

CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER

FROM THE NOVEL BY TOM CLANCY

SCREENPLAY BY JOHN MILIUS

SECOND DRAFT

16 APRIL, 1991

"The tree of liberty must be refreshed from
from time to time with the blood of patriots
and tyrants."

--Thomas Jefferson, 1787

"The ultimate authority--resides in the people
alone."

--James Madison, The Federalist

FADE IN:

BLACKNESS--With a hint of electronic green, a line sweeps by exposing a bright dot. The dot fades, suddenly the line returns exposing the bright dot again.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sixteen thousand yards. Course zero
seven zero.

Again the line passes--a face lit by the blue light of the radar screens--COMMANDER RED WEGENER, U.S. COAST GUARD. In front of him, his RADAR INTERCEPT OFFICER scans the screens. He looks off to the open door on the side of the bridge. A SAILOR stands in the night rain with binoculars.

INTERCEPT OFFICER

Speed twelve.

WEGENER

He's headed into the storm. This
is the guy we're looking for. Let's
close in now Mr. O'Neil--All Ahead Full.

THE SHIP--White as an iceberg, slicing through heavy waves lit by the moon through a threatening sky. The ship, PANACHE, bears the red stripe and identifying insignia of the U.S. Coast Guard. She is 270 feet long, a Bear Class cutter--76 m.m. gun, large flight deck for helos, crew of 100, top speed of over 20 knots.

THE DOT--Green and bright on the screen--now lines have been super imposed fixing it's position.

O'NEIL (O.S.)

Sir, if I owned a boat like that,
I sure wouldn't run it into a hurricane--

CLOSE O'NEIL. He has the Conn--looks out into the rain.

O'NEIL (cont'd)

--with no radar. His isn't operating.

WEGENER

Whatta you think Portagee?

CHIEF OREZA looks up from his lit plotting board.

CHIEF OREZA

Cowboys.

WEGENER

I hope you're wrong.

OREZA

Cowboys.

Wegener thinks for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

WEGENER

Shut down our radar, they could have ESM and make our transmissions-- We'll turn on again when we make visual contact.

OREZA

Aye Cap'n.

CUT TO:

DAWN. The sky filled with angry clouds--the vanguard of a hurricane. Panache cleaves through thick black swells.

WEGENER. On the side of the bridge looking through heavy binoculars. His eyes squint and the creases in his face show that he has spent a large part of his adult life looking at horizons.

THE SEA--WEGENER'S POV. Tossing up and down. Is something out there? Maybe--maybe not.

RADAR. O'Neil flips it to active.

O'NEIL

Contact bearing one six zero, range six thousand.

WEGENER

Mr. O'Neil, come right to one-eight-five. Shotguns on the duty boat section?

OREZA

Shotguns--Aye Sir.

RADIOMAN

Unidentified yacht bearing one-six-zero-- This is the Coast Guard--Acknowledge and Identify--Repeat--Acknowledge and Identify.

Nothing.

O'NEIL

A busted radio too?

POV--THE SPECK on the horizon through the glasses has become identifiable as a motor yacht.

CLOSE O'NEIL. He raises his glasses.

WEGENER

Turn off the radar--go to General Quarters.

OREZA (into intercom)

NOW, ALL HANDS LAY TO YOUR BATTLE STATIONS!

CUT TO:

CREW running down the decks manning machine guns on either side mid-ships.

O'NEIL (O.S.)

Range one thousand yards. Bearing constant at zero seven zero. Target course and speed unchanged.

SAILORS man positions on the catwalks beside the bridge with M-16 rifles.

WEGENER at the bridge looking through glasses.

WEGENER

Your coming in too close Mister--
Bear off to port.

O'NEIL

Aye Aye Sir.

POV--GLASSES. THE YACHT, fitted out for sport fishing is about 65 feet long. Big enough to need a crew. On the back it's name can be seen.

WEGENER (O.S.)

"Empire Builder Mobile". Well we're
a long way from home.

CLOSE WEGENER. His features sharp--predatory.

WEGENER

Wake 'em up.

A SIREN SOUNDS. A HEAD pops up in the wheelhouse and the yacht breaks into a hard right turn.

OREZA (on loudspeaker)

Empire Builder this is the U.S. Coast Guard.
Heave to and prepare to be boarded.

A MAN fumbles towards the stern and attempts to raise a Panamanian flag.

OREZA (on loudspeaker)

Empire Builder out of Mobile--You are
a U.S. Flag--and we are going to board
you. Heave to--Now!

They continue their turn.

THE .50 barks a three shot burst--plumes off the bow--the yacht drops pover immediately and sinks into the swell.

CUT TO:

ZODIAC. Filled with FOUR SAILORS splashes into frame from hoist--they wear helmets, life vests and carry automatic shotguns. They pitch about in the heavy seas as the motor catches and they speed off towards the yacht.

CLOSE WEGENER. He watches from the bridge catwalk. A SAILOR with rifle is poised at his side.

OREZA (loudspeaker)
Get into the open--muster your crew
on the fantail!

THE "CREW" of Empire Builder, TWO MEN, stand towards the stern and slowly comply.

POV--WEGENER. We see RILEY, a brawny Chief, board first at the stern--shotgun ready. Words are exchanged between him and the two swarthy men but can't be heard. The OTHERS are quickly aboard. Riley suddenly levels the gun and the two men drop to the deck. DOWD and OBRECKI go forward while the fourth MAN takes out handcuffs. Riley then moves down into the cabin. A radio crackles.

RADIO (over)
Sir--this is Riley.

WEGENER (over)
Go ahead Chief.

RILEY (over)
It's a bad one Sir.

His voice is shaky. He comes out of the cabin, looks straight at us, his face pale even through the binoculars.

