

# **MISSION IN HONDURAS**

*Ricardo Molina Pérez*

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1 EXT. INTERNATIONAL AIRSPACE/JET - DAY 1

LONG over a private jet in full flight among the clouds.

CUT TO

2 INT. PRIVATE JET - SAME TIME 2

Mr. Brown's hand, with a huge gold and rhubarb ring on his ring finger, holds a glass of whiskey with ice. He makes it tinkle.

MR. BROWN (56) and PRISCILLA (29), a spectacular woman dressed to kill, travel side by side in two of the seats. She concentrates in getting her nails fixed.

MR. BROWN

(Leans slightly to the corridor)  
Alfredo! How longer to reach Tegucigalpa?

**IN THE COCKPIT--**

With the door open at the front, ALFREDO (35), the pilot in uniform, at the controls.

ALFREDO

(Turns to the back) Around half an hour, Sir!

**IN THE BACK SEATS--**

Mr. Brown, in his suit, takes a sip of whiskey and leans over to look out the window, while Priscilla is busy with her nails.

CUT TO

3 INT. TEGUCIGALPA AIRPORT/ARRIVALS - SAME TIME 3

The PRIEST (48), beside a BOY (9) and a GIRL (7), both in school uniform. The girl and the boy hold two bouquets of flowers. They are waiting in the airport arrival hall.

The Priest looks at the information board.

PRIEST

They should have landed by now.  
Children, be ready!

The Boy and the Girl nod.

PRIEST

(A bit nervous) Yes, there they are, look out! They're coming!

An AUXILIARY from the airport, 21, with a yellow vest, opens a door to the room and brings Mr. Brown and Priscilla in.

The Priest approaches them with open arms and a big welcoming smile. When he arrives with them, he takes Mr. Brown's hand with both hands and gently bows.

PRIEST

Mr. Brown, good to see you, you are welcome, welcome... Thank you very much for this visit that honors us, that honors all our humble people- Thank you very much-

MR. BROWN

Thank you, Father, thank you.

The Priest now takes the hands of Priscilla with his own.

PRIEST

Miss Priscilla, what an honor! What a great honor!

PRISCILLA

No, Father, the honor is mine- please, mine.

PRIEST

Well, well- Come this way, I'm with a boy and a girl- orphans who want to thank you-

The Priest leads Mr. Brown and Priscilla to the Boy and the Girl.

PRIEST

Here they are-

CHILD

This bouquet is to thank you for your generosity.

GIRL

And this one is for you, thanks to you.

MR. BROWN

Thank you very much, creatures.

PRISCILLA

(Caresses the girl's cheek, then the boy's) Thank you, dear. What are your names?

CHILD

I am Roberto.

GIRL

And my name is Maria.

PRISCILLA

Aha, Roberto and Maria, how nice, yes?

PRIEST

Yes, but let's hurry up, in the town they wait for us, Mr. Brown, Señorita Priscilla, it's only a few miles-

MR. BROWN

Of course, of course, we have no time to waste, we only have a few hours.

PRIEST

Yes, yes, I want to show you all the good you do with your donations to the mission- and they are quite many things- But, please, this way. Children, you come too.

The Priest, accompanied by the Boy and the Girl, leads Mr. Brown and Priscilla to the exit. They walk away through the corridors.

CUT TO

4 EXT. TOWN STREETS / HONDURAS - DAY

A CROWD of villagers, of all ages and both sexes, wave small flags with the bars and stars, on both sides of the street, cheering the newcomers.

A luxury vehicle, bright black in color, passes through.

Inside the car, Mr. Brown and Priscilla greet the people, almost as if they were monarchs in a European country.

CUT TO

5 INT. CAR / VILLAGE STREETS / HONDURAS - CONTINUE

Mr. Brown and Priscilla sit in the direction of the march, while the Priest, Boy and Girl sit in front of them.

PRIEST

Look, look-

The Priest points from one side to another, through the windows of the car, as applicable.

PRIEST

That school- The school was named after him, Philip Brown School, as it was built by his generous gifts.

PRISCILLA

How nice!

