

CHINA

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BEACH

"AFTERBURNER"

FIRST DRAFT

February 27, 1989

CHINA BEACH

"Afterburner"

Episode #14

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CHINA BEACH

"Afterburner"

CAST

MCMURPHY

LILA

BOONIE

DOCTOR RICHARD

K.C.

DODGER

WAYLOO

FRANKIE

MONTANA

MASTERS

NATCH

MORRISON

TURNER

CHINA BEACH

"Afterburner"

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

HOSPITAL  
Ward  
Nurses' Area  
Laundry Niche  
O.R.

TRIAGE

LILA'S ROOM

JET SET

BEAUTY SHOP

MARS STATION

McMURPHY'S ROOM

K.C.'S ROOM

EXTERIORS:

HELIPAD

JET SET

LILA'S QUARTERS

HOSPITAL LAUNDRY NICHE

SHOWERS

HILL ABOVE MARS STATION

COMPOUND  
Near Bridge

BEACH

BOMBED-OUT CHURCH

CHINA BEACH

"Afterburner"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY 1

PANNING a smiling, applauding row of nurses, medics, doctors, and wounded GIs. It would be a standing ovation if more of these guys could stand.

2 REVERSE ANGLE 2

on a beaming LILA wheeling MONTANA, a young amputee on a gurney. He enjoys this farewell tribute with unassuming good humor; flashes the other guys "thumbs up" encouragement. He motions for Lila to stop in front of one bed where a depressed GI isn't taking part in the festivities. He presents the gloomy patient with his bedpan and a handwritten banner "Suffering Builds Character." The patient reads the message and throws the bedpan back at Montana. But he can't help breaking into a grin. Montana offers his hand to shake -- unfortunately the left one has to do the job -- and then Lila resumes wheeling him out the doors of the ward.

3 INT. TRIAGE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 3

They maneuver through the doors and head toward the helipad exit at the end of triage.

LILA

Don't forget to write when you get back to the ranch.

MONTANA

(winking)

You bet, Mom.

LILA

'Mom' has never been one of my aspirations.

(smiles)

But in your case -- it's a compliment.

(and)

You holding up?

MONTANA

Just get me to that freedom bird.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

MONTANA (CONT'D)

I may only have one foot left --  
but it's gonna be in God's country  
soon.

(and)

There is a favor I need to ask...

And they pass through the exit doors.

4

EXT. HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS ACTION

4

MONTANA

Some of my -- stuff -- hasn't come  
in from the firebase. Stuff I  
wanted to take home...

LILA

I'll be happy to send it.

MONTANA

It might not be all that easy...

The CHOPPER ROTORS START up.

LILA

Nonsense. I've been in this man's  
army longer than you've been  
charming the young ladies of  
Calispel. I can handle a little  
packing.

MONTANA

Well... I'm glad you feel that  
way.

As the medics lift him.

LILA

Leave it to me.

MONTANA

(big grin)

Thanks, Mom.

Lila's face. How could you do enough for these kids?

5

EXT. JET SET - DAY

5

BOONIE stands on the steps watching a deuce and a half  
TRUCK RUMBLE to a stop in front of him. MASTERS, an  
energetic sergeant jumps out from the passenger's seat.  
Surveys the building.

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS  
(looking it over)  
This is the Jet Set.

BOONIE  
You heard of us? It's all true.  
Best little beach club on the  
South China Sea.

MASTERS  
Hard to believe this place could  
be understaffed.

BOONIE  
Oh, you're here about my request.  
(shaking his hand)  
Boonie Lanier. I put in for an  
assistant manager. Come on in --  
let me get you a drink.

MASTERS  
(still surveying)  
The wild west up here -- huh.  
Wide open territory.

BOONIE  
But with the build-ups in I Corps  
-- we do get busy. Think there's  
a chance they'll send me an  
assistant?

MASTERS  
You're getting an assistant  
alright.

BOONIE  
Great.

MASTERS  
His name's Lanier. Corporal  
Boonie Lanier.  
(off Boonie's look)  
M.A.C.V. decided they need more  
experienced management up here.  
Sergeant Masters. I'm your new  
boss.

As Boonie takes that in; Masters notices the driver and  
another GI starting to unload the back of the truck.

MASTERS  
Careful. TurnCo charges good  
money for those slots.

(CONTINUED)

BOONIE  
(following him)  
Slot machines?

MASTERS  
Big time, Lanier. And you're in  
on the ground floor.

Boonie watches as the first slot machine makes its way  
into the Jet Set.

McMURPHY is straining to hear over a field telephone near  
the desk.

McMURPHY  
(almost yelling)  
No, I got that part -- two  
casualties. But did you say  
'McMurphy'?

The line goes dead. As she hangs up DR. RICHARD  
approaches.

DR. RICHARD.  
Dust-off coming in?

McMURPHY  
(confused)  
Infantry chopper. Picked up two  
guys north of the A Shau jungle.

DR. RICHARD  
Ought to take them to the 85th.

McMURPHY  
(mystified)  
One of them -- said he wanted me.

DR. RICHARD  
Satisfied customers always come  
back. What's his condition?

McMURPHY  
They said he's never felt better.

They share a look. The DISTANT shound of a CHOPPER  
interrupts them.



As the chopper hovers and lands, McMurphy's face in the triage window is a blur of puzzlement. She hurries out the door and comes to a sudden halt as a lean man with long hair and a stubble of beard disembarks. She starts to walk slowly toward him. He turns around. He's darker, he's harder, but the grin is unmistakable. McMurphy can't believe her eyes.

McMURPHY  
(an exhalation)

Natch.

NATCH

Surprise.

There is a moment of swirling shock followed by halting indecision. Then she embraces him. In each others arms, they find themselves crying. The chopper's ENGINE shuts OFF as the arrival of a gurney interrupts them.

NATCH  
(stopping the  
medics)

I got him.

Natch reaches into the chopper and pulls out his crumpled buddy, MORRISON, also in black pajamas. Morrison's shoulder is crushed from an old injury. And his leg is broken. Natch picks him up in his arms.

NATCH

I've been carrying this lug for twenty miles -- another ten feet won't hurt.

MORRISON

You're just sweet on me, Austen.

NATCH

Morrison -- McMurphy.

MORRISON

(looking her over)

Okay, you didn't lie. She's worth the stop.

NATCH

(to McMurphy)

Don't listen to a word this guy says.

MORRISON

She'll listen to me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MORRISON (CONT'D)

Cuz she won't get a thing out of you -- except name, rank and serial number.

As the two men push into triage -- we STAY ON McMurphy's face. A mix of elation and apprehension.

EXT. LILA'S QUARTERS - DAY

As Lila approaches her room, FRANKIE comes out the door.

LILA

What were you doing in my quarters, Private?

FRANKIE

(saluting)

Delivery for a P.F.C. Montana Snyder.

LILA

Oh, wonderful.

FRANKIE

Everyone in his platoon wanted to thank you, Major. They said they don't know what they would have done without you.

