

CHINA

BEACH

"THE CALL"

FIRST DRAFT

October 25, 1990



WARNER BROS.
TELEVISION

Rev. 11/01/90 (Blue)
Rev. 11/02/90 (Pink)
Rev. 11/07/90 (Yellow)
Rev. 11/09/90 (Green)

CHINA BEACH

"The Call"

Written by

Paris Qualles
&
Cathryn Michon

Directed by

Robert Ginty

Executive Consultant
William Broyles, Jr.

Producers
Carol Flint
Lydia Woodward
Geno Escarrega

Supervising Producer
Mimi Leder

Co-Executive Producer
John Wells

Executive Producer
John Sacret Young

SACRET, INC.
in association with:

WARNER BROS. TELEVISION
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522

FIRST DRAFT

October 25, 1990
© 1990

Rev. 11/01/90 (Blue)
Rev. 11/02/90 (Pink)
Rev. 11/07/90 (Yellow)

CHINA BEACH

"The Call"

BETTY RUBIN
TVC

Written by

Paris Qualles
&
Cathryn Michon

Directed by

Robert Ginty

Executive Consultant
William Broyles, Jr.

Producers
Carol Flint
Lydia Woodward
Geno Escarrega

Supervising Producer
Mimi Leder

Co-Executive Producer
John Wells

Executive Producer
John Sacret Young

SACRET, INC.
in association with:

WARNER BROS. TELEVISION
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522

FIRST DRAFT

October 25, 1990
© 1990
WARNER BROS. INC.
All Rights Reserved

BETTY RUBIN
TVC

Rev. 11/01/90 (Blue)
Rev. 11/02/90 (Pink)

CHINA BEACH

"The Call"

Written by

Paris Qualles
&
Cathryn Michon

Directed by

Robert Ginty

Executive Consultant
William Broyles, Jr.

Producers
Carol Flint
Lydia Woodward
Geno Escarrega

Supervising Producer
Mimi Leder

Co-Executive Producer
John Wells

Executive Producer
John Sacret Young

SACRET, INC.
in association with:

WARNER BROS. TELEVISION
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522

FIRST DRAFT

October 25, 1990
© 1990
WARNER BROS. INC.
All Rights Reserved

CHINA BEACH

"The Call"

Written by

Paris Qualles
&
Cathryn Michon

Directed by

Robert Ginty

Executive Consultant
William Broyles, Jr.

Producers
Carol Flint
Lydia Woodward
Geno Escarrega

Supervising Producer
Mimi Leder

Co-Executive Producer
John Wells

Executive Producer
John Sacret Young

SACRET, INC.
in association with:

WARNER BROS. TELEVISION
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522

FIRST DRAFT

October 25, 1990
© 1990
WARNER BROS. INC.
All Rights Reserved

CHINA BEACH

"The Call"

Written by

Paris Qualles
&
Cathryn Michon

Directed by

Robert Ginty

Executive Consultant
William Broyles, Jr.

Producers
Carol Flint
Lydia Woodward
Geno Escarrega

Supervising Producer
Mimi Leder

Co-Executive Producer
John Wells

Executive Producer
John Sacret Young

SACRET, INC.
in association with:

WARNER BROS. TELEVISION
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522

FIRST DRAFT

October 25, 1990
© 1990
WARNER BROS. INC.
All Rights Reserved

Rev. 11/1/90

CHINA BEACH

"The Call"

CAST

McMURPHY

DOCTOR RICHARD

DODGER

FRANKIE

LILA

DEL WEST

DARRIN SETH

MEG HECTOR

WAITRESS

CORPSMAN

GI

RASHID SOLAM

EDDIE DAVIS

GUNNER

ILSA VON KLEIN

BOBBY SEALE

JUDGE HOFFMAN

SHULTZ

KUNSTLER

VILLAGER

*

CHINA BEACH

"The Call"

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

ELECTRIC GUN
Backstage

WHITE TOWER

TRIAGE

CHOPPER

LONGHOUSE

EDDIE'S SOUTH SIDE
APARTMENT

STORAGE HUT

FEDERAL DISTRICT COURTHOUSE
Courtroom
Hallway

APARTMENT BUILDING
Stairwell

EXTERIORS:

CHICAGO STREET

VILLAGE

STEEP MOUNTAIN TRAIL

MOUNTAIN PLATEAU

NORTHSIDE ALLEY

CHICAGO CATHEDRAL

COMPOUND

CHINA BEACH

"The Call"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

Silence, deathly, bored silence, punctuated by an occasional, uninterested COUGH.

FRANKIE (O.S.)
You know, it's a very funny
thing...

And we find ourselves in:

1 INT. ELECTRIC GNU - NIGHT

1

An old vaudeville theatre turned to garish psychedelia. Hippies and yippies and curious accountants smoke and drink just like Brecht wanted them to. He also wanted them to listen. They don't. ON the SCREEN:

"Chicago, October, 1969"

A single spotlight cuts through the smoke and finds a tall black woman onstage who is somehow looking very small, and feeling microscopic. It's FRANKIE, dying and wanting to die.

FRANKIE
(rapid-fire)
I mean, I think it's funny... I
was reading this magazine article
called "Developing Your Beauty
Philosophy."

The spotlight cuts toward her like a knife poised to kill. On the wall behind her a banner, "Monday Night Open Mike."

FRANKIE
And I started thinking about what
I do to get beautiful. Well, I
get permanents.

Lips soaked in sweat, quivering, saying nothing. A sudden laugh from the crowd, at nothing she's said, for she's said nothing.

FRANKIE
Which aren't by the way. Permanent
I mean, I mean they're very
temporary, they should call them
temporaries...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

The audience wells up into a roar of silence.

FRANKIE

Or maybe not. Anyway.
 (with the vigor of
 one who jumps off
 a building)

So one day I started thinking, I
 put this stuff on my head to
 straighten my hair right? But
 what's to keep it from soaking
 right through my scalp and
 straightening out the fissures
 in my brain.

The audience has become an echo chamber of disdain.

FRANKIE

I mean what if every time I get
 one of these permanent temporaries
 I get temporarily stupider. Or
 maybe it works better on brains
 than hair and each time I'm getting
 a permanent I'm actually getting
 permanently stupider. What then?

A gaping black hole of boredom.

FRANKIE

(as she hits the
 ground)
 Well it's certainly something to
 think about.

She's a wounded gazelle before lions.

FRANKIE

Yeah, it's really something to
 think about --

2 FRANTIC MAN OFFSTAGE

2

DEL WEST, reed thin, balding, with the thyroid output
 of ten men, waves his arms frantically. He looks like
 some scary puppet of a court jester.

3 PIANO PLAYER

3

at a scratched up baby grand stage left gets the message
 and begins to play a tinkling jazz riff as Del runs
 onstage.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

DEL
 (his arm around
 Frankie)
 It certainly is something to think
 about... Yeah, Frankie's a very
 philosophical girl, she asked
 me once if her hairdo fell in
 the forest would anybody care?

The audience, in a rare gesture of magnanimity renders
 light applause... Frankie escapes offstage.

DEL
 She's a girl that believes, 'I
 dress, therefore I am.'

The audience laughs in snide, hip appreciation.

DEL
 You can always count on us here
 at The Electric Gnu for political
 comedy on the cutting edge. So
 let's hear it for Frankie Bunsen...

The audience bubbles over in cruel mirth.

