

OECILIA'S
BODY
PARTS



SCENE #



PROPS



BUILDINGS INTERIOR & EXTERIOR
DESCRIPTIONS.



PRINTING NEWS PAPER
LABELS, BOOKS, SIGNS.



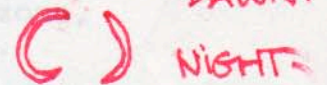
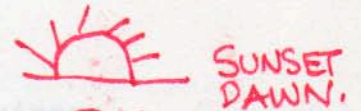
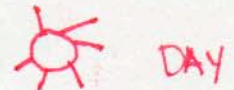
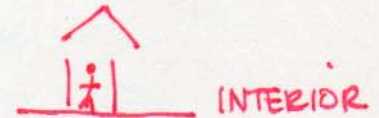
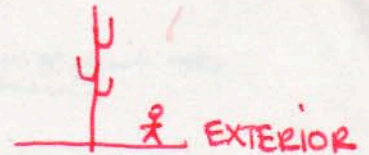
EXISTING
NATURAL
LOCATIONS.
NO CONSTRUCTION
ONLY DRESSING.



TV. PROGRAMS
PLAYING

BODY

PARTS



feeling like a victim.
TRIPING ON ME

- FLOOR PLANS OF EACH SCENE.

w/ possible camera movements.

BY WURLITZER & COX



© 1989

to whom:
- dictionaries INGLES, ESPAÑOL
ENGLISH

DOWNTOWN TUCSON

EXTERIOR

NIGHT

DETECTIVES spread eagle three SUSPECTS against a wall.

COP CARS with flashing lights block the street.

DETECTIVES RICHARDSON and ORTEGA are tearing apart a DODGE VAN. The side of the VAN has a distinctive mural.

Uniform COPS direct traffic and set flares.

DETECTIVES JACK DITKO and BOB BAXTER, partners for ten years, are both dressed like bums.

JACK wears a dirty straw cowboy hat. He has sleepless eyes and several days' growth of beard.

BAXTER presses his gun into a SUSPECT's chin while JACK handcuffs the other Two.

BAXTER

Digame, Pendejo! Donde esta Quintana?

SUSPECT

No se, Jefe.

JACK reads the SUSPECTS their rights.

JACK

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say may be taken down and used as evidence against you in a court of law. You have the right to a lawyer. If you cannot afford a lawyer --

SUSPECT

Hey, Ditko. These cuffs are too tight --

JACK loosens the cuffs.

BAXTER, enragred by the silence of the Third Suspect, punches him in the kidneys. The MAN falls down.

BAXTER

Don't lie to me, asshole.

JACK
Take it easy, Bob!

A UNIFORMED COP calls out.

COP
Hey, Baxter! It's Commissioner
Garrett.

The COP points to a Sedan. Behind the wheel sits POLICE
COMMISSIONER GARRETT, a small, severe crewcut man of
sixty five.

BAXTER hurries over.

JACK handcuffs the Third Suspect and leads them towards
a Police Car.

Another POLICE CAR releases BARKING DOGS.

JACK glances at BAXTER and the COMMISSIONER. They are
arguing. BAXTER slams his hand down on the hood.

A German Shepard jumps up on JACK, both paws on JACK's
chest as he tries to lick his face. JACK pushes the DOG
back.

JACK
(To Dog Handler)
For Christ Sake, Lorenzo, can't
you control your damn dog?

DOG HANDLER
She's sweet on you, Jack. It's
your animal magnetism.

The COMMISSIONER drives away.

BAXTER comes over.

JACK
What did the Commissioner want?

BAXTER
Nothing much. The usual bullshit.
You want to grab a beer?

JACK
Not tonight.

BAXTER
Come on. I'll buy you a cold one.
There's something I want to talk
to you about.

JACK
Tell me tommorow, Buddy.
(Pats him on the
shoulder)
I'm headed for a warm bath.

JACK heads for a Patrol Car.

BAXTER
Jack, hold on --

BAXTER is surrounded by barking dogs.

JACK waves, gets in the Patrol Car.

JACK'S PLACE EXTERIOR NIGHT

JACK's Two Room Adobe House is jammed up against a tall wire mesh fence. On the far side are the landing lights of Davis Monthan Air Force Base.

JACK works beneath a corrugated plastic roof on the motor of his TR-7. He wears a clean white shirt. His hands are covered with oil but the rest of his workshop is spotless.

Spread out by the empty corral is JACK's collection of non-functional vehicles.

The sound of Crickets.

HEADLIGHTS APPEAR.

JACK carefully wipes his hands on a rag and walks slowly to the dirt driveway.

BAXTER pulls up in an umarked Police Car.

JACK
Hi, Bob. Want a soda?

JACK'S PLACE INTERIOR NIGHT

JACK and BAXTER are seated in JACK's spartan Living Room.

On the coffee table are three radios in various states of repair, a broken down clock, a tool kit, a soldering iron and a cup of cold tea. On the formica mantelpiece sits a rodeo trophy, a picture of his sixteen year old daughter and a Chinese hand grenade. A hand lettered sign reads: NOT A TOY! in English and Chinese.

JACK
You're fuckin' insane, Bob.

BAXTER
You're right, Jack. I'm nuts. I'm in the worst trouble I've ever been in. And I'm asking you to help me. If you say no I won't blame you.

JACK
You're asking me to help you commit a murder.

BAXTER
Quintana is class A scum, Jack. He's a drug dealing degenerate. He doesn't deserve to be alive.

In the distance - a train whistle.

JACK
You don't know what you're saying, Bob. Best thing for you to do is tell the truth and take your chances.

BAXTER
Don't give me that righteous bullshit! Damnit! I'm your friend, Jack. We've been partners for ten years and I never asked you for a damn thing.

He stares bitterly at his bottle of soda while JACK drinks slowly from his can of beer.

BAXTER
I'm in over my head. If I don't smoke Quintana I'm a dead man.

JACK
Why? Who owns you, Bob?

BAXTER shakes his head..

BAXTER
I can't tell you. Yes or no,
Jack? It's coming down in forty
minutes.

JACK
No.

BAXTER stands up.

BAXTER
Fuck you.

Through the window, JACK watches BAXTER walk towards his car.

As BAXTER drives away, JACK goes over to chest of drawers where his pistol and holster lie.

He checks the cylinder of his .45 Peacemaker.

TR-7 INTERIOR NIGHT

JACK sits behind the wheel of the TR-7.

Traffic is pulled up ahead of him while a giant bulldozer reverses across the road.

DOWNTOWN TUCSON EXTERIOR NIGHT

The TR-7 screams around a corner. Ahead the Amtrak Depot.

GUNSHOTS are heard.

STATION EXTERIOR NIGHT

JACK jumps out, gun in hand.

A LIMO squeals around the corner, knocking down a street sign, disappearing into the underpass. One window is shot out.

BAXTER and a HEAVY SET MAN lie dead. A third man, well dressed, distinguished - QUINTANA - walks slowly across the tracks in the other direction. He has been shot several times.



JACK runs after QUINTANA.

JACK
Police Officer! FREEZE!

QUINTANA keeps on walking. In one hand, he clutches a briefcase. In the other he holds a gun.

JACK levels his gun at QUINTANA.

JACK
Drop the weapon! Now!

QUINTANA turns and looks at JACK. He tries to speak but blood gurgles in his throat.

JACK stares at QUINTANA. QUINTANA's eyes drift past JACK to something above him.

QUINTANA
Pinche cabron ...

He drops the gun and falls to his knees..

JACK turns. Looks up.

ANGLE ON A HUGE BILLBOARD advertising a Car Dealership.
A MAN crouches on the Catwalk immediately in front,
aiming a rifle at JACK.

JACK runs for cover.

A bullet hits the pavement. No sound from the silenced rifle.

JACK hides behind BAXTER's car.

ANGLE ON QUINTANA

Pitching forward on his face. The briefcase hits the track, breaking open. It is full of money.

Money blows everywhere.

JACK hears the man on the BILLBOARD climb down a metal ladder. He peers over the hood of BAXTER's car.

Another Bullet, fired from behind him, breaks the windshield.

JACK dives under the car.

Another BULLET slams into the front tire.

The CAR slowly lowers.

POLICE SIRENS.

JACK crawls out to face armed COPS.

TUCSON CITY SKYLINE

EXTERIOR

DAY

MONTAGE of RADIO and TV VOICES.

RADIO VOICE

Strong rumours persist that a Vigilante group of Cops has been operating in the Tucson area --

TV VOICE

-- The so called Death Squad was apparently involved in the murder of a prominent Sonoran Businessman, Charles Quintana.

RADIO VOICE

-- Named tonight as leaders of the Renegades were Department of Public Safety Officers Jack Ditko and Robert Baxter. Baxter was recently slain in a shoot-out at the Tucson Amtrak Station --

TV VOICE

-- And Detective Ditko has been relegated to the Tactical Support Division pending his investigation.

TPD

INTERIOR

NIGHT

JACK and RICHARDSON stare at a VIDEO MONITOR.

ON THE MONITOR

We see a BODY lying beneath a sheet.
Beside it stands the CORONER.

HIGH ANGLE, as from a surveillance CAMERA.

TWO PEOPLE enter - a WOMAN and a MAN.

The WOMAN is tall, stunningly attractive and well dressed. The MAN is shorter than she, extremely muscular, wearing a WORLD GYM SHIRT - FLOYD.

RICHARDSON V.O.

Not bad, huh?

JACK V.O.

Who is she?

RICHARDSON V.O.

Quintana's wife.

ON SCREEN, the CORONER pulls back the white sheet. We see:

The BODY OF QUINTANA, the MAN BAXTER killed.

ANGELA QUINTANA stares at the BODY. Her face shows no expression.

ANGELA

That's him.

CORONER

You can pick up his belongings tomorrow.

ANGELA

Keep them.

RICHARDSON freezes ANGELA'S Video image.

JACK

Run it again.

RICHARDSON winds the video back. Starts it again. He hands JACK ANGELA's sheet.

RICHARDSON

Quintana's old lady. Mafia Princess. Married to that Limey mobster Belleville for six weeks. After he got smoked she took up with Quintana. Lived with him in Mexico for eight years. No children.

RICHARDSON zooms in on ANGELA's face.

JACK
(Reading the sheet)
Eyes: one green, one grey.

Behind them, the door opens.

POLICE COMMISSIONER GARRETT appears.

He motions to JACK.

GARRETT'S OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

JACK sits before COMMISSIONER GARRETT in his wood paneled Western office. Reproductions of REMINGTONS on the wall. Cowhide couch. Polished oak desk.

JACK is cleaned and shaved.

The COMMISSIONER holds a document in each hand. One of two hundred pages stamped with the City Seal. The other a three page Incident Report.

GARRETT
Jack, please. Listen to reason.
This is the most thoroughly
investigated incident in the
history of the Department. We
have reports from one hundred and
twenty officers and witnesses, as
well as the Coroner. They all say
that Baxter died in an exchange
of gunfire with Chalo Quintana.

JACK
First of all, there weren't any
witnesses. I was the first man on
the scene. I was shot at by two
men with rifles.

GARRETT sighs, shaking his head.

GARRETT
Jack, Jack ... What do you want?
A vacation? More time off? Want
to come inside for awhile?

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

JACK

GARRETT

Jack, if you don't get in line, you're going to cause a lot of problems for the department. You have a lot of friends, Jack, friends you should stick up for.

GARRETT

GARRETT V.O.

DAY

He pulls over.

DAY

10

JACK'S PLACE

EXTERIOR

DUSK

JACK stands behind the house, a stop watch in hand, practicing his quick draw.

In front of him, a tire hanging from a tree.

After drawing several times, he FIRES OFF a shot.

The tire spins.

Inside, the phone is ringing.

JACK ignores the phone.

JACK'S PLACE

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK sits outside his two-room adobe in the hot sun.

ANGLE ON JACK'S FOOT

A large rattlesnake several feet long, crawls past.

JACK hisses at the snake.

JACK

Psssssss ...

The Snake slides away.

A MILITARY JET screams overhead.

GREYHOUND TRACK

EXTERIOR

NIGHT

BOB BAXTER's widow, VIOLET, and her sister, DOT, sit in the stands watching the fifth race. They pass a pint of Seagrams back and forth, pouring it into their big-gulp cups of 7-up.

JACK squeezes towards them.

JACK

Hello, Violet.

VIOLET and DOT scream as the DOGS head for the finish line.

VIOLET

I didn't know you liked dogs,
JACK.

JACK

I don't. I just wanted to come
over and say I was sorry about
Bob. He was a damned good man.

VIOLET

Bullshit, JACK. He was a lousy
cop and a lousy husband. Violent
and crazy. We should have split
up a long time ago.

JACK

Why didn't you?

VIOLET

He got his own place a year ago.
I didn't see much of him.

JACK

Bob has his own place?

VIOLET and DOT scream as another race beings.

JACK

Where was Bob's place?

VIOLET

Down on Speedway by the second
Circle K, after the University.

JACK

What is it, an apartment?

VIOLET

A condo. In that new building
down there.

JACK appears surprised.

JACK

Those places are over two hundred
grand. Do you have a key?

VIOLET

I'm getting one tomorrow. I'm
going to get rid of his shit and
put it on the market.

DOT

Shit!

VIOLET and DOT tear up their tickets.

A BIG MAN in a Panama Hat - MULLER - barges up to JACK.
He is very drunk.

MULLER

Say, you're Jock, whats his name?
Dildo, aren't you? That Cop who
wouldn't sign that cover-up
report?

A professional look comes over JACK's face - cold and
non-committal. He steps back, out of reach.

JACK

(quiet, polite)

No. You've got the wrong fella.

MULLER

No, come on, it's YOU! I'm Phil
Muller from the Star. I covered
that whole story. Yeah, you're
the guy. You blew that Mexican
mafia Don away RIGHT HERE at the
Amtrak Station! I was damn near
on that train!

JACK

You have me confused with
someone else.

MULLER

Now wait just a minute ...

He grabs hold of JACK's arm. JACK is extremely tense.

VIOLET pulls a silver plated .38 out of her purse.

VIOLET

Listen to me, FAT MAN. I just got
done burying my husband and I
wouldn't mind having you buried,
too. I'm gonna say you were
trying to ASSAULT me, you
understand? And then I'm gonna
shoot you right in the fuckin'
balls.



MULLER stares at her, all the wind going out of him. He goes away.

VIOLET

I hate to see a Cop get ragged.
No matter how fucked up he is.