LILA

Nonsense.

FRANKIE

Admit it. Not many officers would have done this -- they'd figure they had too much to lose.

LILA

Montana was an exceptional -- too much to lose?

FRANKIE

The guys said they would have kept it -- but without Montana to calm him down, he's pretty noisy and during an ambush that might be a problem.

LILA

Noisy?

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

FRANKIE

Good luck, Major.

She salutes and leaves Lila with a worried expression. Lila goes over to her door. Listens. Opens to find:

9

INT. LILA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

9

A tiny tiger cub sitting in the middle of her bed, happily shredding a pair of nylon stockings.

10

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

10

Morrison lies in bed with a fresh cast on his leg and a beer in his hand. He talks to McMurphy.

MORRISON

... Every time we heard a chopper -- Austen tried to flash 'em with the piece of mirror. I'm busy hiding, crapping my pants -- I'm kinda shy of American aircraft ever since they got my shoulder. Anyway, we'd only gone five miles when I knew I ought to break my leg. For Austen's sake.

McMURPHY

(laughing)

Oh yeah?

MORRISON

You know -- six months in a jungle camp -- pretty wimpy by Air Force standards. They got pilots been in the Hanoi Hilton since '65 saying nothing but kiss this Ho Chi Minh. Six months -- sheeooo. But hauling out some helpless army asshole on his back -- that's gonna be worth early, Major.

NATCH (O.S.)

Save it for your debriefing.

Morrison and McMurphy look up as Natch, showered and shaved, with a fresh haircut, comes up to the bed.

MORRISON

(disappointed)

Jesus, Austen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MORRISON (CONT'D)

The only benefit of living with the V.C. was the lack of barbers. And what's the first thing you do? Get a military buzz. This is patriotism run amok.

NATCH

(giving him shit)  
You're next.  
(looks at McMurphy)  
Recognize me now?

McMURPHY

(attempts levity)  
Oh, yeah. I remember you.

But it's impossible to keep the intensity away. They fall into a look that isn't lost on Morrison.

MORRISON

I know you two have a lot to catch up on. Don't mind me. I'll just lay here -- alone -- enjoying freedom and democracy...

Dr. Richard comes up.

DR. RICHARD

Found you some cigarettes --

MORRISON

(treasuring them)  
A whole pack? I'm having a fucking religious experience.

NATCH

Our guard was a little stingy with the smokes.

MORRISON

Stingy? Thought he was the Viet Cong Surgeon General.

DR. RICHARD

(to Natch)  
Ready for your check-up?

NATCH

(looking at McMurphy)  
Can't that wait?

(CONTINUED)

DR. RICHARD

Don't think of it as an interruption. Think of it as an excuse to spend a couple days at China Beach.

WAYLOO (O.S.)

Knock knock.

WAYLOO MARIE stands in the doorway with a camera slung over her shoulder, holding a huge tray of burgers and fries. This is the new Wayloo Marie Holmes. The post-Boonie-debacle Wayloo Marie Holmes. Her reporting style is now a little apologetic; a little humble. It makes her irresistible.

WAYLOO

Anybody hungry for an all-American meal?

McMURPHY

(what next?)

Good idea.

WAYLOO

Burgers and fries.

MORRISON

And buns. If you got a beer hidden there -- Yes!

Wayloo uncovers a can of beer; Morrison claims it. Meanwhile:

NATCH

(to McMurphy)

We'll talk.

McMURPHY

I know.

WAYLOO

It's the least I could do -- since I need to bug you guys for a couple of shots -- for the 6:00 news.

MORRISON

(flashing a peace sign)

How's this?

Natch steps up behind McMurphy at the head of the bed -- so that she is stuck between him and Morrison.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

He reaches around and clasps Morrison's hand -- a sign of victorious camaraderie that also buries the peace sign.

WAYLOO

(setting up)

I'll try to send copies to your hometown papers.

It's too much for McMurphy -- Natch's closeness, his arm around her -- the people who might see this photograph. She extricates herself from the shot. Heads for the door.

McMURPHY

You don't need me in this.

NATCH

(stopping her)

McMurphy. We'll talk.

McMURPHY

I know.

She goes -- before she loses it.

11 INT. JET SET - DAY

11

Boonie unstacks chairs while Masters works on the books.

BOONIE

I gotta admit -- when I first saw those slot machines, I had my doubts.

MASTERS

You got something against gambling?

BOONIE

The guys go through so much. When they come in for R & R I want to make sure they don't feel ripped off.

MASTERS

Looked like they were having a ball last night.

BOONIE

They were. And we'll have enough profits to put in a weight room or buy a new speed boat.

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS

Took in almost \$50 the first night.

BOONIE

(stops, then  
casually)

\$50? I would have said we did better than that.

MASTERS

50 bucks.

BOONIE

I would have guessed we did triple that.

MASTERS

(carefully)

We took in \$50. You want to see the books?

And as Boonie looks at Masters, the sergeant breaks into a grin. After a beat, Boonie offers a calculated smile back.

BOONIE

You're the boss.

EXT. HOSPITAL LAUNDRY NICHE - DAY

Lila stands on the walkway. A god-awful MEWING and THUMPING emanates from inside the laundry niche.

LILA

Now stop that. Stop that racket this minute or you'll be very, very sorry.

INT. LAUNDRY NICHE - REVERSE ANGLE

The tied-up tiger cub jumps on a table and upends a water pan -- splattering Lila. She retreats back to the doorway, but takes the indignity with calm.

LILA

Fine. We'll just see how you like it without any water.

She turns around and runs into Wayloo who has come up behind her.

(CONTINUED)

WAYLOO  
(looking into niche)

Ahhhh.

LILA  
Lieutenant. This is a serious  
bureaucratic problem. I'd  
appreciate it if you would not  
'ahhh' at a serious bureaucratic  
problem.

WAYLOO  
But he's so cute.

The cub is indeed cute -- but very unhappy at being  
chained up. Wayloo starts to go in to him. Lila stops  
her.

LILA  
That is no kitty cat, Airman.  
That is a wild animal.

WAYLOO  
He's just a baby.

LILA  
I have a few calls placed to the  
proper channels. We'll find out  
the correct shipping procedures  
and this -- item -- will be  
processed accordingly. In the  
meantime, the laundry niche is off  
limits.

As she begins to tack up an "Off Limits" sign, Dr.  
Richard strolls up.

DR. RICHARD  
What's going --  
(looking in)  
Ahhh --

LILA  
You two will spoil him.

DR. RICHARD  
Lila, I wouldn't have pegged you  
as an animal lover.

(CONTINUED)



14 CONTINUED:

14

LILA

I assure you, I find the practice of pet husbandry outmoded; the need for animal companionship an embarrassment -- not to mention the incumbent hygienic issues and the overwhelming smells.

15 INSIDE NICHE

15

The cub turns over a stack of linens -- scattering them everywhere. Some land on the tiger's head and he wiggles out from under them.

