

AVENGING FORCE

(NIGHT HUNTER)

Original Story and Screenplay

By

James Booth

Revised
Shooting Script
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4-4-86

1. EXT. VILLE DE LOUVETTE - DAY

1.

Standing at the edge of a bavou and surrounded by thick jungle, this is a town that civilization has passed by. It is comprised of crude wooden buildings built around a town square. At one end of the square is an ancient French colonial town hall and a small cattle market. To one side is the communal water pump. There are no street lights, no ads, no TV's, no McDonalds and no Safeway's. The streets are unpaved and dusty. The PEOPLE are dirty and inbred. Comprised mostly of MOONSHINERS, OUTLAWS and alligator HUNTERS and their families. All have the same shifty eyes, as if they are hiding some dark secret. Hordes of filthy kids run wild in the street, pursued by mangy dogs.

X SIX MEN armed with shotguns drag two dirty mud stained prisoners, (JACK CAIN and JOE FERRIS) through the main street. Passersby stop to look as the party enters the TOWN HALL. X

2. INT. TOWN HALL DAY

2.

X The door bursts open as the two prisoners are pushed into a darkened room. One of the armed men, a weazily little man in glasses, named SI PARKER, throws two I.D. Badges on a desk. X

PARKER

Jack Cain and Joe Ferris...C.I.A.
Picked 'em up two hours ago in the
swamps - spying.

ADJUST ANGLE SLIGHTLY - TO SEE

the silhouettes of FOUR MEN lurking in the shadows. One of the silhouettes moves forward slightly. It speaks with a voice that sounds like a hissing snake. (His name is is Glastenbury).

SILHOUETTE (GLASTENBURY)

Confirmed?

PARKER

Yessir. They're active agents. Just
like the others.

A shaft of light hits the silhouettes eyed. They stare at the prisoners.

SILHOUETTE (GLASTENBURY)

I don't know why your superiors persist
in sending you people to harrass patriotic
(con't)

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2 cont.

(Continued)

American citizens in this way.
Whatever happened to freedom?

Jack Cain blinks his eyes in the gloom as he thinks he recognizes the owner of the voice.

CAIN

Wait a minute...I know you.

The silhouette steps quickly back into the shadows -- Parker steps forward and knocks Cain to the ground with the butt of his shot gun. Ferris struggles as he sees his friend bleeding on the floor.

FERRIS

You lousy bastards -- you murdered
those agents we found in the swamps!

There's a chuckle from the shadows.

SILHOUETTE (GLASTENBURY)

Murdered them? No! They had a fair chance. We're sportsmen. Those spys were stupid enough to involve themselves in a little game we play. Unfortunately for them -- they lost.

Cain struggles to his feet.

CAIN

What are you talking about?

SILHOUETTE (GLASTENBURY)

Gentlemen, nobody invited you. But since you're here...it's twenty miles to the nearest C.I.A. safe house -- You have a thirty minute start -- Good luck.

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2

He motions with his hand. PARKER opens the door...
CAIN and FERRIS exchange a nervous glance.

SILHOUETTE (GLASTENBURY)
You're wasting time gentlemen.

BOTH MEN EXIT FAST.

There is loud laughter from the shadows. Three more
silhouettes come into focus. Their names are DELANEY,
WALLACE and LAVEL.

2ND SILHOUETTE (DELANEY)
What do you think?

SILHOUETTE (GLASTENBURY)
Half a million each.

2ND SILHOUETTE (DELANEY)
How many bullets?

3RD SILHOUETTE (WALLACE)
No guns. Close range killing for
a change.

4TH SILHOUETTE (LAVEL)
Sounds good to me.

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2. CONTINUED:

2.

All MEMBERS of the hunting fraternity nod in agreement.

SILHOUETTE (GLASTENBURY)

Let's prepare!

3. EXT. VILLE DE LOUVETTE - DAY

3.

The TWO AGENTS, JACK and JOE walking fast through the town looking frequently back to see if they are not being followed.

(CREDITS START TO ROLL)

JACK and JOE make their way to the edge of the forest and enter.

4. INT. PRIVATE ROOMS - DAY (MONTAGE)

4.

(As CREDITS CONTINUE) Several CUTS of the FOUR MEMBERS of the hunting fraternity putting on their NINJA-like UNIFORMS and evil JAPANESE MASKS, then picking up and preparing their weapons. INTERCUT with...

5. EXT. FOREST - DAY (MONTAGE)

5.

(As CREDITS CONTINUE) Several CUTS of JACK CAIN and JOE FERRIS running in the jungle. (END CREDITS)

6. EXT. RANCH - DAY

6.

MATT HUNTER, adroitly maneuvers his HORSE to one side and lassos the BULL, he slides off the HORSE and wrestles down the BULL and ties its hoofs together. As MATT hangs onto the struggling animal, a group of COWHANDS hoot and holler enthusiastically. ABE BARNES, the RANCH FOREMAN stands up in his stirrups.

ABE

Ol' Will Rogers couldn't have done
it better himself....

The BULL struggles frantically. MATT hangs on for dear life.

SARAH (O.S.)

Oh, Matt, stop playing with that bull...
We'll be late.

MATT looks up to see SARAH HUNTER, his younger sister. She is twelve years old. Next to her stands JIMMY HUNTER, their grandfather. He's a tough old buzzard in his early seventies.

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6.

SARAH

I thought we were going to have an early start. I'm already dressed and you're still rolling around in the dirt.

JIMMY

X We better go, Matt, it's a long drive to New Orleans. We mustn't be late for the Mardi Gras....Uncle Larry X is counting on you.

MATT shakes his head in amusement. Laughing COWHANDS run forward and grab the BULL. MATT gets up to dust himself down. He moves over to SARAH, kisses her on top of her head and gives her a hug.

MATT

Okay, honey...I'll just get my things.

SARAH

You better take a quick shower and put on a clean shirt while I finish making the coffee. *

She runs excitedly into the house, shouting over her shoulder.

SARAH

Make him hurry up, Grandpa!

She goes into the house followed by MATT and JIMMY.

7. INT. RANCH HOUSE - MATT'S DEN - DAY

7.

A LARGE ROOM with WOODEN BEAMS, rich dark panels on the walls, thick rustic throw rugs on the floor.

MATT dries his hair and throws the towel on the bed. HE puts on a clean shirt and moves to his desk. On the wall around the desk are various photographs of him in combat fatigues with groups of tough looking MEN. On the same wall is a glass cabinet containing a CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR.

X and several rifles. MATT opens the drawer of his desk, and takes out a SILVER FRAMED PHOTO of himself, SARAH and their parents. He is saddened by the memories.

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7.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Better let them go, Matt...

MATT is startled by the voice. HE turns to JIMMY.

MATT
I'm trying, grandpa...but everytime
I look at Sarah...

JIMMY
Don't blame yourself, Matt, it
wasn't your fault...

SARAH pops her head around the DOOR and breaks the moment.

SARAH
C'mon, you guys...let's get this
show on the road.

MATT
Yep...let's go!

MATT puts the PHOTO back in the DRAWER.

8. EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

8.

MATT'S custom built, high wheeled TRUCK stands outside.
MATT, SARAH and JIMMY climb in. ABE BARNES, and a GROUP
of COWHANDS see them off.

ABE
You all have a good time now.
Y'hear? And congratulate Mr.
Richards on leading the big parade.

MATT
I will...

MATT puts the TRUCK in gear and it zooms away.

SARAH
'Bye!

FADE IN:

9. EXT. FOREST - DAY

9.

Sunray shafts down through the dense forests of cypress, live oak, and elm overhanging the sun-dappled waters of the lazy winding Bayous. Misty curtains of Spanish moss create a dreamy atmosphere of semi-twilight. The SILENCE is SHATTERED. Clouds of SCREAMING BIRDS spiral up into the sky. JACK CAIN and JOE FERRIS, the TWO CIA AGENTS come charging through the mangrove trees. One has a bloody wound in his side. Both are on the edge of collapse...they pause for a moment, gasping for breath.

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9. FERRIS winces as he tries to close the bloody gash in his side. There is a SOUND in the bushes behind them. CAIN the stronger of the TWO, grabs FERRIS and drags HIM off into the forest. 9. Con't. Con't.

X A very tall MAN, pads through the undergrowth like a wild animal, pursuing it's game. He wears a grotesque MASK and carries a bloodstained stabbing SPEAR. He spots the blood drops on the ground and continues on this way. X

The MASKED MAN runs along the banks of a Bayou. He doesn't see CAIN and FERRIS hiding between the roots of a mangrove tree, up to their necks in water.

As he passes OUT OF SHOT, CAIN and FERRIS climb up the bank of the bayou and run in the other direction. We SEE CAIN and FERRIS running through the trees gasping for breath.

10. EXT. FOREST - TOP OF A SMALL HILL - DAY 10.

X A FIGURE sits on a BLACK STALLION watching them. The CREATURE is dressed head to foot in a Nightmarish outfit and carries a medieval mace. X

HIS beady EYES watching CAIN and FERRIS approach. Then, with a BLOOD-CURDLING YELL, HE raises his mace and charges.

CAIN and FERRIS are transfixed for a moment as the apparition bears down on them. BEAT. Then CAIN shakes himself out of his stupor, looks around wildly for a means of escape. HE SEES a swamp to his right. HE grabs FERRIS and makes a dash for it.

Suddenly, the MAN is on them. Flailing mace, flashing hoofs, terrified faces. FERRIS is hit, spurting blood, a desperate chase in the mud. The STALLION slips, the MAN swears as its prey escapes across the swamp.

CAIN and FERRIS swim a bayou, climb the bank and continue running. FERRIS staggers and falls. CAIN drags him to his feet.

CAIN

C'mon.

FERRIS

I'm beat.

CAIN

Not yet, you're not!

HE picks FERRIS up and carries HIM on HIS shoulders.

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11. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST - DAY

11.

CAIN staggers along, carrying the dying FERRIS over HIS shoulder. HE stops for breath, lays FERRIS on the ground and moves to the nearby Bayou to get him water. As HE bends down, there is a flash of movement.

X A MONSTROUS MAN wearing a MASK shaped like the head of an insect suddenly strikes out of the undergrowth and starts to strangle CAIN. There is a frenzied battle as CAIN fights for his life. FERRIS staggers to his feet, grabs a nearby rock, decks the MAN and collapses. X

CAIN fights for consciousness, then crawls over to FERRIS. It's too late. FERRIS is dead.

The MAN stirs and shakes his head.

CAIN knows there's no time to waste. HE closes his friend's eyes.

CAIN
Thanks, ol' buddy.

CAIN struggles to his feet and runs for his life.

12. VARIOUS ANGLES - FOREST - DAY

12.

CAIN running. The branches tearing at his body. Specks of BLOOD mingle with the saliva that bubbles around his lips.

X A MAN in a DEMON MASK watches CAIN from the top of a tree. HE slides down and follows. X

CAIN, staggering along, gasping for breath. The demon follows, running with a supernatural speed. One minute he's behind CAIN, then in front of him. HE seems to be here, there and everywhere, always watching.

Cain struggles over a rocky outcrop, his feet and hands like raw meat. HE reaches the top and rolls down the other side to finish up on the bank of the wide Bayou Broussard. He staggers up. Looking ahead he SEES:

The small CAJUN town of VILLE PLATTE, half a mile downstream.

HE laughs with relief, wades into the Bayou and starts swimming towards the town.

CONTINUED:

12. The DEMON suddenly rises out of the water in front of 12.
 Con't. him. HE THROWS A WIRE GARROTTE AROUND CAIN'S neck. CAIN
 manages to get one hand between the wire and his neck. The
 DEMON twists the wire. CAIN thrashes about in the water
 like a fish on a hook. X

The DEMON with one final twist of the wire, applies the
 coup de grace and drags the twitching CAIN to the Bayou
 bank. HE pulls out a SILVER HUNTING HORN and BLOWS.

After a few seconds, the other THREE MEN come charging out
 of the trees, tearing off their masks.

The FIRST MAN, LAVALL, is extremely tall. Cajun French. HIS
 FACE is covered in SCARS. The SECOND MAN, DELANEY, is all-
 American. Young, sleek, good-looking. The THIRD MAN is a
 blond with a crew-cut, built like MR. UNIVERSE. It is WALLACE.

The DEMON, (GLASTENBURY) is older than the rest. Elegantly
 satanic Anglo Saxon. HE gives the wire another twist so that
 CAIN's body gives one final twitch. His is the snake-like
 voice we heard. X

GLASTENBURY

Gentlemen, I give you Mr. Jack
 Cain. Late of the United States
 Secret Service. You owe me a half
 million dollars, each, I think.

The blonde MAN laughs.

WALLACE

Didn't have time to get to the bank,
 ol' buddy. Will you take our I.O.U.'s?

GLASTENBURY

Certainly. If I can't trust my
 friends, who can I trust?

Then, with a show of immense strength, HE lifts CAIN's
 body to its feet with one hand.

GLASTENBURY

(continuing)

Gentlemen, to the Pentangle
 Hunting Fraternity...

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CONTINUED:

13. INT. MATT HUNTER'S TRUCK

13.

MATT drives with one hand and eats a large sandwich with the other. JIMMY peels an APPLE. SARAH fiddles with the RADIO. SHE decides there is nothing worth listening to and switches it off.

SARAH

I guess Mr. Richards will be making speeches and stuff before the Mardi Gras.

MATT

I guess.

SARAH thinks for a moment. The prospect doesn't please her.

SARAH

Yuck! Why did he go into politics anyway?

*

MATT

He wants to make this world a better place.

SARAH

Golly, he's got himself a hell of a job.

*

*

JIMMY

C'mon, chatter box. Have some coffee...

14. EXT. TRUCK - DAY

14.

Travelling through rolling countryside; the SOUND OF SINGING comes from inside.

15. INT. MATT'S TRUCK - DAY

15.

GRANDPA JIMMY drives. HE and SARAH sing "WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME" at the top of their voices. MATT pulls his hat over his eyes and tries to sleep.

SARAH

C'mon, Matt...Sing!

MATT

If I sing, this truck'll fall to pieces.

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16. EXT. MATT'S TRUCK

16.

It disappears around a bend in the road. The SOUND of SINGING FADES with it.

CUT TO:

17. EXT. — RICHARDS' HOUSE - DAY

17.

A neat white wooden framed house overlooking the banks of the Mississippi.

X LARRY RICHARDS, a fine-looking BLACK MAN in his early thirties stands on his front porch with his WIFE, DAISY, and his TWO handsome SONS, LARRY, JR. and JEFF. LARRY is about eleven, JEFF is about eight. X

As the FAMILY watch MATT'S truck approach, LARRY RICHARDS gives a few last minute instructions.

RICHARDS

Okay, guys. Best behavior now.
Especially you, Jeff.

The little GUY rubs his nose boxer style.

JEFF

Me!?

DAISY RICHARDS smiles and pats HIM on the head.

DAISY

Yeah, you!

MATT'S truck pulls up in the driveway. MATT, SARAH and JIMMY pile out. There is a happy meeting. AD LIB the moment, EST. NAMES.

MATT

Look at the size of these guys here. What do you feed 'em all, Daisy?

DAISY

Anything I can lay my hands on...
My, just look at Sarah.

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17.

RICHARDS

She's gonna break a lotta hearts,
Matt.

SARAH beams with pleasure. MATT gives her a little squeeze.

MATT

Tell me about it...

MATT shapes up to young JEFF.

MATT

How's the ol' karate coming on?

JEFF

Wanna take me on?