RILEY (over)
It's a slaughterhouse Sir--It's a
goddamn slaughterhouse in there. There's--
there's still--pieces of--Sir you better
send the video camera.

CLOSE WEGENER. His face set into the wind.

WEGENER
Okay Riley--it'll be over right away--
You come back.

He looks back at the Empire Builder.

CUT TO:

A PHOTOGRAPH of the OWNER in his forties, a prosperous looking yuppie--his attractive younger WIFE and two cute DAUGHTERS.

(CONTINUED)

Wegoner holds the photograph tapping it idly with his fingers. He stands in the wheelhouse with Oreza and Riley. TWO SAILORS are holding several baggies, one of them bloody.

WEGENER

Drugs?

RILEY

Captain--Twenty or so keys in the crews quarters. I didn't use the test kit-- It's straight piracy, rape and murder Sir. I've--I've never seen anything like that. Like a horror movie--but worse.

WEGENER

The prisoners?

CUT TO:

FLIGHT DECK. The two prisoners are chained to the flight deck-- spray keeps the deck wet. A metal bucket is being attached to each man by a rope around the waist.

PRISONER 1

What's the fucking thing for man?

THE LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER, a burly Lieutenant, looks over sharply. Captain Wegener, Oreza, and Riley come through the hanger to the pitching flight deck.

PRISONER 1

What's this for man?

He holds up the bucket.

LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER

Bodily functions--you do it in that and then loosen the line and throw it over.

PRISONER 2

You can't leave us out here asshole-- We gonna drown man--We know our rights.

PRISONER 1

That's right motherfucker.

Wegener looks down at them.

WEGENER

What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

The taller of the two stands first--looks Wegener up and down.

WEGENER (cont'd)

You have to tell us your names.

The tall one spits on the Captain's chest. Riley grabs him and slams him to the deck.

WEGENER (cont'd)

Riley!

He stops.

RILEY

Sorry Sir--I lost it--

WEGENER

Strike 'em below to the most forward hold. That'll be all Chief.

CUT TO:

SHOES. Polished black--walking across a marble polished floor. Another black pair slam together ahead--a MARINE coming to attention.

VOICE

The President is in his office Admiral.

OTHER VOICE

Thank you.

A DOOR SWINGS OPEN. A distinctly handsome gray haired MAN in an expensive suit walks through a small portico and into the oval office of the President of the United States. The man is VICE ADMIRAL JAMES CUTTER, NATIONAL SECURITY AFFAIRS ADVISOR. He does not resemble an Admiral so much as a powerful investment banker. The PRESIDENT is seated at his desk writing a memo in longhand with his SENIOR SECRET SERVICE AGENT at his side. A NAVY STEWARD brings coffee. An attractive thirtyish WOMAN leans over, we see she is wearing an automatic pistol in a waistband holster. Cutter stands before the desk.

PRESIDENT

Croissant Jim--coffee? Sit down.

CUTTER

Thank you Mr. President.

He sits.

PRESIDENT

Could you all excuse me for a minute--Bob--Helen.

(CONTINUED)

The two others nod and leave efficiently. The President lays out a copy of the day's WASHINGTON POST and NEW YORK DAILY NEWS. Stories about the piracy, rape, and murder are underlined in yellow in both papers--though the News is certainly more lurid.

PRESIDENT

What are my options Jim? I think this is certainly a provocation but I want to know all my options.

CUTTER

Well you could ask the Columbians if they needed help--and send the 82nd Airborne.

He hesitates.

CUTTER

But they wouldn't ask you for THAT, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

The American people want a response Jim.

CUTTER (cont'd)

"Showboat".

PRESIDENT

It's dirty--

CUTTER (cont'd)

"Showboat" is a black operation Mr. President--the other side plays dirty.

He picks up the paper.

CUTTER

I think this demonstrates a clear and present danger to National Security.

PRESIDENT

It's your ball Jim--run with it. But I want results--tangible results.

CUTTER

You'll get 'em Sir--Depend on it.

PRESIDENT

It's time these bastards were taught a lesson.

CUT TO:

THE PANACHE. Blasting through heavy seas--the sky's darkening. She no longer cuts through the swells but crashes sideways into them.

FORWARD HOLD. The two prisoners actually come off the floor and slam into a bulkhead--then slam down again. The walls are smeared with blood and vomit.

CUT TO:

BRIDGE--WEGENER. He studies the horizon. O'Neil at his side.

WEGENER

We're gonna have to ride it out with them aboard. Notify Mobile Mister O'Neil.

O'NEIL

Aye Sir.

WEGENER (to Executive Officer)

XO--have Master Chief Oreza, Chief Riley and members of the "Human Relations Committee" lay to my cabin. Do that quietly XO.

CUT TO:

CAPTAIN'S CABIN--Standing are various OFFICERS, the XO, Law Enforcement, O'Neil, also the Chiefs; Oreza, Riley and several OTHERS. The door opens and an attractive BLACK FEMALE OFFICER enters, ENSIGN ALLISON. The Captain sits at his desk, the room is very crowded.

WEGENER

I'm told that our number two main is not delivering full power. Is that correct?

ENGINEERING OFFICER

We'll have to get into it Sir.

Wegener pulls down a large book.

WEGENER

It would seem that in light of the danger we are in--prolonged danger without immediate hope of making a safe port--that the Uniform Code of Military Justice no longer applies. I will have to go to an earlier statute.

OREZA

"Rocks and Shoals" Sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEGENER
Rocks and Shoals.

CUT TO:

FORWARD HOLD. Opened, the prisoners are pulled out.

PRISONER 1
Where're you taking us man. I'm
sick man--I'm sick.

CUT TO:

ENGINEERING--ENGINE ROOM. THE ENGINEERING WATCH OFFICER looks at a computer read out on a control board, behind is the noise of the engine room. A CHIEF who was in Wegener's stateroom, one of the Human Relations Committee, looks up.