WAYLOO AND DR. RICHARD

Ahhhhh.

LILA

(a threat)

I'm going to follow up on those calls.

Lila heads for her office. Dr. Richard and Wayloo consider the sign, then hurry into the niche.

16 EXT. SHOWERS - DAY

16

In the far stall, K.C. finishes toweling herself dry and begins the ceremony of powders and lotions which she has perfected to a tropical art. She is interrupted by the sound of a pair of boots coming into the stall next to hers. She peaks around the corner to see a distraught --

17 McMURPHY

17

trying to get ahold of herself. Okay. She's in the showers now. Everything will be alright. Except she can't wrestle out of her sweaty scrub top. Frustrated in that, she tries instead to unknot her fatigue boots -- but the laces snap off in her hand. Desperate now, she decides not to bother undressing. Turns on the shower -- nothing happens -- so she beats the wall with both fists until the water shoots out full blast. Somewhat relieved, McMurphy slides down the side of the stall and sits on the puddled floor in the cool spray, fully clothed. K.C.'s laughter is the first clue to McMurphy that she is being watched. She stares up at K.C. who is peaking over the top of the stall.

K.C.

You Kansas girls are so kinky.

(CONTINUED)

McMURPHY

Saves on laundry bills.

K.C.

And so practical.

McMURPHY

Don't knock it if you haven't  
tried it.

Game for anything, K.C. shrugs. Brings her naked body  
around and sits under the spray with McMurphy.

K.C.

You're right. It's the best  
sensation I've had all day. And  
I don't even have boots on.  
(looking at her)

So...

(and carefully)

... It's really swell to have him  
back, huh?

McMURPHY

What is really swell -- is that  
it's such a community event.

(angry)

Of course I'm happy -- He's alive!

(angrier)

How can I not be happy.

K.C.

You sound pretty happy.

If looks could kill... it would be the "Psycho" shower  
scene all over. Then McMurphy surrenders.

McMURPHY

(yelling into the  
spray)

Ahhhhh! Why now? Why after  
going through everything --  
settling everything -- finally  
being able to sleep -- finally  
letting him go -- why now?

K.C.

(the answer)

Men.

And now that she has McMurphy's attention.

(CONTINUED)

K.C.

They always come too early.  
Except for when they're late.

McMurphy bursts out laughing.

K.C.

What's so funny? I'm talking  
about arrivals.

And after they both laugh, there's a sad pause. McMurphy  
gets up and shuts off the water.

McMURPHY

What if I fall in love all over  
again?

K.C.

What if you don't?  
(smiles)

Either way, you're --

K.C. puts both hands up as if to whisper -- and mouths a  
monosyllabic word we can't hear.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18

INT. BEAUTY SHOP - SAME DAY

18

Masters expansively pushes his pink roller chair back from the table where K.C. continues to pencil figures.

MASTERS

That settles it.

K.C.

(still figuring)

We haven't talked percentage yet.

MASTERS

It's a standard agreement. Your beauty shop will act as a conduit to my bank in Hong Kong. If you want, I can even help you set up an account of your own.

K.C.

I use the Dao Heng in Hong Kong. Who do you recommend?

MASTERS

(surprised)

Heng's a good institution.

K.C.

But I breathe easier once my money's in Geneva.

MASTERS

(uncomfortably)

Know what you mean.

K.C.

So what percentage are we talking?

MASTERS

At Long Binh I paid five percent.

(quickly)

Here I'm willing to go eight.

K.C.

(pouting, playing)

I thought you said mutual benefit.

(smiling)

Come on, sweet talk me. Talk to me like I'm the only game in town. I am the only game in town.

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS

No, you're a convenience. I can channel my money through the set-up down south.

K.C.

But you're not down south in the land of cotton. You could benefit from my contacts.

MASTER

Contacts?

K.C.

Both sides. Civilian contractors. And comman support.

MASTERS

I don't need your contacts. The whole open mess system -- all sewn up. We've got Saigon organized; the Delta organized. Got an exclusive with one firm. Takes care of all the clubs' needs -- liquor, entertainment, furnishings. Takes care of all the club managers, too.

K.C.

Oh yeah. You get a few kickbacks and the odd weekend at the villa -- while TurnCo rakes in millions. Real smart.

MASTERS

(recognition)

Sure, you'd know all about TurnCo, huh? You look like Turner's type. The type he might have owned.

K.C.

(lying)

I've never met the man.

MASTERS

Maybe you can. I've invited him up to check out the Beach.

K.C.

He'd never come to a hole like this -- if he's as big as they say.

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS

Don't make trouble for me -- or  
you'll be wishing you were still  
on your back for him.

K.C.

(laughing, but  
shaken)

Tough talk. For a hired hand.

He leaves. Her facade wavers.

Natch sits on the bench outside, staring at the sky.  
McMurphy comes out the door. Finally they are alone.

McMURPHY

The sky waited for you.

NATCH

What a feeling -- when we hitched  
that chopper -- back in the air.

McMURPHY

I worried about that -- how much  
you would hate being stuck on the  
ground.

(after silence)

How was it?

(after silence)

I must have the wrong guy -- I  
was promised some talk.

NATCH

I had a lot of time to think.

(fades)

About what a mess I made...

McMURPHY

You don't have to explain.

NATCH

Good. I can't explain.  
(now a rush)

But I can promise I'll make things  
right. If you'll give me a chance.

McMURPHY

What?

(CONTINUED)

NATCH

I want to go back and settle things with Maggie. I've gone over and over the crash in every detail. There's nothing there to keep me from flying again. I can get another tour.

McMURPHY

You'd come back?

NATCH

Now I know how Charlie operates, how he moves -- where he hides.  
(looks at her)  
And you're here.

McMURPHY

Minor detail.

NATCH

Major detail.  
(and)  
What do you say?

McMURPHY

(shaking her head)  
You make it sound simple.

NATCH

It is simple.

McMURPHY

(laughing)  
I'd forgotten.

NATCH

What?

McMURPHY

What it's like with you. How you only have one speed.  
(and simply)  
How it makes me dizzy.

NATCH

(the old Natch)  
It's called flying.

Frankie comes out, pushing Morrison in a wheelchair.

(CONTINUED)

MORRISON

(calling to Natch)

Get your butt in gear -- sir.

(to Frankie)

-- Strict military discipline --  
That's how we kept ourselves sane  
in the camp.

Natch and McMurphy come over to them.

MORRISON

Come on. This sweet young  
colored girl -- who tells me that  
since I've been out of circulation  
there are no more sweet colored  
girls at all -- only black women --

FRANKIE

(smiling)

Sweet black women is okay...

MORRISON

Got it. She's making our phone  
connections.

FRANKIE

(checking clipboard)

Captain Austen? Calling Maggie  
Austen in the Philippines --  
right?

NATCH

(glance to McMurphy)

Right.

FRANKIE

Follow me. You'll be talking to  
home in no time.