JEFF leaps around, yelling like BRUCE LEE, to everyone's amusement.

RICHARDS

Careful, boy. You messin' with the
champ.

JEFF gives a huge yell and does a backward somersault off
the wall. EVERYONE LAUGHS.

DAISY

C'mon, let's go inside and eat
before this kid does himself an
injury.

18. INT. RICHARDS HOUSE - DINING ROOM- DAY

18.

Spotless, simply furnished. EVERYONE sits around eating
a huge meal. DAISY supervises the whole thing like a
mother hen.

JIMMY

You still the best cook in the
world, Daisy.

DAISY

That's 'cause I get a lotta
practice.

GRANDPA JIMMY bites into a turkey leg.

CONTINUED:

18. CONTINUED:

18.

JIMMY

How's the politicking going,
Larry?

*

RICHARDS

Ain't easy.

*

DAISY

It's going too well for some
people, though...

DAISY flicks a look at RICHARDS. HE shakes his head at HER.

RICHARDS

C'mon, Daisy, this isn't the time
to bring that stuff up.

DAISY

(urgent)
Why not? When someone's been
threatening your life!!

MATT

Who?

RICHARDS dismisses the question.

RICHARDS

Ah...bunch of weirdos....

DAISY

Call themselves Pentangle.

MATT frowns.

MATT

Pentangle?

RICHARDS

Nah, don't worry about it, in
this game crank calls are par
for the course...c'mon...

DAISY gives MATT a worried look.

RICHARD raises his glass.

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18.

RICHARDS

Here's to the young people...
The future of America. God bless
them.

They all drink a toast.

RICHARDS

(continuing)

Now, let's get ready for the Mardis
Gras.

ALL THE KIDS

Yeah!!!

X
CUT TO:

19. INT. MEN'S CHANGING ROOM - CITY HALL

MATT and RICHARDS are changing into fancy dress. RICHARDS
supporters move IN AND OUT OF THE SHOT, wishing him good
luck.

MATT

Long way from the old days, eh?

RICHARDS

Yeah...Thank God!

MATT

What about those threats? You
should at least call Admiral
Brown, get some secret service
protection.

RICHARDS

Nah...those guys have already
got more business than they can handle.
Besides, I always put my life in
the hands of the Almighty.

MATT

Not always. I remember the days
when you rather trusted the gun.

RICHARDS

Well, I'm glad these days are
far gone.

MATT

You've changed alot, Larry boy.

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19.
Con't.

RICHARDS

I guess. But I can hardly walk around preaching love and peace, surrounded by armed men, can I? Besides, I'm now doing something I really feel good about...helping people. And that beats the hell out of being a secret service agent.

19

MATT

You think so?

RICHARDS

I know so!...What about you?

MATT

I don't know.

RICHARDS

What do you mean, you don't know?

MATT

Look, you left the service because you wanted to. I had to leave. It's different!

RICHARDS smiles and puts his arm around MATT.

RICHARDS

Yea. C'mon pal. Let's get this sucker on the road.

20 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY - (PARADE)

20

LARRY RICHARDS, FAMILY and SUPPROTERS appear, followed by MATT, SARAH and GRANDPA JIMMY, close behind.

SARAH looks at MATT.

SARAH

Isn't it wonderful?

MATT surveys the crowds. He looks a little anxious.

MATT

Yeah...

Marching BANDS, COWBOYS on HORSEBACK, JUGGLERS, TUMBLERS, CLOWNS, DANCING DOGS, ASSORTED ZANIES, EXOTIC FLOATS, massive CROWDS all dressed in way-out fancy dress and, above all....JAZZ.

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20.

The MARSHALLS hold back the throng as RICHARDS and his Royal Court climb onto a large FLOAT decorated with white roses.

MATT and GROUP climb onto the second float.

X LARRY RICHARDS picks up the bullhorn, gathers his FAMILY around HIM. He signals for quiet.

RICHARDS

Ladies and gentlemen, I wanna introduce you to my lovely Queen, Daisy Richards, and my two wonderful boys, Larry and Pete Richards.

The CROWD again ROARS.

RICHARDS looks down at the JAZZ BAND in front of him and yells:

RICHARDS

This is it, Brothers and Sisters.
Let the Mardi Gras commence!!

The MUSIC starts with a bang.

21. EXT. STREET - - VARIOUS ANGLES.

21.

One enormous PARADE. EVERYBODY having a ball. The JAZZ BAND leads the way. RICHARDS and the ROYAL COURT on their float. The CROWD showers them with FLOWERS. MATT, SARAH and GRANDPA JIMMY on next float. The rest of the parade bounces along behind. MATT, worried, his EYES searching the CROWD.

22. EXT. CORNER OF STREETS -

22.

EST. TWO BLACK GALs with babies in prams. They dance with the merry makers and sing to their babies.

23. EXT. RICHARDS FLOAT -

23.

The JAZZ BAND struts while RICHARDS grandstands to the CROWD. DAISY and the BOYS stand proudly each side of him. CROWD MARSHALLS and ADMIRERS dance alongside. CHANGE FOCUS TO SECOND FLOAT.

MATT keeps a sharp EYE on the CROWD. SARAH and GRANDPA JIMMY throw colored STREAMERS high into the air.

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24. EXT. ROADSIDE CAFE -

24.

A weasely little MAN dressed as a MOUSE with a long tail stands half hidden in the shadows of a doorway. HIS little EYES dart about behind wire spectacles as the PARADE approaches. It is PARKER.

25. EXT. THE FLOATS - VARIOUS SHOTS -

25.

RICHARDS blowing kisses to his cheering admirers and dancing with his son LARRY. DAISY and JEFF laugh and clap in rhythm to the MUSIC. In the second FLOAT, MATT WATCHES the CROWD and the ROOFTOPS around HIM. HE frowns. RICHARDS is far too vulnerable.

HE turns to GRANDPA JIMMY.

MATT

Look after Sarah. I'm going up front for a while.

JIMMY

Sure, Matt.

SARAH

Oh, Matt...

MATT

Won't be long.

MATT jumps off the FLOAT and pushes his way to CHARLIE JACKSON, the CHIEF CROWD MARSHALL.

MATT

Has LARRY got any protection round here at all?

CHARLIE

Protection? You kiddin'?
This is a party, man.
Yahoo!!

The MUSIC gets wilder and wilder. CHARLIE dances around like a crazy MAN.

MATT looks on, more anxious by the minute.

26. EXT. STREETCORNER -

The TWO BLACK GALs dance with their BABIES in the PRAMS. A GROUP of party animals arrives, pet the BABIES and dance with the BLACK GALs.

The JAZZ BAND and PARADE snake towards them.

27. EXT. ROADSIDE CAFE -

27.

PARKER leaves his doorway and runs along side the front FLOAT, adjusting his SPECTACLES as HE goes.

28. EXT. THE FLOATS -

28.

RICHARDS, DAISY, LARRY and JEFF link arms and dance together. The CROWD showers them with ROSE PETALS.

MATT'S EYES scan the dancing CROWD. PARKER moves INTO SHOT behind HIM.

29. EXT. STREET CORNER -

29.

The TWO BLACK GALS leave the party animals and push their PRAMS to the front of the CROWD. PARKER appears. He pets the BABIES, scratches his whiskers and makes mouse NOISES.

Suddenly, the PARADES at the corner of the street. The TWO BLACK GALS pull their BABIES out of the PRAMS and hold them up as if to get a better view of the great MAN.

FOUR of the BANK jostle against the PRAM.

Several HANDS slip into the PRAMS nad pull out wicked-looking machine PISTOLS.

The BLACK GALS disappear into the crowd.

The FOUR JAZZ MEN spin round, FIRING wildly from the hip.

CHARLIE JACKSON and several of RICHARD'S Associates explode all over the white ROSES, their blood running down the gutters. PEOPLE are SCREAMING.

MATT tries to fight his way to the GUNMEN, but is bowled over by the panicking crowd.

GRANDPA JIMMY drags SARAH to the floor of the FLOAT.

The GUNMEN move towards RICHARDS, firing as they go. RICHARDS steps forward to take the bullets. The GUNMAN pulls the trigger. RICHARDS' son, LARRY JR., hurls himself in front of his FATHER.

LARRY JR.

No! No!

The bullets smash into LARRY JR's chest, knocking him off the float onto the street.

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29 CONTINUED:

29.

With a soul-shattering yell, RICHARDS leaps off the float and cradles his SON in his arms. DAISY and JEFF stand on the float, screaming hysterically.

X PARKER hides behind a mailbox. HE seems to be X shouting orders to the GUNMEN.

MATT HUNTER extricates himself from under a dead MOTORCYCLE COP, looks around quickly.

HE SEES GRANDPA JIMMY pull SARAH safely behind the second float.

MATT knows SARAH is okay. HE leaps up and dives through a hail of SMALL ARMS FIRE, grabs DAISY and JEFF, and pulls them under the float.

X LARRY RICHARDS trying to stop LARRY JUNIOR's bleeding. X

MATT crawls out, grabs RICHARDS and his son and pulls them under the float. RICHARDS, soaked in his SON'S blood cries out.

RICHARDS
Oh, Lord, please don't let my
boy die.

MATT bites his lip in desperation.

Dead FACES stare at him through a firestorm of running legs. The noise of GUN FIRE and SCREAMS rends the air. HE SEES the legs of GUNMEN moving around the float, looking for RICHARDS, to finish him off.

An ASSASSIN'S face suddenly appears, the owner's HAND clutching a smoking pistol.

MATT knocks the head off it's shoulders with one sharp kick. HE grabs the pistol, quickly rolls to the other side of the float, pops up and BLOWS another gun-toting JAZZMAN to kingdom come.

The remaining TWO GUNMEN turn in surprise, looking straight down the muzzle of MATT'S gun. ONE GUY drops his gun and runs, the other one lets off a FEW SHOTS before his machine PISTOL jams. HE, too, turns and runs. MATT severs his spine with ONE shot.

HE looks around for the FOURTH ASSASSIN.

The ASSASSIN struggles to start the dead COP'S bike. It fires, leaps over a pile of BODIES and careens through the hysterical CROWD.

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CONTINUED:

30. EXT. CUL DE SAC -

30.

The ASSASSIN finds himself in a cul de sac. Screaming PEOPLE run for their lives.

The ASSASSIN turns the BIKE and goes back the way he came.

31. EXT. BACK TO STREET CORNER -

31.

MATT climbs onto the float and watches the ASSASIN coming down the street towards him at ninety miles an hour. HE raises the PISTOL and aims it between the GUY'S eyes.

The ASSASSIN catches a glimpse of MATT standing on the float. HE aims the BIKE at a small ramp built for handicapped people to get a better view.

The BIKE zooms up the ramp and flies through the air and over the float.

MATT HUNTER follows its progress all the way. When the bike is at its highest point, MATT pulls the trigger.

The ASSASSIN'S head disintegrates, his body comersaulting one way, the bike the other. The bike disappears through a shop front and EXPLODES.

HE looks around to survey the damage. The SCENE resembles a battlefield. HE jumps down, grabs some AMMO from the dead GUNMAN, and reloads the PISTOL. The WEASEL in the MOUSE COSTUME throws a look of hate at HUNTER, then scurries away.

LARRY, RICHARDS, DAISY, JEFF and MATT HUNTER stand by LARRY. Ambulance SIRENS wail in the BG. MATT rolls up his jacket and puts it under LARRY RICHARDS' head. HE sees that the BOY is dying.

RICHARDS

Please, Matt. What can I do?

MATT looks away, fighting his emotions. HE sees GRANDPA JIMMY holding SARAH safely behind the other float. A few shell-shocked PEOPLE wander INTO SHOT.

Suddenly, there's a burst of GUNFIRE from a rooftop. The CROWD again dives for cover. MATT looks around as BULLETS RICOCHET off the pavement around him. HE SEES gun flashes from the roof.

HE leaps up, runs to the building, and climbs quickly up the balconies to the roof.

(REVISED 3/27/86)

CONTINUED:

32. DELETED 32.

33. EXT. ROOF - 33.

X MATT draws his gun and looks around. The ROOF is empty except for a MOUSE COSTUME and a FEW SHELLS. HE looks over the side of the ROOF into the Street. HE sees PARKER running through the CROWD. PARKER turns and looks up at HIM for a second. X

CLOSE UP PARKER...Weasely little face, moustache, wire spectacles. He snarles.

MATT tries to line up a shot at HIM, but the street is suddenly full of AMBULANCES, POLICE CARS, MEDIA VANS. POLICE HELICOPTERS fly overhead.

Then, PARKER dissappears into the crowd... MATT leaps off the roof into the street.

34. EXT. STREETS - 34.

MATT chases PARKER through the streets and alleys, but he manages to escape down a manhole cover. MATT gives up the search and makes his way back to RICHARDS.

35. EXT. BACK AT STREET CORNER - 35.

RICHARDS tries frantically to give LARRY mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. MATT ENTERS.

MATT leans over gently.

MATT
He's dead, Larry --

RICHARDS nods and raises his head to the sky.

RICHARDS
Jesus. Why didn't you take me?

HE suddenly sees his WIFE and other SONS' agony. HE wipes away his tears, gets up, goes to them and holds them tight.

MATT'S eyes reflect deep sorrow.

SARAH and GRANDPA JIMMY run INTO SHOT. SARAH holds onto MATT. MATT pulls her close.

SARAH
Oh, Matt. Why? Why?

MATT'S eyes change from sorrow to blazing anger.

(REVISED 3/29/86)

CONTINUED:

35. CONTINUED:

35.

Platoons of COPS, armed to the teeth, push back the CROWDS and seal off the street. AMBULANCES pick up the dead and dying.

X LARRY'S body is lifted onto a stretcher. MEDIA CAMERAS X
whir, REPORTERS try to get statements from the heart broken
RICHARDS FAMILY. MATT pushes them away.

MATT

Get lost.

As the AMBULANCE DOOR closes on the RICHARDS family, the MEDIA attention is suddenly turned on MATT. A dozen CAMERAS move in to get CLOSE SHOTS.

REPORTER #1

Who are you, man? You a friend
of Richards?

MATT

Yes. Leave them alone.

REPORTER #1

What's your name, sir?

MATT

Excuse me.

MATT gets into a police car with SARAH and GRANDPA JIMMY.
The DOOR closing finishes the SHOT.

CUT TO:

36. EXT. ALLEY - PHONE BOOTH - SUNSET

36.

X PARKER runs down the alley to a telephone. HE looks X
nervously over his shoulder, then dials a number.

37. INT. LAFAYETTE ATHLETIC CLUB - NIGHT

37.

CLUB MEMBERS fill the Kendo gym bleachers watching TWO MEN engaged in a stunning battle. Both MEN are incredible swordsmen. the MEMBERS enthusiastically applaud every brilliant move.

A liveried SERVANT ENTERS the gym and waits patiently by the DOOR for the bout to finish.

There's a flurry of thrusts and counter thrusts as the larger of the TWO MEN, WALLACE, tries to disarm the smaller, DELANEY. The CROWD gasps. They stand and break out into spontaneous applause.

Revised (3/29/86)

CONTINUED:

37. CONTINUED:

37.

The TWO MEN throw away their Kendo masks, acknowledge the applause, and, laughing happily, hug each other like brothers.

These are two of the HUNTERS we saw in the first SCENE. The Larger MAN is the blonde MR. UNIVERSE. The smaller, the sleek, good-looking one. The REFEREE moves forward lightheartedly.

REFEREE

There you are, ladies and gentlemen. Two of the world's great swordsmen and martial artists. Commander Jeb Wallace...the man who taught the Japs karate...