CHIEF
We have unusual noise and vibration
on number two main.

ENGINEERING OFFICER
What's it show?

THE OTHER MEN look up.

CHIEF
Possible contamination of lube
oil Sir.

The two men's eyes lock--something communicated, the others don't see.

ENGINEERING OFFICER
Shut it down.

CUT TO:

WARDROOM. All the OFFICERS in the HUMAN RELATIONS GROUP are present and seated at the long table which is covered with a green blanket. They are all dressed properly. Wegener has his hand on the large book. At the far end the two prisoners sit looking quite ill. The wind howls outside, and the ship pitches violently but none of the Officers seem to notice.

WEGENER
Being that we are in jeopardy--an
engine loss--the ability to make only
seven knots and the gravity of the
weather--

He holds the book up on it's edge.

(CONTINUED)

WEGENER (cont'd)

I as Captain have the right according to these statutes which go back to the Eighteenth Century to make this decision.

PRISONER 1

What the shit are you talking about?

WEGENER

Sir--We are holding a Summary Court Martial. Miss Allison is appointed as your counsel.

PRISONER 1

Fuck you man--I got a lawyer in Miami--I gotta right to talk to him.

PRISONER 2

This ain't real man. What they gonna do?

ENSIGN ALLISON

Would you like to review the charges?

PRISONER 1

Fuck you Bitch!

ENSIGN ALLISON

You're not giving me much to work with.

CUT TO:

THE SHIP--NIGHT--Smashing through huge waves.

CUT TO:

THE BOOK--"ROCKS AND SHOALS". Wegener's face looking harshly over it.

WEGENER

Defendants will stand and face the Court.

Riley pulls them to their feet.

WEGENER (con't)

Very well--Defendants are found guilty, the sentence is death by hanging. Sentence to be carried out within the hour. May God have mercy on your souls--Court adjourned.

CUT TO:

HANGER DECK. Prisoner 1 is held on the dark, slippery deck. He looks up to see--

THE YARDARM. Covered with electronic gear. A rope snakes up over it in the wind. On the end of the rope is a noose.

CUT TO:

PRISONER 2. He screams.

PRISONER 2 (crying)
I want a lawyer--Get me a lawyer--

OREZA
You don't need a lawyer--you need
a priest.

CUT TO:

OREZA'S POV--Prisoner 1 is hauled up by the neck kicking his feet. The wind blows him from side to side.

PRISONER 2. Screaming.

PRISONER 2
No-o-o-o-o--

CUT TO:

DAWN--THE SEA--PANACHE. The clean breaking clouds that follow a great storm. The ship rides smooth across the dying swells.

WARDROOM. Prisoner 2, JESUS, sits head down in front of a video camera mounted on a tripod. Ensign Allison and O'Neil operate it fastidiously. Wegener sits at the other end of the desk--while Oreza sits next to the prisoner.

WEGENER
Thank you for your cooperation--
Jesus. We're sorry about your
colleague.

JESUS
To bad for him I guess--

Wegener stands.

WEGENER
We'll talk to the U.S. Attorney.
Chief, you can return the prisoner
to the flight deck--the air will
do him good.

Riley comes forward and takes him. He is broken.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

I would never have believed it.

WEGENER

What.

ALLISON

About the owner--him being so
dirty--his own wife and kids--
Think they knew anything.

WEGENER

No--they never knew. Bring area up
to speed. Remind them to notify the
FBI--use a secure procedure.

CUT TO:

FLIGHT DECK--OREZA AND RILEY. They escort Jesus onto the deck,
his bucket and chain awaiting. He suddenly looks up--on the
other side of the deck Prisoner 1 sits glaring at him. He looks
panicked at the two Chiefs.

RILEY

Easy Jesus--you know things
ain't always what they seem.

CUT TO:

TITLE: CARTEGENA, COLUMBIA

A COLUMBIAN NATIONAL AIRLINER LANDS.

CUSTOMS AREA. A CUSTOMS OFFICER with ridiculous peaked dictator
hat sits behind his metal desk. Behind him is a picture of the
President of Columbia, the glass frame cracked. Before him
stands JACK RYAN, only his passport says "J.T. Williams, Special
Field Representative for Caterpillar Tractors". Ryan, like any
field operative has several passports and stories to match. He
wears glasses and looks rather studious.

OFFICER

Business or--pleasure Mr. Williams?

RYAN (in perfect Spanish)

Business, and I'm looking for a
little fishing before I go home.

OFFICER

Your Spanish is excellent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

Thank you, I grew up in Costa Rica.

OFFICER

I can tell--welcome to Columbia.

CUT TO:

CARTEGENA AIR SERVICES/FLIGHT SCHOOL--A small rental office on the other side of the airport. A tall pleasant looking MAN looks up from a desk as Ryan stands at the door.

RYAN

Buenas dias, I'd like to fly
someplace--if it doesn't rain.

The man is tall, fit--smiling blue eyes.

MAN

There may be rain--this afternoon.

RYAN

If so I have a coat--with a liner.

MAN

Then--the forecast is rain--the
name's Clark.

RYAN

Ryan.

CLARK

I know who YOU are Dr. Ryan--
shall we go?

CUT TO:

CESSNA 310--Roars off towards the distant mountains.

CLOSE RYAN. He looks back at the airport as they leave.

RYAN

Lots of nice airplanes--
expensive airplanes.

CLARK

Price doesn't matter to those
who can afford it. There's a
set of maps and recon photos for
you behind my seat.

Ryan leans back to get it--sees a Benelli automatic shotgun and
two full rucksacks.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

We going camping?

CLARK

Oh--that--no--no--but you can never tell.

RYAN

Do they know you?