4

BACKSTAGE

4

Frankie watches brokenly as Del, and the audience who
 wouldn't laugh with her, now laugh at her.

In the shadows a man leans on a light tree. DARRIN SETH,
 the guru-mentor of the new talent selected for open-mike.
 A wild-haired man with a goatee, glasses thick as Chunkie
 bars, and a dead pan that either makes you laugh or run
 screaming in terror. If you're hiring an enigma he'd
 be your first pick.

Frankie avoids Darrin's gaze and heads in the other
 direction gathering up her coat and shoulder bag.
 She is stopped by MEG HECTOR, a blonde, excitable
 Winnetka Wasp with a permanently surprised look on her
 face. Frankie is not in the mood for Meg's spunkiness.
 Frankie keeps walking, Meg walks with her.

MEG
 Hey, it went good --

FRANKIE
 (go away)
 Nobody laughed.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

MEG

(a puppy)

Sometimes that can be good. It's like they're laughing inside but you can't hear it. The permanent thing could be funny, but you made a teeny mistake.

*
*
*

Is this girl serious? Unfortunately, yes. What can you say?

MEG

You kept saying permanents straighten your hair instead of saying they make it curly.

Frankie's face says it all, she disappears out the backstage door.

CUT TO:

5

INT. WHITE TOWER - NIGHT

5

Late night. Too bright. White walls, greasy tile, noisy fluorescent lights. Burgers and dripping fries, crankcase coffee, counter in the front, nahgahyde booths in the back. Frankie's nursing some cold fries in the back booth. It's 2:30 A.M.

DARRIN

Quitting?

He slides in across from her.

FRANKIE

Figured I had to make it to the El before somebody started gathering kindling for the Auto de Fey.

DARRIN

You haven't even failed yet.

He's stealing her fries.

FRANKIE

Come on, if I'd have stayed out there another thirty seconds they would have put the tablecloths on their heads and set a cross on fire.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

DARRIN

You haven't failed. You havn't even tried. You're a failure at failure. You haven't put yourself out there at all... it's somebody else out there. Who is that? Is she funny? Work from what you know. What's in here. That's what's worth saying.

Meg and Del plop down in the booth.

DEL

(he hopes he is)
We disturbing anything?

MEG

Hi.

DEL

(signalling)

Hey!

Now Del digs into Frankie's fries. A tired WAITRESS walks up.

DEL

Fries wet and a coffee, lots of cream.

DARRIN

Coffee.

MEG

Glass of water, please.

WAITRESS

Anybody got money?

DEL

Bunsen's buying.

The Waitress isn't moving till she sees some green. Frankie digs out a couple of crumbly bucks. The Waitress splits.

DEL

You really stunk out there. My ma called, she could smell it in Cleveland.

*
*

The front door swings open and the folks at the counter react to what's coming in.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5

DARRIN

Well, well, well -- aren't we the
happenin' place...

A curly-haired white yippie, with a large group of black men making their way to an empty table. Some of the blacks are dressed in leather, a few in dashikis, all radiate a palpable anger.

DARRIN

(grabbing Frankie)

There's your audience. Here's
your chance to really fail...

He stands, pulling Frankie behind him, pushing tables out of the way to form a small performing space. Darrin has the unflappable confidence of the truly insane. Frankie may be having a stroke.

DARRIN

We'd like to do a spot improv
for you, but I need some
suggestions of occupations. For
me?

The bored short order cook looks up, cigarette dangling from one corner of his mouth. Nothing.

MEG

(her giddy self)

Brain surgeon!

DARRIN

Obviously, one of my patients --
and how about for Frankie,
something glamorous --

DEL

Nurse!

(CONTINUED)

DARRIN

Real creative geniuses... look
out Mozart -- Now a location,
something unusual --

One of the Panthers speaks up.

RASHID

(cool, very cool)
How 'bout a hamburger stand on
Pluto --

A pause.

DARRIN

(sarcastic, cool)
Tourists...
(off the audience's
nervous laughter)
Well, okay. A brain surgeon
and his nurse in a hamburger
stand on Pluto --

Darrin makes his finger a gun, points at the overhead
lights. Turns. Then back.

DARRIN

(looking over a
chart)
Well, Miss Triscuit, it
doesn't look good.

Frankie doesn't move. Is terrified. Darrin covers.

DARRIN

Miss Triscuit, we've got to cut
down on your shock treatments.
Nurse Triscuit...

Then, suddenly, Frankie's all frantic motion.

FRANKIE

I got two bleeders from dust-off,
one basket case for the check-out
counter and a couple of napalms.
(working on an
imaginary body)
Get me I.V.'s and B.P.'s and
C.P.R.'s, Stat!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7

EXT. STREET IN OLD TOWN CHICAGO - 3:00 AM

7

A frigid October drizzle earlier slicked the deserted streets. Frankie trucks home, collar up against the biting cold.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! Hey! Wait up.

Frankie turns, it's two of the Panthers. The voice comes from a face the color of bittersweet chocolate, wide-set eyes in a permanent skeptical squint, an elegant flared nose just meant for looking down at others, RASHID SOLAM, a Panther, catlike in biker leather. With him is EDDIE DAVIS, a large, bookish, bespectacled man in a dashiki.

RASHID

I know you.

Frankie is scared, she should be.

RASHID

I think we all visited the same resort once... *

FRANKIE

I don't --

RASHID

It was real hot.

FRANKIE

(knowing)

I'm sorry, I have to go --

RASHID

We danced the Delta Tango, we kissed in the bush but your Uncle Charlie didn't like it, remember --

FRANKIE

I don't remember.

And she takes off. Eddie chases Frankie to catch up. Rashid follows, trying to stay cool, he doesn't chase people. Even though that's what he's doing.

EDDIE

We just wanted to tell you how we dug you -- *

There is a gentleness in this man that is hard to ignore.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

FRANKIE
(had enough)
I stunk.

He's gentle, but honest.

EDDIE
But you were there, man -- We
dig seeing a sister.
(and)
There's a party tomorrow at my
place --

Frankie is liking this Eddie.

FRANKIE
You two a package deal?

RASHID
Listen, I just thought --

A burning look from Eddie.

RASHID
(an apology)
You were somebody else.

FRANKIE
(accepting)
Yeah, well, we all look alike you
know...

RASHID
Yeah. I know.

They walk off together. An uncomfortable silence.
Frankie drops back a little and out of nowhere she emits
a wild cry --

FRANKIE
Incoming!!!

She hurls change from her pockets onto Rashid and Eddie's
heads as she yowls. They drop flat onto an icy puddle in
the gutter, head cradled in arms. Seconds pass, Frankie
kneels down to Rashid.

FRANKIE
(gotcha)
Uncle Charlie says hi.

Rashid freezes, then laughs. He has to. Rashid, Frankie
and Eddie, strangers, sort of, lie on the wet streets,
laughing their asses off.

DISSOLVE TO:

5

CONTINUED: (4)

5

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
(as Darrin stands
dumbfounded)
Move it! I got frag wounds,
internal bleeding with external
bleeding, the guy's watch is
bleeding for crissake --

Frankie grabs one of the Panthers, pulls him to the
ground, begins CPR. The other guys laugh, but it's out
there. Serious. She's deadly serious.

*
*
*

FRANKIE
-- What, are you playing statue-
maker?!

Suddenly, Frankie realizes she's in a burger stand on
Pluto.

FRANKIE
Oh. And get me a bacon
cheeseburger and a Coke.