(as they go)

Who are you calling?

MORRISON

I wrote down the S.D.S. -- but  
that was a joke. Sorta.

Natch lingers with McMurphy.

NATCH

I gotta make this call.

McMURPHY

I know.

NATCH

I haven't talked to her yet.

(CONTINUED)



McMURPHY

I know.

NATCH

It won't take long.

McMURPHY

Okay.

NATCH

(not moving)

I'll be right back.

McMURPHY

You'll have to go first.

NATCH

Right.

He heads off toward MARS. McMurphy watches him. Just that simple, huh?

Lila is at the officer's desk in the middle of a phone communication. Bureaucratic hassles bring out the best in her.

LILA

(amazingly  
articulate)

Wait. You just told me that the proper channel for shipment is through Ton Son Nhut.

(listens)

But to possess the animal is against regulations?

Natch and Morrison make their calls.

MORRISON

(masking his guts)

Yeah, I knew you'd be disappointed, Ma. Two years with the V.C. -- longest I ever held a job. You probably were hoping I'd settled down.

(CONTINUED)

NATCH

(nervous)

Maggie.

(a sudden loss)

Surprise.

(hears himself)

Over.

(listens)

Are you there? Did I lose you?

Over.

(to no one)

I might have lost her --

(listens)

I thought I lost you. I mean,

I'm back. I mean I'm coming back

I mean... Over...

His face as he listens.

MORRISON

Ma. Operator -- tell her. When she's finished crying -- she's gotta say 'Over.'

Meanwhile --

LILA

So you're saying that if I were holding a tiger -- that would be illegal. But if somehow that hypothetical tiger managed to arrive at Ton Son Nhut airport there would be a mechanism for transporting it stateside. Is that correct?

(listens)

Just out of curiosity -- what is the penalty for possession of -- a very small cub -- for strictly personal use?

(listens)

You'd like to know where I'm calling from? Well, I'd like to speak to your supervisor.

She listens. Takes the phone away from her ear.

LILA

Dead. What a surprise.

Lila allows herself a small victory grin. And --

23 BACK AT TABLE

23

Natch and Morrison sit looking at each other -- their calls finished.

NATCH  
(stunned)  
I can't believe it.

MORRISON  
I can, you bastard. You have all the luck.

NATCH  
I can't believe it.

MORRISON  
(on his fingers)  
Six months. Seven-eight-nine--  
it's even yours.

NATCH  
But a baby...

MORRISON  
Talk about a welcome back.

Natch's face. Nothing looks simple anymore.

24 INT. JET SET - NIGHT

24

K.C. sits on a stool in front of one of the new one-armed bandits, a stack of tokens at her elbow. She has already worked into a rhythm -- depositing the coin, pulling the handle down, watching the spin, and starting over. She hears LAUGHTER and looks over to where --

25 BOONIE AND SERGEANT MASTERS

25

share a joke behind the bar. Boonie shows Masters something in the ledger and Masters slaps Boonie on the back. They look up and see K.C. watching. Masters whispers something to Boonie and Boonie nods.

26 AT SLOT MACHINE

26

K.C. returns to her stack of coins. Gets back in rhythm. Boonie comes up beside her. Sets a drink down.

BOONIE  
On the house.

(CONTINUED)

He nods toward the bar. A smiling Masters tips his hat to her.

BOONIE  
Sergeant said no hard feelings.

K.C.  
(playing the slot)  
No feelings period.

BOONIE  
Just the way you like it.

K.C.  
The way you like it, too,  
apparently.

BOONIE  
What's that mean?

K.C.  
I haven't seen you.

BOONIE  
Maybe I figured you wouldn't  
want to see me.

K.C.  
Maybe you're too busy licking the  
sergeant's boots.

BOONIE  
Maybe you're jealous that I'm  
getting in on this.

K.C.  
You're being a sucker. You're  
useful to him. But you could be  
dangerous. I could help you get  
rid of the sarge.

He picks up one of her tokens and plays it for her.

BOONIE  
I don't need your help, K.C.  
(pulls the handle)  
Everything suits me. Just the  
way it is.

The third bar rolls up -- the MACHINE PAYS OFF.

BOONIE  
Jackpot.

27

INT. LAUNDRY NICHE - NIGHT

27

An upset Lila stands inside the doorway, regarding the WHINING CUB.

LILA

What is the problem?

Dr. Richard sticks his head around the doorway.

DR. RICHARD

I give up -- what is the problem?

LILA

(recovering)

It doesn't seem to be drinking anything. It must be getting dehydrated.

DR. RICHARD

It?

LILA

Well, 'he' I guess.

DR. RICHARD

(checking it out)

Good guess.

LILA

Anyway, I need him in good health -- it's the only way to expedite his exit. But -- look at this. I put a pan of milk out this morning. He hasn't touched it.

DR. RICHARD

He's a baby, Lila. He probably wants to suck.

Dr. Richard turns to Lila. Her horrified face.

28

EXT. HILL ABOVE MARS STATION - NIGHT

28

Natch and McMurphy sit under the stars on a couple of folding lawn chairs, saying nothing. CHOPPER ENGINE in the distance. Natch is quiet -- McMurphy is feeling giddy.

MCMURPHY

(teasing)

When I said I knew a quiet place -- I didn't mean it had to be this quiet.

(CONTINUED)

NATCH  
(snapping out  
of it)

Sorry.

But nothing follows.

McMURPHY  
(handing over  
aviator glasses)  
Here. I kept these.

NATCH  
(looking through  
them)  
You know how the land looks when  
you're flying -- you can see the  
shapes: the squares and rows. It  
makes sense. When you land --  
it's different. You can get lost.  
I mean, I know how hard it was for  
you before --

The CHOPPER has approached and is landing at the helipad.  
Natch must talk, finally yell, over the ROTORS.

NATCH  
-- I'll understand... That is -- I  
agree. It would be a good idea:  
To go slower this time.

McMURPHY  
(also yelling)  
What?

NATCH  
I said --

McMURPHY  
(laughing)  
I guess it's not such a quiet  
place after all.

NATCH  
(still yelling)  
I said we ought to go slow.

But she still can't hear. She gets out of her lawn  
chair and kneels beside him. Puts her ear up to his  
mouth.

McMURPHY  
(laughing)  
Try again.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED: (2)

28

NATCH

I think --

No he doesn't. Not anymore. Not with her so close. He turns her mouth to his and pulls her into a passionate kiss. This is anything but slow.

29

INT. McMURPHY'S ROOM - CLOSE ON McMURPHY'S SLEEPING FACE 29  
- NOT THAT MUCH LATER

-- she's floating.

30

ANOTHER ANGLE

30

MOVING ABOVE the curve of her shoulder, we FIND Natch flat on his back; wide awake, staring at the ceiling. What now?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

31

INT. LAUNDRY NICHE - SAME NIGHT

31

Lila appears in the doorway juggling a surgical glove, bulging with milk, one punctured finger bent back. She approaches the little cub and almost nabs him. But her reticence makes it possible for him to leap away. She has to corner him... and begins as nonchalantly as possible.