CLARK

Some of them. I teach their people to fly--instruments, navigation--elementary evasion tactics. No questions asked. They know I was in the Navy--same as you.

RYAN

How?

He holds up his arm--a grinning red seal tatooed on it. Ryan smiles.

RYAN

For what you did--you should have a serial number--not that.

Clark smiles back.

CLARK

I'm told that you've learned to fly.

RYAN

Where'd you get that?

CLARK

Briefing.

RYAN

I'm learning to live with my demons--that in your briefings?

CLARK

Yes--Why don't you take over--here's your course--I'll hold the map.

Ryan does uneasily-- but feels better when he has control.

RYAN

How motivated are these fellas.

CLARK

You change the word motivated to "macho". You know, the cult of manliness. It's a sword that cuts both ways.

CUT TO:

MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN--The outskirts of a modern city seen from the air. Modern tall buildings sit at the center in a haze--on the outskirts, the inevitable slums.

CLARK (O.S.)

It's almost eight thousand feet--
Medellin--and they live on the highest
hills like medieval castles.

CLOSE RYAN. He looks through binoculars--

CLARK (points)

There--

A DISTANT WHITE STRUCTURE on a hilltop.

RYAN

Can we get closer?

CLARK

No--straight and level--like we
have someplace to go.

RYAN'S POV--A large grey and white ranch house, very modern, no expense spared, a long road twists up to it--but what really sets it apart are the walls and cleared areas around the approaches.

CLARK (O.S.)

360 degree interlocking fields
of fire. Command detonated front lawn.

CUT TO:

CESSNA--Banking slightly and heading up a long valley. An even bigger mansion-fortress lies almost directly below.

CLOSE CLARK. He watches Ryan.

CLARK

The man who commissioned that
house is growing quite an ego--
They don't use the stuff they sell
do they--but this guy, he's hooked
on the most powerful narcotic there
is--Power.

CUT TO:

HOUSE WALL--RADAR DISK--Sweeps as the plane flies over. In the central garden below a GROUP OF MEN sit at an elegant iron table wrought in floral patterns. The men are dressed in very expensive casual clothes, mostly from London. They have finished their meal and smoke Cuban double coronas. The man who owns the house, ERNESTO ESCOBEDO, has been one of the senior members of the Cartel since it's inception. He is tall for a Columbian, and has the bearing of a world leader.

(CONTINUED)

ESCOBEDO (in Spanish)
Cortez--Felix Cortez, formerly of
the Cuban DGI--one of the finest
intelligence professionals in the
Western Hemisphere--if not the world.

CARTEL MEMBER
What make's him turn on his masters?

ESCOBEDO
Money--

OTHER MEMBER
What would keep him from doing the
same to us?

ESCOBEDO
Does anyone have more than we do?
No, seriously--the man is ambitious.
He will not stray. He was trained
by the Soviets.

ANOTHER MEMBER
How can we get the best from him Ernesto?

ESCOBEDO
Espionage--counter espionage--but
most importantly--intelligence.

OTHER MEMBER
Bring him here--

ESCOBEDO
Impossible.

MEMBER
Why?

ESCOBEDO
He's busy--

OTHER MEMBER
Where?

ESCOBEDO
Washington.

CUT TO:

A WOMAN'S FACE--She is beautiful, a little past her youth but
with the ripe sensuality a woman gets in her early 40's. The
candlelight of this expensive restaurant shadows her fine high
cheekbones. Her eyes sparkle but she looks with a sad,
understanding gaze.

(CONTINUED)

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

When she visited the doctor to confirm her pregnancy--routine tests--only six months. That's all it took. It was the same with your husband Moira?

MOIRA

No--it was longer--

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I had nothing, when Maria was gone-- the baby--I had nothing. Perhaps it was God's way of punishing me.

MOIRA

For what Roberto?

ROBERTO

For marrying a younger woman--
For not waiting for you.

She reaches out her hand--his takes it. She caresses his fingers.

MOIRA

That was a long time ago.

She looks into his eyes and now we see HIM--handsome, Latin, middle aged but fit. He has a wonderful sympathy in his eyes-- a hurt little boy look. The look was learned and practiced for countless hours in a mirror under criticism at KGB Headquarters, but that was a long time ago.

CUT TO:

TAXICAB--Driving leisurely down the Washington Mall--the U.S. Capital lit up in the background.

CLOSE CORTEZ--MOIRA. They kiss passionately, she breathes fast and hard and tries to glance at the driver. His hands sweep her dress up over her moving thighs which show smooth and firm in the moonlight. She gasps for him to stop but he doesn't listen.

DISSOLVE TO:

CORTEZ' HOTEL SUITE. They writhe in the throes of her final orgasm and then subside. The dim light sparkles off their sweaty bodies--the sound of her breathing, gasping predominates. He turns his head away and the light glints coldly off his eyes.

CORTEZ (softly)

Thank you Moira--I didn't know if
I--it's been--

(CONTINUED)

MOIRA

I'm--I'm the one who's out of--practice.

His eyes never change.

CUT TO:

CHAMPAGNE GLASS--On a night stand--almost empty, a sweaty bottle nearby.

CORTEZ (O.S.)

What will your children think?

MOIRA (O.S.)

That I'm on a date--I'm a big girl--
they won't wait up.

CUT TO:

MOIRA--Laying back gazing at him, running her hand over his shoulders.

CORTEZ

I am wealthy--you know that. I have
two factories in Venezuela. We make
auto parts. That is, besides my family
money. But I know nothing of you.

MOIRA

I'm an executive secretary. I've
worked in the same place for fifteen
years.

CORTEZ

Here--in Washington?

MOIRA

I know you won't believe it, but
my boss is Emil Jacobs--

CORTEZ

Jacobs?