(laughs)

...also holder of the world "iron Man" championship....

X APPLAUSE. FLASH BULBS POP --

REFEREE

(continuing)

And, of course, Lafayette's own Terry Delaney, brilliant Captain of the U.S. Olympic Team.

Everyone APPLAUDS again rapturously.

REFEREE

(continuing)

I'd just like to say we're lucky to have Jeb with us tonight. As founder and President of Texas Chemical, he's here representing the Federation of American Chemical Manufacturers. Terry, you all know, as the South's youngest Senator and President of the Millionaire's Club of America.

DELANEY laughs.

DELANEY

Wow! Sounds good!

X The AUDIENCE LAUGHS and APPLAUDS again. Several move forward to get their autographs. More Flash Bulbs pop.

WALLACE and DELANEY signing autographs. The liveried SERVANT moves INTO THE SHOT and hands DELANEY a note. The hint of a FROWN covers DELANEY'S face. then he smiles.

Revised (3/29/86)

CONTINUED:

37. CONTINUED:

37.

DELANEY

Gotta go, folks. Jeb and me
have a very important dinner
engagement tonight. Would you
excuse us?

VOICES IN CROWD

Sure, Jerry. When are you gonna
run for President?

DELANEY

(laughs)
Gimme time.

HE moves WALLACE towards the DOOR. WALLACE waves at the crowd.

WALLACE

Take care now, y'hear?

38. INT. BANQUETING HALL - NIGHT

38.

ELLIOT GLASTENBURY, an immaculate international figure,
President of the giant "Dectal Corporation", stands at
the head table addressing a thousand members of the "America
Survival Association", each one having paid a thousand
dollars a plate for the privilege of hearing this charismatic
speaker speak. The last time we saw GLASTENBURY, he was
killing JACK CAIN in the Lousiana Bayous.

Next to HIM, dressed in a blue velvet tuxedo, sits the tall
CAJUN with the scarred face. His name is CHARLES LAVALL.
He is President of "South East Resources Inc.", the biggest
oil and mineral speculators in Dixie.

At the moment, the AUDIENCE is spellbound by GLASTENBURY'S
presence and eloquence.

GLASTENBURY

...They call us paranoid. Why?
Because we want to survive the
economic collapse?...
You all know it's coming, don't
you?
...rioting in the streets...
...civil disorder...can't you
just see it?...
Dope crazed savages...Gangs of
nigger rapists. Sniveling
politicians intent on enforcing
gun control.

(REVISED MARCH 31, 1986)
CONTINUED:

38. CONTINUED:

38.

GLASTENBURY

(continuing)

Commie guerillas in Central America pointing their guns north...just waiting to cross the Rio Grande to terrorize your neighborhood. First, they'll take Mexico...then what? More than twenty million Mexicans live in the states of California, Arizona and Texas alone! What happens when they decide they want to join the People's Republic of Mexico! Then what?! No way, my friends...each one of us has the constitutional right to bear arms. It is our duty to do so as efficiently as we know how...to become soldiers in the cause of freedom and the American way of life. So...when these yellow belly liberals try to hand our country over to the goddamn reds without a fight... we can, with an iron fist, say No! No! No!

The AUDIENCE STAMPS and CHEERS wildly.

GLASTENBURY and LAVALL, shaking hands and grandstanding to the CROWD.

A sweaty FAT MAN ENTERS SHOT, nervously hands GLASTENBURY a note and exits quickly.

He reads the note. For a second his smile turns to a look of extreme fury. Then HE smiles again.

LAVALL

What happened?

GLASTENBURY

They missed!

CUT TO:

39. INT. GENERAL HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

39.

MATT, LARRY RICHARDS and GROUP. LARRY sits on a settee, his head buried in his hands. DAISY is asleep on a bed. A DOCTOR throws a syringe into a tray. A NURSE covers DAISY with a blanket.

(REVISED MARCH 31, 1986)

CONTINUED:

39. CONTINUED:

39.

DOCTOR

Now, she'll have a good sleep.
Give the nervous system time to get
over the shock.

RICHARDS nods. HE stands and wipes away his tears.

RICHARDS

Matt. Jeff and me'll stay with
her tonight. Here's the key to
the house. See you tomorrow.

MATT nods.

MATT

I'm so sorry, Larry...I don't
know what to say.

40. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

40.

Dozens of armed POLICE guard the ward. GROUPS of plainclothes
DETECTIVES stand around, deep in conversation.

MATT, SARAH and GRANDPA JIMMY exit the ward. SARAH holds
tightly onto MATT. A young MAN in thick horn-rimmed glasses,
wearing a Brooks Brothers' suit, ENTERS SHOT. His name is
T.C. COOPER.

T.C. COOPER

Good evening, sir. T.C. Cooper,
F.B.I. I've been told to report
to you.

MATT

Where were you when we needed you?

T.C. COOPER is too embarrassed to answer the question.

MATT

(continuing)

Okay, take us back to the Richards
place.

41. EXT. LARRY RICHARDS' HOUSE - NIGHT

41.

TWO CARS park in the driveway. MATT, SARAH, GRANDPA JIMMY and
F.B.I. AGENT get out and move to the front DOOR.

They stop in their tracks as they SEE:

Painted across the DOOR in RED LETTERS is a message:

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED,
TRY, TRY AGAIN."

(REVISED MARCH 31, 1986)

CONTINUED:

41. CONTINUED:

41.

MATT turns to COOPER.

MATT
Get that off of there.

COOPER
Yessir!

MATT and GROUP ENTER the house.

42. INT. RICHARDS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

42.

The lights flood on. MATT and group ENTER. THEY stand and stare. The place has been SMASHED ot matchwood. Obsenities and filth have been daubed all over the wall.

JIMMY
Bastards!

Without a word, MATT moves over to the TELEPHONE. HE dials a number.

43. INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS

- NIGHT

43.

A TALL MAN in his late forties stands studying a wall map. SEVERAL C.I.A. OFFICERS move nervously around him. A desk phone RINGS. A YOUNG OFFICER picks it up.

OFFICER
Admiral. It's for you, sir. Matt Hunter.

ADMIRAL REED BROWN, Head of the Secret Service, a relentless enemy of all things un-American, picks up the phone

ADMIRAL BROWN
Matthew, that you?

INTERCUT. ADMIRAL BROWN. MATT HUNTER.

MATT
Yeah, it's me.

ADMIRAL BROWN
Thank god...I hoped you'd be calling in. How's Richards holding up?

MATT
How the hell do you think?

43. CONTINUED:

43.

ADMIRAL BROWN
Look, we've got a jet standing
by. You remember the old safe
house downtown. We'll be there
in about two hours.

MATT
Okay, and find out all you
can about some crank group who
call themselves Pentangle. Okay!?

E.C.U. ADMIRAL BROWN.

ADMIRAL BROWN
Sure, Matt.

44. INT. BACK IN RICHARDS HOUSE - NIGHT

44.

MATT puts down the phone and glares at T.C. COOPER.

MATT
Get this place cleaned up.

COOPER
Yessir.

MATT moves over to SARAH and GRANDPA JIMMY.

MATT
Make some coffee for the guys,
will you, Grandpa?

GRANDPA JIMMY
Sure, Matt.

MATT takes SARAH aside. SHE cries gently on his shoulder.

MATT
I gotta go out for a while,
honey. Grandpa will look after
you.

SARAH
You'll be back by the morning,
won't you?

MATT
Sure...don't worry...

MATT kisses SARAH and EXITS.

(REVISED MARCH 31, 1986)

45. EXT. WAREHOUSE DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

45.

MATT stops his TRUCK in front of the warehouse. Gets out and ENTERS the building.

Across the street is a Pontiac, parked, with TWO C.I.A. AGENTS sitting inside watching the DOOR to the building. One of them picks up a RADIO TRANSMITTER.

AGENT

It is Hunter, Sir. He is coming in.

46. INT. C.I.A. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

46.

CLOSE SHOT. ADMIRAL BROWN holds a RADIO TRANSMITTER in his hand and talks into it as HE moves to the DOOR.

ADMIRAL BROWN

Okay...Let him in!

PULL BACK. WE SEE the room is illuminated by hundreds of tiny LIGHTS twinkling from banks of space age COMPUTERS. A giant TV SCREEN fills one wall. ADMIRAL BROWN joins TWO middle-aged MEN. THEY talk urgently. THEY stop as they see MATT. ADMIRAL REED BROWN greets him like an old friend.

ADMIRAL BROWN

Matthew, good to see you. What a lousy business this is...

(he introduces the other men)

You know General Wyatt, Counter Intelligence. Charlie Kray, F.B.I.?

MATT nods and shakes hands with them.

BROWN

(continuing)

Gentlemen...Captain Matt Hunter. Despite his youth one of the best agents my department ever had. He and Richards both left us to enjoy lazy and boring civilian lives in the country. *

*

*

MATT waves aside the compliment and gets straight to the point.

MATT

Admiral, why was Larry Richards running around without Secret Service protection?

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CONTINUED:

46 CONTINUED:

46

BROWN

Goddamn it Matt, he refused it.
We warned him of the danger a
hundered times.

MATT

What about Pentagle?

BROWN

They're some kinda secret society
with extreme right wing views.
Survival of the fittest. Might is
right. That kinda stuff. Their
symbol is a five-pointed star - a
pentangle. We think the pentangle
represents the five members of the
society's inner sanctum. Problem is we don't
know who the hell they are.

*
*

KRAY

We've been after them for years,
Matt.

MATT

How do they operate?

BROWN

Buried deep inside big business,
disguised as honest traders. But
really, they're into every dirty
racket in the book. Including
arms dealing, distributing adult-
erated food and drugs, wire and
mail fraud. You name it, they do
it...anything to raise money for
the movement. Problem is, we can't
prove it.

MATT

What do they have against Larry?

WYATT

A Pentangle company tried to grab
ten thousand acres of public park
land a coupla months ago to build
a chemical plant. Richards stopped
them.

BROWN

Also, Larry's been using his political
clout to try and get Congress to define
what is hones and what is corrupt
business practice. If he manages that
Pentangle will be a dead duck in the
South.

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46. CONTINUED:

46.

MATT

You gotta have some idea who they are?

BROWN

Not really. Could be any one of a hundred guys. But we're pretty sure they're high profile business men. Rich, powerful, with high level connections..and a lot of respect in the community.

MATT

There must be some way you can flush them out!

ADMIRAL BROWN scratches the back of his hand.

BROWN

Mebbe there is. They seem to have a weakness. *

MATT

Oh. What's that?

BROWN

They have some kinda ritualistic hunting club.

MATT

A what?

BROWN

A hunting club.

(beat)

Except they don't hunt animals...
they hunt men!

MATT

Jeezuz! How the hell you know this?

BROWN

Because we've found literally dozens of bodies in the Louisiana Bayous including several of the agents we assigned to the case. Now the interesting thing is, all these men had one thing in common. They all possessed outstanding mental and physical skills.

KRAY

Matt, the pathologist reports indicate the men were suffering from hyper-exhaustion when they died. The same symptoms found in stags hunted to death by hounds.

46. CONTINUED:

46.

MATT

Are you seriously telling me
Pentangle put all those guys
in the Bayous just so they could
hunt them?

BROWN

Yes! It seems, to be a member of
the Pentangle, you must pit your
skills against the toughest, most
resilient men available. It's
the superman complex and it's the
one chink in their armor.

MATT takes a deep breath.

BROWN, KRAY and WYATT exchange looks.

BROWN

(continuing)

Now...if we could just put an
agent in there who could beat them
at their own game...

MATT

Why don't you?

BROWN

We've tried. But every agent
assigned to the case has dissappeared.
If only I could find the right man. *

MATT does a slow burn as he realizes what is being suggested
to him.

MATT

Forget it...I ain't coming back
Admiral...No Way!

BROWN

All we'd want you to do is identify
them....not kill them...the agency
would do the dirty work.

MATT

No dice...I can't risk it.

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CONTINUED:

46 CONTINUED:

46

MATT goes to the window and STARES out.

CLOSE SHOT. BROWN. He's at his most manipulative.

BROWN

Please Matt. You're the only man
I know who can pull it off...and
this is a national emergency.

MATT doesn't answer for a while. Then HE makes up his
mind.

MATT

No! My mind is made up. All
I can do is help protect Larry.
You can move the family up to my
farm with a twenty-four hour
guard. We'll take care of them
until the heat dies down.

We move into an EXTREME CLOSE UP of ADMIRAL BROWN.
He almost smiles.

BROWN

Okay, Matt. It's a deal.

47 EXT. LAWN LARGE MANSION - DAWN

47

A HELICOPTER appears out of the sun and LANDS on the lawn.
GLASTENBURY and LAVEL get out. A VALET approaches.

GLASTENBURY

The others arrive yet?

VALET

Yes sir. They're in the library.

(REVISED March 31, 1986)

CONTINUED:

48. INT. LIBRARY

48.

Elegance plus. High tech equipment appears at the push of a button. On the screen is a large blow-up of MATT HUNTER. GLASTENBURY and LAVALL ENTER. JERRY DELANEY, JEB WALLACE and PARKER wait anxiously. GLASTENBURY spits out his words.

GLASTENBURY

It's a mess, gentlemen.
This is the first time our
organization has failed in its
purpose. And you are directly to
blame, Parker.

PARKER takes a terrified step backwards.

PARKER

It was crazy, Elliot. We had
four of our best guys assigned.
It should have been a cinch. But
this idiot just jumps out of the
crowd and fouls the whole thing up.

WALLACE

An idiot? He killed four of our best men.

GLASTENBURY looks at Hunter's picture.

GLASTENBURY

This him?

PARKER

Yes, Elliot.

GLASTENBURY

(to Delaney)
He looks familiar. Is he with
the government, Jerry?

DELANEY

We're still checking. So far
all our inquiries indicate he's
just a friend of old thick lips.

GLASTENBURY

Okay, let's take a look.

(REVISED MARCH 31, 1986)
CONTINUED:

48. CONTINUED:

48.

PARKER flicks a switch. HUNTER'S picture suddenly becomes animated.

49. STOCK FOOTAGE ON THE SCREEN.

49.

Showing newsreel shots of the assassination attempt; HUNTER blowing assassin off bike. (SCENE 31)

50. INT. MAIN STATEROOM - INTERCUT WITH THE SCREEN.

LAVALL

Incredible.

WALLACE

Looks like a pro to me.

GLASTENBURY turns off the sound. Pictures of HUNTER keep flashing on the screen. (SCENE 35)

DELANEY

Yeah! This guy's a pro if ever I saw one.

WALLACE

Let's put him in the forest and hunt the son of a bitch.

GLASTENBURY

No! We want him killed quickly. Just in case anyone thinks we're losing our touch. And make sure of the damn coon while you're about it.

(to Parker)

You got that, Parker?

PARKER

(Adjusts his spectacles)

Yes, Elliot.

CUT TO:

51. INT. MILITARY AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

51.

MATT, SARAH, GRANDPA JIMMY, the bereaved RICHARDS family and several F.B.I. MEN stand in a small waiting room. Through the window we can SEE a Chinook HELICOPTER winding up on the pad.

T.C. COOPER sticks his head through the DOOR.

51. CONTINUED:

51.

COOPER

Okay. All set?

EVERYBODY starts to file out. A phone RINGS. A CLERK answers it.

CLERK

Yes?

(he covers the phone
with his hand)

Oh, Mr. Richards, it's for you.

RICHARDS and MATT exchange a look. RICHARDS moves to the phone. There's a BEAT, then MATT grabs it from RICHARDS' hand.