JACK thinks this over.

JACK

Call me tomorrow when you get the key.

VIOLET

What key?

JACK

The key to Bob's place. I'll go over with you.

She turns her attention to the next RACE.

JACK walks away.

PARKING LOT

EXTERIOR

NIGHT

JACK heads for his TR-7. Behind him the Roar of the Track.

He unlocks the driver's door, removing the steering wheel anti-theft lock.

THUNDER AND HEAT LIGHTNING

BAXTER'S CONDO

INTERIOR

DAY

VIOLET and DOT open the door. JACK stands behind.

The place is a big five room lay-out. Spare and expensive. A hi-tech gym in one room, another with a king sized bed and giant high definition TV. The living room is full of papers, some half burned, ashes scattered near file cabinets and an open safe.

A balcony looks out over another Condo.

JACK looks through the burned stuff while VIOLET and DOT open a wall of enormous closet doors.

VIOLET V.O.

Lookit this creepy stuff. Who the fuck was he trying to impress?

Polyester cowboy shirts, elastic waisted levis fly into the center of the room.

DOT

(Opening the fridge)

Vodka and cheese whiz! Lets have a picnic!

JACK picks up some half burned ENVELOPES and RECEIPTS.

Figures and dates have been obliterated but the envelopes carry the return address of the Regency Clinic.

CLOSE ON

Another return address reads: REGENCY CLINIC. DR. NED MOUNT. PHD. DRS. PSI.

JACK

You've got a lovely place here, Violet.

VIOLET looks up from the floor where she and DOT are sifting through a box of belt buckles and turquoise jewelry, drinking vodka and eating processed cheese. She smiles at JACK.

VIOLET

You want to christen it with us?

JACK tips his hat to them.

JACK

Maybe some other time.

JACK leaves.

REGENCY HEALTH CENTER

EXTERIOR

DAY

A secluded, rambling TREATMENT CENTER against a magnificent backdrop of mountains. Adjacent to it is a golf course.

JACK drives up in his TR-7.

A WHITE LIMO with CALIFORNIA PLATES pulls out of the main gate, passes him, heading west.

CENTER PARKING LOT EXTERIOR DAY

JACK mops his brow, walks across the shimmering lawn to the CENTER --

A cheerful rambling hotel style complex set in the foothills of the desert. Half a mile away, higher in the foothills, sits a windowless adobe style structure with solar panels on the roof.

A narrow road winds up to it.

REGENCY CENTER RECEPTION INTERIOR DAY

Southwestern decor with huge windows that overlook a mountain panorama. There are more maids and porters than Hospital Staff.

Discreet signs indicate IN-PATIENTS, OUT-PATIENTS, SECLUSION WARDS, PHARMACY, SAUNA, TANNING SALON ...

JACK enters, mingles with a GROUP of newly-arrived IN-PATIENTS.

The IN-PATIENTS are being oriented by a trendy GQ man, Dr. RICK DALY.

DR. RICK DALY

Naturally we at Regency Health hope that your stays will all be brief, and pleasant, but most of all we hope that they will be organic. Remember, every fresh breath we take, every habit we dispose of, every pound we shed, is a silver dollar in the bank of health.

The GROUP knows they've come to the right place.

INTERNS usher the GROUP toward waiting GOLF KARTS.

JACK walks up to the Reception Desk.

JACK
(To Receptionist)
Dr. Ned Mount, please.

RECEPTIONIST
Do you have an appointment?

JACK
I don't, actually. But I think
he'll see me. I was Bob Baxter's
partner.

The Receptionist checks out a name in her computer.
Jack looks around.

RECEPTIONIST
Dr. Mount, Please ... Yes,
Doctor, this is Angie at
Reception. There's gentleman here
to see you. He was a friend of
Bob Baxter.

Through the big plate glass window, his eye falls on a
patch of desert spotted with giant Saguaro cactus
immediately below the windowless white adobe.

ANGLE ON TWO CHILDREN

Running in and out of an arroyo. A man in a white
Orderly's coat runs after them.

ANGLE ON JACK

As the receptionist smiles at him. He smiles back.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm real sorry, sir. Dr. Mount is
busy right at the moment. If
you'd like to wait awhile there's
some herbal tea and carrot juice
across the lobby.

JACK follows her pointed finger.

ANGLE ON BARBARA STANWICK

Coming through, followed by white coated attendants and
a personal secretary etc..

An old man in the Regency's black komono-bathrobe runs
up, holding a piece of paper for her to sign.

The CELEBRITY and her retinue sail out through the main door towards a pair of waiting limos.

Holding open the door is a short, extremely muscular young Man wearing a tight leather jacket and green paisley pants.

Something about him jars JACK's memory.

RECEPTIONIST

Don't you love the Big Valley? Of all the reruns it's my favorite.

JACK continues to stare at the muscular young Man.

FLASH:

The VIDEO SCREEN showing ANGELA QUINTANA and her young companion - FLOYD.

RECEPTIONIST

Who else was on the Big Valley?
That big guy with the white hat
whose shirts were always too
short for him?

JACK

You're thinking about Bonanza.

ANGLE ON JACK

Watching as FLOYD steps into the lobby, looks around and then goes out again.

JACK follows him.

PARKING LOT

EXTERIOR

DAY

FLOYD is standing on the hood of his Black Trans Am, looking at the golf course through binoculars.

JACK observes discreetly from the main door.

FLOYD jumps down from the hood and gets into the Trans Am.

He peels out, burning rubber.

HIGHWAY

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK's TR-7 follows the Trans Am towards the shimmering TUCSON SKYLINE.

RENAISSANCE INN

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK sits in the TR-7 and watches FLOYD walk down a path, between the pool-side Condos.

He stops outside the door to APT. 63. He takes out a key and opens it, goes inside, shutting the door behind him.

JACK gets out of the TR-7 and walks to APT. 63

The blinds are drawn. Voices are heard within.

JACK leans up against the window. He sees the dim shapes of two men and a woman.

FLOYD'S VOICE

He's playing golf. We'll take him on the ninth hole.

JACK'S POV

The shape of an AR-15 with SNIPER'S SCOPE, sliding into a golf bag.

MAN'S VOICE

(muffled)

What about the money?

A Woman's voice is heard - the voice from the Autopsy Tape - ANGELA QUINTANA.

ANGELA'S VOICE

When the job is done.

MAN'S VOICE

Fifty percent up front is what we said.

FLOYD'S VOICE

Afraid?

A sudden movement behind the blind.

The sound of a Hand SLAPPING a cheek.

ANGELA

Stop fighting! We're wasting time!

Immediately Two Figures head for the door.

JACK steps to the side, knocks on the door of APT. 64.

FLOYD emerges, shurgging into a jacket, a .38 in his belt. JACK concentrates on the door in front of him. It opens.

A Middle Aged Woman with an I'M WITH STUPID tee shirt looks at him.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

Hi!

JACK

I'm looking for Mr. DeSoto.

JACK looks back as FLOYD and the 2ND MAN walk away, their backs to JACK. The 2ND MAN has grey hair and carries the golf bag.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

Mr. DeSoto? ... Well, let me just think - Milton? What was that couple's name we met in the Sundowner Lounge?

ANGLE ON ANGELA QUINTANA

Appearing in her doorway. She wears a white silk cowboy shirt, tight French jeans tucked into multi-colored alligator boots. A Sultry Knockout and definitely all business, ANGELA is at the top of her game.

The Woman's Husband appears, wearing a tee shirt that says, STUPID.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

I think their name was Nince.
You're welcome to use our phone
to call the front desk.

ANGELA turns, looks for a moment at JACK. She has one grey and one green eye..

JACK steps up to her, tipping his straw hat.

JACK
Angela! Angela Quintana!

ANGELA freezes, not knowing what to expect.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN
(Looking at ANGELA)
Well, I guess he found what he
was looking for.

MIDDLE AGED MAN
(laughing, to JACK)
Have a good one, pardner!

JACK
We met down in Acapulco, damn, it
must be six or seven years ago.

ANGELA turns to go inside,.

ANGELA
If you'll excuse me.

JACK
(Pushing his way inside)
I'm sorry about your husband.
They set him up, of course.

APT. 63

INTERIOR

DAY

JACK is inside, shutting the door before she can react.
He scans the room with a professional eye.

ANGELA
(Impatiently)
Who are you?

JACK
Nince. Walter Nince. An old
friend of Chalo's. Business
partners, you might say.

She opens the door.

ANGELA
I'm not interested in business,
Mr. ah, Nince. If you don't mind,
I have a headache and I'm very
tired.

JACK
Of course. I understand.
May I use your bathroom?

He strides across the room to the bathroom.

BATHROOM INTERIOR DAY

JACK shuts the door.

Taking a leak, he lifts the top off the toilet. Sure enough, there's a big black AUTOMATIC in a plastic bag.

JACK looks in the Medicine Cabinet. Nothing.

He opens the door.

APARTMENT 63 INTERIOR DAY

ANGELA is sitting on the couch, crying.

JACK sits on a chair opposite her, shaking his head.

He picks up some envelopes from the Coffee Table, looks them over. He glances at her luggage packed and ready to go.

JACK
Staying long?

She sobs bitterly.

JACK absently turns on the TV with a remote control.

JACK
Those guys you have working for you, Mrs. Quintana. They're not good enough.

ANGELA
I know. You're right. All they do is cause me stress.

JACK
Your husband promised me a job.

ANGELA
Fuck you. I don't have time to deal with your problems.

JACK

My problem could be the solution
to your problem. Chalo and I go
way back.

ANGELA

My husband didn't associate with
scumbags and low rent hoods. Get
lost, Mister.

JACK stands up, goes to the door.

JACK

If you change your mind, I'm
staying at the Americana. I think
you can use some help, Mrs.
Quintana.

Their eyes cross as JACK goes out.

ANGELA locks the door.

She looks at the TV: The Throne of Blood.

HIGHWAY

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK speeds along the highway.

He turns into the Country Club adjacent to the REGENCY
HEALTH CENTER.

COUNTRY CLUB

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK pulls up, next to FLOYD's car.

He sees FLOYD and the white haired MAN get into a Golf
Kart and speed away.

JACK looks for another Kart. An Employee approaches.

JACK

I'd like to get a Kart. As quick
as you can.

EMPLOYEE

I'm sorry sir, this is a private
club.



JACK
I know that. But I have a
meeting.

EMPLOYEE
You'll have to go to the Club
House and register as a house
guest, if, of course you have a
sponsor.

JACK takes off, running.

GOLF COURSE

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK pants up to the second hole. He's sweating
profusely in the intense heat.

He sees FLOYD Kart disappear over a rise.

JACK runs towards two Elderly Women sitting in a Kart.

They speed off as JACK approaches.

ANOTHER PART OF THE GOLF COURSE

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK, winded and clutching his side, reaches the Fourth
Hole.

He is pursued by the Club Marshall in his official Kart.

No sign of FLOYD or the Second Man.

JACK sees a virile white haired man - COLONEL WOODROW
AMES - and his party standing beside two parked Karts.

He also sees the glint of a RIFLE in a patch of wild
cactus.

JACK runs shouting and waving towards COLONEL AMES, who
is bent over his putter.

JACK
GET DOWN!

The COLONEL's party turns and stares. One of the Golfers
is Police Commissioner GARRETT. The other is a large
swarthy man with bi-focals.

An AIDE pulls out a GUN.

AMES concentrates on his putt.

GARRETT
What the hell! Ditko!

JACK
Into the sand trap!

Everyone looks at the sand trap and back at JACK.

AMES' concentration breaks. Impatiently he moves --

BANG!

The SWARTHY MAN is shot in the head.

Everyone jumps in the sand trap.

The AIDE shoots at JACK.

MORE GUNSHOTS FROM THE CACTUS PATCH.

AMES
Not him! Over there! The Cactus!

The AIDE fires at the Cactus Patch.

JACK drags the COLONEL toward the sand trap.

BANG! BANG!

The MARSHALL is shot in the foot.

SAND TRAP

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK drags the COLONEL into the Trap, helped by the AIDE.

JACK is exhausted.

COMMISSIONER GARRETT points at JACK.

GARRETT
Ditko, you have no authority.

JACK
Keep your head down.
(To Aide)
Two males with rifles on the hill
above the fourth hole. One
Caucasian, twenty five. One dark
complexioned, fifty.

GARRETT crawls over to the AIDE and grabs his Walkie
Talkie.

JACK tries to look at the COLONEL's wound.

AMES
Who are you?

JACK
Name's Jack Ditko, Sir. Do you
know the deceased?

AMES
He's a business partner. You're
not Billy Ray Ditko's boy, are
you?

JACK
Yes sir, I am.

AMES
They don't make 'em like your old
man any more. Best damn bronc
buster in the state. Is he still
alive?

JACK
Yessir. He is. Keep your head
down.

BANG! BANG!

Bullets splatter the lip of the sand trap above them.

JACK
Any idea who's out out there?

AMES
Nope. I don't know of any men
who have this sort of aversion
towards me. A few women, of
course.

JACK
What about your business partner?

AMES
Said Mustafa? He just got here
from Turkey. This is his first
visit. I can't imagine ...

1ST BUSINESSMAN
Must be a kidnapping attempt.

2ND BUSINESSMAN
I hope to God it's not political!

ABOVE, THE SOUND OF HELICOPTERS

APPROACHING SIRENS

CENTER

EXTERIOR

AFTERNOON

An Ambulance pulls into the PARKING LOT, followed by
JACK and GARRETT in a Golf Kart. JACK drives.

GARRETT
There's more to this than meets
the eye, Ditko. The way I see it
the TOWEL HEADS are behind it.
They hate the guys who dress like
westerners. Entrepreneurs. That's
a whole despised class, you know.
Makes 'em crazy. They become
terrorists. You know what the
worst of it is?

DITKO
What, Commissioner?

GARRETT
The state is filling up with
them. More and more every day.

The COLONEL is helped out of the Ambulance. He walks
forward, shaking off the medic. He's instantly enveloped
by his entourage.

ANGLE ON A GIRL

Running up to the COLONEL - RUBY. A stunning raven
haired beauty of nineteen, Mestiza or Indian.

RUBY
What happened, Woodrow?

AMES
Mr. Mustafa got shot.

RUBY
Fatally?

AMES
I'm afraid so.

RUBY
Who was it?

AMES
Psychos. Probably Turks.
Political extremists.

He gestures towards JACK.

AMES
This young fella saved the day.
Billy Ray Ditko's boy. Jack.