MOIRA

He's the Director of the FBI.

CUT TO:

TITLE: FORT ORD CALIFORNIA
7TH LIGHT INFANTRY DIVISION
"LIGHTFIGHTERS"

A stretch of brush, the distant hills of Monterey behind. Dropping back, it can be seen that the empty landscape is downrange from a firing line. A few rusted ACP's and trucks stick out of the brush as well as a frame side house with windows. Nothing moves out there. In the foreground SEVERAL MEN sit in what looks like rag suits. These are in fact "gillie" suits used by a sniper to completely disguise himself in any cover. A young MAN, Hispanic, extremely fit and sharpened like a razor parades in front of them. His pace is methodical and precise. His hands are clasped behind him and his manner would suggest that of Napoleon. He is STAFF SERGEANT DOMINGUES CHAVEZ. Five years ago he belonged to the his gang, today he is the premier Scout/Sniper in the Division.

CHAVEZ

The reason I found you clowns is because you were sloppy. You became lazy--every one of you. You just quit. When you do that I win. But I am a nice man, a compassionate humanitarian man. I will not kill you. I will not even laugh at you or yell at you. Do you know why, because I pity you. Who is left out there Private Burns?

BURNS

Sergeant Julio Sir.

CHAVEZ

Oso?

BURNS

Yes Sir.

CHAVEZ

I'm tired of waiting--

He walks over to a huge spotting scope where several other trainees look. The man looking through moves aside.

CHAVEZ

See anything?

MAN

No Sir.

A staff car drives up. Several OFFICERS get out--a MAJOR and a CAPTAIN. The Captain, RAMIREZ, is obviously Hispanic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAJOR

That'll be Sergeant Chavez on the spotting scope.

CLOSE CHAVEZ. He sits down behind the scope. His face intense and confident.

CUT TO:

DOWNRANGE. A MAN totally camouflaged in a gillie suit. If it were not for the camera angle, he would appear to be a bush. He is behind other brush, and works his rifle up to a hole he's made in it.

POV CHAVEZ--The spotting scope slowly traverses the area where the man lies. Chavez just seems to know.

POV SCOPE--Of the sniper rifle(M-24) through the mid-dot reticle. It is on Chavez sitting looking right at him--200 meters away.

CLOSE SNIPER--OSO--breathing hard, holding his breath, sweat running down his camo face.

CLOSE THE RIFLE MUZZLE--it protrudes beyond the bush.

CLOSE CHAVEZ--his face enormous.

CHAVEZ (on bullhorn)

Hold it! I see you! Do you think you fool me! Freeze where you are.

CLOSE OSO. Another trainer walks towards him with a stick.

CHAVEZ (O.S.)

Back--back--to your right--yes--

He walks up right up to Oso.

CHAVEZ

There--

He points at him.

CHAVEZ

Stand up.

Oso does sheepishly.

CUT TO:

RAMIREZ--Standing before Chavez--holding the M-24.

(CONTINUED)

RAMIREZ

You'll be sent east of here for high altitude conditioning. If it stops there the deal still holds about promotion to E-7. If it goes further and we need your special skills, no one will ever know. No one.

CHAVEZ

But what about the school Sir--it's sort of my baby. Nobody--

RAMIREZ

It'll get along without you. You came from the street Sergeant. Unusual for a sniper. You owe everything you are to us. It's time to pay the bill.

He motions his hand, expecting an answer. Chavez nods yes.

RAMIREZ

Is that affirmative Sergeant?

CHAVEZ

Yes Sir. That is affirmative Sir.

RAMIREZ

Outstanding Lightfighter. You will select an observer to accompany you. Hispanic, same deal.

CHAVEZ

Yes Sir.

RAMIREZ

How did you catch that last man Sergeant?

Chavez holds up the muzzle of the rifle--the crown is bright--it has not been camouflaged. Very small but bright.

CHAVEZ

Nothing in nature looks like this Sir.

RAMIREZ

Outstanding Sergeant.

CUT TO:

SERGEANT JULIO--Oso, a big man standing at attention in front of Chavez. He is an E-5, one less stripe.

OSO

The Staff Sergeant wishes to see me?

(CONTINUED)

CHAVEZ

Affirmative--at ease. Relax, I have a deal for you.

OSO

A deal Sir?

CHAVEZ

Cut that Sir crap--I'm a Staff Sergeant. I work for a living, same as you.

(pause)

There's a job--it's dirty--it's classified--TDY with some spook outfit.

OSO

Special Ops?

CHAVEZ

Something of that nature. But it's so black they want Lightfighters--

OSO

Why?

CHAVEZ

Because we own the night. I need an observer--You could be killed and no one will know. But if we make it--a new stripe.

OSO

Ninja!

He puts out his hand, they slap a gang handshake.

CHAVEZ

You got any family Homeboy? You married or in love?

OSO

No way man--I'm saving up for a Corvette.

Chavez stands up.

CHAVEZ

Lightfighter!

They salute--Oso turns and leaves.

CUT TO:

TITLE: FBI ACADEMY, QUANTICO VIRGINIA

THE DARK GREY FBI BUILDING. Jack Ryan gets out of his car and looks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AN OFFICE. SPECIAL AGENT DAN MURRAY, a tall, pleasant looking man with boyish greying hair. He looks more like someone from the creative community than an FBI agent. Ryan sits across from him. On a tape playback we see Jesus confessing, but the volume is low.

RYAN

Hanged them--that's the best
sea story I've heard in a while.

MURRAY

I think they did it--I know they did--
but those Coaster's are tough. No one
is going to break.

RYAN

What would it do to your case?

MURRAY

Nothing--we're not using the confession--
we've got those vermin cold on physical
evidence. Blood, semen samples--weapons,
fingerprints--pieces of the victims.