MATT

Let me.

GRANDPA JIMMY takes SARAH'S hand gently. HE takes HER outside.

GRANDPA JIMMY

C'mon, it's private.

MATT

(on phone)

Mr. Richards is not available at
the moment. Who is this?

VOICE

: (V.O.)

Oh yes, this is John Moxey, C.B.S.
Television. We'd like to know
if Mr. Richards would consider
appearing on the News Magazine
tonight to discuss the recent tragic
events.

*
*
*

MATT

No. Mr. Richards is unavailable.

RICHARDS

Say yes.

RICHARDS grabs the phone from MATT's hand.

51. CONTINUED:

51.

RICHARDS

(continuing)

Larry Richards here. Be
glad to appear on your show
tonight Mr. Moxey. What time?

VOICE

(V.O.)

Be at the studio 'bout five
o'clock, sir. Someone will
meet you at the Beal Street gate
to see you through the formalities.

RICHARDS

Okay...good...I'll be there...

VOICE

(V.O.)

Thank you sir.

RICHARDS puts down the PHONE. MATT looks at RICHARDS and
sighs.

MATT

You're crazy, It's a trap.

RICHARDS

I know.

MATT

Leave it alone, Larry. The
service'll take care of it.
Admiral Brown has taken personal
charge of the operation.

RICHARDS

Matt, they killed my boy. This
one I've gotta take care of myself.

MATT

Are you sure about this? You thought
different yesterday.

*
*

RICHARDS

That was yesterday.

*

REVISED 4/4/86

MATT

What can I say that will change
your mind?

RICHARDS

Nothing.

MATT bites his lip. Beat.

MATT

Okay, let's go!

52. EXT. HELICOPTER LANDING PAD - DAY

52.

Everybody is on the chopper except MATT and RICHARDS.

MATT signals the CHOPPER to take off. The HELICOPTER ROARS
and lifts off. T.C. COOPER, alarmed, sticks his head out of
the DOOR.

COOPER

What's going on? I can't leave
you guys here.

MATT

It's okay. See you tomorrow.
Take care of the kids.

The HELICOPTER accelerates up into the sky. MATT sees SARAH'S
tearful face staring at him from a window. SHE waves goodbye.

53. EXT./INT. MATT'S TRUCK - DAY

53.

MATT and RICHARDS driving out of the airport.

RICHARDS

You got a piece anywhere?

MATT

Not on me -- what about you?

RICHARDS

Threw 'em all away.

MATT

What we gonna do?

RICHARDS

What we always did...improvise!

54. INT./EXT. MATT'S PICK-UP - VARIOUS ANGLES - DAY

54.

Travelling through New Orleans. MATT and RICHARDS keep their eyes skinned for the enemy. The pickup turns into busy Ellington Street. A city garbage truck pulls out from the curb and follows.

RICHARDS

Beal Street's next right.

MATT nods and turns into Beal Street.

55. EXT. BEAL STREET - DAY

55.

The studio is a hundred yards to the front. Several security MEN stand aimlessly around the gatehouse.

A SCHOOL BUS suddenly appears, blocking off the other end of the street.

RICHARDS

Think that's them?

MATT glances in his rearview mirror.

The GARBAGE TRUCK blocks off the rear end of the street. MATT stops his pickup.

MATT

Yeah, that's them.

As MATT ponders the situation, both vehicles REV their ENGINES to a deafening crescendo and charge. MATT knows in a few seconds HE and RICHARDS will be flatter than pancakes.

MATT stands on the gas and aims his pickup at the studio gates.

The SECURITY GUARDS produce wicked-looking machine PISTOLS.

MATT

(shouts)

Down!!!

MATT and RICHARDS duck as the windshield disintegrates into a hundred fragments. .9mm SHELLS ZING through the cab and out the other side.

CRASHING through the studio gate, bowling over the gun-toting guards like nine-pins.

The school bus and the garbage truck follow, smashing down the studio's wall as they go.

ANGLE TO:

56. EXT. STUDIO GROUNDS - DAY

56.

A SLEEK STRETCH LIMOUSINE hiding between the sound stages. Inside, PARKER and thugs, all armed to the teeth. PARKER SEES the pickup escaping, HE taps the DRIVER with the butt of his PISTOL.

PARKER

Go! For chrissake!!!

The DRIVER, whose name is OZ, stands on the gas and joins the chase.

MATT'S pickup crashes through a wide fence and leaves the studio grounds. The School bus, truck and limousine follow in a cloud of blue smoke.

57. EXT. STREETS - DAY

57.

MATT'S truck careening down Mississippi Avenue, the other vehicles never more than a few feet away.

RICHARDS

I got an idea...we'll trap 'em in the old docks.

MATT

Where's that?

RICHARDS

Turn left!

MATT pumps the brake and cranks the wheel to the left. A CLOUD of burning rubber fills the SCREEN as the pickup skids down a side road.

The TWO larger vehicles, unable to make the turn in time, skid all over the road, one rear-ending the other.

The Limousine pirouettes on its axis and continues the chase.

58. EXT. OLD DOCKS - DAY

58.

RICHARDS looks over his shoulder as the limo hangs on their tail.

RICHARDS

Limo's still with us.

MATT

(smiles grimly)

Good! Odds are improving.

58. CONTINUED:

58.

MATT cranks the wheel again and is lost amidst the derelict warehouses and cranes of the old docks.

The Limo skids to a halt. OZ surveys the industrial archeology in front of him.

OZ
Shit! Where's he gone?

PARKER
He's in here someplace. Move forward.

OZ moves the limo gently forward.

59. EXT. OLD SHED - DAY

59.

MATT'S truck is backed up into an old shed. MATT and RICHARDS watch and wait.

The Limo suddenly comes into VIEW. MATT REVS the engine to a screaming crescendo, catching a frozen tableau of surprised faces inside the limo. MATT crashes home the gears. The pickup stands on its ass, leaps forward and rams the limo against a door wall. MATT jams the pickup into reverse, spins it on its axis and zooms away, spewing gas all over the road.

The limo's DOOR is kicked open. PARKER and his MEN pile out, cursing and swearing. PARKER pushes his glasses back on his nose.

PARKER
Don't let the bastards get away!!

60. EXT. ANOTHER PART OF DOCK

60.

MATT'S pickup stalls in a narrow alley. MATT and RICHARDS jump out.

RICHARDS
Follow me!

They scale a factory wall, run across the roof, jump into a pile of garbage and make their way across a web of rusty railroad tracks.

Suddenly, MATT and RICHARDS are on the edge of an over-grown levy.

RICHARDS
(continuing)
Here we are.

61. EXT. MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT GRAVEYARD - DAY

61.

Several skeletons of these majestic craft are stuck half in and half out of the muddy water. The sun sets in the BG.

A narrow gangplank reaches out from the levy to the largest of the steamboats: "THE QUEEN OF THE SOUTH".

RICHARDS

What do you think?

MATT

She'll do!

MATT and RICHARDS run across the gangplank, over a deck pockmarked with holes and through a pair of broken doors.

In the distance they hear PARKER and his MEN calling to each other.

62. INT. "QUEEN OF THE SOUTH" - MAIN SALOON - DAY

62.

MATT and RICHARDS look around. It's dark, except for shafts of sunlight that penetrate the cracks in the roof. Shadows dance on the walls.

An elegant STAIRWAY leads to a balcony circling the whole saloon. Around the balcony at least a hundred cabin DOORS.

MATT

C'mon.

Both MEN run across the SALOON and up the STAIRS.

63. EXT. LEVY - DAY

63.

PARKER and his MEN push through the foliage to the levy. They stare at the "QUEEN OF THE SOUTH". PARKER examines the gangplank.

PARKER

(triumphant)

They're on the ship.

Machine PISTOLS are cocked.

CRUEL FACES move through CLOSE SHOT onto the gangplank.

64. INT. QUEEN OF THE SOUTH - MAIN SALOON - DAY

64.

MATT and RICHARDS lay on the balcony looking down into the saloon below.

The DOORS are kicked open. The dying rays of the sun flood in. PARKER and MEN run, crouching, through the DOOR into the saloon. SOMEONE kicks the DOOR shut.

Darkness. SILENCE.

MATT holds up eight fingers indicating that there are eight MEN.

RICHARDS nods. THEY get to their feet and move quietly along the balcony, checking out the cabins.

PARKER and MEN searching the saloon. PARKER hears a NOISE above. He FREEZES and looks up. In the gloom he can see nothing.

PARKER

(whispers)

I think they're up there.

They cautiously move to the stairs and start to climb up.

65. INT. BALCONY - DAY

65.

MATT and RICHARDS move silently past row after row of cabin doors. RICHARDS stops to check one. It SQUEAKS.

PARKER and MEN hear a NOISE and start running.

MATT SEES a heavy oak DOOR. A brass plate indicates that this is the Purser's locker room. MATT quickly examines the DOOR. It's heavily reinforced to keep out thieves.

MATT

Perfect.

Both MEN slip inside.

66. INT. PURSER'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

66.

MATT slips home the three large brass bolts and looks around. There's an oak door leading to a pantry, lined with gunmetal. A shuttered window on the exterior bulkhead. MATT opens the shutters and looks out.

Just below him is the giant paddle housing. Above him the top deck. A Jacob's ladder connects the two. MATT closes the shutters.

CONTINUED:

66. CONTINUED:

66.

RICHARDS
You thinking what I'm thinking?

MATT
Yeah. Let's hope they don't
have grenades.

Both MEN withdraw into the metal lined pantry, keeping an eye on the door and window.

67. INT. BALCONY - DAY

67.

HANDS turning DOORKNOBS. DOORS opening. FACES peering into dusty cabins.

68. INT. PURSER'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

68.

MATT, RICHARDS, waiting, watching.

The KNOB of the DOOR starts to turn slowly. SOMEONE tries to push it open. There's a WHISPERED CURSE, they try again.

SILENCE.

A concentrated BURST OF GUNFIRE sends mangled bullets and splintered wood a-l over the locker room.

MATT and RICHARDS press flat against the metal walls of the pantry.

Someone kicks the locker room door. It holds. Several people kick the door. It still holds.

MATT and RICHARDS hear FOOTSTEPS DEPART along the balcony. They hear FOOTSTEPS on the deck above them. MATT nods to RICHARDS and crawls out of the pantry into the locker room and sits against the outside bulkhead with his back to the window.

SILENCE.

There's a NOISE on the Jacob's ladder. The shutters OPEN. The dark red rays of the sun are projected across the room. There are the fleeting silhouettes of several MEN.

BRAAT! BRAAAT! BRAAAT! Streams of BULLETS smash the room to matchwood. As splintered wood and spent bullets ricochet all around them.

SILENCE.

CONTINUED:

68. CONTINUED:

68.

PARKER'S VOICE WHISPERS:

'PARKER
Ya get 'em?

PAUSE.

OZ
(whispers)
Can't see nothin'.

VOICE
If they're in there they must be
fuckin' mincemeat!

There's a GIGGLE. Shadowy MEN start to climb through the window. They don't see MATT huddled against the bulkhead. Before their eyes can focus in the gloom.

MATT and RICHARDS leap up. POW! POW! POW! Pounding fists and feet, bodies fly all over the room. A bone-crunching battle as MEN hit the deck, get up and hit the deck again. Blood and snot flies. Outside, we HEAR PARKER YELLING at his MEN to finish the job.

MATT cracks one MAN'S neck, then rams his fist into another MAN'S heart.

RICHARDS pole axis' TWO more.

MATT grabs the giant OZ by the hair and by the crotch lifts him into the air and breaks his back across his knee.

BEAT.

MATT and RICHARDS exchange a look. is it over?

Suddenly, BRAAAT! Bullets come ripping through the roof. RICHARDS falls to the ground, blood pumping from his arm.

MATT grabs a machine pistol from the floor, rolls on his back and FIRES THREE QUICK BURSTS at the ceiling.

69. EXT. UPPER DECK - DAY

69.

The deck EXPLODES beneath the GUNMEN, blowing TWO of them ten feet into the air.

PARKER drops his PISTOL and hurls himself over the rail into the muddy water far below. He swims for his life.

70 INT. PURSER'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

70

MATT runs to RICHARDS.

MATT
Where 'ya hit?

RICHARDS
In the arm. I'm okay.

71 INT/EXT. PURSER'S ROOM - PADDLE HOUSING - DAY

71

MATT climbs out onto the paddle housing and lines PARKER up in his gunsight. PARKER, terrified, almost drowns in fright.

MATT suddenly raises his gun and FIRES in the air.

PARKER makes the bank and stares back at MATT with hate-filled eyes.

MATT stands on the paddle housing. He makes a very formidable figure in the twilight.

MATT
(shouts)
Tell 'ya buddies at Pentangle, to lay off Richards...or they'll bite off more than they can chew.

PARKER
Don't worry, pal, we can take care of him. And you and the goddamn horse you rode in on.

72 INT. PURSER'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

72

MATT ties a tourniquet around RICHARDS' arm. RICHARDS groans with pain.

RICHARDS
Matt, you gotta stay outta this - this is my fight.

MATT
Hey man, your fight is my fight !
Partners, remember?
They shake...Richards blood runs down Matt's hand.

*

73 INT. SMALL ARMS RANGE - DAY

73

Large PHOTOS of MATT and LARRY line the walls. A nervous PARKER watches other members of the Pentangle Hunting Fraternity blow moving targets to bits with either hand. And they never miss.

73 CONTINUED:

73

PARKER

He knows about Pentangle, Elliot.
He challenged us right out...
Bold as brass.

CONTINUED:

73 CONTINUED:

73

GLASTENBURY

(sneers)

Did he?

He blows the head off a clay pipe at fifty yards.

PARKER

Yeah. He said lay off or you'll be
biting off more than you can chew...

GLASTENBURY transfers the PISTOL to his left hand and blows
another clay pipe to bits.

GLASTENBURY

Did he?

DELANEY

We can't let him get away with that.
Our supporters will start losing
faith in us.

WALLACE

Supporters! They're shit. Just
like the rest of the idiots out
there.

GLASTENBURY

Jeb's right. "Survival of the
fittest", that's what counts. That's
why we rule and always will. Never
forget that, Jerry!

GLASTENBURY blows four more targets away in quick succession.

DELANEY

The guy's an impressive hunk of
manpower, though. He'd be a
helluva asset to the movement.

GLASTENBURY

Negative. We've been told he's
diametrically opposed to our way
and purpose.

LAVEL

(surprised)

You know who he is?

GLASTENBURY blows away two more moving targets then moves
to the largest of Matt's photos.

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CONTINUED:

73. CONTINUED:

73.

GLASTENBURY

Yes. We've been told he's an ex-Secret Service partner of the loud-mouthed nigger.

DELANEY

You're kidding!

GLASTENBURY

On the contrary. He belonged to G Six. The service's elite of the elite. He was the most promising young operative they ever had. Apparently he retired after his parents were killed by a bomb meant for him.

WALLACE

Sentimental weakness! Do we know where he hangs out?

GLASTENBURY

Yes. He's got a farm near Braxton, couple of hundred miles north of here. He's up there right now!

WALLACE

With the nigger?

GLASTENBURY

Yeah. And a whole bunch of Secret service men.

WALLACE

I like it.

GLASTENBURY

(reloading pistol)

Should be a lotta fun...Oh Parker...

He turns to PARKER.

PARKER

Yes Elliot.

GLASTENBURY

You've lost eleven good men.

EVERYONE FREEZES.