RUBY
Billy Ray Ditko who won the state
steer roping contest seven years
in a row?

JACK
(Diffident)
That's him. You have a good
memory.

RUBY
I do. I'm Ruby.

AMES motions to a trendy GQ Aide in an elegant linen
cowboy suit - DR. NED MOUNT-.

AMES
Jack, I'd like you to meet one of
my top aides, Dr. Ned Mount.

DR. NED MOUNT absently shakes JACK's hand.

AMES and RUBY enter the Center, followed by RANDY, the
Regency Clinic's large beefy Chief of Security.



JACK and DR. NED are left behind.

DR. NED MOUNT
Anarchy. Those Turks are tough,
and ruthless. They have one of
the top three foreign legions in
the world.

ANGLE ON MUSTAFA'S CORPSE

Being loaded into an Ambulance.

JACK
Doctor Ned Mount. Right?

DR. NED MOUNT
Yes. Please excuse me.

JACK
I tried to see you today. I'm
Jack Ditko, Bob Baxter's partner.

DR. NED MOUNT
Damn shame about Bob. He was
doing very well. He'd been clean
for over a year.

JACK
Didn't he work here?

DR. NED MOUNT
No. What do mean? He was my
patient in rehab.

JACK
I could have sworn he told me he
was on the payroll.

DR. NED MOUNT
Excuse me, Mr. ah, eh. Sorry
again about your partner.

He heads briskly for the Clinic.

JACK'S TR-7

INTERIOR

EVENING

JACK drives away from the CENTER, past the GOLF COURSE.
His POV:

The body of FLOYD is put into the back of a Station Wagon by two private Security Men. FLOYD has a bullet hole in his forehead.

A MOTORCYCLE COP waves JACK's car by.

APT. 63

INTERIOR

NIGHT

JACK picks the lock and enters.

The PHONE rings. JACK picks it up. A hang up.

He looks around. The room is empty.

The TV is still on, playing Throne of Blood.

There is a pile of ashes in the ashtray and on the coffee table.

Jack goes to the Kitchenette, takes Saran Wrap from a drawer, brings it and Saranwraps the coffee table

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

JACK hides in closet.

RANDY and another MAN enter. They both carry guns.

RANDY

Angela?

ANGLE ON

JACK in the closet, the door slightly ajar. He holds his gun ready.

ANGLE ON RANDY AND COMPANION

Checking out the suite.

COMPANION

They wrapped the coffee table.

RANDY

Cops.

He kicks over the coffee table as they leave.

PARKING LOT

EXTERIOR

NIGHT

JACK carries the broken coffee table to his car.

SIRENS in the distance.

JACK'S PLACE

INTERIOR

NIGHT

JACK sits with the new coffee table placed on top of his old one. All the living room lights are focused on the work at hand -- his painstaking reconstruction of the burned material.

The phone rings. He picks it up.

JACK

Ditko --

RUBY'S VOICE.

Mr. Ditko. This is Ruby. You met me at the Center.

JACK

I remember.

RUBY'S VOICE

What are you doing tomorrow afternoon?

JACK

Depends.

REGENCY CENTER

EXTERIOR

NIGHT

RUBY walks back and forth on a spacious Patio, talking on a cordless phone. Below them, in various states of relaxation, are patients, all wearing black silk Japanese Kimonos.

RUBY

Say around three or three fifteen? The Colonel's making an Environmental Impact statement out at the old San Xavier Mine. You know the spot?

JACK'S VOICE

I do.

RUBY
(Bubbling with enthusiasm)
Why don't you come on out? You
can see Woodrow, I mean, the
Colonel. He knew your partner,
so you'll have plenty to discuss.

ANGLE ON DR. NED MOUNT

Seated at a glass table with RANDY, looking aghast.

JACK'S VOICE
Okay, then. Miss Ruby. Do you
have a last name?

RUBY
Diamante.

RUBY turns off the phone and throws it to DR. NED MOUNT.

In the B.G., a Kitt Peak Astronomy Professor lectures on
the stars. Chinese Restaurant Music.

NED
Well, is he coming?

RUBY
What do you think?

She walks away.

RANDY
For her, he comes. For you,
forget it.

FJACK PLACE

INTERIOR

NIGHT

CLOSE ON

Tweezers lifting up the last fragment of a match book.

Nothing is revealed.

The Phone rings.

JACK
(Picking it up)
Hello.

ANGELA'S V.O.

Jack? Jack Ditko? This is Angela Quintana.

A long pause.

JACK

Yes?

ANGELA

I think we should talk. I knew your partner. Meet me in Douglas at the Cortez Hotel.

JACK

What time?

ANGELA

Any time.

TR-7

INTERIOR

NIGHT

JACK drives towards the border. A sign says: MEXICO 50 KILOMETERS.

CORTEZ HOTEL. DOUGLAS

EXTERIOR

DAWN

JACK's TR-7 pulls up outside the hotel, a decaying Colonial structure near the railroad tracks.

JACK gets out of his car.

He goes into the hotel.

ANGLE ON FORD LTD

ANGELA gets out of the passenger seat and follows JACK into the hotel.

A dapper middle aged Mexican with a pencil mustache sits in the driver's seat - SILVA.

CORTEZ HOTEL. LOBBY

INTERIOR

DAY

JACK is at the front desk of the huge ornate lobby decorated with pillars and stained glass windows.

JACK
(To Clerk)
Angela Quintana.

The desk clerk points over his shoulder to the door.

JACK turns.

ANGELA comes towards him.

ANGELA
You're up early, Mr. Ditko. It is
Ditko, isn't it? Or is it Nince?

JACK
Ditko. Any place to eat around
here?

ANGELA
No place good. Let's go to my
room.

They walk up the stairs.

ANGELA'S ROOM INTERIOR DAY

ANGELA stands by the window.

JACK is seated in a low cane chair by the bed.

ANGELA
So what do you want to do, Mr.
Ditko? Get even?

JACK
With who?

ANGELA
With the man who killed my
husband and your partner.

JACK
Who might that be?

ANGELA looks at him for a long moment - wary, mocking,
dangerous.

ANGELA
You haven't figured it out, have
you?

JACK
Not all of it.

ANGELA
Not any of it. Your partner Bob
and my husband were killed by
Colonel Ames. He had two men blow
them away at the Station.

JACK
Why?

ANGELA
Because Baxter was too greedy and
Chalo wanted out.

JACK
I don't believe you.

ANGELA
You're really an asshole. I bet
you shoot at tires in your back
yard. You've got a 30.30 and a
pick-up. Am I right?

JACK
(Impatient and off-
guard)
Your husband was a drug dealer.
He was scum. You don't know the
half of it.

ANGELA
(Shouting)
Wrong! Wrong! Wrong! He wasn't a
DRUG DEALER. He was a BODY
DEALER! Just like your partner,
Bob.

JACK is stunned. He stands up, then sits down again.

JACK
What do you mean? Are you saying
that Bob was ...

ANGELA pulls open a drawer. Takes a shot of tequila and
hands JACK the bottle.

ANGELA
Let's go for a walk.

STREET. DOUGLAS

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK and ANGELA walk along the fence that separates the American town of Douglas from the Mexican town of Aqua Prieta twenty feet away.

The bottle is half empty. Jack takes a sip, hands it to ANGELA.

ANGELA

Chalo moved illegal immigrants.
The Colonel had an interest in
... children. Bob Baxter knew
about it and cut himself in.

An ALARM goes off in a building nearby.

JACK rubs his eyes.

JACK

What do you mean, an adoption
ring?

ANGELA

No.

JACK

There's worse things than that.
It gives a kid a good home. Three
squares a day. A decent education.

ANGELA

This wasn't an adoption ring.
These kids were SOLD.

JACK

That doesn't happen here.

ANGELA

I have to use the bathroom. Let's
go back.

They turn around and head back to the hotel.

BATHROOM

INTERIOR

DAY

ANGELA peers into the back of the toilet. She removes her gun from a plastic bag and wraps it in a towel.

Holding the towel, she walks into the ...

HOTEL ROOM

INTERIOR

DAY

ANGELA packs the towel in her suitcase which is open on the bed.

JACK sits by the window, drinking the last of the tequila.

They are both drunk.

JACK

What a fuckin' mess. I knew Bob for sixteen years. I knew he was an asshole but corrupt ... no way.

ANGELA

I felt the same way about the Colonel. He stayed with us in Mexico. At our place in Zihuatanao. I went off with him. Chalo was furious. But it was love. What can you do? And you know what really pissed me off? When he killed Chalo he didn't even try to kill me. I mean, who does he think I am?

JACK

You're lucky. Maybe you should just head south.

ANGELA

Fuck that! I'm going to get even with that mother fucker. Because he killed my partner.

JACK

My partner was corrupt.

ANGELA

He was still your partner.

ANGLE ON JACK

In the window. Thinking.

Beyond him a few Cars and a Truck are lined up on the Mexican side of the Border.

JACK

I've been a Cop for sixteen years. And all that time I always I had this little day dream. You know what it was ? Just goin' hell for leather for the border with all the money I had saved up and maybe some that wasn't mine. And never comin' back.

(Looks at the street)

I've never been as close as I am now.

JACK'S POV:

The Street which leads to the Border. The Ford LTD is still parked in the same place.

ANGELA walks over to him. She puts her arm around his neck. Leans in.

ANGELA

We're in this together, Jack.
Like it or not. And I like it.

They kiss.

A long beat.

ANGELA turns away, shrugging out of her blouse.

JACK heads for the door, knocking over the tequila bottle.

ANGELA turns around. Her shirt is off.

They are both really drunk.

ANGELA

Are you afraid?

JACK looks at her.

JACK

Maybe. But I'm not stupid.

ANGELA
That's funny. I had it the other
way around.

JACK leaves.

HOTEL LOBBY INTERIOR DAY

JACK weaves through the lobby.

No one is around except for the Desk Clerk and the dapper
Mexican - SILVA.

As JACK walks out the door, SILVA follows him.

STREET EXTERIOR DAY

JACK walks towards his car.

SILVA hurries up, waving a hotel bill.

SILVA
Señor! Señor Rogers. Un momento.
Por favor! Your bill.

SILVA looks appealingly to JACK.

JACK
You got the wrong hombre.

SILVA
Oh, I am so sorry. You resemble
so closely another Cop, ah, a
customer ... a client of the
hotel. You got a cigarette?

JACK starts looking for a cigarette, patting his
pockets. His pistol is exposed.

JACK
I forgot ... I stopped smoking.

SILVA
Good idea.

He opens the door to the TR-7.

JACK gets in.

JACK
(To Silva)
Which way is I-90 North?

SILVA
I-90 is five hundred miles away!
You want I-10. Adios Amigo!!

JACK drives away. Perplexed.

SILVA watches him. Also perplexed.

He looks at ANGELA's window.

ANGLE ON ANGELA

Looking down. Shaking her head.

DESERET EXTERIOR DAY

Huge thunder clouds mass overhead as JACK drives back towards Tucson.

TR-7 INTERIOR DAY

JACK drives. His eyes are closing.

A few raindrops hit the windshield.

SAN XAVIER MINE EXTERIOR DAY

JACK's TR-7 weaves along a narrow tarmac road. On either side are endless white expanses of chemically treated mine tailings.

MINE GATE EXTERIOR DAY

JACK gets out of his car. Other cars are parked nearby.

JACK starts walking towards a brightly colored awning set up near the rim of an OPEN-PIT MINE. A large banner reads:

TUCSON ECO-VENTURE

It is very hot and windy. JACK sweats as he walks, white chemical dust blowing around him in little eddies.

OPEN PIT

EXTERIOR

DAY

Before a small group of REPORTERS and TV CAMERAS sits the Mayor of Tucson, various DIGNITARIES and COLONEL AMES, wearing impenetrable shades.

The WARM WIND blows harder.

The COLONEL is speaking.

AMES

In 1980 NASA scientists came to me. They asked me if I could find a way to extend the human life process so that one man can live to travel to the stars -- My friends, that's a journey of FIVE HUNDRED YEARS!

JACK walks closer, checking out the crowd. The wind blows even harder.

AMES

This voyage is possible. It is more than possible. It is our future and our destiny.

The wind knocks down one of the Awning Poles. Some of the empty seats are picked up and blown away.

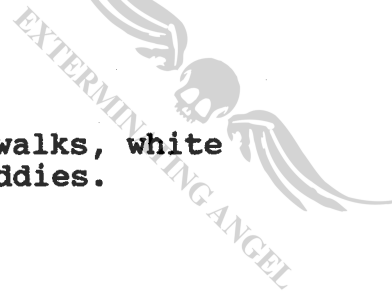
AMES

But my friends, we are confronted with dark forces which seek to return science to the stone age. We must be vigilant against these forces whether they come wrapped in the garb of a priest or the striped tie and suit of a Washington bureaucrat.

Wild applause.

AMES

My friends, we WILL turn this corner, we WILL open this sacred door. We WILL enter together ... and sit down as one ... and play together this Great Symphony of Progress.



People are standing, starting to run for their cars. The Video and Camera crews pack their equipment.

AMES
Our Birthright. Our Fate. Our
Promise to keep.

The Microphone goes dead.

Total Confusion. The Crowd is fleeing.

The Awning flies away.

JACK walks up to AMES.

AMES
How does FIVE HUNDRED YEARS sound
to you, Ditko?

JACK
Boring.

The COLONEL laughs.

AMES
You're quite a character. You say
exactly what you feel, don't you?
I admire that.

He takes JACK's arm. He watches as his SECURITY PERSONEL
run around in a shambles. Cars collide. RANDY shouts at
Dr. NED. Dust covers everything.

AMES
Want to head up my SECURITY TEAM?

JACK
(shouting above the
wind)
WHAT?

AMES
(Shouting)
You saved my life, Jack. I'm
indebted to you. I know you need
a job. We'll start you at fifty
grand a year! Full Medical and a
new Car every twelve months!

JACK
That won't be necessary.

AMES
(Shouting)
WHAT?

JACK
I'm sorry to say this, sir, but
I'm going to see to it that you
end up in jail.

AMES
(Shocked)
Why? Whatever For?

He squeezes JACK's arm.

JACK shakes him off.

JACK
Take your hand off me.

AMES
Jack, I'm concerned about you.
Don't go off and do something you
might regret.

JACK
(straining to hear)
WHAT? I have no regrets!

AMES
Come up to the Center sometime
soon, Jack, and we'll chat about
it!

Neither man can see the other.

WIDE SHOT

A giant TWISTER sweeps along the rim of the Open-Pit
Mine.