LILA

Kitty... kitty... kitty... kitty.

He jumps away again. She tries something new. Sits down and looks away from the cub.

LILA

Never mind. You wouldn't be interested.

She's learning about parenthood. The cub leaps up into her lap. Now it's a struggle to keep it there. She's eager to let him know what she has for him. Too eager. The finger of the glove pops up -- squirting milk in her face. But she manages to get it back under control.

LILA

Look at this. Mama's got something for you.

(hears herself)

Aunt Lila -- has something for you.

She finally maneuvers the tip of the glove into the cub's mouth. Voila. Instantly the baby settles down and stops his pathetic mewling. He's a happy cat.

Lila relaxes too. This is easy. And the minute it gets easy, it hits her -- out of nowhere. Call it silly. Call it instinct. Call it motherlove. She knows how to do this. Gets herself into a more comfortable position. With her free hand she cradles the cub, scratching his head. This moment is everything the war is not. Her face -- La Pieta.

32

EXT. COMPOUND - NEXT DAY

32

K.C. emerges from her room and heads toward the beauty shop. Suddenly she stops dead in her tracks.



33 K.C.'S POV - ACROSS COMPOUND

33

Bonnie and Masters walk along with an older man. Tall, thin, with a slight limp. He uses a walking stick. This is TURNER -- a crusty cretacean. Not a drop of blood in him. But in his understated presence there is a surprising, dangerous power.

34 K.C.

34

jumps for cover behind the crumbling church wall. It is not a graceful move. We've never seen her quite this off-balance before. She looks shaken, tiny.

35 CLOSE ON MCMURPHY'S FACE

35

bowed, in profile. The sound of a WINDOW SLIDING OPEN. A small rectangle of screened light frames her face.

MCMURPHY

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. It's been a year -- or so, since my last confession.

(silence)

These are my sins. Ummmm.

(a pause)

I lied to a soldier yesterday -- who lost most of his face. Said that he still looked fine, that it wouldn't matter. But I know it will matter. And...

(thinking)

I didn't honor my mother. I yelled at this tape she sent where she kept going on and on about how Dad wouldn't let her remodel the kitchen. And I committed adultery.

(hurrying on)

And I stole a handful of tampons from Wayloo's suitcase when she wasn't there. Forgive me.

A long silence.

MCMURPHY

Please.

PRIEST (O.S.)

(thick Vietnamese accent)

Sorry. No English.

MCMURPHY

(relieved)

Really?

(CONTINUED)

PRIEST (O.S.)

Parle vous francais?

McMURPHY

(caught)

Just un peu. One year in high school.

PRIEST (O.S.)

En franchais, si'l vous plait.

McMURPHY

Well, je...

(thinking)

Voulez vous couche -- not vous. Me. I couched with a mari. Not my mari. Another woman's mari --

PRIEST (O.S.)

(A flood of French -- protesting he is unable to understand and cannot perform absolution without a translator)

McMURPHY

(her own flood)

I know -- But our chaplain is out in the field all week. And suddenly -- there's been so much incoming -- not that I worry about dying here and I don't even believe in confession anymore. Not since Father O told me I was going to hell when I confessed I'd missed church one week when Dad had such a terrible hangover. The priest told me -- that I was going to go to hell and I sat there on my knees, smelling him -- this priest always smelled like cigarettes -- And I must have only been 13. But I knew -- I knew it was all a crock. And I never believed in confession after that. But here I am. So... what does that say? Help.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Sorry. No much English.

McMURPHY

Listen -- I'm telling you -- I... boom boom number one... long time ... with married man.

(CONTINUED)

PRIEST (O.S.)

Ohhh. Boom boom. Number one?

McMURPHY

Yeah.

PRIEST (O.S.)

(rote)

Dix Notre Peres.

McMURPHY

Ten Our Fathers. Just that easy.

She doesn't know whether to laugh or cry. And he begins to give Absolution in Latin.

Boonie and Masters stand with Turner. They survey the beach crowded with GIs.

MASTERS

And I anticipate adding another facility out here. Beer, pizzas. As you can see, we've got the demand.

Turner nods. He might be bored, restless.

MASTERS

Want to head up to the Jet Set?  
Get out of the sun?

No, he hasn't been bored; he's been watching.

TURNER

Who supplies your sports equipment?

Masters looks at Boonie.

BOONIE

Gee, I dunno, Mr. Turner. It's all been here longer than I have.

TURNER

I can believe that.

BOONIE

Do you handle surf boards? Skis?

TURNER

No reason why I couldn't.

(CONTINUED)

He turns and walks toward the compound. Masters and Boonie tag along.

MASTERS

Corporal Lanier will be happy to mix you a drink.

BOONIE

(eagerly)

What's your poison, sir?

TURNER

(not turning  
around)

What vodkas do you have on ice?

Masters nods to Boonie to catch up with Turner. Boonie snaps to it, eager to please.

Dr. Richard tends to a nasty scratch that runs down Lila's cheek from the corner of her eye. The tiger cub -- now without leash -- plays on top of Lila's bed where she has improvised some hanging toys.

LILA

It wasn't Stuff's fault. He doesn't know his own strength.

DR. RICHARD

Stuff? You named him?

LILA

Not exactly named... but I thought Stuff -- for Montana's Stuff -- seemed like... something to call him.

DR. RICHARD

That's a name.

(regarding scratch)

So's Jack the Ripper.

LILA

It was my fault for not providing a more stimulating environment. He's a healthy, extremely intelligent young cub. He needs challenges.

She goes over to the hanging and wiggles it. Stuff jumps and swats at it.

(CONTINUED)

Lila ooohs and aaaahs his positive reinforcement.

LILA

Look at that!

DR. RICHARD

I know you're working on Stuff's departure -- but I wonder if the veterinary hospital in Danang might not be a better place for him to wait --

LILA

(appalled)

The veterinary hospital? Whatever possessed you to think Stuff would belong in a veterinary hospital?

DR. RICHARD

(gently, obviously)

He is an animal.

LILA

He isn't sick. An institutional setting wouldn't be suitable at all! No one would know him there. It would be highly impersonal.

DR. RICHARD

I thought that it might be against regulations to keep a tiger cub --

LILA

(passionately)

Who cares about regulations!

(stops)

That is... all of us are intensely aware of the desirability of remaining sensitive to regulations...

She picks up Stuff and hugs him. The action illicit a certain pout... a certain tone of voice. It's not quite baby talk -- but it's awfully soft for Lila.

LILA

... But Stuff and I are going to take care of it.

(to Stuff)

Aren't we?

Dr. Richard nods.

Turner sips from an icy glass and nods his gruff appreciation. Boonie beams with pride.

TURNER

How'd you manage to get this?

BOONIE

Unfortunately it wasn't through TurnCo, sir. But I look forward to doing business in the future.