RYAN

I suppose they have good lawyers?

MURRAY

The best money could buy if you
can call it that. But what I wanted
to tell you about is something else.
Take a walk with me.

CUT TO:

EMPTY FIRING RANGE--Surrounded by verdant woods and large grassy
areas--twilight. The two men walk.

MURRAY

The owner was dirty--he was rich--
very rich, so he did a lot of foreign
banking--numbered accounts--Switzerland,
Luxembourg, the Caymen Islands. But it
wasn't all his own money.

RYAN

Whose was it?

MURRAY

Theirs--the confession tipped us off,
this wasn't piracy, it was payback.
We searched his house--it was big--bigger
than anyone knew. He had a large safe
underground--tapes, records, codes, detailed
transactions. He'd had his hand in the
till for quite awhile. He was careful,
good, shrewd.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

But not enough.

MURRAY

The Cartel didn't get where they are by being stupid. Never underestimate the power of greed.

RYAN

You can seize the funds--

MURRAY

It's legal Jack.

RYAN

How much are we talking about--

MURRAY

Right now between six and eight hundred million.

Ryan stops.

RYAN

Jesus--wait till the President hears!

MURRAY

We're still looking--we'll find more-- but this is going to hurt 'em. Hurt 'em bad. That's what he wanted, wasn't it?

RYAN

That's what he wanted.

MURRAY

Emil thinks he should go to Columbia-- meet with the Prime Minister--this could be a turning of the tide. They might be more willing to cooperate.

RYAN

Someone should go to Columbia, but not the Director of the Bureau.

MURRAY

Emil's known the Prime Minister for years--and it's his way.

RYAN

Eight hundred--a billion maybe--just because of a wild Coast Guard Captain. You think he really hung that guy up?

MURRAY

Yep--I'm a cop--I know.

CUT TO:

AN OPEN PARADE GROUND in a high altitude training area. FORTY MEN, roughly two platoons, stand in formation. They are all Hispanic, all sergeants. Tough redneck INSTRUCTORS stand in front of them with Captain Ramirez. A MAN steps forward.

MAN

Staff Sergeant Rafael Montecruz,
Rifleman 2nd Battalion 75th Rangers,
Fort Lewis Washington.

Chavez steps out next.

CHAVEZ

Staff Sergeant Domingo Chavez,
Scout/Sniper 3rd of the 17th,
7th Light Infantry.

Another MAN steps up.

MAN

Sergeant Steve Flores, Scout/Grenadier
1st of the 9th Air Cav.

CUT TO:

THE MEN--Running through high alpine country. They wear full packs, faces painted, Ranger hats. Instructors run alongside.

INSTRUCTOR

Are you tired! Perhaps we should
go to the health club and get some
investment bankers. They do THEIR
exercises. Lawyers run faster than
you!

CUT TO:

NIGHT--BARRACKS--THE MEN lay exhausted on their cots. Oso looks over at Chavez.

CHAVEZ

Altitude man--I thought I was in
shape too.

OSO.

Hey Esse--why you pick me?

CHAVEZ

Cause you're a homeboy and a
Sergeant--like everyone else
here. Besides--I only caught
you by luck.

OSO

But you saw the glare on my muzzle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAVEZ

I thought I did--maybe I had a good hunch--Sometimes you got to go on your instincts.

OSO

Yeah--well where does your instinct say we're going?

CHAVEZ

Well it's not Saudi Arabia Vato.

CUT TO:

JUNGLED HILLS--High in elevation, stretching to the horizon, a beautiful view. Two men sit at the side of a large rock encrusted swimming pool--Escobedo and Cortez. They enjoy the view--the distant valls seem deserted, as if these two are the only inhabitants of this huge villa.

CORTEZ (all in Spanish)

I've recruited two people. One for monetary considerations--the second will perform for--other reasons.

ESCOBEDO

Who are they?

CORTEZ

Their identity must remain secret. This is a principle of proper intelligence operations.

ESCOBEDO (irritated)

Did you refuse information to your previous superiors?

CORTEZ

Yes--Jefe--I understand how you feel.

An uneasy silence--Escobedo pours a drink carefully.

CORTEZ (cont'd)

Castro himself asked me the same question--in regard to the KGB--and I gave him the same answer. It must be so.

Escobedo just stares coldly at him.

ESCOBEDO

So what have you learned?

CORTEZ

Something is afoot. I have no specifics as of yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESCOBEDO

And what makes you think so?

CORTEZ

I can tell you this--I stopped in Mobile on my return--where your men are being held in a Federal prison. Our people have failed to make progress. There is no response.

ESCOBEDO

They will always respond. They always make a deal--some kind of deal.

Cortez shakes his head.

CORTEZ

The only deal their FBI would offer is regular or extra crispy.

ESCOBEDO

What is this?

CORTEZ

He is either referring to fried chicken or the electric chair.

CUT TO:

TITLE: BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL, MARYLAND

THE HOSPITAL.

CUT TO:

ADMIRAL GREER--In a private room--a NURSE at his side. He has a tube through his nostril--others in his arms. He is not the robust man we remember from "Red October". He is a man who is going to die. The nurse leans over him.

NURSE

Dr. Ryan, Admiral--

GREER

Jack?

Jack Ryan steps forward--the nurse leaves.

GREER (cont'd)

I was hoping you'd come by Jack. Much to say and no time. How goes the war?

RYAN

We're ready to start--it looks real tight. I've met our Field Operative,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN (CONT'D)

Mr. Clark--he seems good. He'd like to do them all in. Start a gang war. He thinks we're going too slow.

GREER

They always do--they're no good if they don't. What about Cutter?

RYAN

So far so good--I don't trust him though.

GREER

You're right--your enemies are not always out there. Clear everything with the President--Everything. You don't need guidance Jack--you're smart enough--and you know what's right. Forget the politics--it's a load of shit. When you lay here like this, you know what you think about?