Everyone is lost in the DUST STORM.

JACK'S TR-7

INTERIOR

DAY

Dust still blows.

JACK drives back to town on the Two Lane Blacktop. He looks tired and confused but also strangely elated.

Outside, a Flash of LIGHTNING and THUNDER.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

He sees a HUGE TRUCK coming directly at him.

JACK SHOUTS!

TWO LANE BLACKTOP

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK skids onto the soft shoulder, missing the TRUCK by inches, the car sliding into a newly constructed road ditch.

TWO LANE BLACKTOP

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK gets out of the TR-7. Two of his axles are broken and oil is pouring out of the pan.

JACK shakes his head.

He starts walking down the side of the road.

DIRT ROAD

EXTERIOR

DAY

Exhausted, JACK walks down a dirt road.

He opens a barbed wire gate with a metal sign: DITKO

BILLY RAY DITKO'S RANCH

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK approaches his father's ranch - two trailers set at right angles. In back, a crude corral hosts three horses.

BILLY RAY DITKO pitches hay into the corral. He wears a straw STETSON and a faded cowboy shirt. He looks like an old Rodeo Cowboy, which is what he was.

BILLY RAY barely looks up as JACK stands before him.

JACK
How you doin', Pop?

BILLY RAY
Help yourself to a pitch fork.
I'll put on some coffee after
you're done.

It's boiling hot. JACK takes off his shirt.

JACK
I busted up my car.

JACK digs in with the pitch fork.

BILLY RAY watches him from the shade of the trailer.

BILLY RAY
(Snorting)
That little bitty English thing?
I don't wonder. Those machines
ain't built to be used. I hear
you got fired.

JACK
Yeah.

BILLY RAY
You lasted longer than I thought
you would. I reckon it wasn't
your fault.

JACK
Yeah. Say, Dad, you ever run into
a Colonel Ames?

BILLY RAY
Woodrow Ames? I know him.

JACK
What do you make of him?

BILLY RAY
You remember when I had that
spread down on Big Creek with
your mother? Colonel Ames comes
ridin' up one day in three brand
new jeeps. Him and a bunch from
back east. They made me an offer
on the place. Wanted to buy it up
for some damn fool nature
preserve. I turned 'em down flat.
Run 'em off. Three nights later
some Mexican kid took a shot at
me outside the El Minuto.

JACK

You're sayin' the Colonel was behind it?

BILLY RAY

Any damn fool would know that. So I went up to that Clinic he's got. I walked right in to the damn operatin' theater. He was standing there with a heart in his hand and I just told him that if he didn't leave me and my land alone, I'd kill him. I never heard from him again.

JACK

Pop, you really are loco. Those boys up there are shrinks. Like at Betty Ford. They ain't into cuttin' and stitchin'.

BILLY RAY

Suit yourself. I saw what I saw.

JACK

Yeah. Like the time you saw the flyin' disk over Gates Pass.

BILLY RAY

I wasn't the only one. You know what's wrong with you? You're still thinkin' like a cop.

(Takes off his Stetson.

Taps his forehead)

Brain dead.

JACK throws the pitch fork down.

BILLY RAY

How about some coffee?

The old man turns and they both walk into the trailer.

JACK'S PLACE

EXTERIOR

NIGHT

CICADAS chirp loudly as JACK puts a clean battery into his battered Pick Up truck.

He connects it. Gets in and turns the key. Nothing.
He gets out again and slides under the truck.

Suddenly, the chirping of the CICADAS STOPS.

JACK tenses, then rolls to the side behind an empty oil drum.

MACHINE GUN FIRE!

Bullets rip through the drum.

JACK drops into a dry arroyo. Half crawling, he scrambles towards the house.

Bullets ricochet around him as he goes through the door.

JACK'S HOUSE

INTERIOR

NIGHT

JACK slams the door shut.

Windows shatter.

He dives for his bed and pulls out is 30.30 and a box of cartridges. Methodically, he loads the rifle.

He crawls to the window, waits for a break in the gunfire.

Standing, he fires one shot and ducks back down.

Outside a MAN'S VOICE yells and curses.

A Motorcycle coughs and sputters, then roars off.

JACK waits.

JACK'S PLACE

INTERIOR

DAWN

JACK sleeps behind the couch, the 30.30 in his lap.

He wakes up. Standing up, he steps carefully through the broken glass and splintered wood.

The bathroom is shot to pieces.

He washes his face in the kitchen sink.

He looks out the window. A TPD unmarked car is parked by the corral.

JACK steps outside, shutting the door behind him. The sun is just coming up.

JACK'S PLACE

EXTERIOR

DAWN

JACK walks up to the unmarked car.

DETECTIVES RICHARDSON and ORTEGA sit inside, grinning at him over a fresh breakfast of coffee and HOLE IN THE WALL donuts.

JACK
(Pissed off)
What are you guys doing?

ORTEGA
Tailing you, Jack.

JACK
What for?

ORTEGA
Who knows? The Commissioner sent us.

ORTEGA and RICHARDSON get out, offering him a donut.

RICHARDSON
The word is that you're running around acting crazy. They say you got Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome on account of Bob.

JACK
Bob was an asshole.

ORTEGA
No doubt about that.

JACK walks towards his Pick Up Truck. The Two Detectives follow him.



RICHARDSON

What the matter with you, Jack?
You're no longer on the case,
man. You got to be cool.

JACK looks at his truck. The windows are shot out and
there are big holes in the door and hood.

ORTEGA

(Staring at the
damage)

You got a junk vehicle visible
from the road. A hundred dollar
fine.

JACK

This isn't a junk vehicle.

JACK gets into the truck.

JACK turns the key. Amazingly, the Truck starts right up.

JACK

(Stopping them)

I'll see you around.

He drives off.

RICHARDSON and ORTEGA jump into their unmarked car and
peel after him, bumping down the rutted dirt road.
Their exhaust pipe is torn off.

JACK widens the distance between them.

DESERT

EXTERIOR

MORNING

The Pick Up is a tiny dot on the horizon.

ORTEGA and RICHARDSON give up and turn around.

DESERT

EXTERIOR

DAY

The Pick Up burns up another dirt road, surrounded by
stands of TALL SAGUARO CACTUS.

MOUNTAINS UP AHEAD

PICK UP

INTERIOR

MORNING

JACK drives fast, raising a cloud of dust.

'I Shall Be Released' plays on the radio station. JACK sings along. The song ends and a Norteño song begins.

RAVINE

EXTERIOR

DAY

The Pick Up is parked in the wash.

JACK starts out on foot, heading towards the MOUNTAIN RANGE.

DESERT

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK crosses a vast PLATEAU, following the two ruts of an ancient wagon trail. He has no water.

He squats in the shade of a giant Cactus. He cuts and peels a couple of prickly pears.

He eats the sweet fruit.

HILL

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK climbs up through a forest of SAGUAROS. He carries only his canteen. His clothes are in tatters. He is unshaven and bruised but still totally determined.

Military Jets leave vapor trails overhead.

INDIAN RANCH

EXTERIOR

DAY

BLEATING OF GOATS.

JACK sees SOMETHING GLINTING on the MOUNTAIN RIDGE.

He trudges past an old APACHE's TRAILER, with its pen of goats and nopal cactus patch.

The OLD APACHE is picking mice out a little wire cage, holding them by their tails.

JACK points to the BRIGHT REFLECTION on the mountain.

JACK
That Colonel Ames' place?

The OLD APACHE nods, peering at him through impenetrable Raybans.

JACK
Thanks.

JACK heads on, past the little cactus ranch.

Behind him, the OLD APACHE drops the mice into a cage holding three rattlesnakes. He starts to sing an ancient tribal song.

ELECTRIC FENCE EXTERIOR DAY

JACK follows an animal trail to the FENCE.

On the far side is the ridge with COLONEL AMES' HOUSE - its windows glowing like a WALL OF MIRRORS in the sun.

JACK's trail leads to a hole where the COYOTES have dug under the fence.

The CARCASS of a COYOTE lies nearby.

JACK crawls under the ELECTRIC FENCE.

BELOW THE MANSION EXTERIOR DAY

JACK threads his way through a cholla cactus patch. He can hear SPLASHING in a pool.

POOL EXTERIOR DAY

JACK arrives at the pool. It commands a fantastic view of the desert he's just hiked through.

A Premier smokeless cigarette burns in the ashtray on a glass table. A half empty whisky glass sits next to it.

The bottle and a white robe on the ground.

Suddenly RUBY emerges from the water. Beads of water glisten on her richly textured skin.

She is naked.

JACK watches as she flips over, her body and feet disappearing beneath the surface of the pool.

Silence, only water lapping.

VIDEO POV

Of JACK, standing by the pool.

POOL

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK's eyes search the pool. RUBY surfaces again at the opposite end. She paddles lazily on her back to the middle of the pool.

JACK sits down in a wrought-iron chair.

Flipping onto her belly, kicking smoothly, RUBY glides slowly towards JACK.

RUBY

Why don't you just jump in?

In one fluid motion her hands push down on the pool rim and RUBY stands beside the pool.

She wrings the water from her hair, staring at him with no expression.

VIDEO POV

ZOOM IN ON JACK. He looks away, embarrassed.

POOL

EXTERIOR

DAY

RUBY walks over to the ashtray and picks up her Premier, takes a drag --

RUBY

You shouldn't be here.

JACK
Who says so?

RUBY sits down opposite him in a lounge chair.

RUBY
The Colonel. He thinks you're a
paranoid schizophrenic.

JACK
Just because you're paranoid
doesn't mean someone isn't out to
get you.

RUBY
That's very perceptive. But it
won't play with the Colonel's
people. Their philosophy is:
'think positively or not at all'.

She reaches for her drink.

JACK
You didn't happen to know my
partner, did you? Bob Baxter.

RUBY
(In a monotone)
White male. Forty six. Alcoholic.
Scirosis of the liver. Advanced
kidney deterioration. Failing
eye sight. Family man.

JACK stares at her.

DR.NED MOUNT appears from within the House.

OPERATING ROOMM INTERIOR DAY

The COLONEL is scrubbed and gowned and wearing a
surgical mask.

He supervises a TEAM of SURGEONS operating on a small
body.

AMES

A little too crude. You must show more finesse with the sutures, Doctor. Everything, gentlemen, ladies, must be like clockwork. Don't think of the body as a temple. Think it as a Rolex watch. Nothing sacred.

The COLONEL impatiently seizes the hand of the most Senior Surgeon and guides it.

AMES

You have no timing. No rhythm. Your hands are like clubs.

The Senior Surgeon's hands shake more.

The COLONEL takes the scalpel from the Surgeon's hand and gives it to a Junior.

AMES

You do it.

ANGLE ON GLASS PARTITION

RANDY taps on the glass.

An Aide whispers to the COLONEL.

OUTER ROOM

INTERIOR

DAY

The COLONEL enters, pulling off his mask.

The big room is full of leather bound books, animal trophies, medical support systems, computer consoles.

RANDY points at the Television Set.

ANGLE ON TV

JACK and RUBY by the pool.

NED marches up.

DR. NED (On TV)

Excuse me, Mr. Ditko, but may I ask what you're doing here?

JACK (On TV)
I came to talk to Colonel Ames
about that job he offered me.

DR. NED
I'm not aware of any job.

JACK (On TV)
Head of Security.

The COLONEL frowns.

AMES
Randy --

POOL EXTERIOR DAY

DR. NED throws a white kimono at RUBY.

DR. NED
(To JACK)
Wait here.
(To Ruby)
Put this on and come inside.

RUBY
Fuck off, Dr. Ned.

DR. NED
Ruby, this is for your own good!
Your blood sugar is way up.
You've been smoking again. If
the Colonel ever --

RUBY
You're the one who is going to
have a massive heart attack, Dr.
Ned. I've seen your chart. You
should be extremely quiet. No
stress. Absolutely no sex.
Meditate. Eat a brown rice diet.

Dr. NED is speechless.

RUBY
Now run along.

Dr. NED turns on heels and marches back into the house.

RUBY
Can you believe Dr. Ned? Woodrow
has him squire me about so people
won't think I'm with Woodrow.

JACK
Are you?

RUBY
I'm all things to all men.
For you I'm going to be a source
of good advice. Get out right
now.

JACK
I'm not doing anything wrong.

RUBY
That's why you should get out.

JACK
You ever see any Spanish kids up
at the Center?

RUBY
What Spanish kids?

JACK
What is the Colonel doing with
all those kids up there?

RUBY
What kids?

JACK
The Spanish kids.

RUBY
You mean the HISPANIC Kids? The
ones that Chalo brought from
Mexico?

JACK
YES!

RUBY
Using them as neomorts.

A LONG SILENCE.

JACK
What?

RUBY

Neomorts. Harvestable organ banks
or repositories. It's like a
farm.

JACK

A farm?

RUBY

Yes. You know. A ranch. You have
twelve cows. You get hungry. You
eat one. You have twenty children
from El Salvador. A rich kid in
San Diego suffers third degree
burns over most of her body and
you take some Salvadorian skin and
graft it on. Same with the
organs. Hearts. Kidneys. Lungs.
Liver. Neomorts.

RUBY dives in the pool.

A BIRD OF PREY CALLS.

A MAN IN ACME POOL OVERALLS walks up, dragging a
heavy hosepipe.

POOL MAN

Can you move, please? I have to
put the CHLORINE in --

JACK shifts his chair --

The POOL MAN aims the HOSE, knocks off the valve.

A HIGH-PRESSURE JET of chlorinated water BLASTS JACK
BACKWARDS INTO THE POOL --

UNDER WATER

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK turns over and over in the water.

POOL

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK surfaces, coughing. The JET hits him again.

JOCELYN swims to the other end of the pool.

UNDER WATER

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK dives, trying to avoid the HOSE.

He surfaces again.

The HOSE turns him upside down.

He starts to drown.

POOL

EXTERIOR

DAY

RANDY and TWO OTHER MEN with EARPHONES drag JACK out of the pool.

RUBY, wrapped in a towel, heads for the house.

ROOM

INTERIOR

DAY

JACK is strapped to a gurney and hooked up to various machines. He sweats and shakes.

ANGLE ON DR. NED

Shooting JACK up with SODIUM PENTATHOL.

JACK'S POV -- RANDY, DR. NED, and COLONEL AMES.

JACK's vision is blurred - the OTHERS constantly appear at different distances, in different costumes.

DR. NED

(bending over JACK)

Will you count to ten for me,
please?