PRIEST

Roberto and Maria, they go to that school.

Roberto and Maria nod shyly.

PRIEST

Oh, and there- look, that covered laundry room was built by unemployed people from the village!

Priscilla looks and smiles with approval. Mr. Brown attends somewhat indifferently, idly, as if all that were careless, satisfied only because Priscilla is aware.

PRIEST

Now many countrymen and women use it- that laundry, yes- We had to divert the water from the river, put in pipes. This is the result.

PRISCILLA

Yes, how nice!

CUT TO

6 EXT. TOWN STREETS / HONDURAS - CONTINUED

The vehicle passes by the wash house. The WOMEN who are washing clothes stop for a moment to greet them with smiles that show gaps between their teeth, tanned skin, consumed by the hard life they lead.

CUT TO

7 INT. CAR / VILLAGE STREETS / HONDURAS - CONTINUE

Mr. Brown and Priscilla greet PEOPLE of the town.

PRIEST

Ah, and of course, the children's park, there you are- This time it bears your name, Señorita, yes, Priscilla Williams Park, what do you think?

PRISCILLA

Oh, how cute! (To Mr. Brown) Oh, Philip, so cute! Isn't it, dear?

Mr. Brown nods with indifference and a forced smile. Suddenly, the phone rings in Mr. Brown's pocket. He takes it, looks at the screen in puzzlement and answers.

MR. BROWN

What is it?

The Priest, who wants to show some of the prodigies that their donations brought to the village, nervously represses himself, sees them pass in front of the vehicle without attracting the attention of the donors. Mr. Brown listens with concern.

MR. BROWN

No, that's not possible! No, no, no, no! No! Fuck! Sons of a bitch! No, it's not fucking possible!

Priscilla is embarrassed for a moment, worried that the Boy and the Girl will witness the language of her fiancé.

PRISCILLA

Honey, please, the kids-

With a movement of his hand, Mr. Brown demands her to shut up. The Priest no longer smiles, he looks at Mr. Brown with concern.

MR. BROWN

Ok, ok. We are on our way! Yeah- No- Ok, bye!

Mr. Brown ends the call.

MR. BROWN

(To the Priest) Turn around, please- Tell the driver to get us back to the airport.

PRISCILLA

But- Honey-

PRIEST

(Desolate) Don't tell me that!

MR. BROWN

I'm sorry, business demands my presence. It's an emergency.

PRIEST

We had some very nice surprises prepared for you! (Sorry) It is a real catastrophe!

MR. BROWN

Sorry- I'm sorry about that- (To Priscilla) I'm so sorry, my dear-

The Priest turns and talks to the DRIVER, who stops the car.

PRIEST

(To Mr. Brown) One moment- please, allow me just one minute-

Mr. Brown severely observes the Priest.

The Priest takes his cell phone, dials a number and waits.

PRIEST

(Grumpy) Benito? Yes, it's me- Well, look, we're going to set it off now- Yes, yes, I know there's sunshine and it's daylight! No, listen! Get to the threshing floor right now! Yes, right now! Get ready to turn it on- Yes, yes! As soon as you see us coming! Yes, yes! Thank you.

The Priest ends the call, puts the cell phone away and returns to the Driver.

PRIEST

Okay, let's go!

The driver turns the car over and drives in the opposite direction. Roberto and Maria, Priscilla, the Priest, all keep quiet in disappointment.

CUT TO

8 EXT. TOWN'S WASTELAND / HONDURAS - A LITTLE LATER.

BENITO watches over the exit road of the village, with a lit candle in his hand.

The luxury vehicle, with Mr. Brown and company, takes the exit in the distance.

BENITO turns and lights a powder fuse that burns at full speed.

The fireworks go off.

CUT TO

9 EXT. TOWN ROAD / HONDURAS - CONTINUE

On the road, in the distance, the car advances. Behind it, in the outskirts of the village and over its houses, fireworks explode, a little bit dull against the clouds and the blue sky. Finally, the luxury vehicle passes at full speed and the city remains in solitude, the last explosions of the fires over the roofs and buildings.

FADE OUT