack...  
and what do we do when  
we finally get it in our jaws?  
I do believe...  
that I can make a difference.  
I believe that I can hear the voices  
of the people in difficulty.  
But I must finish...  
by promising to you...  
that if you elect me  
I will do everything I can...  
to protect what is left  
of the best in us...  
from the selfish and the brutal.  
To make this world  
as close to paradise as we can.  
That may not be  
very close at all, but...  
what better way to spend a life  
than crawling toward it.  
Thank you.  
And the 14th district  
is still too close to call.  
We'll keep our eye on this one. It looks  
like it's going right down to the wire.  
Wait, Mom. Hold on.  
- Thank you so much.

- I 'm staying here.  
Stay tuned throughout the evening for  
details on this tightly contested race.  
All we can say now is that  
it's simply too close to call.  
Final tally is in. You won.  
What was the margin?  
614 votes. Congratulations.  
Thanks, Isaac.  
How's it going?  
Well, I 'm here, aren't I?  
The prices in this place  
are obscene.  
Don't worry, Mom.  
It's a sleepwalker books party.  
Expense account money  
is still money...  
and I don't like these places  
playing me for a sucker.  
My family.  
I think I'll kill them.  
Caroline's right. We should  
concentrate on being happy for Fielding.  
Yeah, and then tomorrow  
we can go back to trashing each other.  
There's something that  
I think I should tell you all.  
I'm not feeling very well.  
I haven't been for a while.  
Something inside me  
has jumped the track.  
I'm confused.  
I'm not thinking right.  
I'm not sleeping right.  
And I just don't think I am  
complaining about this...  
or asking for your help...  
because there's nothing  
anyone can do about it.  
It's just happened,  
and that's all there is to it.  
I don't know what I'm going to say  
from one minute to the next.  
I really don't.

I don't know what I'm going to say.  
I don't know what I'm going to do.  
Do you understand that?  
I know this is coming  
at a bad time for everyone...  
but there's nothing  
I can do about that.  
I'm tired...  
and I'm...  
I don't see things  
the way that I used to.  
Everything...  
everything, everything  
is fucking strange...  
and it's all completely out of control,  
and I'm frightened.  
Maybe if you all could give me  
some real help...  
and not your pity or generosity,  
but some help.  
Take a look at me.  
I know I am ruining everything,  
but I can't...  
If I don't say this now,  
I may never say it.  
Everything is going very fast.  
It's going very, very fast.  
It's completely out of control.  
If I don't say it today,  
tomorrow may be too late.  
I may be too crazy  
to even know how crazy I am.  
I don't know what to do!  
I don't know what to do!  
Something has happened to me,  
and I'm very lost!  
And it doesn't stop.  
It's not getting better.  
I don't get better.  
I'm not getting better.  
It's just going on,  
and it's going on.  
And there's nothing  
that I can do about it.

It's not stopping!  
It's not stopping.  
Stupid. Stupid.  
I'm fine. I'm fine.  
I'm fine. I feel better.  
Thanks. I'm okay.  
Don't worry. I'll be okay.  
I'm sorry.  
Sorry. I'll be okay.  
Who is it?  
Did you have to do it like this?  
You ripped my life in half.  
You took away everything that was  
starting to mean something in my life.  
How did you do that?  
Why did you do that?  
Can you stay...  
for a while?  
You need to stop  
talking to people about me.  
It's not safe.  
All right. I won't. I won't.  
Are you all right?  
I'm good.  
I really am.  
I miss you so much.  
I miss you too.  
I'm being so irresponsible.  
I know that I made my decision.  
I kept to it.  
I thought wanting you  
was gonna go away.  
They told me  
it was gonna go away.  
I'm so sorry.  
I'm so sorry.  
Please, don't go.  
Our lives have taken us  
so far apart now.  
It seems wrong  
to think we belong together.  
But I think it.  
I do, too, but...  
I think I know why.

Why?

Because it's what we want.

But...

so few people get what they want.

And the ones that do...

aren't really

the lucky ones anyway.

They're not?

Who are?

The ones that do

what they're meant to.

Can we not talk for a little bit?

I would feel so happy

if you would just hold me.

Let's just pretend that

this is what our lives are like.

This is perfectly natural.

It's no big deal.

I can close my eyes

and let everything else go away.

It's hard what you're doing,

isn't it?

Just hold me.

Dear Congressman Charmichael.

My son is 19 years old.

He was born with

a very low birth weight.

He has never enjoyed good health.

Can you please send me any information

about the rights of adopted children?

Please mark the envelope:

"Top secret. Do not open."

If they knew what I was doing,

they'd kill me.

The American consulate was polite, but

when I went to them with information...

that I had seen his body,

that he had been murdered...

Dear Congressman Pierce.

Congratulations on your election.

I am writing to you

because I am having...

a bad problem

with my Social Security.

I've taken food  
out of the garbage in the hall.  
That money they're  
holding from me is mine.  
I earned it.  
I've done everything that I know how  
to get this problem solved.  
If I could come down to your office  
in Washington...  
I would get down on my knees...  
and I would take your hand...  
and I would beg you.  
Please. Please help me.  
I never saw Sarah again.  
I think I've managed to help  
some people in Congress. Do some good.  
Less than I'd have liked,  
but more than I had feared.  
And to this day I still don't know  
if Sarah was real that night...  
or just the product  
of my broken heart.  
But, Sarah, if you are alive...  
and it was you that night...  
here for one last moment of sweetness  
before going back out...  
to try to make things  
better in the world...  
I can only say...  
keep fighting.  
God be with you.  
I love you.  
And if it wasn't really you...  
if my visit was...  
only the you that  
still lives in my heart...  
the you that never gave up...  
that taught me what  
being brave was all about...  
if it was only the you  
that I will carry with me...  
in my soul until the day I die...  
I can only say...  
keep fighting.

And God be with you.

I love you.

Done by (c) dCd / December 2017