JACK

One ... two ... three ... four

RANDY gets up and SLAPS JACK across the face.

RANDY

Where's Angela Quintana?

JACK

I ... She ...

(fighting against the
TRUTH SERUM)

She ... doesn't love me....

The COLONEL and his AIDES exchange a look. They switch positions.

RANDY SLAPS JACK again.

NED

Do you feel powerless, Jack?
Impotent? Afraid?

JACK

FUCK YOU ... Damn right ...

AMES looks at the Video Monitor.

AMES

What an appalling life style
these Cops have. Liver porous.
Heart that of a ninety five year
old man. Kidneys shot with booze.
Lungs blackened with tar. It
would cost over two million
dollars to get him fixed up.

RANDY

(Shouting)

Tell us where the woman is.

DR. NED

You'll always be guilty Jack,
unless YOU TELL US WHERE SHE IS.

JACK

You're guilty ... And you're
gonna pay ...

AMES

(Whispering in RANDY'S EAR)

Scare him.

CLOSE ON JACK'S EAR

RANDY SCREAMING into it ENDLESSLY.

The COLONEL puts his hand on JACK's shoulder.

AMES

Jack ... Jack. You're not well --
We're Doctors. You must be
truthful with us or we won't be
able to help you.

DR. NED

His face is asymmetrical. I bet he had a small stroke when he was a baby.

JACK

(Shouting)

MUDERERS!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

LAB.

INTERIOR

NIGHT

RANDY, DR. NED and DR. DALY sit around JACK, waiting for him to emerge from his coma.

RANDY does a crossword puzzle.

DR. NED and DR. DALY are in the middle of an argument.

DR. NED

First of all, the word 'soul' has no place in our discussion. No invented abstraction of a theological nature will solve anything.

DR. DALY

I strongly disagree. I find it completely possible to reconcile my personal religious beliefs, as a Christian, with my conviction that it is totally correct to harvest against the donor's will.

DR. NED

Then why are you against bioemporiums?

DR. DALY

Because they deny the dignity of death.

DR. NED

You're always going on about 'ethics of the body'. A body's a body. A dog's a body. Any mammal is a body. And when you cut, you bleed. When you die, you stink.

The COLONEL enters, crosses over to JACK.

RANDY snaps to attention.

The COLONEL snaps his fingers in front of JACK.

JACK opens his eyes.

AMES

Where's Angela Quintana?

JACK does not reply.

JACK'S POV

The COLONEL's face twists into an hallucination.

AMES

He's holding up extremely well.
See how he avoids an answer and
yet he doesn't lie.

DR. NED

Let's give him another fifteen
mils.

AMES

(Shrugs. To Randy)
Get rid of him.

DESERT

EXTERIOR

NIGHT

A BONFIRE is tended by THREE of the COLONEL's MEN.

RANDY and the POOL MAN drag JACK through the CACTUS
towards the flames.

The MEN are illuminated by the headlights of a PICKUP
TRUCK. They hold Tall Boys of beer.

JACK is still drugged and badly bruised. He has a spiked
finger of CHOLLA CACTUS stuck to his face.

RANDY throws JACK down beside the BONFIRE.

RANDY

Whoooooeeee! Hey, Bing, toss me a
beer.

JACK's HAND falls in the FIRE.



POOL MAN
Get his hand out of the fire.

RANDY
What for? We're here to party.
(Singing)
Here's to good friends.
Tonight is something special --

He pulls back the hammer of his pistol.

The POOL MAN kicks JACK's HAND out of the FIRE.

POOL MAN
It smells like barbecue.

A red laser light dot appears on the POOL MAN'S forehead.

PTHWUT!

A HOLE appears in the POOL MAN's head.

He falls into the FIRE.

RANDY and the OTHER THREE MEN freeze --

PTHWUT!

A bullet takes out one of the PICKUP's headlights.

PTHWUT!

The other light is gone.

IT IS DARK NOW. A red laser beam sweeps back and forth thru rising dust.

The PTHWUTS continue.

TWO OTHER HEAVIES are CUT DOWN.

RANDY and the OTHER MAN take off in the PICKUP TRUCK.

WOUNDED MAN
Randy, don't leave me! RA --

PTHWUT!

The WOUNDED MAN falls silent.

The PICKUP's TAIL LIGHTS disappear into the night.

JACK lies on his back. Reaches into the burning POOL MAN's pocket and extracts a PACK OF CIGARETTES.

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

SILVA arrives. He carries a SNIPER's RIFLE. He wears VIDEO NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

SILVA

Hi.

JACK

Hi.

JACK tries to light up. His hands are still shaking. His right hand is badly burned.

SILVA takes the CIGARETTE from JACK and lights it in the fire.

SILVA pulls the CHOLLA out of JACK's face.

SILVA

(looking at JACK's hand)

It's lucky you're on drugs..

SILVA relieves the corpses of their GUNS: A .357 MAGNUM, silenced .38 AUTOMATIC, 'STREET SWEEPER' SCATTER GUN ...

SILVA

Want one?

JACK

The .38.

SILVA hands JACK the gun.

JACK takes it left handed and points it at SILVA.

SILVA tenses. JACK sticks the GUN in his belt.

SILVA

Can you walk?

SILVA offers him an arm.

JACK gets up on his own.

GRAVE

EXTERIOR

NIGHT

Coyotes have dug up the recently-leveled ground.

SILVA shines his flashlight into the SHALLOW GRAVE, illuminating little bones. JACK takes a slug from a bottle of mescal.

In the distance, a COYOTE howls.

SILVA

It's been going on for about ten years. Chalo Quintana drove 'em up at first. Now they fly 'em into Military bases. The Colonel used to be an Army Doctor, so it was no problema.

JACK examines one of the TINY SKELETONS in the grave.

JACK

What about their parents ...?

SILVA

Most of them are street kids. Niños de la Calle. They promise them five hundred dollars and a free ticket to the United States ... Do you know what that means to somebody in Mexico or Guatemala?

JACK straightens, staring at the grave.

SILVA

And so they come up, and the Colonel takes a kidney. He keeps 'em at his Health Center, stoned on drugs. Till he needs a LIVER DONOR ... You only got one liver, right?
(points to the grave)
Then it's here.

SILVA looks at JACK. JACK'S hand is shaking as he comes off the drugs.

SILVA

You want something for that?

SILVA pulls out a handful of pills.

JACK pulls out his gun with his left hand. Points it at SILVA's head.

JACK

Who the fuck ARE you, mister?
I don't recollect hearing your
NAME.

SILVA

My name is Augusto Silva. I am a
private investigator from
Guadalajara. Angela Quintana
hired me to investigate her
husband's death. She knew what I
would find out, of course. And
that I would have no choice ...

JACK is taken aback.

JACK

You were on the golf course. You
killed Ames' partner.

SILVA

I did. And next time I'll kill
Ames.

JACK

What's in it for you?

SILVA

What do you mean? This man is
worse than a monster. They are
the children of my people. I have
no choice.

(Looks at the grave)

They must all be buried now.

SILVA disappears into the darkness.

He comes with a shovel. He starts to dig.

JACK gets up with difficulty. Puts a hand on SILVA's
shoulder.

JACK

The living are what matters now.

BAR EXTERIOR MORNING

SILVA pulls up outside the Cafe-Bar on the edge of town.
JACK sits beside him.

DUST BLOWS.

BAR INTERIOR MORNING

JACK and SILVA enter the bar.

LIGHT is pouring through the ceiling. MEN on ladders
knock a BIG HOLE in the roof, kicking up dust and
letting DAYLIGHT in --

ANGELA steps into the light.

BARMAN
Dos cervezas, Jack?

JACK
Tres.

ANGELA embraces SILVA, staring over his shoulder at
JACK.

SILVA
We're going after the Kids.

ANGELA
Not without the Colonel.

SILVA
Second on the list.

Impassive, JACK drinks his beer. Picks up a set
of car keys hanging on a hook behind the bar.

JACK
(To Mike)
I'm borrowing your station wagon,
Mike.

MIKE
Great.

JACK
(To Angela and Silva)
Don't get too comfortable. I'll
be back in an hour.

We follow JACK out of the bar and through the cafe
in front. People eating breakfast stare at JACK's ripped
clothes and charred and blistered hand.

JACK stops at a pay phone. Dials a number.

JACK
Jack Ditko for Detective Ortega.

ORTEGA'S VOICE
Jack, WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?
You're in BIG TROUBLE.

JACK
You got to help me. You and
Richardson.

TPD

INTERIOR

DAWN

DETECTIVE ORTEGA sits at his desk.

Two Desks away, the CAPTAIN and DETECTIVE RICHARDSON
listen on other PHONES.

ORTEGA
(into phone)
Charley isn't going to help you,
Jack. You're wanted for bumping
off a transient at the
Renaissance Inn.

JACK'S VOICE
WHAT? Who is it?

ORTEGA
Body builder. Name of Floyd
Hargreaves. Someone shot him
right between the eyes.

JACK'S VOICE
(Incensed)
Listen, Hargreaves was shot two
days ago on Colonel Ames' Golf
Course. Along with a Turkish
Dude.

ORTEGA
What Turkish Dude? What the hell
are you talking about?

JACK'S VOICE
Someone is trying to set me up
because I'm onto something REAL
BIG, Jaime. You and Charley are
the only guys I trust.

ORTEGA looks over at the CAPTAIN and RICHARDSON, who are
listening on extension phones.

ORTEGA
Where are you, Jack?

JACK'S VOICE
I want you both to meet me at the
old Airfield in two hours. I'll
be waiting between the DC-7's and
the DC-8's. Just you two guys. No
surprises.

ORTEGA
You got it, Buddy.

JACK hangs up the phone.

JACK'S PLACE EXTERIOR DAWN

JACK drives up in MIKE'S old station wagon.

JACK'S PLACE INTERIOR MORNING

JACK puts on a clean white shirt.

He takes the Chinese hand grenade from the formica shelf
and hooks it onto his belt.

Opening the door to the closet, he takes out his 30.30
HUNTING RIFLE.

He takes a slug from the bottle of MESCAL.

He groans and sits down.

He sits very still, centering his energy.

JACK'S HOUSE

EXTERIOR

MORNING

JACK emerges from his HOUSE.

He is badly burned and unshaven.

He carries the MESCAL BOTTLE and his RIFLE. The .38 is in his belt.

JACK's WIFE - JO ANN - sits at the wheel of a brand new CHEVY SUBURBAN. A HORSE TRAILER is rigged up behind. Their sixteen year old daughter - STACEY - sits beside her.

JO ANN stares at JACK, shaking her head.

JO ANN

What party have you been to?

JACK doesn't reply. He goes to the station wagon and throws the rifle into the back.

JO ANN gets out of the truck. STACEY stays inside, turning up the radio.

JO ANN

Someone called the house looking for you. He said you better leave town right away.

JACK

Who was it?

JO ANN

I don't know. Stacey talked to him.

JACK goes over to the car, knocks on the window.

STACEY winds it down. Music blasts out.

JACK

Turn it down.

Reluctantly, she turns it down.

JACK

Who was it that called?

STACEY

A man.

JACK

What'd he say?

STACEY

He said you were going to be accused of murdering someone and that it had to do with drugs. He said you should get out of town. Right away.

JACK

Did the man have an accent? Did he talk like a Mexican?

STACEY

He talked like a Cop. You all talk the same. Stupid. I was really scared, Dad.

JACK

I know you were, baby. Don't you worry about me.

STACEY

I'm not, Dad. I'm worried about me and Mom. You don't even have a job and now you're involved in a drug deal.

JACK

You believe that?

STACEY

No, not really. But I know that you're fucked up. And if you get killed it'll be really fucked.

JACK

Don't talk like that around your mother.

STACEY groans.

JO ANN

Look, Jack, if you're thinking of leaving town you ought to settle up with me.

JACK
I'm not thinking of leaving town.

JO ANN
You're five months behind. I've
been good about it but I can't
carry you forever.

JACK
You're not carrying me.
What about that Jewelry designer
you live with? Why doesn't he pay
something?

JO ANN
You're my husband. Dennis isn't.
You're her father. Dennis isn't.
You get the difference?

STACEY groans again.

STACEY
Oh, pul...eeze!

She winds up the window. Turns on the music. Loud.

WIDE ANGLE

JACK, JO ANN and STACEY in the Chevy Surburban are all
very small against the Big Southwest Sky.

JACK and JO ANN shout curses at each other.

HIGHWAY EXTERIOR DAY

ANGELA drives the STATION WAGON into the desert. JACK
beside her. SILVA in the back checking his guns.

ANGELA
We'll need another vehicle. We'll
be followed. We'll lay low this
side of the border. We'll cross
into Mexico in a couple of days -

SWAP MEET EXTERIOR DAY

SILVA buys an airbrushed CHOLO VAN.

ANGELA and JACK drive off in the STATION WAGON.

SPORTING GOODS STORE

JACK and ANGELA load tents, sleeping bags, fishing rods and a cooler into the back of the staton wagon.

RICHARDSON and ORTEGA wait between the DC-7's and the DC-8's.

POLICE COMMISSIONER GARRETT and the CAPTAIN sit in the burned out airplane hull, listening to the DETECTIVES' wire taps.

RICHARDSON and ORTEGA continue to wait.

REGENCY CENTER

INTERIOR

DAY

JACK and SILVA enter the LOBBY wearing white DOCTOR's coats. JACK wears a false mustache. SILVA wears thick horn rimmed glasses.

CHINESE RESTAURANT MUSIC.

SILVA approaches the Front Desk.

SILVA
(To the Clerk)
Colonel Ames, please.

CLERK
I'm sorry, Doctor. The Colonel
won't be in until next week.

JACK marches on. SILVA hurries after him.

REGENCY CENTER

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK and SILVA walk through the grounds towards the windowless adobe on top of the hill. People are sitting on benches beneath palm trees, jogging and playing golf. A feeling of timeless serenity pervades.

WINDOWLESS ADOBE

INTERIOR

DAY

JACK and SILVA walk down a long corridor. They pass two Interns in white smocks. On either side of them are rows of freezers. The freezers are labeled: male kidney, age 23 ... Female lungs, age 17 ... Eyes. Various ... etc...

SILVA tries a door. It's locked. He picks the lock.

ROOM

INTERIOR

DAY

A windowless room.

An ancient WOMAN sits upright in a bed. She's attached to dozens of life support systems. On a tray are several Hallmark Birthday Cards.

OLD WOMAN
It's my birthday!