GLASTENBURY

(continuing)

You're a disgrace to Pentangle!

PARKER

Please Elliot...I couldn't help...

(REVISED March 31, 1986)

CONTINUED:

73. CONTINUED:

73.

GLASTENBURY raises his pistol and shoots PARKER in the guts. PARKER is propelled backwards across the room and crashes to the floor. His glasses fall off. PARKER rolls over, clutching his stomach in agony. Blood and foam fleck his lips.

GLASTENBURY walks over and crushes the glasses with his heel.

GLASTENBURY
Come, gentlemen, let us go
invite young Mr. Hunter to play
the Great Game.

GLASTENBURY EXITS followed by DELANEY and LAVALL.

PARKER
(screaming)
Don't leave me here, please!!!

WALLACE kicks him in the face and follows.

74. INT./EXT. MATT'S TRUCK - DAY

74.

MATT drives, RICHARDS sits next to him, his arm in a sling.

75. EXT. MATT HUNTER'S RANCH - DAY

75.

A couple of C.I.A. operatives sit on the porch. COWHANDS go about their business.

The TRUCK pulls up. The AGENTS stand. T.C. COOPER appears. MATT and RICHARDS get out.

COOPER
Glad to see you Captain...Mr. Richards.

MATT
Everything okay?

COOPER
Quiet as a Sunday picnic.

SARAH and JEFF come running out of the house and hug MATT and RICHARDS.

JEFF
(worried)
What happened to your arms Dad?

RICHARDS
Slight accident.

GRANDPA JIMMY, ABE BARNES and his WIFE join the group.

75. CONTINUED:

75.

RICHARDS
(continuing)
Where's Daisy?

GRANDPA JIMMY
Upstairs in bed where you should
be by the looks of you.

RICHARDS
I'm okay.

MRS. BARNES
You go up. I'll bring you a
nice cuppa hot tea.

76. INT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

SARAH hugs MATT. RICHARD and JEFF disappear upstairs.

SARAH
I'm glad you're back, Matt.

MATT picks HER up and KISSES HER.

MATT
Me too!

MATT sees GRANDPA JIMMY looking at him anxiously. He
puts SARAH down.

MATT
(to Sarah)
You know what I'd like? Some
of that nice hot tea.

SARAH
I'll get it for you.

SARAH runs off happily...JIMMY makes sure SARAH's out of
earshot.

GRANDPA JIMMY
There's more trouble ain't there?

MATT
Yeah! They tried to hit Larry
again.

GRANDPA JIMMY
You get any of them?

76 CONTINUED:

76

MATT

Only hired hands, not the men
at the top.

GRANDPA JIMMY

Know who they are?

*

MATT

Not yet.

*

GRANDPA JIMMY

What are you gonna do?

MATT

Soon as Larry's mended we're going back
to Orleans... And try and flush the
bastards out!

*

*

GRANDPA JIMMY

Jesuz Matt, why the hell don't you
leave it to the government?

MATT

Coz Larry wants the guys who killed
his kid and I'm his partner.

GRANDPA JIMMY

(beat)

You better have a good excuse for
Sarah.

SARAH appears at the door with the tea. SHE stops for a
moment. SHE suspects that all is not well. SHE hands the
tea to MATT and flashes a worried look at her GRANDAD.
MATT tastes the tea.

MATT

...Good tea...

SARAH tries to smile.

MATT

(continuing)

Hey, why don't you get Abe Barnes
to saddle up a couple of horses?
We'll go for a ride.

'77 EXT. MATT HUNTER'S FIVE THOUSAND ACRE SPREAD - DAY 77

MATT and SARAH gallop over rolling hills. The sun sets in the B.G. They reach the banks of the Mississippi River.

MATT

Look at that...beautiful...Remember
when we used to come on picnics here
with mom and dad?

SARAH nods. But like her brother always comes straight to the point.

SARAH

What do you want to talk to me about?

CONTINUED:
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77. CONTINUED:

77.

MATT

(Beat)

I might have to go away for a while. *

SARAH

Government business?

MATT

My business.

SARAH FROWNS and stares at the Mississippi slowly flowing by.

SARAH

Matt...

MATT

mmmh?

SARAH

Why would anyone want to kill a good man like Uncle Larry.

MATT

Because sometimes in politics you get evil men who will stop at nothing to get rich and gain power over other people. Uncle Larry is trying to stop them. *

SARAH

Are these men like the ones who killed Mommy and Daddy.

MATT

(grim)

Yeah.

SARAH

(satisfied)

Okay, Matt. But be careful. I love you very much.

SARAH leans over and hugs her brother. She spurs the horse and gallops off. MATT follows.

CUT TO:

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CONTINUED:

78. EXT. RANCH HOUSE - SUNSET

78.

MATT and SARAH dismount. ABE BARNES takes the horses. A brisk wind has started to blow.

MATT and SARAH pass the C.I.A. GUARDS and enter the ranch house.

79. INT. RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN - SUNSET

79.

GRANDPA JIMMY, T.C. COOPER and MORE C.I.A. MEN play cards.

JIMMY

I was just about to send out
a search party.

MATT

Where's Larry?

JIMMY

Asleep in bed.

MATT

(to Sarah)
Bit of supper and that's where
you're going, Miss. C'mon...

80. INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

80.

MATT kisses SARAH goodnight.

SARAH

Will I see you in the morning?

MATT

Yes. Good night.

HE turns out the light.

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CONTINUED:

80A INT. PASSAGE/KITCHEN RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

80A

MATT sticks his head round the door.

MATT

Can I have a word with you, T.C.?

COOPER nods and EXITS into the passage.

MATT

(continuing)

Tell your guys to keep their eyes peeled.

COOPER

(surprised)

We expecting company, sir?

MATT

You never know.

COOPER

Don't worry, these guys are all crack shots...even the Russian Army couldn't get past them.

MATT nods and exits.

81 INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

81

MATT wears a pair of baggy karate pants which double as pajamas.

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CONTINUED:

81. CONTINUED:

81.

HE goes to the glass case, takes out one of his shotguns, loads it, puts it by the side of the bed, gets into bed and turns out the light.

82. EXT. SKY - NIGHT

82.

CLOUDS rush past the moon.

In the distance, the TOC, TOC, TOC of an approaching HELICOPTER, then....

We SEE it descending out of the sky like a giant flying insect. It lands. The engine shuts off.

GLASTENBURY, LAVALL, WALLACE and DELANEY get out. All are dressed in their outfits and masks, bullet-proof vest and heavily armed, night vision apparatus etc.

A RAMP is lowered, a small electric car with balloon tires is pulled out.

Pentangles grab their favorite weapons, get into the car and take off silently into the night.

83. INT. MATT'S RANCH - NIGHT (SEVERAL CUTS)

83.

EVERYONE is asleep, except THREE AGENTS who patrol the house, clutching machine pistols, and GRANDPA JIMMY, T.C. COOPER and TWO other AGENTS, playing cards in the kitchen.

Somewhere, a DOG BARKS. The WIND HOWLS through the trees.

84. EXT. MATT'S RANCH - NIGHT

84.

GLASTENBURY, DELANEY and LAVALL lay in the bushes several hundred yards away from the house.

Suddenly WALLACE comes CRAWLING through the undergrowth.

WALLACE

It's Hunter, all right. There's Secret Service guys all over the place. Four in the kitchen, three patrolling and Hunter and Richards are upstairs asleep.

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CONTINUED:

84. CONTINUED:

84.

GLASTENBURY

What about the hired hands?

WALLACE

In the bunk house and cottage.

GLASTENBURY

Okay...you all know what to do.
Let's go.

The FOUR MEN get up and move silently towards the ranch house.

85. EXT./INT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

85.

INTERCUT CLOSE SHOTS

- a. Sleeping faces - MATT, SARAH, RICHARDS FAMILY.
- b. Faces of Pentangle.
- c. Secret Service Agents, faces.
- d. Feet running through undergrowth.
- e. Shadowy figures leaping fences.
- f. A guard turns a corner - his throat is cut from behind.
- g. A second guard moves into the shadows. A wire garrotte is dropped over his head and tightened. His eyes pop as he's choked to death.
- h. The door of the bunk house is opened. Figures enter and kill all the cowboys as they sleep with silenced machine pistols.
- i. Abe Barnes wakes. Before he can move, the bedroom door opens and Abe and his wife are shot in the head.
- j. Machine pistols being re-loaded.

86. INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

86.

GRANDPA JIMMY, COOPER and the card players look up at an AGENT that has just entered.

C.I.A. AGENT

Helluva wind blowing up.

CONTINUED:

86. CONTINUED:

86.

JIMMY
Hot soup on the stove.

C.I.A. AGENT
Don't mind if I do.

COOPER
Where are the others?

C.I.A. AGENT
(helping himself to soup)
Around.

The C.I.A. Agent turns and exits through the door.

87. EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

87.

The C.I.A. AGENT sits on the front porch, puts down his machine pistol and starts to enjoy his soup.

PHFTTT!

A crossbow bolt impales his throat to the ranch house wall. For a moment, we SEE LAVALL'S masked face in the shadows, his eyes registering satisfaction.

GLASTENBURY takes a high-powered concussion grenade from his belt, pulls out the pin and tosses it through the kitchen window.

88. INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

88.

BANG!! GRANDPA JIMMY, T.C. COOPER and the C.I.A. MEN disintegrate in a sheet of flame and smoke.

89. INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

89.

MATT wakes up with a start.

He leaps out of bed. A smoke grenade smashes through the window. Its concussion knocking him over and filling the room with smoke.

90. INT./EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

90.

a. Hurricane lamps arc through the air, crashing through the windows. The exploding flames turn the house into a raging inferno. Smoke grenades follow, designed to cause the utmost panic.

CONTINUED:

90. CONTINUED:

90.

- b. Matt drags himself to his feet and tries to fight his way through the smoke and flames.
- c. Sarah trapped in her room, screaming.
- d. Richards and Daisy, almost overcome with smoke.
- e. Jeff, in the attic, engulfed by the fire.
- f. Outside the burning ranch, Pentangle reload their weapons and wait in the shadows for their victims to appear.
- g. Matt grabs his boots, wraps a shirt around his face, grabs his shotgun, opens the door, finds his way through the smoke to Sarah's room. The door is jammed. Matt smashes it open with one kick.

91. INT. SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT (FIRE)

91.

MATT grabs the almost unconscious SARAH, wraps a blanket round her head and carries her out of the room.

92. INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT (FIRE)

92.

Filled with smoke and flames.

MATT bumps into RICHARDS helping DAISY down the stairs. Both are badly singed and choking in the smoke.

RICHARDS
What's happened?

MATT
Pentangle.

RICHARDS
How the hell they know we're here?

MATT
Good question!

As they reach the bottom of the stairs, the study door blows from its hinges and lands on the throw rugs on the floor. The stench of cordite and burning wood soars up MATT'S nose. He coughs and staggers towards the burning front door. He kicks it open and exits.

93. EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT (FIRE)

93.

A dead C.I.A. MAN is roasted in the flames, fed by the high winds.

93. CONTINUED:

93.

MATT staggers twenty yards to the corral where there is a water barrel. He sloshes water over SARAH to cool her down. SHE opens her eyes and gives a little cry. She's too terrified to speak. MATT lays her down gently, sloshing more water over the blanket.

MATT
S'okay, honey, lay still.

Pentangle faces watching from the shadows.

MATT looks around frantically for signs of the enemy. He can see nothing.

RICHARDS and DAISY stagger from the blazing ranch house, their clothes singed and smoking. DAISY faints, gasping for breath. RICHARDS rolls her in the dirt to put out small flames.

He shouts to MATT.

RICHARDS
Jeff's still in there. Watch
Daisy.

Richards turns to run back into the house, but is suddenly hit by five crossbow bolts...he falls dead.

Matt looks around desperately. He hears Jeff's screaming. Matt faces the supreme dilemma. He grabs a horse blanket from the corral fence and hands the shotgun to SARAH.

MATT
Take this. Kill anyone who comes
near you.

Matt charges through the flames back into the house.

GLASTENBURY and DELANEY, watching from a clump of azaleas.

DELANEY
I bet 'ya fifty grand we lose him.

GLASTENBURY
We'll see.

94. INT. BLAZING RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT - (FIRE)

94.

MATT fights his way through the smoke. HE suddenly smells the stench of burning flesh. HE turns and looks into the kitchen. For a moment, he catches a glimpse of the corpses contorting in the flames.

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CONTINUED:

94. CONTINUED:

94.

He hears JEFF SCREAMING upstairs.

MATT reaches the stairs and fights his way to the top landing. The stairs collapse behind him.

The air roars like a hurricane. MATT feels the intense heat closing in on him. He knows in a few moments there will be a fire storm.

He hears JEFF'S SCREAMS from the attic become more frantic.

JEFF
Help me! Help me!

There's an EXPLOSION and the windows are sucked in by the heat.

MATT stumbles, his legs pierced by shards of broken glass. He staggers up, flames crackling around him.

The narrow stairway leading to the attic room is in front of him, flames licking at the wooden steps.

MATT struggles up it towards the door. The expanding heat is almost unbearable.

MATT reaches the door.

POW! He kicks it open.

95. INT. ATTIC ROOM - NIGHT - (FIRE)

95.

JEFF lays unconscious in the swirling smoke.

96. EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT - (FIRE)

96.

DAISY comes round and crawls to RICHARDS, screaming hysterically. ZING! A crossbow bolt smashes into DAISY'S heart. She falls, dead, across her husband's body.

97. INT. ATTIC ROOM - NIGHT - (FIRE)

97.

MATT covers JEFF with the blanket. Flames dance around him, brilliant in the smoke. The blanket begins to singe. His hair gives off an acrid smell. MATT picks up a stool and smashes at the roof.

98. OMIT

98.

(REVISED MARCH 31, 1986)

CONTINUED:

99. INT. ATTIC ROOM - NIGHT - (FIRE)

99.

MATT breaks a hole in the roof, picks up JEFF and crawls through. The floor beneath collapses into the blazing inferno.

100. EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT - (FIRE)

100.

SARAH screams in horror! As the shotgun is kicked out of her hand, GLASTENBURY and the Pentangle Hunting Club stare down at her.

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CONTINUED:

101. EXT. RANCH HOUSE ROOF - NIGHT (FIRE)

101.

MATT staggers across the roof, carrying JEFF. He gasps for breath and tries to focus his smoke-burned eyes.

Below him, moving IN AND OUT OF FOCUS, are the Pentangle Hunting Fraternity. The butchered corpses of RICHARDS and DAISY lay at their feet. SARAH struggles in GLASTENBURY'S arms.

GLASTENBURY and Pentangle look up at MATT, silhouetted on the burning roof.

GLASTENBURY

Matt Hunter? We are the Pentangle Hunting Fraternity. You've been looking for us, I believe?

MATT doesn't answer, adrenalin pumping, his fighting brain racing for a way out.

GLASTENBURY

I'm sorry we have to meet in such adverse circumstances.

MATT

Screw you!!

GLASTENBURY

(to Lavall)
Bring him down. Alive!

LAVALL fires his crossbow from the hip. The bolt bites into Matt's leg. He staggers, holds on for a moment, then falls off the roof, bouncing from the porch into the dust.

102. EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT (FIRE)

102.

Pentangle run forward and drag MATT clear of the flames. WALLACE lifts an axe and brings it down towards JEFF'S head. SARAH SCREAMS.

BLACK OUT:

103. EXT. TRACTOR - NIGHT (FIRE)

103.

MATT slowly opens his eyes. The world is on fire. He tries to move; he can't. He looks around.