Frankie stops suddenly, realizing the tornado of energy
she's just released. The customers stare, what the hell
was that? Darrin stands in awed silence, this woman is
terrifying. Finally, he gets back his composure.

DARRIN
You want ketchup on that?

CUT TO:

6

INT. TRIAGE - DAY

6

Full swing, blood, mud and death. Frankie's improv come
to sudden life. A pair of CORPSMEN shove a gurney with a
body toward GRU. ON SCREEN: CHINA BEACH-OCTOBER, 1969

CORPSMAN
Hey, Captain! Got three more for
the count.

McMURPHY
Thanks.

CORPSMAN
Rhinehart, Steven; Qualles, Paul
A.; Michon, Charles N.

She pulls out a small notepad and jots them down.

CORPSMAN
So, where do we stand?

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

McMURPHY

Your three plus the two in post-op make it...

(counting)

Twenty-five for the month.

CORPSMAN

Dammit!

McMURPHY

Cheer up. There's still four days before the official line comes out. You might hit the pool yet.

CORPSMAN

Yeah, right.

McMurphy sidles up next to DR. DICK.

McMURPHY

Twenty-five.

DR. RICHARD

This fascination with statistics is beginning to border on the macabre.

Blood squirts up from the kid, a gusher. They barely note it. *

McMURPHY

An idle mind is the devil's playground.

DR. RICHARD

(looking)

What's in there, a peace sign? *

McMURPHY

Stars and Stripes says there've only been 37 K.I.A.'s in country so far this month, we've had 25 here alone.

Yep, he pulls out a bloodied peace sign medal. Again, they're non-plussed. *

DR. RICHARD

Guess we're where 'it's at.'

GI enters carrying a slip of paper. Eyes sweep the mess.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (A1)

6

GI
(calling out)
McMurphy in here?

DR. RICHARD
Over here, laboring at her abacus.

GI crosses.

GI
Which one of you is...

The GI stares down at the mess they're mired in, pales.
Dr. Dick smiles at his patient.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

DR. RICHARD

You're gonna be fine.

(to McMurphy)

Looks like the home team is rallying.

GI

Captain McMurphy? This just came in from M.A.R.S.

They move on, the GI follows.

McMURPHY

What is it?

GI

(reading)

Looks like a request for medical supplies to Dak... Trang. A.S.A.P. There's a list and it's signed...

DR. RICHARD

Dak Trang, um, sounds like a garden spot. Aren't they building a new Hilton up that way?

McMURPHY

What do I look like? Colleen's Supply Depot and Delivery Service? Toss it in the elephant graveyard of Army screw-ups. *

GI

Evan Winter... Whisler... Winslow?

Stop action. McMurphy, slow turn to GI.

GI

(quickly)

I'm sorry, ma'am, just doing my job.

She takes the note. Reads. Dr. Richard watches.

McMURPHY

Dak Trang.

(yelling to no one in particular)

Anybody know where Dak Trang is?

CUT TO:

8 INT. CHOPPER

8

Skimming treetops. Low ceiling. Courtesy of Master Monsoon. McMurphy sits strapped into bench seat, boxes piled next to her. DOOR GUNNER swings around next to her.

GUNNER

(pointing)

If we had a little more altitude, that'd be Laos over there. What the hell you doing way out here?

McMURPHY

Meeting a friend.

GUNNER

(laughs)

Friend?! Ain't no friends down there, ma'am. Just lions, and tigers, and bears...

McMURPHY

(playing game)

Oh, my! *

GUNNER

(suddenly serious)

We passed the River Styx about fifty clicks back and Lucifer likes his swamp. *

McMurphy stares down at the dense canopy below. No answer.

They hover above a clearing. The door gunners lean out, sweeping the LZ with their M-60's.

GUNNER

(to pilot)

Looks clear!

(to other gunner)

Watch the treeline!

9 CHOPPER POV

9

Mountain tribespeople begin flowing from the jungle to the clearing.

GUNNER

(to McMurphy)

Last chance. We can boot these supplies out from up here. Whatever survives the fall is more than they've ever had before.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

McMURPHY
 (less than convincing)
 I'll be alright. Thanks for the
 ride.

10 EXT. CLEARING

10

McMurphy stands outside the chopper as the Gunner
 offloads the boxes. He jumps back on.

GUNNER
 We'll be back in twenty-four
 hours.
 (gestures to watch)
 You gonna be alright?

McMurphy forces a smile as her final link with civiliza-
 tion hovers up and away. Boots sucking in ankle-deep mud.
 More Montagnards appear, filling the clearing. Bracelets,
 suu troans, bare feet. They press closer. Curious.
 Something wet on her hand. Startled, she jumps. A
 little boy, muddy hand touching hers. Ashamed... almost.

McMURPHY
 I'm looking for...

VOICE (O.S.)
 Hello, McMurphy.

Behind her. DODGER pushing his way through the throng.
 He stops and stares at her a long beat; she at the man
 before her. Scruffy beard, Levis tucked in Dingos, a
 well-worn chambray shirt and a mud-splotched baseball
 cap. He spots her captain's bars.

DODGER
 I beg your pardon, Captain
 McMurphy. I see the Army has
 learned to do something right.
 (and)
 It won't last.
 (beat)
 I didn't know if you'd come.

*
*
*

McMURPHY
 You knew I'd come.

She's right. He did.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 EXT. MONTAGNARD VILLAGE

11

Dodger and McMurphy, pied-pipers to the tribal greeters, walk down the center of the village. Thatched mud huts, bamboo longhouses and Army issue tents line the primordial boulevard. A long-rusted tractor stands sentry to hardened bags of cement, scattered bricks and warped sandwiches of rotting lumber.

Chickens and pigs scatter at their feet. A couple of village women, pipes dangling from their mouths, add their curious stares as they winnow rice. Men walk by with old guns slung across their backs. Warriors.

DODGER

The C.I.A. supplies the weapons,
Rangers train them. They hate
the Communists and the Catholics
-- want their own independence.
Revolutionaries, farmers.

*

McMURPHY

Margaret Mead should narrate this.

*

DODGER

You'll get over it.

McMURPHY

(some anger)

What are you doing here?

*

DODGER

I've got someone I want you to
meet.

McMURPHY

How long have you been here?!

DODGER

I never left.

*

McMURPHY

You were home, you were safe.

*

DODGER

Once you've been here -- there's
no safe. You know that, you
taught me that.

*

*

*

He leads her toward a longhouse.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

McMURPHY

Why didn't you answer my letters?

*

DODGER

This is my answer.

*

An organ. Solo. Haunting. Lilting. Strangely tuned and vibrant in a land of decay. She looks to Dodger. He wears the cheek-splitting grin of a six-year-old boy finding the Christmas stash in November.

DODGER

You'll like her.

12 INT. LONGHOUSE

12

Dimly lit. Rays of muted overcast dapple the long, slender room. Arrayed ward-like in the interior are "hospital beds"; hard, wooden pallets supported by tree trunks, 55-gallon drums, etc.

On the bed lie villagers in various stages of infirmity. Many are children, their wide eyes expressive, taking in their new raven-haired visitor. Others are less fortunate, their lives all but waned. Their thread to life almost visible, and shredding. Many of the beds have various idols and fetishes hung about fending off those spirits responsible for their misery.

McMURPHY

(more statement than
question)

This is your hospital?

DODGER

For now.