Turner nods. Bored or poised to strike?

BOONIE

(eager)

Sergeant Masters has told me all about your company. Sounds like a sweet operation. And of course, I lucked out -- having a manager like Masters to learn from.

TURNER

What's he said about TurnCo?

BOONIE

It's not just what he says. I got two eyes. What he's making for himself off the slots -- \$150-200 a night -- that's not chickenfeed.

TURNER

(does an eye raise?)

No.

BOONIE

I know all of us can't expect percentages like that. I appreciate Masters is in a unique position.

TURNER

(eyes narrowing)

What's that?

BOONIE

(confidentially)

How you're grooming him -- to take over when his tour is up. When you retire.

Even an old pro like Turner has trouble masking his outrage. But retirement is the last thing on his mind.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

He told you that.

BOONIE

And he's explained how you and he  
have an exclusive agreement.  
Except for the odds and ends he  
gets through K.C.

(and)

Want another?

Boonie turns away from Turner to get the bottle. He can't help grinning to himself. He really put one over on Turner. He sobers his face and turns back to pour.

TURNER

You're no fool, Lanier.

Maybe he knows Boonie isn't such an innocent. He likes that all the more. No matter the motive -- he trusts the information.

BOONIE

I hope not.

TURNER

(off the cuff)

What did you say that woman's name  
is --- the one he goes to for odds  
and ends?

BOONIE

K.C.

(beat)

But I didn't say she was a woman.

A cloud passes over Boonie's face. He senses that he might have taken care of Masters. But it might not have gone off without a hitch.

TURNER

(nods to bottle)

Gonna pour that?

McMurphy comes in from the helipad. Stops as she hears the sound of ELECTRIC GUITAR MUSIC coming from the ward. As she heads in that direction, the music gets louder.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

MORRISON (O.S.)

(singing)

'Hey, Joe,  
 Where ya goin' with that gun in  
 your hand?  
 (I said) Hey, Joe,  
 Where ya goin' with that gun in  
 your hand?  
 I'm going out with Uncle Sam  
 Going down to South Vietnam  
 I'm going out with Uncle Sam  
 Going down to South Vietnam...'

She looks through the windows and then pushes open the door to find:

40

INT. HOSPITAL WARD

40

Morrison sits at the far end of the ward in a wheelchair -- an electric guitar plugged into a nearby wall socket. He plays lead and sings bass to the definitive garage band song, "Hey, Joe." He wails out his own -- slightly improvised lyrics:

MORRISON

'Hey, Joe,  
 Tell me what are you gonna do?  
 Hey, Joe,  
 Tell me what are you gonna do?  
 Well I guess I'll shoot the  
 commies.  
 That's what I'll do.  
 And I guess the Commie'll do his  
 best to try and shoot me too.'

He sings the song as a driving, angry howl -- close to the original "Leaves" recording. McMurphy looks around the ward.

41

MCMURPHY'S POV - PANNING SHOT

41

These are not the happy, confident faces seen at Montana's farewell. These kids, some of them nod to the driving beat, some of them stare in stony silence -- all of them look intense. Some are upset at Morrison, some are in accord with the angry tone of the song and Morrison's mad rendition.

42

MCMURPHY

42

Shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)



She isn't really angry at him -- how can you get angry at this guy? But as Morrison begins an instrumental interlude, she pulls the plug.

McMURPHY  
That's a little loud.

MORRISON  
Thought it was a free country.

McMURPHY  
You're wrong. It's a hospital.

She wheels him down the ward and out the double doors. As she turns him backwards to pull him through the door, he winks back at the guys.

MORRISON  
Think she's gonna give me my physical?

A few guys laugh. McMurphy jerks his chair out the door.

The wheelchair comes through the door first -- with Morrison protecting his leg and covering his face in mock panic.

MORRISON  
Watch out! Lady driver. Give me back to the enemy!

McMurphy, more amused than angry, lets the door swing shut.

McMURPHY  
You didn't escape -- did you? The V.C. kicked you out.

MORRISON  
Sorry you didn't like my singing.

McMURPHY  
Morrison -- use your head. Most of those guys are going back out. Right now they can't afford to feel anything but good.

MORRISON  
You think that song is what makes them feel mad and helpless and lonely and stupid? You think a song is to blame?

(CONTINUED)

McMURPHY

(exasperated)

You and Natch are a real pair.  
One of you, I can't get to talk.  
The other one I can't get to shut  
up.

MORRISON

V.C. had the same problem. Kept  
bringing us these confessions to  
sign. Mr. Air Force Academy won't  
even read 'em. I can't resist.  
Call the guard over -- 'Look at  
this -- "Acts against the citizens  
of aggression" -- that's a dangling  
modifier -- I can't sign something  
like that.'

(fueled by her  
laughter)

I could keep it up for days.

(what's troubling)

By the time I signed 'em, the  
damn things wouldn't make any  
sense at all.

A beat.

McMURPHY

(hearing him)

But it didn't mean anything --  
what you signed. You shouldn't  
feel --

MORRISON

Austen didn't sign. Austen never  
even smiled at those guys.

McMURPHY

He wasn't there as long as you  
were.

MORRISON

Came out squeaky clean.

McMURPHY

(shaking her head)

No, he didn't. He'll have a hard  
time. And he won't talk.

MORRISON

Hard time? Break my heart.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MORRISON (CONT'D)

Natch is always gonna be the guy that gets the girl, the guy who escapes without a scratch, the guy who comes back to ticker tape parades, and job offers and bouncing baby boys.

McMURPHY

Baby boys?

A beat. He looks at her; realizes what he's said.

MORRISON

(back-pedaling)

I mean, I don't know why I use that as an example -- except -- I was just painting a picture...

His scramble to cover, confirms it.

McMURPHY

(numbly, slowly)

It's okay. I knew. He told me. About the baby.

MORRISON

Jeez -- thought I'd stuck my foot in it that time.

McMURPHY

(a familiar hurt)

Oh no. Nothing new to me.

We STAY ON her face.

It's after hours. Boonie sits on a barstool next to DODGER -- who is fresh from the bush.

BOONIE

You haven't lost it. It's not something you lose.

DODGER

Maybe not. But I'm real rusty.

A yell comes from outside.

MASTERS (O.S.)

Lanier!

(CONTINUED)

DODGER

Is this him? The R.E.M.F. weasel  
himself?

Boonie smiles and nods as Masters storms into the Jet  
Set.

MASTERS

Where the hell is Turner?

BOONIE

(all innocence)  
I thought he was with you.

MASTERS

(waving a message)  
This has to have come through  
Turner. No one else works this  
fast.

BOONIE

(glancing to Dodger)  
What is it.

MASTERS

Transferred, man. I'm outahere.  
Quang Tri. Talk about nowhere.  
(new thought)  
It must have been the bitch.

BOONIE

(quietly)  
Who?