He finds himself on a tractor, his arm manacled to RICHARD'S arm through the steering wheel. The Pentangle Hunting Club stand in a circle around him.

SARAH is now bound and gagged.

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CONTINUED:

103. CONTINUED:

103.

GLASTENBURY shapes a piece of plastic explosive in his hands and speaks.

GLASTENBURY

You're an extraordinary man,
Hunter. I admire you.

MATT

Let my sister go...she can do you
no harm.

GLASTENBURY

Oh, no, you're being invited to
participate in the great game.
Your sister is our insurance you'll
turn up...
There's a Fais do-do in Ville de
Louvette two weeks from today.
If you pass your next test, you'll
find her there virgo intacto...
if you don't make it...well, I'll
leave that to your imagination.

GLASTENBURY sticks the plastic explosive on the tractor's
gas tank, presses home the primer.

GLASTENBURY

(continuing)

Thirty minutes...good luck!

He hits MATT across the head with the butt of his pistol.

BLACK OUT:

104. EXT. TRACTOR - NIGHT

104.

MATT wakes with a start. He feels terrible. There's a
moment of realization. He looks at his watch. He's been
out twenty minutes. He tries all ways to get free.
Impossible.

He turns to RICHARDS. His FRIEND'S DEAD FACE stares at him.

Matt makes a decision. He starts kicking furiously at
the steering wheel.

INSERT BOMB.

CLOSE UP MATT'S manacled wrist bleeding.

CLOSE UP MATT'S heel clubbing away at the steering wheel.
It starts to bend.

104. CONTINUED

104.

INSERT MATT'S watch. Seconds flying away.

CLOSE SHOT MATT. Sweating. Clubbing. Clubbing. Clubbing with his heel.

CLOSE SHOT steering wheel. It BUCKLES...BENDS...BREAKS.

Suddenly MATT'S free. He dives off the tractor.

A SLOW MOTION EXPLOSION fills the screen.

105. EXT. DITCH - NIGHT

105.

Protecting himself from the flying debris. He waits for the dust to settle, and tries to move. He winces in pain as he remembers the crossbow bolt in his leg. He clenches his teeth and pulls out the bolt. Blood pumps from the wound.

MATT makes a tourniquet and ties off the flow of blood. He staggers out of the ditch.

106. EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT (FIRE)

106.

No sign of Pentangle and SARAH. The ranch house and all the buildings are a pile of burning rubble. The tractor is a twisted wreck, RICHARDS with it. DAISY and JEFF lay dead.

MATT finds an old yard broom to use as a crutch. He searches the wreckage. There's nothing left. The vehicles are burned; the horses have bolted.

MATT'S only thought now is to find SARAH and get revenge on Pentangle.

MATT looks at the clouds rushing by the moon. In a couple of hours it will be dawn. ADMIRAL BROWN will send men to find out why no one answers the radio phone.

MATT hoists the broom under his arm and starts moving painfully towards the forest. Nothing must stop him. Nothing.

107. EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

107.

VARIOUS ANGLES.

MATT makes the forest. He crashes through the branches on and on. He feels himself getting weaker and weaker. The wound in his leg hurts like hell, his head burns like fire, but his fighting spirit forces him on. He blinks as the sun peeps through the trees. His head is bursting. He gasps for breath.

107. CONTINUED:

107.

He staggers into a glade and falls to his knees. His head is about to explode. He digs himself into a mound of dead leaves. He blinks his eyes, trying to remain conscious.

The trees go IN AND OUT OF FOCUS. A million tiny specks of color dance before his eyes. The wind blows through the branches.

He falls back into semi-consciousness. All we can HEAR is the pounding of his heart.

Suddenly, we HEAR FOOTSTEPS shuffling through the undergrowth. They get nearer and nearer.

MATT tries to move, but he's too weak.

TWO shadowy FIGURES FILL THE SCREEN. The WIND reaches a howly crescendo.

MATT opens his mouth and tries to cry for help.

Nothing.

CUT TO:

108. EXT. MATT'S RANCH HOUSE - DAY

108.

Dead bodies wrapped in plastic bags lay in a neat row. Secret Servicemen probe through the smoldering ruins. Several helicopters stand parked in a nearby field.

ADMIRAL BROWN, GENERAL WYATT, CHARLES KRAY stand with a group of Special Service Officers, surveying the operation.

WYATT

It's a mess. With all our sophisticated techniques we still can't put a stop to these rats.

KRAY

What worries me is their intelligence system. They seem to know every move we make.

BROWN

Yeah...

108. CONTINUED:

108.

WYATT

(to Brown)

You think Hunter's still alive,
Admiral?

BROWN

Without a body, there's always
a chance.

WYATT

We can't help admiring the
bastards though. They're
ruthlessly efficient.

BROWN

Yeah...Now listen carefully.

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CONTINUED:

108. CONTINUED:

108.

BROWN

(continuing)

...I want every inch of this territory turned over, just in case Hunter's laying out there someplace. And I want a total media blackout till further notice. If one word of this business leaks out I'll have those responsible shot. Understand?!

CUT TO:

109. EXT. FOREST - DAY

109.

A HELICOPTER comes skimming over the forest roof and disappears into the sun.

SILENCE.

Then another comes zigzagging, hovers for a moment. then roars away over the horizon.

110. EXT. CAMP - DEPTH OF FOREST - DAY

110.

MATT opens his eyes slowly and looks around. He's laying in a makeshift tent made up of a length of canvas stretched between four trees and camouflaged with branches. He's covered with an old blanket. A tin pot boils on a makeshift stove.

MATT slowly sits up. The pain in his legs is intense. TWO shadows fall across him. HE LOOKS UP.

TWO HUGE MEN stand looking down at him, one black, one white. The White MAN sports a long beard. Both are dressed like mountain men and carry shotguns.

As sick as he is, MATT prepares to defend himself. The white MAN, whose name is JOSHUA, speaks.

JOSHUA

Hey, we're 'ya friends, little buddy. We'd have already killed 'ya if we was gonna.

(REVISED MARCH 31, 1986)

CONTINUED:

110. CONTINUED:

110.

The BLACK MAN pours soup into a cracked mug and hands it to MATT. His name is BABALOO.

BABALOO

'Sides, I reckon you'd be
harder 'n hell to kill. Your
tougher 'n ol' boots.

JOSHUA

That ain't wrong neither...
Babaloo here pulled a sack fulla
glass and shit outta your ass,
afore he stitched you up...
s'miracle you're alive.

A HELICOPTER ROARS overhead.

JOSHUA

(continuing)
Lockin' for you?

MATT nods and drinks the soup.

JOSHUA

(continuing)
Don't worry 'bout a thing,
buddy. You're as snug as a
bug in a rug down here...

MATT

How long have I been out?

BABALOO

Three days.

JOSHUA

And it's gonna be another week
afore you're fit enough to go
anyplace...so you just take it
easy, okay?

MATT half smiles.

MATT

Who are you guys?

JOSHUA and BABALOO exchange a look.

CONTINUED:

110. CONTINUED:

110.

BABALOO

We don't ask them kinda questions 'round here, we're free men, just like you, brother, and we aim to stay that way. That's all you gotta worry about. Now, it's time for your injection.

MATT looks worried as BABALOO fills a hypo from a vial. Both MEN laugh.

BABALOO

(continuing)

Penicillin. We stole it from a pharmacy we stuck up last week. Without it, you'd be dead.

He jabs it in MATT'S ass. MATT grimaces.

JOSHUA

And that's the truth. Babaloo here was the best paramedic the 82nd ever had...there's a lotta guys alive today 'cause of him.

BABALOO

(fills another syringe)

Okay, bro. You go night,night now. You look like you're gonna need all the rest you can get.

He jabs the needle into MATT'S arm.

111. INT. C.I.A. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

111.

ADMIRAL BROWN, GENERAL WYATT, CHARLES KRAY, EXECUTIVE OFFICERS and STAFF study large video maps of northern Louisiana.

WYATT

Ten days! Nothing! Not a goddamn thing...

BROWN scratches his moustache and looks thoughtful.

BROWN

I'm beginning to think he may be still alive...

CONTINUED:

111. CONTINUED:

111.

KRAY

How'd you make that out?

BROWN

We've combed every inch of that territory...and no sign of his or the kid's bodies.

WYATT

Maybe Pentangle buried them.

BROWN

Why? They left all the others laying around...

KRAY

Maybe they kidnapped them?

BROWN

Possible. But I can't see MATT Hunter letting himself be taken alive...no. I think Matt's out there somewhere and we'll be hearing from him in his own good time. Meanwhile, I want the Class A security blanket maintained. Arrest anyone who gets too nosey... that's an order.

112. EXT. FOREST - (MONTAGE)

112.

MATT is getting back in shape training in all kinds of exercises and field activities - day and night. JOSHUA and BABALOO watching him occasionally.

113. EXT. CAMP - FOREST - DAY

113.

MATT does chin-ups from a tree branch. MONTAGE - MATT WORKING OUT. JOSHUA and BABALOO drink home-made liquor and look on in admiration.

JOSHUA

You gotta be the toughest sumbitch I ever met.

BABALOO

Ain't that the truth...clean livin'. I guess that's what does it.

CONTINUED:

113. CONTINUED:

113.

MATT drops from the tree. He pulls on a ragged combat jacket and old boots the guys have given him, splashes water on his face and combs back his hair with his fingers.

JOSHUA

Where 'ya goin'?

MATT

Ville de Louvette.

JOSHUA

Ville de Louvette!! Shee-it!
That's cannibal country.

BABALOO

That ain't just cannibal country,
that ain't civilized country...

JOSHUA

Ain't that the truth...those
dudes is wilder than a buncha
hogs with sticks up their ass.

MATT

You know how to get there?

JOSHUA

Sure. I knows the way in. But
I knows better the way out.

MATT

Wa-na take me there?

The TWO GUYS hoot and holler.

BABALOO

You need a goddamn dome doctor,
bro...lotta dudes go in there
never come out alive.

MATT takes off his West Point class ring.

MATT

This is worth five hundred bucks
cash.

The TWO GUYS exchange a look. BEAT. BABALOO shrugs
and nods assent.

(REVISED MARCH 31, 1986)

CONTINUED:

113. CONTINUED:

113.

JOSHUA

Okay, bro. Be it on 'ya own ass.

Both guys pick up their shotguns, kick out the fire and shuffle off into the forest.

BABALOO

Follow us, bro.

MATT follows.

114. EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

114.

The THREE MEN approach a clump of trees. JOSHUA and BABALOO start pulling at branches to reveal an ancient Ford truck.

JOSHUA

Hope she still goes.

BABALOO

Ain't that the truth.

MATT almost smiles.

CUT TO:

115. EXT./INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

115.

MATT, JOSHUA, BABALOO drive. JOSHUA hands a packet of gum around. JOSHUA flicks a look at MATT.

JOSHUA

I know this ain't ethical,
Mister. But me and Babaloo is
is real curious why they're after
you.

MATT puts a stick of gum in his mouth.

MATT

They ain't after me...I'm after
them.

The TWO GUYS contemplate this statement for a moment, then howl with laughter.

BABALOO

Ask a silly question...

CONTINUED:

115. CONTINUED:

115.

MATT smiles and settles back to rest. He opens one eye and watches the GUYS still laugh. HE doesn't know who they are. But they've saved his life and possibly SARAH'S.

116. EXT. TRUCK - MONTAGE

116.

Driving through the night.

Driving through the day. Inside we HEAR BABALOO play the HARMONICA. The countryside gets more primitive every FRAME.

117. EXT. CAJUN COUNTRY - DEEP IN THE BAYOUS - DAY

117.

The old Ford truck comes bouncing along a potholed dirt road and stops.

JOSHUA drives, BABALOO drinks home-made liquor. MATT is asleep. BABALOO taps him on the shoulder. MATT wakes quickly.

BABALOO

Wake up, Mister. This is as far
as we go.

JOSHUA

Ville de Louvette's a cuppla
miles down the road.

MATT Wipes the sleep from his eyes, takes off his ring and offers it to BABALOO.

MATT

Okay, thanks, here.

BABALOO looks at JOSHUA

BABALOO

Nah, We don't want 'ya ring,
man. We figure it's got some
sentimental value. 'Sides, we
make enough from armed robbery...

MATT is touched. He puts the ring back on.

MATT

I really appreciate it. You
guys have been real friends.

MATT reaches into the glove compartment, takes out a pencil and paper and scribbles a note.

CONTINUED:

117. CONTINUED:

117.

MATT

(continuing)

If you're ever in a jam, call
this number...tell them Matt
Hunter sent you.

JOSHUA takes the note. He looks at it, slightly puzzled.

JOSHUA

Sure 'ya don't wanna change
'ya mind, come back with us...

MATT

No.

BABALOO

Okay, buddy, good luck!

He looks around nervously, puts the truck in gear and takes
off down the road in a cloud of dust.

MATT

Good luck!

MATT, dirty, dressed in rags, looking like a hobo, makes his
way down the dusty road to Ville de Louvette.

118. EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST - DAY

118.

MATT is hiding in a clump of wild azalea bushes. He is looking
at:

119. EXT. VILLE DE LOUVETTE - DAY

119.

Same town as in the first SCENE. The street is full of people.
At the moment, though, they seem happy enough as they prepare
for the monthly fais do-do (dance)

Several MEN slaughter a pig to roast on a huge fire being
built in the town square. WOMEN hang lanterns from the
branches of the wild pecan trees. Somewhere the musicians
tune up on their violins and harmonicas.

120. EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST - DAY

120.

MATT knows Pentangle are somewhere nearby and shudders to
think of SARAH being held prisoner in that dreadful place.

He settles back to wait for the festivities to start.

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CONTINUED:

121. EXT. THE BAYOUS- DAY

121.

The vast orbe of the sun sets over the Bayous, illuminating a hundred shades of green and gold. It slowly DISSOLVES to darkness.

122. EXT. VILLE DE LOUVETTE - NIGHT

122.

A Hairy POCKMARKED FACE with a strawberry nose, opens its mouth, exposing rows of blackened teeth, and yells:

MOUTH

Un, deux, trois, quatre!

BAM! Thirty violins and harmonicas hit primitive chords as the mouth barks out a raucus CAJUN SONG. Half Marsailles street, half jazz.

The fais do-do is on. The booze flows, piles of food are consumed, the pig sizzles over the fire, the entire population of the town is on the streets, dressed in animal skins and masks, dancing wildly between pouring gallons of moonshine down their throats.

Only a few glance at the dirty figure of MATT HUNTER as he walks among them.

He takes a hunk of beef, sits on a barrel and eats it, watching the crowd giratte around him.

Suddenly, a masked figure grabs him, pulls him up and swings him round and round. Several masked figures push at him and shout at him in CAJUN FRENCH. MATT pulls away and stands in front of DUVAL'S SALOON.

123. INT. BEDROOM - DUVAL'S SALOON - NIGHT

123.

GLASTENBURY, LAVALL, WALLACE AND DELANEY watch HUNTER standing below.

DELANEY

Goddamn it! He made it.

124. EXT. STREET - NIGHT

124.

MATT turns and looks through the door into DUVAL'S BAR.

125. INT. DUVAL'S BAR - NIGHT

125.

A mass of drunken people-several fornicate in the corner. others fight.

126. EXT. STREET (BACK TO SCENE) NIGHT

126.

MATT walks back into the street. We FOLLOW him with a STEADY CAM as he pushes his way through the crowds looking for SARAH. Now and again he is accosted by drunks. He pushes them away.