The smile of a teenage boy beckons from a nearby bed. McMurphy crosses to him. His arm, swollen, gangrenous. She checks his arm.

*

DODGER

His name is Y bang. He cut his
arm on a piece of rusty shrapnel.
(beat)

It was only a small cut.

McMURPHY

The infection has spread to his
chest.

MUSIC. The same haunting organ.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

DODGER

(to boy; village
tongue)

We'll be back.

Dodger takes her hand. They walk down the longhouse to a woven-bamboo partition. The music on the other side. They step around the partition.

ILSA sits playing a battered, foot-powered organ. Silver/straw hair severely drawn back to a bun belies a weathered but youthful face. *

Oblivious to her visitors, she plays to the audience of a little GIRL seated next to her on an overturned fuel drum.

She suddenly stops playing. Begins gently stroking the little girl. She turns to Dodger and McMurphy. Stares at her, as if flipping McMurphy's hardbound cover and reading her.

McMURPHY

(uneasy)

It's very pretty.

Nothing. Silence.

ILSA

Schumann. 'Erster Verlust.'
'First Sorrow' or 'First Loss'...
I can never remember. Evan has
told me much about you. *

McMurphy puts out her hand. Approaching.

McMURPHY

Please to...

Ilsa is back at the organ. She pounds the keyboard with a brief, startling intro, and begins to belt out "Blue is the Sky on the Rhine" in bawdy, barroom style.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

Bizarre? Not yet. Her little benchmate joins in in perfect sync and perfect German. They've clearly been this way before.

ILSA/CHILD

(singing)

Korn blumenblau ist der Himmel am
herr-li-chen Rhein.

McMurphy watches, Dodger grins. McMurphy stares back to Dodger. What?

CUT TO:

13 INT. EDDIE'S SOUTH SIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT

13

In an abandoned warehouse, over a souvalki restaurant sprawls the apartment/creative workshop/revolutionary headquarters of Eddie, Rashid and five or six others give or take five or six

All manner of improvised furniture, self-proclaimed objects d'art, and massive piles of books and flyers comingle with film editing equipment, a canoe that is used as a bed, and a cache of dusty, but real, guns. Divided into amorphous areas by beads, fringes, tapestries, posters and the like, the apartment feels more like a self-contained village than anything else.

Scattered groups dance, smoke dope, rap intensely, conversations that will change the world. John Coltrane's thoughtful licks scratch out of a bad HI-FI. It's music to get jittery by. In a corner Rashid is preaching-performing to a group of men. Like Coltrane, riffing his anger.

RASHID

No way, it's the black man started
the sexual revolution -- Chubby
Checker, he's the cat --

Rashid jumps up on a table and does his imitation of white guys doing "The Twist."

RASHID

Dig, white man's ass been dead
since old Queen Vicky laid her
trip on him, Chubby had to teach
the man how to shake himself and
get the blood flowin' down there --

The group erupts in laughter over his stiff twistin'.

14

KITCHEN

14

In one corner, triple hot plate, Philco fridge, sink and a bathtub/shower. Frankie and Eddie talk in the glow of the open fridge. Eddie speaks with a revolutionary's passion.

EDDIE

Theory's cool, but theory without practice ain't nothin'. Our breakfast for children program feeds 1800 kids a week --

FRANKIE

(unconverted)

What are the guns for, toys for tots?

EDDIE

That's Rashid. Not my scene. Violence is not the goal.

FRANKIE

But it's part of the plan.

EDDIE

Not my plan, but it's part of the white man's plan.

Frankie looks vastly uncomfortable, as though she were itching from inside her skin.

FRANKIE

It's gonna change through the system. *

EDDIE

Huey, Bobby, Eldridge, they're doing it, saying what has to be said, you could be a part of it --

FRANKIE

(denying) *

You can't win stuff like this.

(avoiding) *

And I don't want to be dead, my mama'll take me to Hampton's Funeral Parlor and bury me in pink taffeta and a nasty updo that'll get me laughed at for all eternity.

(off Eddie's silence)

Eddie, you're nice, but this is just not for me. *

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

EDDIE

Too bad. We need someone like you.
You need something like us.

FRANKIE

(some anger showing)

How do you know? Do you know me?
(as Eddie says
nothing)

Listen, I gotta go --

She heads for the door, goes by Rashid, by now pretty
wasted on wine and rhetoric. He grabs hold.

RASHID

Hey, baby don't go... I gct a
'nouncement -- Hey everybody! I
gotta 'nouncement!

With a flair for psychedelic psychodrama, Rashid kneels
at Frankie's feet.

RASHID

Do you see this nubian queen, this
beautiful daughter of Africa --
She's a victim of whitey see, the
man sent her to 'Nam, like he sent
me and Eddie, but to fight for the
wrong side. We should have fought
for the V.C. man, they're the real
heroes, I love those little Viet
Cong --

*
*

The room is quiet. A long beat. Frankie stares down at
Rashid.

FRANKIE

(off silence)

They killed friends of --

RASHID

They didn't kill as many of your
friends as whitey did...!

Rashid rushes to the cache of weapons and grabs a GUN,
points it around. FIRES.

RASHID

Why not die right here, we'll
fight for freedom, just like those
little yellow cats are -- If those
little gooks can start a
revolution what the hell is wrong
with big black men like us?

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

EDDIE

Put that down, man! There are people here, you could hurt somebody.

RASHID

What the hell is wrong with us!?
(to Frankie)
What the hell is wrong with us, baby?

FRANKIE

You say you want a revolution, but what you really want is a war. Because men love war. It makes you feel real. But it makes you look stupid. Then it makes you look dead.

Frankie turns quietly and goes.

CUT TO:

15

INT. LONGHOUSE

15

Hastily opened supply boxes are scattered among a number of beds. IV tubing, bottles, vials, syringe wrappings are littered about. Ilsa crosses to a girl in her teens, checks her pulse timed with an antique pocket watch. McMurphy comes in, looking.

*

McMURPHY

(uncomfortably)

Do you know where Dodger is? He's disappeared.

ILSA

(begins singing)

'Nun a de, du mein lieb heimatland,
lieb heimatland, lieb heimatland...!'

McMurphy stands watching, awkward. She crosses to a nearby patient, an old woman clutching a scruffy rooster. A gurgling wheeze rumbles from her chest.

ILSA

Evan tells me you are an angel of mercy.

McMURPHY

I do my job.

ILSA

Saved his life.

*

McMURPHY

He said that?

*

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

ILSA

For a man who doesn't talk he said
tons.

*
*

She stuffs a thermometer in McMurphy's hand. The old woman won't open her mouth. McMurphy mimes. Her mouth open, thermometer under tongue. Old woman stares. Smiles. Funny white woman with the shiny twig in her mouth. ROOSTER CLUCKS.

*

ILSA

Helping those in need?

McMurphy removes thermometer, wipes it off and gently pushes it between the woman's dry, cracked lips. It's in. Maybe not under the tongue, but it's in.

McMURPHY

Doing what I can.

Woman blows. Thermometer sails out. McMurphy in a futile grab for fragile projectile. It hits floor. CRACK. TINKLE. History.

ILSA

'Es geht lezt fort zum fernen
strand, lieb heimatland, lieb
heimatland, lieb heimatland.'

Now Ilsa hands McMurphy a stethoscope out to check the old woman's chest.

ILSA

Doing for the many or for the few?