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

The KIDS look wide eyed from JACK to the large POSTER of SUPERMAN and BATMAN on the wall, between COOL MOE D and drawings of PANCHO VILLA.

ERIBERTO

El no es SUPERMAN. No tiene musculos.

LUIS

El es mas como PANCHO VILLA.

OTHER KIDS

Es mas como JOHN-BOY WALTON -
- O DON JOHNSON - CORRUPCION EN
MIAMI!

SILVA takes the Mexican SOMBRERO from the wall and puts it on JACK's head.

SILVA

(in Spanish)

You SEE? He IS Pancho Villa AND Superman AND John-Boy at the same time! Like in the Bible!

The KIDS laugh.

KIDS

Pancho! Pancho! Pancho!

JACK

What are you saying?

SILVA

I'm telling them you're PANCHO VILLA. You don't qualify as Superman. Not enough muscles.
(to ERIBERTO in Spanish)
Where do you live?

ERIBERTO

Zacatecas.

SILVA

(in Spanish)

Do you want PANCHO VILLA to take you back to Zacatecas?

ERIBERTO

SI!

SILVA
(in Spanish)
Come on! Lets go!

CORRIDOR INTERIOR DAY

JACK and SILVA lead the TEN KIDS down the hall.

The ELEVATOR DOORS open -- RUBY is within --

RUBY stares wide-eyed as JACK and SILVA herd the yelling KIDS into the elevator --

The ELEVATOR DOORS close.

ELEVATOR INTERIOR DAY

There are only TWO BUTTONS on the panel.

JACK presses the lower one.

RUBY
(To Eriberto in Spanish)
Where are you going with these
idiots?

ERIBERTO
(In Spanish)
They say they're taking us back
to Mexico. That one thinks he's
Pancho Villa.

RUBY nods.

RUBY
I guess that explains the
HAND GRENADE.

JACK looks down. He pulls his Doctor's jacket over the Chinese Hand Grenade hooked on his belt.

The Elevator stops and the door opens to --

UNDERGROUND GARAGE INTERIOR DAY

As they step out, DR. RUTH BENWAY looks at them, an AIDE beside her. DR. BENWAY is in her sixties, kindly and intelligent.

DR. BENWAY

What are you doing with those children? They don't go out. Ruby, you should know better.

JACK

We're taking them to play some ball.

DR. BENWAY

That's absurd. Who are you?
(To AIDE)
Call Security.

RUBY

DON'T! They've got a BOMB!
They're threatening to blow up the CENTER!

SILVA shows his gun.

JACK, one step behind, reveals his Grenade.

DR. BENWAY and the AIDE back off.

RUBY

Don't do anything! Don't use your radio! You'll set the BOMB off!

JACK marches JOCELYN towards the parked Ambulances.

SILVA herds the KIDS behind them.

The AIDE hammers the Elevator Button.

ANGELA is waiting in an AMBULANCE.

RUBY

Angela? Oh shit!

The Elevator door opens. As DR. BENWAY and the AIDE step into it, they see ANGELA. The door closes.

ANGELA

Jack, what are you doing with this?

JACK

She's with us.

ANGELA
No she's not. She belongs to the
Colonel.

RUBY
Fuck you, Angela. I don't belong
to anyone!

JACK pushes RUBY into an AMBULANCE.

SILVA directs the last of the KIDS into the back of the
AMBULANCE.

The KIDS are having a great time.

REGENCY CLINIC EXTERIOR DAY

The AMBULANCE bursts out of the Garage and hurtles down
the Driveway.

RANDY runs out of the Clinic.

RANDY makes a leap for NED'S CONVERTIBLE, which has
already taken off after the AMBULANCES.

A HAND reaches out and grabs for him but misses.
RANDY falls, rolling in the gravel.

The CONVERTIBLE backs up, spinning its wheels, losing
precious time.

AMBULANCE INTERIOR DAY

ANGELA pilots the AMBULANCE out of the GATE.

Ten KIDS shouting in back.

ANGELA
Is the Colonel dead?

SILVA
He wasn't there.

KIDS
(Shooting)
Andale, DON JOHNSON! Mas RAPIDO!

JACK lets go of RUBY's arm.

RUBY dives for the door handle, opening the door --

ANGELA accelerates and swings the wheel --

DITCH EXTERIOR DAY

-- sending the car off the road and down a steep grade. RUBY is almost thrown out. JACK pulls her in again.

They pull up next to MIKE the BARMAN's STATION WAGON --

ROAD EXTERIOR DAY

DR. NED'S CONVERTIBLE tears off down the Road.

In the Distance - REVOLVING RED POLICE CAR BUBBLES.

The OLD STATION WAGON, its windows obscured by reflective pictures of an Arizona sunset, pulls onto the road --

-- ignored by everyone.

STATION WAGON INTERIOR DAY

-- 14 people on board. RUBY squeezed in among the KIDS.

JACK finds a NORTEÑO station.

DRY RIVER BED EXTERIOR DAY

On the edge of the city, all fourteen climb stiffly out of the STATION WAGON beneath a bridge.

SILVA unlocks the CHOLO VAN --

-- the KIDS pile in, start checking out the camping gear and cooler.

RUBY runs away.

JACK grabs her. They both fall down, JACK screaming as he lands on his bad hand.

ANGELA pulls her GUN, aims at RUBY.

ANGELA
I'll just shoot her in the foot.
So she can't follow us.

BANG!

A bullet breaks the pavement near RUBY'S head.

RUBY
Help me! You owe me! Don't let
her kill me!

SILVA dives for ANGELA, tackling her.

They wrestle in the dust.

SILVA wrenches the GUN away.

The CHILDREN climb out of the VAN.

Some WHIMPER, others run around SHOUTING.

JACK
(yelling at the
CHILDREN)
Get the fuck back in the VAN!

TWO of the CHILDREN begin to CRY.

ANGELA crawls over to RUBY and SLUGS her on the jaw.

JACK fires his pistol in the air!

EVERYONE freezes.

ANGLE ON ERIBERTO AND LUIS

ERIBERTO
(In Spanish)
If this gets any crazier, let's
run for it.

LUIS
(In Spanish)
I'll drive the Van.

ANGLE ON JACK

Lowering his gun.

JACK
No one is going to touch this
girl. She's under my protection.

RUBY holds her jaw in both hands.

RUBY
(To ANGELA)
You've broken my fuckin'
metatarsal.

ANGELA
(To SILVA)
Kill the little slut. Then we'll
get the Colonel.

RUBY
(To JACK)
I knew you were an asshole but I
didn't think you were so low you
would work for this bitch.

JACK
I'm not working for anyone.

RUBY
Bullshit.
(To ANGELA)
Listen, Angela. You don't want
to kill me and here's why. I
have the whole operation in my
head. Budget. Marketing.
International contact sheet. I
can be a lot of help to you.

ANGELA stares at RUBY, computing.

SILVA
It's not important. Cut off the
head, the body dies.

RUBY
That's not what Angela wants. She
wants to take over, right, Angela?

ANGELA
You little whore. If either of
you guys has any balls you'll
blow her lying head off. Right
now!

(THERE FOLLOWED, APPARENTLY,
A PAGE IN WHICH THE CUNNING
RUBY REVEALED THE PRESENCE
OF A HORDE OF \$\$\$ CASH
AT THE AMES MANSION...

THE
END
PZ-VIS-M
P
T.

82)

RUBY
Four million in cash. The rest in
treasury bonds. A little gold.

SILVA
(Sighs)
Let's kill him at his house.

ANGELA nods.

JACK
(Shakes his head)
Five million bucks. Split three
ways?

SILVA and ANGELA nod.

JACK
Too bad.

JACK rises, taking RUBY by the arm and leading her to
the Van.

JACK
(Shouting to the Kids)
Vamos muchachos! Vamos a Mexico!

JACK herds the Kids inside.

SILVA lets go of ANGELA and follows him.

SILVA
One third of that money, Jack,
would feed a lot of kids! Two
thirds would feed twice as many.

JACK
You take care of that, pal. I'm
goin' to Mexico.

JACK helps RUBY into the front seat.

SILVA extends his hand to JACK.

SILVA
In all my life I have only met
three men I admire more.

JACK and SILVA shakes hands firmly.

SILVA gets in his pick-up truck and drives off. ANGELA follows him in the Station Wagon.

JACK slides in behind the wheel of the Van.

RUBY stares at him, totally confused.

VAN

INTERIOR

DAY

JACK drives. RUBY sits beside him, staring straight ahead.

RUBY

I don't get it. Where are we going?

JACK

I told you. Mexico.

RUBY

You mean you weren't kidding? I thought you were going to circle back around and ambush the pair of them. Then ransom me back to Woodrow. You mean I had it all wrong?

JACK

Yeah. You did.

RUBY

Aren't you interested in money?

JACK

Not that much.

RUBY

(Stunned)

This is very interesting. I don't know how to think about this.

CARMEN starts to cry again.

JACK

What's the matter with her?

RUBY

You lost your mustache.

DESERT HIGHWAY EXTERIOR AFTERNOON

The VAN flashes past, headed for the mountains -

CANYON EXTERIOR AFTERNOON

The VAN is parked by a stream.

JACK shows the CHILDREN how to set up tents beneath the shade trees.

RUBY sits in the VAN, still handcuffed, listening to "Una Peña" by Los Alegres de Teran.

CANYON EXTERIOR DUSK

Pink light on the canyon rim.

RUBY leans against a tree, rubbing her jaw.

JACK opens cans of COLD BEANS for his new tribe.

RUBY
A specialist should take a look
at my metatarsal.

JACK
You bet. Tomorrow morning. After
we're across the border.

RUBY
I'll bet you're thinking about
driving to some big Mexican
town and turning the Kids over to
the authorities.

JACK
Could be.

RUBY
At some point, you and these
children will be killed. The
Colonel is much more powerful
than you are.

JACK
You're a sicko. How can you live
with somebody who murders children?

RUBY
He's my husband. We were married
when I was fifteen. A Hopi
ceremony. He's done good as well
as evil. He's saved a lot of
lives. He saved Elvis Presley
more than once!

JACK
That doesn't mean anything.

RUBY
I know.

They stare at the KIDS.

RUBY
I was one of these Kids. Do you
believe it's possible to love and
hate somebody at the same time?

JACK
Yeah.

RUBY
What do you think a human life is
worth? Fifty bucks? A million?
Nothing?

JACK
No one can answer that.

RUBY
(Baby voice)
"Woodrow can."

JACK doesn't reply.

RUBY
You should meet the parents of
the kids that get the livers and
the eyes. They're nice people.
They never ask where the
donations come from. This is a
complex moral issue.

LUIS comes up.

LUIS
(in Spanish)
Hey, Ruby. Is it true this Dude
is Pancho Villa?

ERIBERTO
(in Spanish)
He is CORRUPCION EN MIAMI!
Pancho Villa is not an American.

LUIS
(in Spanish)
And, is it true that he is going
to take us back to the cities we
came from?

JACK
(to RUBY)
What does he want?

RUBY
(Translating)
They want to know if you are
REALLY going to take them back to
Mexico?
(in Spanish, to
the KIDS)
Yes. He is! Only Pancho can do
that!

The KIDS CHEER.

RUBY
Because several of them would
prefer to live together with you
on your RANCH.

JACK
Tell 'em, as long as they're with
Pancho they're welcome anytime.

RUBY looks away, suddenly depressed.

RAILROAD CROSSING

EXTERIOR

NIGHT

A PATROL CAR has pulled over the STATION WAGON.
ONE COP gives ANGELA the drunk test.



COP
(into radio)
Clocked her doing a hundred and
ten before the OFF RAMP. It's the
Quintana woman, yeah. Want us to
bring her to the Federal Building
or book her?

GARRETT'S VOICE
(via radio)
This is Police Commissioner
Garrett. Bring her to my office
right away --

The COPS exchange a glance.

PICK-UP INTERIOR NIGHT

SILVA is parked a hundred yards behind the Cop Car. He
watches as the COPS put ANGELA in back of their patrol
car and drive off.

SILVA follows.

CANYON EXTERIOR NIGHT

JACK sits by the stream. A campfire next to him.

The CHILDREN are asleep.

RUBY lies staring at the sky.

JACK sighs and gets up.

He picks up a canteen of water and takes a drink.

He loads his rifle.

JACK
I'm going to make a deal with
the Colonel. Your life for the
Kids'.

RUBY
What do you propose to do about
the children while you're gone?

JACK

You'll look after 'em. If I'm not back by nightfall tomorrow take 'em to the Sheriff's department in Bisbee. He's a friend of mine.

RUBY

This plan is worse than your last one. The Colonel is going to kill you. The Sheriff will turn the Kids into the Border Patrol.

JACK

At least they'll get home.

RUBY

You really are naive.

He thinks it over.

JACK

Got a better idea?

RUBY

I have a problem here. I admire what you're trying to do, but I am married to Woodrow and I don't want you to kill him.

JACK nods. He heads for the Van.

RUBY

I'll watch the kids for you.

CARMEN runs after JACK, holding his SOMBRERO.

CARMEN

(In Spanish)

Su Sombrero, Pancho.

JACK solemnly takes the SOMBRERO. Formally, he salutes CARMEN and puts it on his head. He gets back in the VAN.

JACK, trying not to wake the children, takes off the handbrake. He lets the VAN roll quietly down hill.

ANGLE ON ERIBERTO AND LUIS

Running after the VAN and climbing on the chrome plated ladder that leads to the roof rack.

ZIG-ZAG ROAD

EXTERIOR

NIGHT

COMMISSIONER GARRETT'S CAR heads up the zig-zag road to AMES'S MANSION.

GARRETT drives. In the back, ANGELA sits with RANDY.

The CAR takes a curve, passing a telephone pole.

COLONEL'S COURTYARD

EXTERIOR

NIGHT

Totem poles, Chac Mools and Incan idols are on display.

RANDY and GARRETT march ANGELA towards the HOUSE.

The BIG GATES close automatically behind the CAR.

PROFUSION OF ARMED GUARDS beside the COLONEL's stretch limo.

COLONEL'S MANSION

INTERIOR

NIGHT

The COLONEL talks on the phone in the living room.

DR. NED MOUNT mixes martinis. The ice rattles. DR. BENWAY sits in a corner, studying an Anatomy Book.

AMES

(Into phone)

Please. Don't tell me you're actually considering him for the Nobel. The poor man's an inadequate scholar and a lousy surgeon ... Quite so ... Everything fine ... By the way have you received my monograph on the new definition of death? ... I'll make sure you do ... Thankyou, that's very generous ...