Suddenly, a cripple boy riding in a dog cart appears and hands him a note.

MATT reads it. All it says is:

"LOUVETTE CLUB SOCIALE"

The small BOY points across the square to the TOWN HALL.

MATT understands. He moves off fast, pushing his way through the now hysterical crowd, stepping over drunks and fornicating couples as he goes.

127. INT. BEDROOM - DUVAL'S BAR - NIGHT

127.

The Pentangle Hunting Club watch HUNTER.

GLASTENBURY

Okay, gentlemen, the hunt is about to begin.

WALLACE

Five million dollars to the man who takes Hunter's head?

ALL

Agreed.

128. EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

128.

The MUSIC has reached a deafening crescendo.

MATT finds an alley by the side of the TOWN HALL. There at the end...He sees:

"LA LOUVETTE CLUB SOCIALE"

129. INT. LA LOUVETTE CLUB SOCIALE - NIGHT

129.

MATT stands and stares.

He is inside a 19th century FRENCH WHOREHOUSE decorated with faded pink velvet and chantilly lace. A transvestite orgy is taking place all over the joint. A fat BLACK LADY plays a cornet in a corner.

A large GUY sashays over to MATT. He's in heavy makeup, wearing a blonde wig, high heeled shoes, fishnet stockings, suspender belt and a bra. He calls himself FI-FI.

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CONTINUED:

129. CONTINUED:

129.

FI-FI

Bon soir, mon cheri. I'm Fi-Fi.
Can I help you?

MATT

I'm looking for a girl...twelve
years old.

FI-FI

Twelve? Ooh-la-la. You are a very
bad boy.

MATT grabs FI-FI's arm and squeezes. FI-FI winces in pain
at the power of MATT'S grip.

FI-FI

(continuing)

Ooooh...you're hurting me.

MATT squeezes harder.

MATT

Her name is Sarah. Is she here?

FI-FI

Let me think. I don't know.
She may be...follow me.

MATT follows FI-FI through the crowd, keeping a firm grip on
her arm.

FI-FI

(continuing)

There is a new girl here, very
pretty, much in demand...we're
going to auction her off to the
highest bidder at midnight
tonight...five hundred bucks might
get you the first bite of the cherry,
though.

FI-FI opens the door to the back room. MATT follows her in.

130. INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

130.

Mock LOUIS the 16th.

CONTINUED:

130. CONTINUED:

130

FI-FI

Ah...here she is.

MATT stops dead.

There is SARAH, painted like a doll, dressed like a whore. Behind her stands a huge BLACK GUY in a G-string. For a moment they stare at each other, then SARAH starts to shake uncontrollably. Then, with a little cry, she throws herself into MATT'S arms.

SARAH

Oh, Matt...I thought you were dead.

MATT

(in a mood to kill)
Have they hurt you, honey?

SARAH

No. But I'm so frightened.

MATT reaches out and whips FI-FI's bra off and wipes the makeup from SARAH'S face.

MATT

Okay...we're leaving.

FI-FI suddenly throws a fit.

FI-FI

Hey, whadda 'ya mean leaving...
she ain't going anyplace.

FI-FI makes a grab at MATT. MATT picks him up and throws him through the window.

The BLACK GUY takes a gigantic swing at MATT. MATT picks him up and throws him through the window.

MATT opens a wardrobe, takes out a windbreaker and a pair of female boots and hands them to SARAH.

MATT

Put these on...

131. EXT. LA LOUVETTE CLUB SOCIALE - NIGHT

131.

MATT and SARAH exit the whorehouse and look around.

132. EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

132.

The Fais do-do is now totally out of control. MATT leads SARAH through the wildly gyrating crowd to the edge of town.

We SEE GLASTENBURY and the Pentangle Hunting Club watching from the shadows.

133. EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

133.

MATT and SARAH reach the dirt road leading out of town.

Several MEN carrying shotguns guard the road. They see MATT and SARAH and wave him away, indicating the road is closed. MATT pulls SARAH into a clup of azaleas.

MATT

Listen carefully. Those men who burned down the farm are here... they'll be coming after us again. So we have to keep our heads and be brave...fancy a swim...?

SARAH nods. Although not convinced.

MATT

(continuing)

C'mon.

134. EXT. EDGE OF A BAYOU - NIGHT

134.

MATT and SARAH make their way through a tunnel of wild orchids to the edge of a Bayou. They slide into the water and start to swim.

135. EXT. DUVALLS BAR - NIGHT

135.

GLASTENBURY, WALLACE, DELANEY and LAVALL stand outside DUVALL'S BAR drining champagne. Drunks stagger all around them. GLASTENBURY looks at his watch.

GLASTENBURY

We'll give them thirty minutes start.

DELANEY

What will it be this time?

WALLACE

Let's make it one bullet in the chamber... only one.

GLASTENBURY

Use whatever weapon your heart desires. I'll use my usual.

135. CONTINUED:

135.

DELANEY looks up at the sky and shivers.
BLACK CLOUDS rush past the moon.

DELANEY
It looks like rain.

WALLACE
Let's get at it.

136. EXT. BAYOU - NIGHT

136.

MATT and SARAH reach the bank and climb out. SARAH empties her boots.

MATT
C'mon, let's run...

They both take off into the jungle, SARAH running as fast as she can.

MATT stops. SARAH is out of breath.

MATT
Warm?

SARAH
Yes.

MATT
Okay, I'll give you a piggy-back.

SARAH climbs onto his back.

MATT
(continuing)
Okay...hold tight...

MATT takes off as though he's going to break the three-minute mile.

137. VARIOUS ANGLES - BAYOU - NIGHT

137.

MATT running, the supreme athlete in motion. Now and again, the moonlight breaks through the clouds and filters through the criss-crossed obstacle of branches. Trees loom in front of and around him. Branches tear at his face.

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CONTINUED:

137. CONTINUED:

137.

Suddenly, the jungle lights up as a streak of lightning flashes across the sky. There's the distant RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

MATT feels SARAH tense up on his back. Drops of rain start to spatter on his face.

MATT
Don't worry, honey. S'only a storm
brewing...

MATT keeps running and running and running.

138. EXT. EDGE OF BAYOU - VILLE DE LOUVETTE - NIGHT

138.

The Pentangle Hunting Fraternity examine the ground where MATT and SARAH entered the water. They put on their masks.

The rain buckets down.

WALLACE
C'mon. They've had enough time...

GLASTENBURY puts the silver hunting horn to his lips and blows. Lightning streaks across the sky.

139. EXT. BAYOU - NIGHT - (RAIN)

139.

In the distance, the SOUND OF THE HUNTING HORN echoes around the trees. MATT throws his head back like a wolf and listens.

It SOUNDS again.

MATT gulps the air, crouches low and once again takes off into the thick undergrowth.

140. EXT. BAYOU - NIGHT (RAIN)

140.

Pentangle swimming the Bayou and moving into the jungle.

141. EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (RAIN)

141.

Silhouetted in the storm as MATT catwalks across an elm tree that has fallen across a small Bayou. He reaches the other side and runs.

He stumbles up a steep incline, fights his way through a forest of hanging vines and wild azaleas, negotiates a group of needle-like rocks, finds himself in a tangled web of wild magnolias, trips on a vine and falls.

He rolls a few yards and finally comes to a stop with SARAH laying on top of him. He sits up quickly to make sure SARAH'S okay

141. CONTINUED:

141.

SARAH is dusting herself down.

SARAH

That was fun.

MATT

I'm glad you enjoyed it.

MATT checks the surroundings. He SEES a cave. They move in. The entrance is hidden from view by the magnolia bushes.

142. INT. CAVE - NIGHT

142.

They are in a cave cut into the side of a hill, probably dug by FRENCH SMUGGLERS in the 18th century.

MATT inspects the cave the best he can. It's dry. In one corner a pile of dead leaves blown in over the years. He covers SARAH with the leaves and snuggles down next to her to keep her warm.

MATT

We're safe in here for a while.
Try and get some rest.

SARAH holding onto her brother. A few moments, then:

SARAH

Matt...is Grandpa Jimmy dead,
too?

MATT

Yes.

SARAH starts to sob quietly. In the distance, the SOUND OF THE HUNTING HORN counterpoints the roaring of the storm.

143. EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT (RAIN)

143.

GLASTENBURY and the Pentangle Hunting Club moving forward through the rain-soaked jungle using their field craft like true professionals.

DISSOLVE TO:

144. EXT. BAYOUS - DAWN (RAIN)

144.

A stormy dawn over the Bayou country. The rain lashes down.

145. INT. CAVE - DAY

145.

A little light filters in. MATT and SARAH are asleep. There's a NOISE outside. MATT wakes quickly and wakes SARAH. He signals her to be quiet.

MATT
(whispers)
Don't move.

MATT crawls to the cave entrance.

146. EXT. BY THE CAVE - DAY (RAIN)

146.

LAVALL stands outside the cave in his hunting costume and mask. He carries a small semi-automatic hand cannon with a G.I. silencer. In his belt he carries an axe.

LAVALL sniffs the air, scenting his prey. He examines the ground and starts pushing aside the magnolia bushes.

MATT knows he must draw LAVALL away from the area. MATT picks up a stone and throws it.

LAVALL turns quickly and FIRES at the noise.

MATT breaks cover and runs like hell.

LAVALL turns just in time to see MATT disappearing into the jungle. He shouts in triumph and FIRES A BLAST with his hand cannon.

147. EXT. FOREST - DAY (RAIN)

147.

MATT runs fast. Tree splinters zing past his ears. He hits the deck.

LAVALL cocks his hand cannon and moves off in pursuit.

Hugging the deck, MATT hears LAVALL APPROACHING. He jumps up and runs like hell for a thick clump of pecan trees.

For a split second LAVALL SEES MATT HUNTER and FIRES TWO MORE BLASTS.

A couple of trees are blown down behind MATT. Another tree is fractured close to MATT'S head. He dives over a barricade of fallen trees and disappears.

LAVALL and MATT HUNTER. A game of deadly pursuit as LAVALL tries to kill MATT.

But, catching MATT HUNTER is like catching a shadow.

148. EXT. CLEARING IN THE TREES - DAY (RAIN)

148.

LAVALL suddenly finds himself in a clearing. There is no sign of MATT HUNTER. LAVALL stops by a small lake caused by the torrential rain and flooding Bayous.

He sniffs the air and listens. SILENCE, except for the wind and the lashing rain.

The muddy waters of the lake begin to stir. A hand appears and slowly snakes towards LAVALL'S ankle.

The hand suddenly moves with the speed of light, grabs LAVALL'S leg, somersaulting him into the mud.

MATT HUNTER rises out of the lake like Godzilla and kicks away the hand cannon.

LAVALL leaps up, swearing like murder, and hurls himself at MATT.

For a few moments the fight is primitive and brutal, as LAVALL seems to get the upper hand. Then, with a series of Karate blows executed with great precision and skill, MATT brings the tree-like LAVALL to his knees like a lumber jack might cut down a giant oak.

MATT brings his knee upwards, hitting LAVALL in the face. LAVALL falls back, pole-axed. MATT leans down and pulls off LAVALL's mask.

A look of recognition comes over his face.

MATT

I know you ya son of a bitch.
I've seen you on t.v.

MATT walks to the hand cannon to pick it up. He suddenly sees LAVALL about to throw the axe. MATT rolls to one side, picks up the cannon and FIRES it in one movement.

LAVALL'S head disintegrates like a ripe melon hit by a baseball bat.

One down, three to go. He searches LAVALL'S body, finds nothing, picks up the axe and ammo for the cannon.

Suddenly, in the distance, he hears the HUNTING HORN. He puts his ear to the ground and listens. He gets up and takes off into the jungle fast.

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CONTINUED:

149. EXT. FOREST- DAY (RAIN) 149.

MATT running through the jungle, rain lashes down. THUNDER rumbles overhead. The HUNTING HORN SOUNDS IN THE DISTANCE.

150. EXT. BY THE CAVE - DAY (RAIN) 150.

MATT reaches the mouth of the cave. He looks around quickly to make sure he hasn't been spotted. He crawls through the magnolia bushes into the cave.

151. INT. CAVE - DAY 151.

MATT ENTERS cave.

It's empty except for the dead leaves piled in the corner.

MATT
(whispers)
Sarah?

No reply.

MATT moves desperately to the leaves and pushes them aside.

IRON MAN WALLACE leaps up, grotesque in his INSECT mask.

Before MATT can react, WALLACE'S head butts him. MATT drops the hand cannon as he lands. With a wild shout, WALLACE is on him.

They roll along the ground into the mud. No holds barred. WALLACE sinks his teeth into MATT'S neck. His knees smashing up towards MATT'S crotch. He misses and catches him in the thigh.

Both men stagger up. WALLACE grabs MATT round the waist and starts to squeeze him to death. MATT gasps for breath and hooks his thumbs into the corner of WALLACE'S mouth and rips. WALLACE cries in pain and spits blood. He feints with his left and connects a short right into MATT'S jaw. MATT falls to his knees in a puddle.

MATT just manages to roll aside as WALLACE kicks at his head with studded combat boots.

MATT struggles up. WALLACE smashes sledgehammer blows into MATT'S guts with gnarled fists. MATT holds onto the side of a tree, blinking in the rain and trying to remain conscious.

WALLACE, sensing victory, aims several blows to the side of MATT'S FACE.

MATT staggers.

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CONTINUED:

151. CONTINUED:

151.

WALLACE steps back and aims a tremendous blow at MATT'S jaw. MATT rides the blow. He spits blood and whispers into WALLACE'S ear:

MATT

You know those guys with glass
jaws...me...I'm just the opposite.

WALLACE yells and charges. He feints a low karate kick, then wheels, his left fist flashing outward towards MATT'S throat.

MATT blocks the blow, side steps, his left foot cutting in low, squashing WALLACE'S balls like a couple of rotten tomatoes. WALLACE runs in circles, screaming in pain.

MATT, bruised and bleeding badly, picks up the hand cannon and knocks WALLACE to the ground.

He rips off WALLACE'S mask and sticks the cannon in his ear.

MATT

Well, well. If it ain't the iron
man himself. Okay, Wallace.
Where's my sister?

WALLACE opens and shuts his mouth. MATT cocks the hand cannon.

MATT

(continuing)
Where's my sister?

WALLACE screams and lunges at MATT.

WALLACE

Fuck your sister!

WALLACE grabs the hand cannon. It GOES OFF, blowing a hole the size of a football in his chest. Even so, he keeps coming and grabs MATT round the throat. For a moment, he squeezes, then slowly falls to his knees, leaving the front of MATT's shirt soaked in his blood.

MATT, badly bruised, bloody and totally exhausted hears a NOISE, turns, cannon at the ready.

SARAH'S frail little face stares at him from the bushes.

MATT almost cries with relief.

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CONTINUED:

151. CONTINUED:

151.

MATT
Sarah, where did you get to?

SARAH
I was looking for you.

The SOUND OF THE HUNTING HORN echoes through the trees. MATT grabs SARAH'S hand.

MATT
C'mon, let's get out of here.

MATT wipes the blood from his face, grabs SARAH'S hand and moves off into the jungle with her.

152. EXT. JUNGLE - DAY (RAIN)

152.

MATT and SARAH start to run. SARAH trips. MATT picks her up and keeps running.

GLASTENBURY and DELANEY chasing. MATT becomes more and more exhausted. GLASTENBURY and DELANEY are enjoying the chase.

153. EXT. BAYOU - DAY (RAIN)

153

GLASTENBURY runs like the wind along the banks of the Bayou. Every now and then he stops and listens, then runs OUT OF SHOT.