Rooster in the way. Tries to gently dislodge the bird. CLUCKS. Another gentle nudge. Nothing. Old woman stares. Another shove, less gentle. Woman clutches, ROOSTER CLUCKS and McMurphy gets pecked.

McMURPHY

It seems like many, it may be only
a few.

The old woman grins and hands McMurphy the bird. She places it at the woman's feet. McMurphy listens to chest.

*

ILSA

Her name is Me Deng. What do you
think?

McMURPHY

She's running a pretty high fever.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED: (2)

15

McMURPHY (CONT'D)

Dehydrated with a lot of fluid in
the lungs. Probably pneumonia.
Bacterial. I can try penicillin,
but at her age...

Ilsa crosses to another patient.

ILSA

(the answer)

Give her back the chicken. The
village chief gave it to her to
take with her into the next life.

*

McMurphy hands the old woman the animal. Cradled again.
She smiles, McMurphy smiles and squeezes her hand. Moves
on. Young man, late teens, comatose. McMurphy checks
his eyes.

McMURPHY

Flashlight?

Ilsa tosses, McMurphy catches. Not a flashlight.

ILSA

Zippo. Hold it close.

Ilsa rumages in supply box, pulls out an IV bottle with
tubing and syringe attached. McMurphy flicks lighter,
checks pupillary action.

McMURPHY

Fully dilated.

(checks body)

No marks. Did he walk in?

ILSA

Slowly. Then spasms. What do
you think? Poison? Meningitis?

McMURPHY

Definitely not meningitis. At
this stage there'd be swelling of
the...

(eyes Ilsa)

You're testing me. Why?

ILSA

Evan said you were a good nurse.

Ilsa smiles. Goading.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED: (2A)

15

ILSA

He also said you have 'energisch'
... spunk. Doesn't necessarily
mean you have commitment.

*

McMURPHY

Why the test? I have a job.

(CONTINUED)

15 . CONTINUED: (3)

15

ILSA

Evan had a job, too. Now he has a better one.

Ilsa holds up a sphygmometer.

ILSA

What is this?

McMurphy stares at her. Ilsa stares back, smiling. Disarmed, McMurphy crosses to Ilsa and takes the sphygmometer.

McMURPHY

It's a sphygmometer.

ILSA

Blood pressure? Last time I saw one of these, it took two people to carry it. Show me how it works.

(off McMurphy's look)

No test. I really don't know.

McMurphy slowly wraps the cuff around Ilsa's arm. Not sure of the game. If it's a game.

McMURPHY

It's pretty simple. After you get it level with the heart, you...

ILSA

You see yourself as part of the solution when you are part of the problem.

(and)

Malnutrition, gunshot wounds, carpet bombing, defolients, napalm.

McMURPHY

I just work here.

ILSA

You are your country.

(bull's-eye)

Did Evan tell you about our new hospital?

(and)

Operating room. Outpatient clinic.

(swings cuff)

We'll fill it with all your American gadgets.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED: (4)

15

McMURPHY

Who's building this hospital?

ILSA

All of us. Evan... the people...
and now, you, Fraulein McMurphy. *

Bullshit. Then again, maybe not. The spark is lit.
Maybe not.

CUT TO:

16

INT. STORAGE HUT

16

Dodger, rivulets of sweat pouring from his body, hoists
sacks of rice in the corner of the hut. The door opens.
McMurphy enters. He continues to stack.

DODGER

Rice. There's never enough. *

McMURPHY

A tropical 'Coals-to-Newcastle.' *

DODGER

In the lowlands, maybe. Not up
here. The soil and thin air makes
it a struggle. We're growing a
special strain developed in the
Phillipines. Doubled the yield in
just three months. *

McMURPHY

You're a farmer? *

DODGER

I work for the government. *

McMURPHY

Ours? *

DODGER

Good as any. *

McMURPHY

You've changed. *

DODGER

There's work to be done and we're
doing it. *

McMURPHY

She's quite a woman. *

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

McMURPHY

Why am I here?

He stops stacking, looks at her. Says nothing.

McMURPHY

You always tell me everything.

DODGER

What have you got left, weeks,
days, hours? What then?

McMURPHY

(she's with him)
I've changed.

DODGER

Sure you have. You're a...
(mock insult)
... stubborn, ornery, self-
righteous... fighter. Stay and
fight with us.

McMURPHY

For what?

DODGER

Did she tell you about the hospital?

McMURPHY

Yes.

Dodger's eyes light up.

DODGER

I was hoping she would. Come on!

He takes her hand and whisks her out the door.

CUT TO:

17

EXT. STEEP MOUNTAIN TRAIL

17

Steep. A slog. McMurphy barely keeps pace with Dodger,
who fairly bounds with excitement.

DODGER

Two hundred beds! She tell you
about the O.R.? Twelve tables!

CUT TO:

18

EXT. MOUNTAIN PLATEAU

18

HUFFING, PUFFING. FOOTSTEPS up the trail.

DODGER (O.S.)

Babies dying from rubeolla.
Pregnant women with rabies.
Plague, typhoid, scarlet fever,
hell half the kids here die from
malnutrition and diarrhea.

They appear on the summit.

19

THEIR POV

19

The hospital. A barren mountain plateau. A tropical
Badwater. A checkerboard of stakes with yellow ribbons
flapping in a stiff breeze seemingly marching off to
infinity. Small piles of rocks and smaller piles of sand
randomly pimple the scrub earth.

20

McMURPHY

20

incredulously turning to Dodger. He's lost in the Dak
Trang fantasy. He walks out and points to a distant
frame structure of rotting two-by-fours; a pair of
skeletal walls reclaimed by the jungle.

DODGER

The I.C.U. will be over there. The
burn ward, there. Five stories.
And when it's done the Red Cross
will send the staff, supplies,
equipment.

MUSIC. Wind-whipped strands of 'Nun leb' wohl, du Kleine
Galle' make its way to the summit. Ilsa Von Klein,
pumping the fantasy. The madness.

DODGER

We can do it. You and me. Here!
Right here!

Her face. His eyes. Their history and simpatico.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 INT. FEDERAL DISTRICT COURTHOUSE - DAWN

21

Eddie, Frankie, and Rashid walking down the hall. Ahead of them a line of scruffy youth is camped outside a courtroom. A lot of the blacks wear shirts that say "Free Bobby", the whites have shirts and signs that say "Free the Chicago Eight". Frankie stops, turns to go, Rashid grabs her hand.

FRANKIE

You guys tricked me, we were going to breakfast --

RASHID

You wouldn't have come --

EDDIE

Frankie, it's important --

FRANKIE

You think everything's important --

EDDIE

They're denying Bobby Seale his constitutional rights.

RASHID

Don't you care?

FRANKIE

(ticked)

I care. I've been working my butt off. Don't tell me I don't care.

EDDIE

Through the system. But the machine is broken.

RASHID

Take a look.

22 INT. JULIUS J. HOFFMAN'S COURTROOM - DAY

22

The galleries are filled and there are armed Federal Marshals positioned around the courtroom. Tension fills the room like static electricity, the slightest move and the air crackles with it. Eddie, Frankie and Rashid cram in near the back.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE

They denied his motion to represent himself. They're saying he'll make mistakes, make the whole thing a mistrial --

RASHID

Bunch of lawyer jive, 'cause nigger's too stupid to get what's going down --

The eight defendants and all the lawyers enter the room. BOBBY SEALE, a smallish black man with a beard, raises his hand in the Panther's fist salute. From the gallery a few people call out to Bobby. Bobby comes over.