The door opens.

RANDY and GARRETT march ANGELA before the Colonel.

The COLONEL slams the phone down.

AMES

Damn you, Angela. Where's my Ruby?

ANGELA

Wish I knew, Woodrow. I think that Cop took her to Mexico.

AMES

You never should have come back. I warned the pair of you. That was a real stupid move killing Mustafa.

ANGELA

That was just evening up the score. You're the stupid one. Thinking you could cut me out by killing Chalo. That was really dumb Woodrow. And then hiring a fucking Turkish quack to replace me.

AMES

It's business, Angela. Mustafa cut me a better deal. He would have opened up the Middle East and India.

ANGELA

Not any more.

Dr. NED approaches with the martini shaker.

DR. NED

Anyone for a martini?

DR. BENWAY

(To ANGELA)

Mrs. Quintana, when did you last see this Cop who has the children?

ANGELA

A couple of hours ago. Heading
East on 10.

DR. NED

Douglas then. Or Naco.

AMES

Seal the border.

GARRETT

I'll do my best.

AMES

Do better.

GARRETT picks up the phone. Gives some orders.

AMES reaches out a bony arm, strokes ANGELA's
cheek. ANGELA turns her head away.

AMES

Two hours ago. Hmmm. What exactly
have you been doing for the last
two hours?

ANGELA

Driving around. Thinking about
how much I hate you.

AMES

My dear, Angela. One thing I can
count on is that you always
lie. You're always up to
something too. You let yourself
get arrested and meanwhile no one
knows where your two partners
are. I don't believe Ditko's left
town at all. I think he's RIGHT
HERE!

He snaps his fingers.

AMES

Sodium Pentathol.

DR, NED pulls out a syringe.

GARRETT

The phone's dead!



AN EXPLOSION OUTSIDE.

THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

ANGELA KICKS DR. NED on his SHINS.

DR. NED drops his syringe.

AMES' COURTYARD EXTERIOR NIGHT

THE COMMISSIONER'S CAR has EXPLODED!

All the lights are out. Burning wreckage is scattered everywhere.

GUARDS run around, waving flashlights --

VOICES

Get the generator going!

Lets have some light out here!

The GENERATOR starts up. The LIGHTS come back on.

The BIG GATES open automatically --

GUARD

Not the gate! Close it!

-- to reveal TWO DEAD GUARDS lying outside. Bullet holes in their foreheads.

A red laser light flickers across the wall.

ANGLE ON the shocked faces of the SURVIVING GUARDS.

AMES MANSION EXTERIOR MORNING

JACK drives up to the last rise before the zig-zag road.

The COLONEL'S MANSION glitters on the ridge.

JACK waits, smoking his last cigarette.

CRANE UP TO REVEAL

ERIBERTO and LUIS

Sitting on the roof rack, smoking cigarettes.

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

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EXTERMINATING ANGEL

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

DR. NED MOUNT lies on the couch, in shock, a pool of blood spreading over his linen suit. A hi-tech MACHINE PISTOL lies on the rug near his feet.

COLONEL AMES sits in an armchair. His hair is disarrayed and there is a bruise on his forehead.

SILVA stands over the COLONEL with his gun pressed to the COLONEL's head.

ANGLE ON JACK

Watching through the window.

AMES

(In a monotone)

5 left. 16 right. 7 left. 1 right.

ANGLE ON ANGELA

Wounded in the leg. Leaning against the wall, spinning the combination to the wall safe.

AMES

That's it.

THE SAFE OPENS. MONEY and TREASURY BILLS fall out.

ANGELA

Thank you, Woodrow. You finally made things easy for us.

(To SILVA)

Kill him.

JACK enters the room with his gun drawn.

JACK

Hold it!

ANGELA and SILVA freeze. DR. NED groans weakly.

The COLONEL turns angrily to JACK.

AMES

Where's my wife, Ditko?

JACK

Flown the coop. I guess she
doesn't love you anymore.

(Eyes on Silva)

Put the gun down. You, too,
Angela. Drop what's in your
hands.

ANGELA looks from the bundles of BILLS to JACK.

ANGELA

No way.

SILVA

What for, Jack? We got to kill
him. That's why we're here.

JACK

(Cocks his gun)

We're not going to kill him.
We're going to take him in.

ANGELA

What a stupid parade that will
be. You, me and him marching
Woodrow up the steps of City
Hall over the dead body of the
Police Commissioner.

JACK

(Not wanting to think
about it)

Shut up.

(To Silva)

I told you to put that gun down.

SILVA lowers the gun but doesn't put it down.

SILVA

Sure, Jack. Let's all be real
cool.

The COLONEL stares fixedly at DR. NED.

DR. NED manages to look up at the COLONEL. The COLONEL
directs DR. NED with his eyes to the MACHINE PISTOL on
the floor.

AMES

Well, Ditko, I must hand it to
you. You're a regular Lone Ranger.

JACK covers all three with his gun.

ANGELA sinks to the floor, her back to the wall.

AMES

When you walked in I thought you
had come to kill me, too --

The COLONEL continues to stare intently at DR. NED.
Slowly, painfully, DR. NED reaches down to the floor for
the MACHINE PISTOL.

JACK

I had it in mind.

AMES

Of course you did. And I
understand the impulse.

The COLONEL fixes JACK in the gleam of his ageless
eyes.

ANGELA

Jack, he's got a GUN!

ANGLE ON DR. NED

Falling on the MACHINE PISTOL.

ANGLE ON SILVA

Shooting DR. NED in the stomach.

ANGLE ON JACK

Unwilling to shoot at SILVA.

He turns and sees the COLONEL diving into the hall.

ANGELA and JACK SHOOT at the COLONEL. Both miss.

ANGLE ON DR. NED MOUNT

Convulsing as he lifts the MACHINE PISTOL.

He FIRES, hitting SILVA and ANGELA.

SILVA crashes behind the piano.

BAP! BAP!

ANGELA fires at JACK, who drops his Gun. It skids behind the piano.

He crawls after it. SILVA picks it up.

ANGLE ON THE COLONEL

Staggering towards the Big Glass Windows. His shirt is pulled up, revealing MANY OPERATION SCARS and FRESH STITCHES. Swaying from side to side, he falls forward, glass flying everywhere as his body disappears through the Big Window.

ANGLE ON ANGELA

Wounded. Calmly shooting DR. NED MOUNT through the head.

OUTSIDE AMES MANSION

EXTERIOR

DAY

ERIBERTO and LUIS watch through the big glass window. Their POV:

SILVA and JACK lie behind the piano.

The front door opens as AMES runs out.

AMES COURTYARD

EXTERIOR

DAY

COLONEL AMES rushes out of the Front Door.

All is still. Death everywhere. Burned out cars.

He walks forward, as if in a dream.

Through the dust, RANDY's voice is heard.

RANDY

Take the limo, Colonel --

The COLONEL squints through the haze and dust. COLONEL'S POV:

RANDY sits on the wreckage of the Limo. He aims his rifle at the COLONEL's heart.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

AMES MANSION

INTERIOR

DAY

JACK's pistol falls from SILVA's hand.

SILVA is dying.

JACK slowly slides up to his side, reaching for the Pistol.

SILVA

Promise me one thing, Jack.

JACK looks down at SILVA. He is clearly dying.

SILVA

Take the kids back. Every one. To his own home.

JACK winces.

JACK

No problema.

SILVA

Also ... in Monterrey, there is a bartender ... I owe him ... fifty bucks ...

He dies.

ANGELA'S VOICE

Is he dead?

(No answer)

Can you imagine, he wanted to give his share to the homeless. To charity. To all those fucking kids. He must have had a guilty conscience.

ANGLE ON ANGELA

On her knees, painfully gathering up the money, stuffing it into her leather bag.

ANGELA

Are you dead, Jack?

JACK'S VOICE
(from behind the piano)
Not hardly...

ANGELA pumps the rest of her CLIP into the PIANO.

STRINGS POP! IVORY KEYS FLY OFF!

ANGLE ON JACK

Showered with WOOD and METAL.

ANGELA puts a FRESH AMMUNITION CLIP into her PISTOL.

ANGELA
STILL ALIVE?

No ANSWER.

ANGELA
I'll bet you are.

ANGLE ON JACK

Behind the Piano. Wounded in the Shoulder and his good Arm, he tries to lift the .45. Neither hand can hold it.

ANGELA'S VOICE
You know, Jack, it is JACK, isn't it? Of all the guys I've ever known - You're the first I ever thought I could - you know - run off to an ISLAND with. You don't want to do that, do you?

JACK
No.

ANGELA
(sighs)
Oh, Jack. You're a good guy but you're not really a PLAYER.

BANG! Another BULLET HOLE appears in the piano.

ANGLE ON ANGELA

Bleedling badly, crawling around the couch for an UNOBSTRUCTED VIEW OF JACK.

She holds her PISTOL with BOTH HANDS.

ANGLE ON JACK

Pulling the Chinese HAND GRENADE from his belt.

He extracts the metal pin and tosses it in ANGELA's direction.

JACK

Hey, Angela! Know what that is?

ANGLE ON ANGELA

Staring at the Little METAL PIN.

ANGELA

No, Jack. What?

JACK

The other PART OF THIS!

He rolls the GRENADE across the floor.

Then JUMPS out of the Shattered window --

POOL SIDE

EXTERIOR

DAY

-- and rolls away from the Big Room.

He hides behind a stone bench. No explosion.

ANGELA'S VOICE

It was a dud, Jack! Just like you.

She laughs.

JACK gets painfully to his feet --

ANGELA'S VOICE

Jack, I can't see. You're not gonna leave me, are you?

JACK walks towards an Arroyo.

ANGELA'S VOICE

(Fading)

I've got the money! More than we
expected. Much more!

(A last cry)

Jack ...

ARROYO

EXTERIOR

DAY

The COLONEL lies in the Arroyo, in back of the Riding
Stables. Around him parts of an old rusted Chevy, a
broken gurney and a busted box spring. He looks up at:

ERIBERTO and LOUIS. Sitting among the Cactus smoking a
cigarette and looking down at him.

AMES

Remove the sacra -- Improve on
the natural world -- Replace it
ENTIRELY! -- What are the
exigencies of the spatial and
temporal situation you're in at
this time?

(Yelling)

Try to arrive at a solution to
the problem you are IN! Not some
preconcieved IDEA -- that --

He coughs, blood dribbling out of his mouth.

AMES

(Dying)

A future -- youth -- We're all
just -- cockroaches. And I'm --
YES! -- The experiment is a
complete success --

JACK arrives.

Standing above the KIDS, he watches the COLONEL die.

COLONEL'S COURTYARD

EXTERIOR

DAY

JACK crouches, exhausted, next to the wreckage of POLICE
COMMISSIONER GARRETT's overturned CAR.

Watched by ERIBERTO and LUIS, he talks into GARRETT's
POLICE RADIO.

JACK
(into Radio)
Yeah, this is EX-DETECTIVE DITKO
calling to report a multiple
homicide at Colonel Ames'
hacienda. Looks like the POLICE
COMMISSIONER went on a rampage up
here, killed the Colonel and a
whole bunch of TUCSON'S FINEST
CITIZENS. It's a tragedy, boys.
Whoever gets here first, gets the
promotion. ADIOS.

JACK hangs up the microphone.

AMES COURTYARD

LATER

DAY

JACK'S VAN cruises through the GATE and disappears down
the ZIG-ZAG ROAD.

ERIBERTO and LUIS sit in the front with JACK.

CANYON

EXTERIOR

DUSK

JACK drives up the Canyon, driving badly, holding the
steering wheel between his wounded hands.

Everything is UNNATURALLY QUIET.

The CHILDREN and the CAMP are gone.

JACK gets out. He looks around.

For the first time, we see FEAR in his face.

SUDDENLY the CHILDREN burst from the creek bed and the
trees, running at them, shouting.

RUBY follows the KIDS out of the woods.

JACK
I've got to tell you something.

RUBY
I already know.



JACK
(To everyone)
We'll make a start first thing
tomorrow.

KIDS
NO. VAMOS AHORITA, CORRUPCION!
AHORITA MISMO! VAMANOS!

JACK gives RUBY a long stare. RUBY nods.

JACK's legs give out and he COLLAPSES. The KIDS drag
him to his feet --

LUIS marches up to RUBY.

LUIS
(In Spanish)
What about if I drive?

NACO

EXTERIOR

NIGHT

The CHOLO VAN cruises towards the BORDER.

On the AMERICAN SIDE, CUSTOMS OFFICIALS are taking apart
a Car.

On the MEXICAN SIDE, a lone BORDER GUARD waves them
through.

JACK is sleeping. RUBY drives.

The VAN'S TAIL LIGHT fades into the night.

THE END

Body Parts

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

WHILE DOING RESEARCH FOR THIS
SCRIPT, I FELL IN WITH SOME
TUCSON COPS — DETECTIVES
FROM THE DEPT. OF PUBLIC
SAFETY & THE DRUG ENFORCEMENT
AGENCY.

ONE OF THEM GAVE ME THE OFFICIAL
D.E.A. CITATION WHICH FOLLOWS
— IN WHICH 9 SPECIAL AGENTS RECEIVED
CASH REWARDS FOR IMPORTING
854 LBS OF COCAINE
INTO THE U.S.A.!

GARY WEBB, PRESENTS

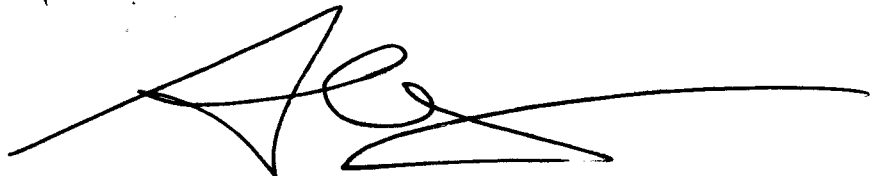


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memorandum

DATE: JUN 06 1980
REPLY TO: Ralph F. Saucedo, Assistant Chief
ATTN OF: South America Operations Division
SUBJECT: Recommendation for Awards
(020-03)
TO: Mr. Robert J. Eyman, Chief
South America Operations Division

SYNOPSIS

On May 23, 1980, shortly after noon, a DEA aircraft with a crew of four DEA undercover special agents departed from a jungle airstrip in Bolivia with 854 pounds of cocaine aboard, thereby culminating a crucial phase of one of the most important investigations in the history of federal drug enforcement.