RYAN

No Sir.

GREER

When they made you a Marine Lieutenant--you swore an oath before God. I understand why we do that now. It's a help--something to remind you. That's the last lesson Jack--You carry on from here.

A silence.

GREER (cont'd)

When you see your family tonight, you give 'em my love and tell 'em their daddy is a good guy--Now get out of here.

Ryan hesitates.

GREER (cont'd; fading)

That's an order Lieutenant.

Ryan leaves quietly--Greer fades into sleep.

HALLWAY--RYAN, A DOCTOR, AND A NURSE.

DOCTOR

Not much longer--I'm sorry--but there never was much hope.

RYAN

Keep him comfortable.

CUT TO:

TITLE: PORT EVERGLADES--FLORIDA

THE PANACHE--Being loaded dockside--JP-5 aviation fuel, extra stocks of food, army cots, medical supplies, and finally crates of ammunition. All this is supervised by Red Wegener and his crew. Jack Ryan walks up the stern gangway.

RYAN

Captain Wegener?

WEGENER

That's right.

RYAN

Jack Ryan--

WEGENER

Nice to meet you Dr. Ryan--
Do we deserve a visit from
the Company?

RYAN

Well, you're sort of ours right
now--in a manner of speaking.

He looks around.

RYAN (cont'd)

Security should certainly be
no problem with this crew.

WEGENER

You must be referring to that
silly story. You and your FBI
buddies really believe that?
It's a good story though. We're
flattered.

CLARK

That's why you're working for us.

WEGENER

Like I say, we're flattered but why
would we hang only one of 'em? Both
the bastards are murderers and besides,
they're still alive. How would that
make me feel.

CLARK

The FBI will see if they can help
your conscience Captain.

WEGENER

Will I see you again, Dr. Ryan?

CLARK

Not if everything works--good luck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He goes down the gangway. A loudspeaker blares out preparations for casting off.

CUT TO:

THE WHITE HOUSE--ADMIRAL CUTTER'S OFFICE. The National Security Advisor maintains a large office deep in the Pentagon building, as well as offices and staff in the White House. Cutter paces in his large office near a wall covered with pictures of himself at various stages of his career. Ryan sits uncomfortably in a chair at his desk.

CUTTER

What can go wrong?

RYAN

We're not immune. Shit happens, as they say. We're compartmentalized. Air, Ground, and Sea get instructions from satellite radios--they won't even know where from.

CUTTER (nervous)

What about the field operative, Clark?

RYAN

He seems the type--Sierra Hotel.

CUTTER

He's yours Ryan--If he gets loose and goes cowboy, it's your ass.

RYAN

Do you know something I don't?

CUTTER

Yeah--that's my job Mr. Ryan-- You just keep yourself from being too Sierra Hotel.

RYAN

Aye Aye Sir.

CUTTER

Go on.

RYAN

The total on the whole Op is less than a hundred, and only ten know the whole story including the President. You have briefed the President, or would you like me too?

Cutter stops.

(CONTINUED)

CUTTER

No--he's been briefed.

RYAN

In writing, Sir.

Cutter spins around.

CUTTER

Who do you think--You getting smart with me Son?

RYAN

It's policy Sir--I don't mean to offend, but Admiral Greer would not allow us to proceed without written permission.

Cutter is angered but controls himself.

CUTTER

How is Admiral Greer?

RYAN

He's not going to make it Sir. Pancreatic cancer.

CUTTER

It was sudden--very sudden.

RYAN

The Admiral always said to count on the unexpected.

CUTTER

You're very likely to have that job aren't you?

RYAN

I believe that's in bad taste to discuss, Sir.

CUTTER (going cold)

Alright--then let's be honest Ryan--Greer, you--the CIA doesn't want to be left out to dry--That's it, isn't it?

RYAN

We don't have the authority, Sir.

Cutter goes to his desk--opens it.

CLOSE PAPER--LETTERHEAD, THE WHITEHOUSE--He writes with a gold pen--"You are authorized by the President..."

CLOSE CUTTER. He folds up the paper, puts it in an envelope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTER

I have the authority Ryan.

He hands it to him.

CUTTER (cont'd)

You may proceed at all good haste.

THE PANACHE. Moonlit night on the Caribbean.

THE BRIDGE--WEGENER. The radio crackles.

RADIO

Zulu King Two Five--requesting
vector--over.

WEGENER

Mr. O'Neil--Go to flight quarters--
correct course into the wind.

O'NEIL

Flight Quarters!

CUT TO:

A HUGE BLACK HELICOPTER--An Air Force HH-53 Super Stallion fitted out for Special Operations. Red lights only. It throbs in at wave height level.

FLIGHT DECK--PANACHE. The enormous helicopter can't land on the Panache's flight deck, but pulls along side and is steered so it comes over the deck sideways and hovers. The back ramp comes down, and armed men in full packs jump from it. They land on their feet at a run and quickly cover the distance to the hanger. In a matter of seconds twenty men have disappeared into the hanger and the big black helo shudders away.

CUT TO:

MOIRA--FBI BUILDING. She is arranging flowers on her desk in her large office that adjourns the Directors. She wears a trim suit and has a bounce in her movements, a girlishness. Voices drift in from the doorway.

VOICE

Their lawyer is going after
the Coasties--

OTHER VOICE (tired)

It wouldn't matter

ANOTHER VOICE

Of course it would matter--if the
press gets a hold of it--The least
it'll do is slow the process down--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTHER VOICE

Piracy, rape, murder--rape and
murder of children too--You expect
to keep anyone in jail for that?

EMIL JACOBS walks out--followed by Murray who stands in the
door. Emil is short, bald, middle aged, dressed in a
conservative banker's suit. He is the owner of the tired voice.