BOBBY

We got the right of self-defense if the pigs attack us, but today let's be cool, whatever happens. I'm gonna defend my constitutional rights, so whatever happens, just be cool --

Bobby's speech is met with replies of "Right on, Bobby", "We're cool" and the like. JUDGE JULIUS J. HOFFMAN, enters, the court is called to order. MR. SHULTZ, lawyer for the prosecution addresses the court. *

SHULTZ

If the Court please, before you entered, Bobby Seale addressed the gallery and said that if he's attacked they know what to do --

BOBBY

(exploding)

You're a liar, you're a rotten fascist pig liar, I told them to defend themselves, we all got that right and if you attack me I will defend myself --

(CONTINUED)

SHULTZ
 (shouting over
 Bobby's speech)
 He was talking to these people
 about an attack by them --

The gallery begins shouting, Defense attorney WILLIAM
 KUNSTLER attempts to calm Bobby. Hoffman shouts over it
 all. *

HOFFMAN
 Let the record show Defendant
 Seale is shouting --

KUNSTLER
 Your Honor, the record should
 indicate that Mr. Shultz shouted -- *

HOFFMAN
 If what he said was true I can't
 blame him for raising his voice. *

BOBBY
 I have a right to defend myself --

HOFFMAN
 I will not hear you now --

Bobby jumps up and crosses to the judge, pointing to
 portraits of the founding fathers that hang behind him.

BOBBY
 George Washington, Benjamin
 Franklin, they was slave owners,
 you are acting in the same way,
 denying me my constitutional
 rights -- *

HOFFMAN
 Now I'm being called a racist, a
 fascist --

BOBBY
 They were slave owners, look at
 history --

HOFFMAN
 (near aneurysm)
 As though I had anything to do
 with that -- I'm asking you one
 last time to be silent --

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED: (3)

22

BOBBY

What can happen to me more than
happened to George Washington's
slaves --

HOFFMAN

(banging his gavel)
Marshals, please!

Marshals grab Bobby, shove him into his chair. Frankie
is in shocked disbelief.

Bobby Seale is manacled at his wrists and ankles to the
chair with clanking chains. Wrapped around his mouth is
a thick, white cloth, his eyes and temples bulge with the
strain of getting breath. Bobby yells muffled obscenities
at Hoffman, as he gags and twists like an incubus.

The courtroom erupts. There is shouting as the gallery
rushes the courtroom, and is shoved back by the Marshals.

KUNSTLER

This is no longer a court of law
you have, this is a medieval
torture chamber --

*
*

Rashid stands up and raises his fist.

RASHID

You pigs can gag the revolutionary
but you can't gag a revolution!

Rashid is attacked by Marshals even as Bobby is being
held down. A Marshal kicks Rashid as Rashid resists
arrest and is hauled away. Frankie runs out and Eddie
runs after.

*
*

23

HALLWAY

23

Frankie sees them hauling Rashid away. She starts to run
after, then stops, turns and runs the other way. Eddie
sees this and stops her.

EDDIE

Where are you going --

She runs, Eddie runs after, he catches her. She's
crying, angry.

(CONTINUED)

ILSA

(German)

'And the ships came full of
sailors with guns, to burn the
town right down...'

McMurphy sets the water on the floor. The old woman with pneumonia starts coughing, hacking. McMurphy feels her forehead.

McMURPHY

Fever's worse.

McMurphy looks around for something to give her. The supplies are exhausted. She scrounges. Finds a discarded bottle with a corner of penicillin remaining.

McMURPHY

A clean syringe?

A look.

McMURPHY

Anything.

Ilsa opens a cigar box and unwraps an old, metal syringe and a small soapstone. She begins sharpening it with the stone.

ILSA

I've had this syringe twenty-
five years.

Hands it to McMurphy.

ILSA

Don't bother sterilizing. It
won't matter.

McMurphy draws the penicillin. Gives the woman the injection. The rain begins to fall harder.

ILSA

She gets the injection, but it's
our pain that's relieved.
(goes back to
singing)
'And she watched...'

McMURPHY

Why do you sing?

(CONTINUED)

ILSA

When you have nothing left.
Soothe. I sing.

McMURPHY

(looks at Ilsa)

I guess you've given a lot of
injections... for a lot of pain?

ILSA

(momentarily lost,
vulnerable)

Death is my business and business
is always good.

McMurphy gives her back the syringe. Ilsa lovingly
rewraps it and places it in the box.

McMURPHY

How long have you been a nurse?

ILSA

Since Poland, in 1941. With the
Schutzstaffel. A captain like
you. It was all very exciting.

ILSA

Twenty-eight years. A lot of
injections.

McMURPHY

You could go home.

ILSA

I'm a nurse. I do what I can.

SOUND of CHOPPER landing.

ILSA

(the chopper)

You've got good friends.

McMurphy picks up a rucksack. Swings it over her
shoulder. A weak cry from across the room. The old
woman beckons to McMurphy. McMurphy crosses to her and
watches as the dying woman struggles to remove a black
bracelet and slip it on McMurphy's wrist.

GUNNER (O.S)

Captain! Captain!

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED: (3)

28

McMurphy crosses to exit. The CHOPPER IDLING.
The Gunner, flak jacket and helmet. Yelling!

GUNNER

Captain!

(sees her, runs)

Come on. Come on!

McMURPHY

I've got to say goodbye to a --

GUNNER

(almost dragging her)

Now! Move it! Half of Gockland
is moving up the valley! Armed
for bear! If we run now the
pilot might just wait!

She doesn't want to leave, the Pilot's motioning
frantically. The Gunner pulls her towards the chopper.
Villagers are rushing out of the village.

McMURPHY

Dodger! Dodger!

Where the hell is he? The Gunner's got her to the bay
door. Leaps on. McMurphy breaks away, runs back to
Ilsa, to get her to come.

McMURPHY

Come on. *

ILSA

(calmly)

I stay here. I have no enemies. *

McMURPHY

Where is Dodger?

GUNNER

Captain!

McMURPHY

Dodger!

The Gunner pulls McMurphy onto the chopper. No sign of
him. The chopper is airborne in a hurry. Ilsa visible
stepping from the longhouse door. Villagers running
everywhere. No Dodger. McMurphy's face. The village
several hundred feet below, GUNFIRE. Ilsa watching, a
statue. VC moving in! The trees outside the village.
Door GUNNERS BLASTING. McMurphy trying to see him.

(CONTINUED)

McMURPHY

Dodger...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29 EXT. CATHEDRAL (CHICAGO) DAY

29

An overflow crowd for the Panther's memorial service spills out onto the steps. There are protesters, TV reporters, newspapermen. Frankie wanders, a lost soul. Over it all, BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD'S "For What It's Worth" plays... in Frankie's head. Real SOUNDS FADE IN and OUT. The chants of protesters. The tinny eulogy over speakers:

MINISTER (V.O.)

The time for investigations is over, it's time for us to speak out... the rights of all are at stake. If America wants to murder us at home, murder us in a useless war, we will not take it, we will not take it, we will take action --

Frankie wanders, crying, dazed, for how long it's hard to say, for it's like a dream.

Out of the church doors comes a coffin, draped in a flag. The conservative family. Rashid is one of the pallbearers. Rashid pulls the flag off and runs down the steps. He addresses all gathered.