The investigation began in Buenos Aires where an undercover agent met with a Bolivian trafficker capable of delivering up to 1000 kilograms of cocaine per month. It was agreed that the undercover agent would supply an aircraft to pick up 500 kilos of cocaine in Bolivia and fly it back to the U.S. Four and a half million dollars would be paid in Miami at the time that the plane left the ground and the other half when it landed in the U.S.

The focus of the investigation then shifted to Miami where negotiations continued. This phase of the investigation necessitated an intricate backdrop capable of supporting the fiction that the DEA undercover agent was a member of the "Mafia" and headed a large and impressive organization with substantial funds from criminal investors.

The props included a plush summer home in an exclusive area of Fort Lauderdale, a large aircraft with an experienced crew, a "wife" for SAIC Levine, two plush automobiles, an "organization" made up of a number of chauffeurs and body guards and an investor capable of supplying nine million dollars. There were many other props.

After convincing the supplier of the authenticity and acquisitive power of Levine's financial backers, the focus of the investigation shifted to the crew of the DEA undercover aircraft.



Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

On the morning of May 16, 1980, the undercover DEA aircraft left Florida with four DEA undercover agents and one of the representatives of the Bolivian cocaine suppliers who was to accompany the agents to the clandestine airfield in Bolivia.

Enroute, the plane travelled to Puerto Rico for refueling, to Barbados, where the supplier asked to layover until Tuesday, May 20, 1980, when they continued on to Manaus.

During this entire time, the supplier kept making phone calls to both Miami and Santa Cruz, Bolivia monitoring the activities in both places in order to gauge the authenticity of the "Mafia" people.

In Manaus, the DEA agents were met by a pilot who had been sent by the principle in Santa Cruz to navigate the DEA aircraft into the clandestine landing strip in the jungle in northern Bolivia.

On May 21, 1980, the DEA aircraft with the four undercover agents, the supplier and the supplier's pilot departed Manaus to make the pickup of the 500 kilos of cocaine in Northern Bolivia.

Arriving over the field, the crew of the DEA aircraft were confronted with a hazardous situation in that the field was of poor surface and on the short side, given the size of the aircraft.

Upon landing, they were met by the son of the principal, who had also flown into the field, and who stated that for various reasons the load was not ready for pickup.

The plane returned to Manaus with the four agents and the principal's pilot to await word of when the pickup could be made.

(This "dry run" was useful in that it permitted the pilots to reevaluate their plans for takeoff from the clandestine strip with the added weight of the cocaine. On the day of pickup they would be unable to take on a full load of fuel and so their return flight to Manaus would require a refueling stop in Porto Velho, Brazil.)

A period of negotiations ensued between undercover agents in Miami and the principals in Santa Cruz, Bolivia. Agreement was reached for a pickup on Friday, May 23, 1980, in the early morning.

During this negotiating period, it was also learned that a class one violator had arrived in Miami on May 22, 1980 to act as the recipient of the money in Miami.

On May 23, 1980, in the early morning, the DEA aircraft departed Manaus and made the pickup on schedule.

SEVERAL OBSERVATIONS SHOULD BE MADE IN THIS CASE:

- o The seizure of 854 pounds of cocaine is the largest domestic seizure in the history of drug law enforcement. For a comparison we can examine DEA seizures for 1979 which totaled 911 pounds for the entire year.

- o In order to pursue the case it was necessary to utilize a nine million dollar flash roll; the largest flash roll in DEA history.

- o For a number of the participants, it represented a most hazardous case.

- o The targets of the operation are some of the most important, wealthy, politically powerful and politically insulated traffickers in South America.

- o The case represents one of the most complex, difficult and successful undercover operations pursued by DEA.

- o The total cost of the operation was less than the cost of an undercover buy of one quarter kilo ($\frac{1}{4}$) of cocaine. (Approximately \$20,000.00)

Given the above, I wish to commend the following personnel for their efforts in support of this investigation and recommend that they receive awards as follows:

SAIC Michael Levine - GS-14.

First conceived and sold the operation to ENA and MDO and participated throughout the entire case in the pivotal role of buyer, chief negotiator and head of a Mafia family.

Award - \$1,157.00 and Special Achievement Certificate

S/A David Kunz - GS-12

Pivotal role as command pilot, in charge of the most physically demanding and dangerous aspect of the investigation; the flying into a clandestine jungle landing field under the control of the traffickers and leaving with 854 pounds of cocaine and returning to the United States.

Award - \$823.00 and Special Achievement Certificate

S/A David Gorman - GS-12

Pivotal role as co-pilot, sharing equally the technical responsibility and danger of flying the DEA aircraft into the jungle landing with S/A David Kunz and others.

Award - \$823.00 and Special Achievement Certificate

S/A Richard Fiano - GS-12

Pivotal in the creation of the props in Miami and in his undercover role as the trusted representative of the Mafia who would test and approve the load in the jungle airstrip in Bolivia. Of course, he also shared the danger of flying into Bolivia to pick of the load.

Award - \$823.00 and Special Achievement Certificate

S/A Richard Vandiver - GS-12

Pivotal role as interpreter and companion to the Bolivian supplier, from the time that the aircraft left Ft. Lauderdale to the time the load was picked up. Crucial role as relief pilot at a time when fatigue was becoming a dangerous problem for the pilots.

Award - \$823.00 and Special Achievement Certificate

S/A Jose Hinojosa - GS-13

Crucial role during difficult undercover negotiations. His expert guidance of undercover conversations should provide an excellent base on which to build strong conspiracy indictments against important Bolivian traffickers.

Award - \$600.00 and Special Achievement Certificate

S/A Frances Johnson - GS-9

Performed well in the crucial undercover role as the wife of Mafia Don in Miami.

Award - \$400.00 and Special Achievement Certificate

S/A John Lawler - GS-12

Assisted in the building of the Miami Mafia facade and worked undercover as a bank official controlling the nine million dollars.

Award - \$400.00 and Special Achievement Certificate

S/A Edward Magno - GS-12

Critical role in orchestrating Brazilian police support and arranging for the security of the DEA agents and the 854 pounds of cocaine during the time spent in Brazil.

Award - \$400.00 and Special Achievement Certificate

R. L. Lauccelo

CHRONOLOGY OF ZA-80-0004

(G1-80-0236) ROBERTO SUAREZ

DA1-C1

On April 19, 1980 and April 20, 1980, Buenos Aires, SAIC Mike Levine met with Marcello Ibanez and negotiated for the purchase and delivery of approximately 500 kilograms of cocaine. Ibanez meet with SAIC Levine as Suarez's emissary stating that Suarez himself could not come to the meeting due to injuries sustained in a plane crash.

SAIC Levine and Ibanez agreed that Ibanez would make delivery of cocaine if Levine organization supplied a plane capable of carrying 500 kilograms to CONUS; Levine pilot and Saurez's pilot to make first trip together and pick up 500 kilograms in Bolivia and payment be made in Miami upon takeoff from Bolivia.

SAIC Levine invited Ibanez and Suarez to visit Miami before consummating deal and see Levine organization, family, laboratory, etc. so that Ibanez and Suarez could see for themselves Levine's operation.

On April 25, 1980, Ibanez accepted the plan for delivery of 500 kilograms cocaine in Miami, price 16,000 dollars per kilo. Levine organization would supply plane and payment for 500 kilograms would occur in Miami.

On May 8, 1980, SAIC Levine and SZA-6-0006 arrived in Miami to prepare for the arrival of Ibanez and Suarez. A U/C residence in Ft. Lauderdale was supplied to SAIC Levine. SAIC Levine's wife was portrayed by S/A Frances Johnson, Los Angeles District Office. SAIC Levine was further supplied with fictitious narcotic trafficking organization comprised of S/A's Kunz, Gorman, Vandiver (DEA Airwing) Miami District Office S/A's Fiano, Lawler, Cooper, Sennett and Hinojosa. Use of a 9 million dollar flash roll was authorized and was placed in approximately 6 safety deposit

referred to as "Roberto" (believed to be Roberto Suarez, Sr. and Roberto Suarez, Jr.). Ibanez completely trusted SAIC Levine and his organization so far as to make his calls from S/A Fiano's hotel room in the presence of S/A Vandiver. During the stay in Barbados, Ibanez requested S/A's Kunz and Gorman give information as to the type of fuel the aircraft needed, the length of the runway needed, the range of the aircraft and other particulars involving the aircraft in the flight to and from Bolivia.

On Tuesday, May 20, 1980, Ibanez and the U/C agents departed Barbados and arrived in Manaus, Brazil. On that same night, Ibanez introduced the U/C agents to a Suarez pilot (later identified as Renato Roca-Suarez, nephew of Roberto Suarez). Roca-Suarez and the U/C pilots then charted the route to the vicinity of the clandestine airstrip in Bolivia. All parties agreed to depart early the following morning.

On Wednesday, May 21, 1980, Ibanez, Roca-Suarez and the four U/C agents entered Bolivia and Roca-Suarez guided S/A's Kunz and Gorman to a small clearing located approximately 650 miles southwest of Manaus, Brazil. Before landing, Roca-Suarez had radio communications with a small aircraft. The U/C aircraft then landed at the clandestine strip at which time a number of Bolivian peasants began rolling 55 gallon drums of avgas toward the plane which were hidden under bushes and hooches. S/A's Kunz and Gorman then began the task of refueling the aircraft by hand utilizing a bucket, funnel and piece of felt as a strainer.

A short time later, a light aircraft (CP1455) containing Roberto Suarez, Jr. and an unidentified Latin male arrived at the airstrip. Ibanez had a private conversation with Roberto Suarez, Jr. and then told S/A Vandiver that there was a problem with the money that had to be resolved before the 500 kilogram delivery could be made. It should be noted that Ibanez was insistant that only he and no one else speak with Roberto Suarez, Jr. at this point. Ibanez told S/A Vandiver that he was going to Santa Cruz with Suarez, Jr. to straighten everything out that Roca-Suarez would return to Brazil with the U/C agents and would be in contact when everything was settled. Roca-Suarez and the agents then departed the clandestine airstrip.

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

After conversation with A/C Saucedo in Washington, D.C. it was ascertained that there were no money problems and that the "money problem" excuse was just a ploy to gain extra time because the load was not ready. The agents told Ibanez to delay the return trip for one extra day because the aircraft could only return to the makeshift airstrip one more time due to hazardous terrain and the possible exposure and identification of the aircraft and its occupants. Ibanez agreed to this point.

Subsequent to these conversations with Ibanez, SAIC Levine and Hinojosa met with Alfredo Gutierrez and Jose Gasser in Miami, Florida. Gutierrez and Gasser had been sent to Miami to accept payment for the cocaine in the name of Suarez.

On May 23, 1980, Roca-Suarez again directed the U/C agents to the clandestine airstrip. On this day the cloud cover was so low that the Bolivian peasants had to light fires on the ground to indicate wind direction. As before, prior to landing, Roca-Suarez communicated via radio with another aircraft. A few minutes later, the U/C aircraft landed at the strip and was directed to a taxi position by an unknown Latin male alleged to be the owner of the land the airstrip is located on. As before, the peasants began rolling out 55 gallon drums of avgas. S/A's Kunz and Gorman began refueling the aircraft.

A short time later, a small aircraft (CP1560) occupied by Roberto Suarez, Jr. and Marcello Ibanez arrived. Ibanez and Suarez told the U/C agents that the load was in two planes, that the first plane would be here in approximately twenty-five minutes. That the second plane was thirty minutes behind that one. Ibanez told S/A Vandiver that there was a special package (1079 grams cocaine hydrochloride) which he wanted S/A Fiano to personally give to Levine and for S/A Fiano to express to Levine that he trusted Levine completely and hopes there will be no problem with the money.

During this time, S/A's Fiano and Gorman had conversation with Roberto Suarez, Jr. Suarez, Jr. told the agents that he had attended Texas A and M and learned to fly at an air force ROTC program. Suarez, Jr. told S/A Fiano that they had looked at 1700 kilograms before picking out the ones that the agents were getting. Suarez, Jr. further

explained that they had looked at the 1700 kilograms and that most of them had been contaminated with paraffin wax, flour and chicken seed but that the kilograms that the agents were getting would be excellent.

At approximately 12:00 p.m., a small aircraft (CP1455) entered the area of the strip. Prior to his landing, the pilot (who was identified as the pilot who came with Suarez, Jr. on May 21, 1980 meeting) radioed to Suarez, Jr. on the ground that there was a lookout for the U/C aircraft by the Bolivian Government.

CP1455 then landed the 32 bags containing approximately 854 pounds of cocaine and were transferred to the U/C aircraft. Ibanez gave the U/C agents approximately 1079 grams of cocaine hydrochloride to give to Levine. Ibanez told the agents that they had better leave because there was no other plane. This was all that there was. Suarez, Ibanez and Roca-Suarez then left the airstrip in CP1560. Prior to Ibanez leaving, the agents told Ibanez that when they had taken off they would contact Levine in Miami by radio and okay the release of the money. After loading the plane, the U/C agents took off and radioed A/C Saucedo in Washington the results of the operation.

A/C Saucedo then informed all concerned parties of the outcome of the flight to Bolivia and plans were made for the mock transfer of four and one-half million dollars to Gutierrez and Gasser.

At this point, SAIC Levine and S/A Hinojosa set up a meeting with Alfredo Gutierrez at which time Gutierrez was taken to the bank in South Miami and shown approximately four and one half million dollars and $\frac{1}{4}$ kilogram of finished cocaine. A short time later, Gutierrez returned to the bank with Gasser, SAIC Levine and S/A Hinojosa to take the money from the bank in two suitcases and both Gasser and Gutierrez had to be arrested inside the bank area to prevent the removal of the money from custody.

Subsequent to the departure from the clandestine airstrip, the four agents with the aid of narcotic officers in another South American country landed in Port A Vello, Brazil to refuel and then on to Manaus, Brazil; Boa Vista,

Brazil; Barbados, BWI; San Juan, Puerto Rico and finally into Miami, Florida arriving on Sunday, May 25, 1980. (It should be noted that upon departure from the airstrip the aircraft suffered a ruptured hydraulic line and repairs had to be performed in Barbados.)

On May 27, 1980, Gutierrez was arraigned and bail set at three million dollars. Gasser was arraigned and bail set at one million dollars which was promptly made. Arrest warrants for Suarez, Suarez, Jr., Ibanez and Roca-Suarez have been issued and are being held by U.S. Marshal, Southern District of Florida. Bail for these individuals set at three million dollars.