MASTERS

The damn bitch with the beauty  
shop. Used to be one of Turner's  
whores. She must have fed him a  
line a crap about me. Right  
after she gave him one for old  
time's sake.

Boonie doesn't have to think about it. He decks Masters  
with one cumulative blow. Masters is out cold and Boonie  
is rubbing his knuckles before anyone really knows what  
happened. Dodger smiles one of his rare smiles.

DODGER

You're right, Boonie man. You  
don't forget.

45 EXT. MCMURPHY'S ROOM - LOOKING IN THROUGH WINDOW - NIGHT 45

McMurphy stands at the window, looking out. Natch comes and joins her. Puts his hands on her shoulder -- she accepts the hand without responding.

NATCH  
It's an early flight.

McMURPHY  
(nods, quietly)  
Back in the air.

NATCH  
I'll miss you.

When that's all he says:

McMURPHY  
(quietly)  
That day... when I found out about your wife -- you know what the worst thing was? It made me feel like everything we'd done -- had had this lie behind it. There hadn't been one single minute we were together -- that we had really shared. That was the worst.

After a pause, Natch turns her to him. Their faces in profile in the window.

NATCH  
I didn't want that to happen again.

She waits.

NATCH  
(each hard word)  
But I guess it has.

He turns away and looks out the window in despair.

NATCH  
I have to tell you something.

He doesn't know that he's already a different man. McMurphy does. She touches him.

McMURPHY  
Go on.

46 INT. K.C.'S ROOM - NIGHT

46

She lies in bed. And hears her KNOCK.

(CONTINUED)

K.C.

Not open.

The door is banged open violently -- the dead bolt yanked from its place. Turner stands there, completely calm.

TURNER

(smiling, quiet)

You know I don't like to hear no.

K.C.'s face fights off fear as he approaches her.

K.C.

Turner.

He comes up to the bed and slides his walking stick under the sheet. Lifts it back. After an eternity:

TURNER

(conversationally)

Amazing with an old friend... You see each other after years and years... seems like no time has passed at all.

He smiles. She smiles over the panic.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

FADE IN:

47

INT. JET SET - MORNING

47

McMurphy comes up the stairs and finds herself face to face with Morrison who sits on the porch with a bottle of whiskey, his broken leg up on a chair. They look at each other.

MORRISON & McMURPHY

(in unison)

Starting early.

MORRISON

Gotta do this before I can fly --  
what's your excuse?

McMURPHY

I'm lousy at goodbyes.

MORRISON

Gotcha.

(a toast)

Let's have one for Natch Austen.  
Guy who saved my life. Guy I  
never would have said two words  
to in a bar back home. Hell, he  
and I never would have been in  
the same bar back home.

McMURPHY

(her face)

I know what you mean.

MORRISON

Never forget the first time I saw  
him.

(laughing)

Did he tell you about being shot  
down?

McMURPHY

(shaking her head)

He can't talk about it -- until  
the official report.

MORRISON

Fuck that. There he was -- the  
fuselage riddled with machine gun  
fire -- tail pipe smoking -- plane  
doing a nose dive into palm trees.

(laughing)

You know what he was thinking?  
Kick into afterburner.

(CONTINUED)

McMURPHY

Afterburner?

MORRISON

Like overdrive. A real hot dog move -- pours on the speed, double burns the fuel. Not something you do when you're crashing. You know what he said? He said it wasn't a bad thought. But the timing was not ideal.

What began in laughter has ended in tenderness.

MORRISON

Lots of things like that. Good moves, wrong time.

McMURPHY

Thanks. I appreciate that.

MORRISON

Don't be so hard on yourself.

McMURPHY

I'm not.

MORRISON

Walking around like the Scarlett woman. You fell in love. What's to blame?

McMURPHY

Mind your own business.

MORRISON

It is my business. You didn't fall in love with me.

McMURPHY

(his crazy turns)

I was already in love with Natch.

MORRISON

My point exactly. As long as girls like you fall for zoomies like Natch, it will have a direct and lasting impact on my life. I mean, you sincerely like that handsome, confident, successful, silent, healthy, bland, middle of the road, no-danger, no-surprises, wrapped up in himself type?

(CONTINUED)



McMURPHY

As opposed to the messy,  
infantile, brooding, crude,  
complaining, trouble-making,  
wrapped-up-in-himself type?

MORRISON

(big smile)

You have noticed me.

(smiles)

At least with me you'd expect to  
get into trouble.

McMURPHY

(shaking her head)

I only have trouble with zoomies.

MORRISON

What's that tell you?

McMurphy's face. She'd like to say something smart --  
all she can do is nod.

K.C. and Turner are fully-clothed and nowhere near the  
bed. But this is definitely post-something. Turner has  
his wallet out.

K.C.

Put it away, Turner.

TURNER

I insist.

(counting many  
bills)

You've re-affirmed my economic  
faith. Invest in quality. It  
doesn't wear out.

She hates it -- but she can't help glowing at his praise.

K.C.

I thought I'd changed.

TURNER

Hostility attracts me. Why do you  
think I'm in Southeast Asia?

K.C.

You're the master.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

(smiling, dangerous)

And you outsmarted me. Once.

K.C.

I went empty-handed. Just what I had on my back.

TURNER

Impeccable eye for value.

(same tone)

Considering you were nothing but a piece of trash. Right? A piece of trash I picked up.

K.C. is uncharacteristically passive, careful.

K.C.

Long time ago, Turner. You've done okay. An empire.

TURNER

TurnCo grows faster than I can keep track of it.

(the point)

I don't want to expand this far north -- without an agent up here I can trust. What do you think?

K.C.

You're asking me to work in the business end. Now?

(on thin ice)

I've gotten used to being on my own.

TURNER

(frighteningly calm)

You know I don't like to hear no. Say you'll think about it. Like a good girl.

K.C.

(hard to say)

I'll think about it...

TURNER

(prompting her)

But...

K.C.

(an old joke)

I won't be a good girl.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

(hostile laugh)

You haven't forgotten. So let me hear it, K.C. Now that you've seen me -- are you going to miss me?

K.C.

(a whisper)

Of course.

TURNER

(paternal, creepy)

I'm very forgiving, you know. You could come home.

A KNOCK and the door opens. Boonie's got on his most boyish, earnest smile.

BOONIE

(barging in)

Sorry to barge in. I was afraid I'd miss you, sir.

TURNER

I am about to leave.

BOONIE

Wow. I can't believe my good luck in catching you. We had a little bad news. Sergeant Masters got transferred. Out of the blue.

K.C. takes that in -- there is a flicker of acknowledgment between her and Boonie.

TURNER

You don't say.

BOONIE

Yeah, what a surprise. But I don't want you to worry --

(fast talking)

I'll be a big customer. Can I walk you to your transport? I had a few ideas I wanted to run by you -- See, with your pizzas I was wondering if you mix cases -- like half pepperoni, half-mushroom. Cuz I don't think I can handle more than a case a month.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3)

48

K.C. watches the two of them together. It's hard not to laugh.