RASHID

Eddie Davis was a Vietnam vet. He fought for freedom. He earned the right to get shot in bed and have this flag draped on his coffin.

Rashid pulls out a flask, pours gasoline on the flag, strikes a match, tosses it. The flag burns and melts and twists. Photographers snap pictures, police put Rashid in cuffs. Frankie sees him, he sees Frankie. Frankie follows as he's hauled away in to a waiting patrol car.

FRANKIE

Rashid! Rashid!

But she can't get close. The patrol car pulls away. She's tossed and shoved by the crowd. She screams at the departing car. *

FRANKIE

(broken, grieving)
What the hell do you want from me?! *

CUT TO:

Chopper sets down on edge of village. McMurphy slowly gets out, her gaze fixated BEYOND the CAMERA. Her expression, a mixture of disbelief and horror.

Gunner jumps out after her. His eyes dart back and forth.

GUNNER

Looks like the V.C. had a block party here last night.

The village is still burning, smoldering ashes and HIS-SING LUMBER. No structure stands higher than a few feet off the ground. Scattered about are slaughtered animals. Dogs, pigs, chickens lay silent in blood-filled, muddy puddles. The place is crawling with American military, body bags, wounded.

GUNNER

(re: medical supplies)

Guess you won't be needing these.

McMurphy starts walking into the village.

GUNNER

Captain! That's not a good idea.

She moves from wounded man to wounded man, looking, searching the faces for the face she knows. Now the body bags. And the doorway of the now empty storehouse.

MUSIC. An ORGAN THUMPING "I Saw the Father Rheine." Through the village comes a procession. Villagers carrying personal possessions, pushing carts, leading surviving livestock. They pass McMurphy, McMurphy follows the MUSIC. Singing, Ilsa's voice bringing up the rear.

sitting at her saved organ in front of the smoldering longhouse. A few children around. The pied piper, the children laughing. She's covered in soot, clothes torn, bloody. She worked last night.

Children surround her, laughing and singing. To them, the tragedy is remote and insignificant. Their "eine kellnerin" is seeing to that.

McMurphy crosses to Ilsa. The organ is burned, cracked and smeared with soot, wheezing, but most of the keys are intact.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

FRANKIE

Is this your great revolution,
Eddie? Now we're back in chains?

She leaves, won't look back.

EDDIE

(calling after her)
You have to speak out, you have
to try --

FRANKIE

(over her shoulder)
You're wasting your life, Eddie.

Eddie looks so sad, the lost look of one who hears the
call, but cannot make others hear.

CUT TO:

24

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

24

Dodger leans against a building, looking off into the
darkness. McMurphy comes up behind him. He knows she's
there instinctually, doesn't turn, just begins to speak.

DODGER

A few guys on the plane home
started a game. Called it
'Nightmares.' Whoever could get
to Seattle without having a bad
dream, collected twenty bucks from
the rest.

(beat)

I won. It was easy. I just didn't
go to sleep the whole flight home.

(it hurts)

But that couldn't last. Then they
started. Every night for eight
months.

McMURPHY

(asking for herself)

They stopped?

DODGER

No. Not until I get here. I'm
glad you came. I knew you would.

(then)

I wasn't sure.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

McMURPHY

You knew I'd come.

(and now)

But you can't change the past by
coming back.

DODGER

I know, but maybe I can change the
future. Mine. Theirs.

McMURPHY

(after a moment)

The official body count... the
K.I.A.s and the suicides and the
D.I.T.s; those that 'Died on the
Table'... O.R., triage.

(beat)

We have a pool. I keep a notebook.
Closest guess for the lies coming
out of H.Q. wins. Fifty bucks, a
hundred... Some book. *

DODGER

I came here -- country, flag,
friendship. Came to save the
world from Communism.

McMURPHY

And now?

DODGER

(soft, simple)

Now I'm building a hospital. *

Ilsa approaches, followed by an excited, chattering
VILLAGER. She appears agitated.

ILSA

The key.

DODGER

What's happened?

ILSA

The Ban Bat village downriver.
Their rice crop was destroyed,
there are many wounded.

McMURPHY

(to Dodger)

The V.C.?

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED: (2)

24

Ilsa doesn't answer. Dodger understands. Looks off.
Then:

McMURPHY

Americans destroyed the village?

ILSA

What difference does it make? The
key... We'll give them half of our
rice and medical supplies.

Dodger hasn't moved. The Villager is frightened.

DODGER

Ban Bat. Is it V.C.?

VILLAGER

No V.C.! No V.C.! Ban Bat!

DODGER

(to Ilsa)

Is it V.C.?

(it is: simply)

Why? *

ILSA

Because it's necessary.

DODGER

(cold rage)

You're asking me to give the V.C.
half my rice?

ILSA

Their rice, yes! And whatever
else they want.

McMURPHY

To the V.C.?

McMurphy looks to Dodger. To Ilsa.

DODGER

You know how long it took to
grow that crop. How much work
to get enough to feed ourselves. *

ILSA

It's always work, Evan! Isn't
that why you're here?! The key. *

(beat)

Give it a little time. You'll
understand... *

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24

DODGER

There's nothing to understand!

ILSA

They are villagers! God's children! Just because the Americans bombed them doesn't make them V.C.!

DODGER

(very quiet)

They can grow their own!

A standoff. Dodger firm. Ilsa waits a beat, drops her head. Sad. Walks off. McMurphy watches Ilsa depart then back to Dodger. What is right?

CUT TO:

25 EXT. NORTHSIDE ALLEY (4:00 A.M.)

25

Del, Meg and Frankie drunk, talking.

DEL

(to Frankie)

Get out, you're lyin'.

FRANKIE

I'm not, when my mom had the twins she named them Patty and LaVerne, and she tried to get me to change my name from Francine to Maxine, we were gonna be the black Andrews Sisters --

They go into Frankie's apartment building.

26 DARKENED STAIRWELL

26

They stumble up, still laughing.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

DEL

Why didn't she name you Maxine in
the first place --

FRANKIE

She didn't get the idea until
after the twins... but she thought
it was such a great idea --

They all collapse into nonsensical snorting 3:00 A.M.
laughter.

FRANKIE

Now Patty and LaVerne are a gospel
duo and I'm selling vacuum
cleaners door to door...

27

OUT OF THE SHADOWS

27

Rashid appears. He's blood-smeared, crazy-eyed. Del
assumes he's a robber, shoves the women back.

DEL

Don't hurt us, we'll give you what
you want --

FRANKIE

Rashid --

DEL

Oh, Jesus... I'm so sorry, I
thought --

RASHID

I know what you thought --

Meg and Del don't know what to say. There is obviously
something desperately wrong with this man.

FRANKIE

I don't want to talk to you --

*

RASHID

I'm sorry I bugged you and your
nice whitey friends. They your
friends, right? You tell them
about your baby-killin' good times
in 'Nam, like you told me --

*

FRANKIE

Shut up. Get out --

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

DEL

Listen, buddy, I think you
better --

RASHID

O.K. buddy, I will. I just wanted
to bring Francine here the paper.
No big deal... I'm smoke --

He throws the paper to her, she catches it. She looks at
the paper. The headline reads "PANTHER GUN FIGHT".
Underneath it says "ATTEMPTED MURDER CHARGES EYED IN GUN
BATTLE" "Panther leader Eddie Davis and two others were
shot to death as they fought off police during a raid..."
Slaps Rashid furiously with the paper, shoves him.