MATT and SARAH up to their necks in water, hiding between the roots of a mangrove tree. MATT climbs out, hoists SARAH on his back and runs in the opposite direction.

154. EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE JUNGLE - DAY (RAIN)

154.

MATT staggers, pulling SARAH along behind him.

SARAH
I can't go any more, Matt.

A GUNSHOT from the jungle interrupts MATT'S reply. He hears the bullet plow through SARAH'S frail body, feels her spattered blood. SARAH falls gasping, the blood seeping through her windbreaker.

SARAH
(screams)
Matt!

MATT can't speak. In horror, he drags SARAH behind the cover of a log. Mindlessly grabs the hand cannon. He holds SARAH close to him.

MATT
Please baby, don't die.

CONTINUED:

154. CONTINUED:

154.

MATT rips his jacket to shreds and stuffs it into SARAH'S windbreaker to stop the bleeding.

ANOTHER BULLET hits the log in front of him and whines off into infinity. MATT looks around wildly. He sees a muzzle flash in the trees, then another and another. BULLETS whistle all around him.

His rage wells up insanely. Panic changes to madness. He sees another muzzle flash. A BULLET creases his cheek. Blood drips. MATT stands up.

SARAH

MATT! MATT!

MATT doesn't listen. He charges ahead, aiming where he'd seen the muzzle flash. He FIRES and hears a SCREAM. ANOTHER BULLET clips his arm. He doesn't flinch, but keeps lunging forward.

A BULLET smacks against a tree, rattling all the branches in the forest. He leaps over a dead tree trunk, adrenaline pumping into every part of his body. He hears the BOLT OF A PISTOL CLICK in front of him. MOVEMENT in the bushes. MATT smashes his way through the brush.

SUDDENLY....

A figure dressed head to foot in a GROTESQUE DISGUISE tries to reload his machine pistol. The masked face looks up in surprise.

MATT BLOWS HIS GUTS OUT through his spine. The sound is terrible. Bursting flesh and bone. A huge EXPLOSION swallowed by its impact on liquid.

MATT rips off the MASK. DELANEY'S dead eyes stare to the sky.

MATT

You'll never be president
nowhere, Delaney.

MATT rips thorough the dead man's clothes and finds a blood-stained WALLET. He sticks it in his pants.

MATT

Lesson one. In this business ya
don't carry personal effects,
schmuck!

MATT runs back to SARAH. He kneels beside her. She opens her eyes and smiles. She's still alive. MATT almost sobs in relief.

MATT examines the wound which is a ragged hole between the shoulder blade and the lung. If SARAH doesn't get attention soon, she'll bleed to death. MATT uses all his expertise to do battlefield repairs. He tries to pick SARAH up tenderly and moves off deep into the jungle.

155. EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE JUNGLE - DAY (RAIN)

GLASTENBURY is sitting in a tree. He looks like a prehistoric animal. He sees MATT struggling desperately through the brush with SARAH in his arms. He pulls out his wire GARROTTE, slides down the TREE and moves silently after them.

(REVISED MARCH 31, 1986)
CONTINUED:

156. EXT. FAST FLOWING BAYOU - DAY (RAIN)

156.

MATT staggers to the side of a fast flowing Bayou, swollen by the TORRENTAL RAIN. He falls to his knees and struggles up again, looking for a safe place to cross. He kicks aside a pile of broken branches and rounds a bend in the Bayou.

GLASTENBURY suddenly appears behind him and throws the GARROTTE round his neck.

MATT falls to his knees, dropping SARAH. His eyes pop.

GLASTENBURY, twisting the GARROTTE. The wire biting into MATT'S neck. His face is blue.

GLASTENBURY enjoying the killing.

MATT is searching for the AXE in his belt. He finds it. He pulls it out and smashes it into Glastenbury's leg.

GLASTENBURY screams like a scalded cat. He lets go of MATT and runs limping into the jungle, howling like a demented banshee.

MATT falls to the ground, pulling the GARROTTE from his neck. He is bloody and gasping for breath.

MATT slowly gets to his feet, picks up SARAH, and crashes into the cool waters of the BAYOU and swims.

MATT and SARAH floating down the slowly flowing BAYOU. MATT fights to keep SARAH'S head above water.

RAIN CLOUDS obliterate the sun.

157. EXT. BAYOU - DAY (RAIN)

MATT struggling to remain conscious. The rain clouds move faster and faster. The WATER OF THE BAYOU moves faster and faster.

MATT, SARAH -- spinning with the current-- faster -- faster -- faster.

158. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (RAIN)

A beat up PONTIAC moves down the road, churning up the mud.

159. INT. PONTIAC - DAY (RAIN)

Inside, two of the men we saw guarding the road in Ville La Louvette. One fat, one skinny; both have shot guns. Suddenly through the windshield they see:

A BUNDLE laying in the road

160. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (RAIN)

160.

THE CAR SKIDS TO A STOP.

As THE SKINNY ONE opens the door to investigate, the ghost-like figure of MATT HUNTER steps out of the bushes, grabs him by the hair and throws him ten yards through the air.

THE FAT GUY goes for his gun. MATT punches him out through the opposite door.

161. INT. PONTIAC - DAY (RAIN)

161.

MATT drives, SARAH is unconscious. Between monitoring SARAH'S heart beat, MATT looks through Delaney's wallet. He suddenly finds something that interests him. A PHOTO OF WALLACE, DELANEY, LAVALL and GLASTENBURY. All dressed in hunting gear.

A look of triumph on MATT'S face.

CUT TO:

162. EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

162.

The OLD PONTIAC pulls up to the front of the house. MATT HUNTER, bloody, filthy and mud-stained, gets out and carries SARAH up to the front door. He kicks it open.

163. INT. C.I.A. SAFE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

163.

Half a dozen operatives turn in panic, as MATT carries SARAH along the corridor, and kicks open the door at the end.

164. INT. C.I.A. SAFE HOUSE OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

164.

ADMIRAL BROWN, GENERAL WYATT, CHARLES KRAY, and execs turn as the door suddenly flies off its hinges and MATT walks in with SARAH in his arms. He looks like a corpse returned from the grave.

WYATT

My God!

MATT lays SARAH on the table.

BROWN

Matt, thank god, you're alive!

MATT

(sneers)

Oh sure. Now listen carefully. These are the members of the Pentangle Hunting Club...I've already killed. Pierre Lavall, Jeb Wallace and Wonder Boy Jerry Delaney.

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CONTINUED:

164. CONTINUED:

164.

There's a gasp as MATT throws Delaney's blood-stained WALLET at BROWN.

MATT
(continuing)
There's at least one
more to go.

BROWN frowns and exchanges a look with KRAY and WYATT.
MATT points at SARAH.

MATT
(continuing)
This is my sister, Sarah. The
only member of my family left
alive. I love her very much!
If she dies I'll hold each one
of you personally responsible.

MATT takes a .45 AUTOMATIC from one Operative's shoulder
holster, sticks it in his pants and starts to leave...
There's a moment of silence. Then ADMIRAL BROWN roars...

BROWN
Wait Hunter!!! You're exceeding
your authority...Don't you
understand the ramifications of
what you've done. Your brief was
to identify these people so the
government could bring them to
justice. Not indulge yourself
in a bloodbath. The Committee
must know who the rest of these
people are before you have
permission to proceed any further.

MATT
Oh, yeah...Tell 'em to read about
it in the paper.

MATT exits.

E.C.U. ADMIRAL BROWN. His craggy face is now hard. His
eyes narrow.

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CONTINUED:

165. EXT. LAFAYETTE CASTLE - NIGHT

165.

A bright moonlit night-----LAFAYETTE CASTLE, built by a zillionaire French slave trader in 1788, is a magnificent building set in five hundred acres of formal garden overlooking the estuary of the MISSISSIPPI. From the crenelated battlements, stone steps lead down to the jetty and slave dungeons below.

MATT moves out of the shadows where he was hiding and watching and moves slowly forward. He disconnects a fuse box, cuts a way through the high wire fence and crawls through.

166. INT. DINING ROOM - LAFAYETTE CASTLE - NIGHT

166.

GLASTENBURY and a dozen or more elegant GUESTS, all dressed in evening dress, sit around a LOUIS THE 16TH dining room table which groans with gold and silver plates and rare food from the four corners of the earth. A million dollar chandelier hangs overhead -- Old Masters line the wall -- LIVERIED FLUNKIES hover in the background. GLASTENBURY waxes eloquent on his favorite subject.

GLASTENBURY

I know the goddamn liberals scream fascist. But the simple truth is, Hitler was right! Man was a visionary -- forty years after his death over half the world is Communist and we're defending our borders. My God! We should have let Hitler take care of the Commie Bastards when we had the chance -- what a different place the world would be today.

Several guests bang the table in support.

GLASTENBURY takes a sip of ice water.

Suddenly, the BUTLER enters and presents GLASTENBURY with an envelope.

BUTLER

There's a person in the hall to see you, sir. He looks rather dreadful.

166. CONTINUED:

166.

GLASTENBURY

Ah, yes.

GLASTENBURY opens the envelope and pulls out a photo. It is a picture of THE PENTANGLE HUNTING CLUB -- all the faces except GLASTENBURY have been crossed out. Round his head is a circle.

GLASTENBURY puts the photo in his tuxedo pocket.

GLASTENBURY

(to guests)

Excuse me, gentlemen. This won't take long.

(to butler)

Serve the coffee and cigars.

GLASTENBURY gets up and limps out of the room.

167. INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

167.

Exquisite -- full of antiques. GLASTENBURY walks in.

MATT turns INTO SHOT.

MATT

Good evening, Mr. Glastenbury.

GLASTENBURY

You've arrived a little quicker than I expected.

MATT laughs and draws the automatic.

MATT

Yeah, amazing ain't it? How's the leg?

167. CONTINUED:

167.

GLASTENBURY leers.

GLASTENBURY
Better, thank you. Shall we
continue this discussion in the
Great Hall.

168. INT. GREAT HALL AND GALLERY - NIGHT

168.

MATT and GLASTENBURY look like midgets as their shadows are projected on the walls.

The GIANT HALL is furnished baroque and filled with oriental and western antique armor and weapons. One end has a magnificent stained glass cathedral window.

GLASTENBURY locks the door and pulls a switch. A hundred candles suddenly light up.

With a little imagination we could be in the 14th century.

GLASTENBURY turns.

GLASTENBURY:
You're a remarkable man, Hunter.
Nobody ever survived the great
hunting game before. Would ten
million dollars interest you?
Pentangle would be proud to enlist
a man like you.

MATT
Pentangle's finished -- over.

GLASTENBURY moves to a glass case full of swords and chooses a magnificent SAMORAI SWORD.

GLASTENBURY
I'm afraid not, Hunter. It's just the
beginning. It's spreading all over this country *
like a brush fire on a hot summer day. *
Brain racing. Is GLASTENBURY bluffing?

MATT
Yeah, and who's running all this shit?
Who? Who's the fifth member
of the Pentangle?

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CONTINUED:

GLASTENBURY

Alas-- I'm sorry to say --- you'll never
know.

*
*

He throws a SECOND SWORD to MATT, and attacks.

Duel to be choreographed. It should take place over every square inch of the great hall -- over chairs, tables. Up the stairs and along the balcony. Brilliant moves and counter moves. Cut, Parry and thrust. Two expert swordsmen using every ounce of their skill.

Priceless antiques are destroyed. The swords flail through the air, missing their target by a hair's breadth. Each man bleed from a dozen cuts and stab wounds as some blows strike home.

Outside the guests start shouting and banging on the door.

Both men's clothes are reduced to bloodstained rags as they are cut to shreds.

GLASTENBURY fights like a man who is possessed. He seems impervious to pain and fatigue.

He slashes wildly at MATT, cutting everything down in range and forcing MATT back along the balcony to the stained glass window.

He senses MATT'S fatigue. He lunges. The SWORD cuts through the fleshy part of MATT'S arm.

Blood spurts.

GLASTENBURY with a yell of triumph angles the Coup de Grace at MATT'S throat.

MATT side steps and kills GLASTENBURY like a Matador might kill a bull, angling the sword down through GLASTENBURY'S chest.

GLASTENBURY'S eyes glaze. He gives a supernatural scream as his demon soul flies through his demon body.

He rolls backwards and crashes over the balcony to the flagstones below. IT IS FINISHED.

The door breaks down. Twenty men (guests and servants) rush into the great hall. - The bloody corpse of GLASTENBURY is still twitching on the flagstones, they charge up the stairs toward MATT.

For MATT there is no escape, except one way. He takes it.

MATT turns and dives out the CATHEDRAL WINDOW, head first.
CRASH!

169. EXT. LAFAYETTE CASTLE - MOONLIGHT - NIGHT 169.

MATT somersaults into the Mississippi River a hundred feet below.

The foamy water dissolves into the great orb of the noonday sun.

PULL BACK through a window to the interior of...

170. INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL WARD - DAY 170.

SARAH lays on a bed semi-conscious. MATT sits next to her holding her hand. Several MEDICAL STAFF hover in the background. A DOCTOR checks SARAH'S vital signs.

DOCTOR

She's through the crisis...
She's coming round.

SARAH slowly opens her eyes, sees MATT and starts to sob. *

SARAH

Oh, Matt... Are you okay? *

MATT

Hey, baby...of course I am. I've still got
to take care of you, remember? *

SARAH

You're not going away again are
you, Matt? Please don't go away
again...promise.

MATT. He forces himself to lie.

MATT

I promise.

MATT leans forward and kisses SARAH gently on the head...
SHE smiles, shuts her eyes and goes to sleep...the DOCTOR
leans INTO SHOT.

DOCTOR

She'll have a good long sleep
now...She'll be much better
when she wakes up.

MATT

Thanks, Doc.

MATT nods. Straightens SARAH'S hair with his fingers.
He gets up and EXITS the room.

171. INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

171-

MATT walks quickly along the corridor looking neither right or left. He turns a corner.

ADMIRAL BROWN, GENERAL WYATT and KRAY plus a group of HARD-FACED C.I.A. MEN stand waiting...BROWN stares at MATT, then a half-smile comes over his face.

BROWN

Congratulations, Matthew. You did it.

MATT

Did I?

BROWN

Yes. Preliminary investigations of the dead men's affairs indicate you've cut the heart right out of the organization.

MATT

Yeah?...But there's a few questions still unanswered, aren't there? Like who's the fifth point of the Pentangle. And who told them Richards family was at my house. Only your department knew that.

BROWN

Their intelligence system was very good.

MATT

You bet it was.

The smile starts to fade from BROWN'S face.

BROWN

Are you insinuating something?

MATT

I'm not insinuating anything. But I tell you, Admiral. If what Glastenbury said was true and Pentangle is not finished but just starting - I want you to know one thing - so are we!!!

*
*
*

BROWN'S face is granite hard. The corner of his lip curls.

(REVISED APRIL 1, 1986)
CONTINUED:

171. CONTINUED:

171.

MATT spits at the floor and walks away.

We go into EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. ADMIRAL BROWN watching:
his FACE now a picture of controlled fury. WE SEE MATT'S
REFLECTION in his eyes.

We go CLOSER and CLOSER into BROWN'S EYES...Until MATT'S
TWO IMAGES fuse into ONE.

MATT'S IMAGE now FILLS THE SCREEN.

A PULSATING JAZZ ROCK counterpoints MATT'S determined walk.

We ZOOM to EXTREME CLOSE UP MATT HUNTER.

FREEZE FRAME

FINE✓