TURNER

I haven't decided if I'm expanding to China Beach.

(to K.C. as he's ushered out)

I'll be in touch.

She nods. Boonie "allows" Turner to go first out the door.

49 EXT. BOMBED-OUT CHURCH - CONTINUOUS ACTION

49

BOONIE

(old pals)

Well, do you have a private number where I can reach you -- cuz I was thinking -- why not submarine sandwiches? I bet submarine sandwiches would be a gold mine. They even sound military. 'Course I would expect a commission on that -- since it was my idea...

K.C. in the doorway watches them go. An ironic princess, momentarily saved by her knight in shining baggies.

50 INT. K.C.'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

50

She shuts the door; the ripped-up dead bolt comes off in her hand. A shiver runs through her and she begins ripping sheets off the bed, throwing them in a heap on the floor. Then tearing off her clothes and adding them to the pile.

51 EXT. COMPOUND - NEAR BRIDGE - DAY

51

Lila strolls with Stuff who is on a small leash. Stuff's Jeep looms in the b.g.

LILA

You're going to love Montana. You have a wonderful home waiting for you. Try to remember that during the quarantine. I wish I could explain it -- I know you're going to think I abandoned you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

LILA (CONT'D)

But all of us have periods of...  
being alone. The longer they go  
on... the easier it gets. Until  
someone -- or something -- comes  
along and breaks down the wall and  
reminds you... Then it gets tough  
again.

(as the rotors start  
up)

Come on. You don't want to be  
late.

Lila and Stuff make the long walk to the Jeep. Halfway  
there she stoops and carries him.

52 AT JEEP

52

She helps him into a cage, makes sure that the cage is  
secured with a seat belt.

53 TIGER

53

stares out at her, all eyes.

LILA

(fighting tears)

You be a good boy. Make me proud  
of you.

As Lila scratches Stuff through the cage, Dr. Richard  
comes up behind her. Puts a hand on her shoulder. The  
driver jumps in his seat and they step away. Lila blows  
a kiss.

DR. RICHARD

He'll do fine. Thanks to you.

(and)

It's hard to let them grow up.

Lila expects he is being sarcastic and starts to bristle.  
But when she turns to him, she sees that he is being  
straight. She nods bravely. Then puts her head on his  
shoulder. They watch the JEEP RUMBLE over the bridge.

54 ACROSS COMPOUND - AT HELIPAD

54

McMurphy and Natch approach a chopper.

(CONTINUED)

McMURPHY

(stopping)

Call me when you get home -- let me know you made it.

NATCH

(looks at her)

As soon as I get there. And if they don't let me come back, I'll be in touch. When your tour is up, we can --

McMURPHY

No. You were right before --it can be simple: No letters, no messages. I'm not going to look you up. You're not going to write.

NATCH

That's what you want?

McMURPHY

It isn't about Maggie... or the baby. It's about you and me. Something I won't forget. But something I want to say goodbye to.

NATCH

Colleen. I'm going to want to see you.

McMURPHY

Me too. Let's promise we won't.

They embrace. And he runs for the chopper. In the doorway, Morrison blows McMurphy a kiss. Then Natch jumps aboard and the CHOPPER lifts off in an unreal, NOISY moment. She sees his face relax as soon as he's off the ground.

NATCH'S POV

McMurphy fading into a speck on the red cross pattern on the helipad.

CLOSE AGAIN ON McMURPHY

Her face. She doesn't wave.

The SURF ROARS. A bonfire roars. McMurphy and K.C. crouch near the fire.

K.C.

Go ahead.

McMURPHY

I feel a little...

K.C.

It's guaranteed to work.

McMURPHY

Says who?

K.C.

The witchdoctor. The voodoo guy who wrote the book.

McMURPHY

(drinking)

What am I supposed to say?

K.C.

Any mumbojumbo -- but you have to believe in it.

(drinking, laughing)

We need to get serious here.

McMURPHY

You go first.

K.C.

Okay. Okay.

(a declaration)

I, K.C. Koloski. Daughter of dark powers --

She shrugs to McMurphy who cracks up again.

K.C.

-- Burn these clothes -- touched by him.

She tosses a wad of clothing into the bonfire -- It flares up.

K.C.

I burn this shot glass and this ash tray -- touched by him...

(throws them in)

I burn everything --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

K.C. (CONT'D)  
 (aside to McMurphy)  
 Well, everything expendible --  
 touched by him. And lastly -- I  
 burn... his money.

She circles the fire -- throwing in one bill at a time --  
 What begins as a joke, becomes more and more intense with  
 each bill. K.C.'s face takes on a fierce determination.  
 McMurphy follows her footsteps.

McMURPHY  
 Did it work?

K.C.  
 (angry)  
 Like a charm. I feel completely  
 different.

McMURPHY  
 (doubts)  
 I don't really have a 'thing' to  
 burn... for the first one.

K.C.  
 (coaching)  
 Find something.

McMurphy looks around; checks her pockets. Finds a  
 Kleenex. Puts it in the fire.

McMURPHY  
 I burn this Kleenex -- and the  
 tears on it --

K.C.  
 Whoa -- heavy --

McMURPHY  
 Shut up -- I'm getting into this.  
 I burn this from my phone call  
 this afternoon. From Maggie  
 Austen.

K.C.  
 No kidding? What did she say?

McMURPHY  
 (staring in the  
 fire)  
 She was calling to tell me -- she  
 heard from Natch. He's okay.  
 He's on his way home.

(CONTINUED)



K.C.

What did you say?

McMURPHY

I said. 'Thank God. Good luck.'

K.C.

That's good. I mean, it wasn't exactly telling the truth...

McMURPHY

It wasn't remotely telling the truth. At least I meant it. And now -- I've burnt it.

(declaring)

And secondly I burn...

(takes out flight glasses)

... these flight glasses.

(puts them over her eyes, takes them off)

May I see better without them.

May I never sortie again...

K.C.

Careful.

McMURPHY

... With the wrong person.

K.C.

Had me worried there.

McMURPHY

(a pause)

Now what?

K.C.

(pouring from booze bottle)

Blood of wild boar.

McMURPHY

(throwing sand)

Eye of newt.

K.C.

(throwing sand too)

Tongue of frog.

McMURPHY

(in the surf)

Venom of sea serpent!

(CONTINUED)

She throws a handful of water on the fire. It SIZZLES.

K.C.

Don't put it out!

They hover over the fire -- feeding it twigs and blowing on the embers, frantically. It flares back up. They drop into the sand, laughing, finally out of steam.

K.C.

So. How do you feel now?

McMURPHY

(out of breath)

Really... alone.

K.C.

Congratulations. It worked.

FADE OUT.

DARKNESS

McMURPHY (V.O.)

(yawning)

Let's try something bigger. Put a hex on the whole war.

K.C. (V.O.)

Somebody's already done that.

McMURPHY (V.O.)

Yeah, I guess.

THE END