FRANKIE

Your damn guns! They killed him
because of your stupid fucking
guns!

Rashid stops her, holds her wrists hard.

RASHID

There were no guns! There weren't
any guns!

(quietly)

Eddie had me get rid of them.

(as she quiets)

They killed him in his bed...

(crying)

... he was asleep... he wasn't
even awake.

(turns to go)

Go sell some vacuum cleaners...

*

CUT TO:

28

INT. LONGHOUSE WARD - FOLLOWING MORNING

28

The room is dark. Ilsa scrubs down a patient as McMurphy
enters carrying two wooden buckets of water.

McMURPHY

The river is starting to flood.

Ilsa sings. Brecht/Weill. "The Pirate Jenny Song"
Threepenny. In German.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

McMURPHY

Where is he?

ILSA

Isn't it wonderful?

(no answer)

The rain! It stopped!

McMURPHY

Is he dead?

ILSA

Rice. All they wanted was the
rice. Was this worth it?

She begins playing again.

McMURPHY

Is Dodger dead? Where is he?

ILSA

(still playing)

On the mountain, building the
hospital.(as McMurphy
starts off)

You should be very proud of him.

McMurphy turns to leave, spins back.

McMURPHY

Two hundred beds?

Ilsa stops playing. Smiles.

ILSA

You pray for two hundred beds,
if you only get six, it's a
triumph. No one sends medical
supplies for six beds, they will
for six hundred. It's the dream,
Captain. The dream that propels
the faith.

Ilsa begins to play.

ILSA

What would you think of a
thousand beds?

(sings)

Und rechts und links rom Bett,
da steht der besie Wein!

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2) 31

The children join in the chorus as McMurphy turns toward the mountain.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. MOUNTAIN PLATEAU 32

McMurphy climbs to the summit. A cold, stiff breeze blows.

33 HER POV 33

The plateau. The same rows of foundation markers. The same piles of rocks and sand. The same decaying fantasy.

A figure works alone in the distance on a pile of rocks.

34 DODGER 34

as McMurphy walks up behind him.

He has mixed mortar, carries huge stones, single-handedly laying a foundation. Stripped to the waist, he's covered in soot, scratched, bloodied, a crude blood-soaked dressing around his chest. A gun lying off to the side.

McMURPHY

Are you alright?

A long beat. A nearby yellow RIBBON TRILLS in the wind.

McMURPHY

They're all leaving.

DODGER

I should have given them the rice.

They died because of me.

Another stone, the largest he can find, he groans under its weight.

McMURPHY

You're staying, aren't you?

DODGER

Until I'm finished.

(CONTINUED)

McMURPHY

(all of his past)

You can't bring them back.

(he keeps working)

You didn't kill them. Stop picking
up the damn rocks and talk to me!

*
*

DODGER

Here there is a dream.

(and)

My decision helped and I've killed
plenty before. And I don't want
to anymore. I would've too if I'd
been here, but...

(he stops, he looks
at her)

Your boys, in your little notebook?
What good do they do there? Yell
them. Yell them to the mountaintops!
I build.

*
*
*
*
*
*

He puts down his stone. Screams to the skies.

DODGER

I am sorry!

(grabs another)

I am sorry.

(and another)

Sorry. Sorry!

His voice ECHOES, resounds. She listens. A long beat.

McMURPHY

Evan Winslow left the world to
return to hell and find redemption.

(pointed)

Where's your son?

DODGER

(a sad sweet spot)

Archie.

(and)

Archie. Archie's his name.

Each call of the name is different, love's myriad signals.

McMURPHY

That's where you should be.

DODGER

I was back there. I didn't have
a life there. Not yet. You know.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED: (2)

34

The wind whips her hair.

DODGER

McMurphy, McMurphy.
(love's myriad
signals)
Stay here with me.

Their eyes. The open sky above them, now between them. It's an invitation, a gauntlet. She holds it in her hand and in her heart, certain of the feelings, uncertain of the future.

McMURPHY

(the hospital, but
not only)
How long will it take you?

He watches her. Picks up another stone.

DODGER

A long time.

At last he pushes away. She watches this man who knows her without words go as a CHOPPER ROARS past.

CUT TO:

35

INT. ELECTRIC GNU - NIGHT

35

Frankie, alone on stage. In the spotlight. Seeming now, no longer in disguise.

FRANKIE

You know, I was reading this
magazine article called...

(stops/begins
again)

I get permanents...

(stops again)

I had a friend who died... Some
say there were guns in the
apartment, some say there weren't.

(stops)

I'm black.

(a long, confident
pause)

I'm a black woman.

(another one)

I'm a black, woman, Vietnam vet.

An excruciatingly long pause. The audience is scared, scared this might be real, they came to laugh, they thought they were in charge.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

FRANKIE

I'm a black, woman, Vietnam vet.
Isn't that scary? Look at this
woman here,

(imitating a nice
suburban lady)

'Next thing you know she'll say
she's from Mars.'

It's okay to laugh... and they do. But they know they're
not in charge.

FRANKIE

Well I might as well be from Mars.
Most guys would prefer a woman with
antenna over a woman with dog-tags.
Maybe it's the name, dog tags, for
a lot of guys that says it all, you
know?

(it's okay to laugh)

Yeah, Vietnam's a funny place, or
maybe I should say, Vietnam is a
joke.

(uncomfortable
laughs)

Not a good joke mind you, not like
Nixon.

(okay to laugh)

Have they figured out yet if he's
animal vegetable or mineral... I
think if we'd just poured a little
cheese sauce on the guy we'd have
saved a lot of trouble.

(comfortable laughs)

But no one said the president has
to be human... we've managed so
far without that --

(uncomfortable
laughs)

You know, Nam's a great place to
meet black guys, no shortage of
brothers there, that's for sure.

(silence)

Maybe it's a sign of blacks comin'
up in the world. Like, when
America had a civil war, they didn't
let blacks fight much, mostly built
roads and shined cavalry boots, but
now we're allowed to fight in somebody
else's civil war... And I got a
feeling that next time we have an
American civil war we blacks are
gonna get our big break. War-wise.

(then)

It may be sooner than you think.

(CONTINUED)

*
*

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

Frankie lifts her fists in the black power salute. She holds it there for a long time, as the CAMERA PULLS BACK and BACK and BACK. In the swirling smoke of the spotlight Frankie remains, strong, tall, proud... and very different.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 OMITTED

36

37 EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

37

Dr. Dick and Lila exit the Jet Set. Upon exiting, they are immediately struck by names crudely spray-painted on the walls of the Ward and O.R. Step over empty spray paint cans. Not only the walls, but just about every available surface. A spray-painted name. They read them.

DR. RICHARD

Roll call.

LILA

Do you know these names?

DR. RICHARD

Only too well.

They follow the sound of the BOUNCING BALL, the SHAKING SPRAY PAINT can ball that is then the sound of the HISS.

And finally, a figure. The graffiti artist. Captain Colleen McMurphy. Dr. Dick and Lila exchange a look. Lila hangs back.

DR. RICHARD

What are you doing?

She turns to see him. Finishes the last name. Tosses away the can.

McMURPHY

One-hundred and twenty-eight soldiers. Most of them believed in this... in all the lies... And they died. Was it worth it to them?

DR. RICHARD

I don't know. You feel better?

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

McMURPHY

Yes...

(but)

No.

The names. There's a long beat of silence and then the names, and...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

*
*

*
*