EMIL

Moirs--make a feasibility study
and schedule for my Columbian trip--
on about the 1st.. I'll be meeting
with the Attorney General, Defense and
Internal Security people.

Moirs goes to her desk.

EMIL (cont'd)

That's a nice outfit Moirs--
You look good--if I were single.
(he smiles)
I'm glad for you Moirs.

He goes back in. She sits down slightly embarrassed and starts
to open her appointment book.

INTERCOM

Long distance Moirs--from Venezuela--
for you, and he sounds like a hunk.

Moirs is really embarrassed now--she hasn't felt like this since
high school.

MOIRS

Hello--Roberto--No I'm fine--
No--Nothing too busy. Well the
Bureau is like anyplace else--
lots of little things.
(pause)
I knew you'd call--I was waiting--of
course I did--
(pause)
I'd--I'd like that too--

PULL IN:

MOIRS

Listen--there's a good chance my boss
is going to be taking a trip around the
1st.--out of the country, so I'll have
the whole weekend--

CUT TO:

THE PANACHE--DUSK. She steams south into a darkening sky.

CUT TO:

FLIGHT DECK--TWENTY MEN in olive drab fatigues, nondescript uniforms that could belong to anyone's army. Before them on the deck is layed out their personal equipment--packs, canteens, personal weapons, ammo, radios, explosives. These are twenty men we've seen before--Hispanic, longer hair, sergeants. Chavez crouches down next to Oso.

CHAVEZ
Rangefinders.

Oso checks a laser rangefinder and a passive optical device..

OSO
Check--well Ding--I think this settles it.

He looks up at the clouds and smells the sea air.

OSO (cont'd)
Smells like the Caribbean to me.

CHAVEZ
So it's Cuba or dopers.

OSO
Dopers--

Chavez picks up his exotic heavy 7.62 rifle--checks the tape he had put on the scope caps.

CHAVEZ
My sister died of an OD. She was sixteen.

OSO
What about the rest of your family, Ding?

CHAVEZ
I ain't got any.

OSO
That bad.

CHAVEZ
Yeah--like the man said, it's time to pay the bill.

Ramirez strides past.

RAMIREZ
Alright Gentlemen--let's suit up.
Team Knife on the right--Team Omen on the left--Let's Move.

CUT TO:

FLIGHT DECK. A BLACK SHAPE with dim red lights materializes out of the right to be a HH-60 Blackhawk helicopter--only it makes far less noise than any helicopter we've ever heard. It is festooned with devices such as refueling probes, jamming antennae, long range fuel tanks, and FLIR(Forward Looking Infrared) Pods. It settles on the deck easily and is tied down. The rotors still turn and a MAN jumps out. Wegener and Riley go to meet him. He has a helmet and mike on and dresses in fatigues like the others. Something looks familiar about his tall form.

WEGENER

Mr. Clark--

CLARK

Glad to meet you Captain.

Ramirez and the others run across the deck and into the chopper. A DOOR GUNNER with a 7.62 mini-gun looks like a bug with his night vision goggles on.

CUT TO:

COCKPIT--THE PILOT, A BLACK MAN with gray eyebrows looks back at the men sitting in position, their faces blackened, weapons glinting.

CO-PILOT

Papa Lima Clear.

The pilot is COLONEL PAUL JOHNS, USAF.

COL. JOHNS

Pilot's airplane.

THE BLACKHAWK swings away from the Panache--gathering speed.

CREW BAY. The soldiers sit packed together--ten of them.

Clark leans up.

CLARK

Alright dog tags--get 'em off,
pass 'em forward--anything else
that might be used for identification.
Check your pockets Gentlemen.

They do.

RAMIREZ

We ready to go do it Team knife?

TEAM KNIFE

Yes Sir!

CUT TO:

THE BLACKHAWK--Whipping in over the beach--flat and swampy in the moonlight--headed for a distant low plateau.

JOHNS (over)

Variable this is Papa Lima. I'm feet dry--I repeat feet dry.

CREW CHIEF (over)

LZ-1 in two minutes.

THE BLACKHAWK--Turning over the deep palm and brush jungle not even slowing down.

CREW CHIEF (over)

LZ in sight--looks clear.

POV NIGHT VISION GOGGLES--As Johns brings the helo down fast towards a swampy clearing.

JOHNS (over)

Looks like a rice paddy--old times.
Here we go--Get Ready!

He mashes the helo out at the last second--barely settling.

CREW BAY. The Crew Chief is standing, the door's wide--the Gunners scanning the treeline with miniguns ready. Clark is first in the door.

CREW CHIEF

Go! Go! Go!

Clark is gone followed by Ding, Oso, and the others--Ramirez is last--checking. Chavez runs ten steps to his left to avoid the tail rotor then throws himself down into the mud. The whine of the engines increases and a dark spectral shape floats over him and is gone. The sound soon dissipates and Chavez looks around. He can hardly see anyone else. They are alone in enemy territory and he grasps his rifle, taking strength from it.

CUT TO:

FELIX CORTEZ--Sitting in a hotel lobby three hundred miles from LZ-1 and Ding Chavez. He looks bored, he's been waiting a long time. SEVERAL BODY GUARDS stand at the stairs and elevator. They do not conceal their weapons, arrogant thugs. The elevator light shows--doors open--Escobedo and a sleek exotic looking YOUNG WOMAN with the haughty beauty of a model. She whispers in his ear in Spanish. He smiles, looks contented, and in front of his men gives her a long sensuous kiss, then bids her to go with one of the guards. Then, as if just noticing Cortez, he glances over. He walks past, Cortez follows.

ESCOBEDO

I pay you for results Colonel.

THEY GO OUTSIDE--more THUGS--the inevitable waiting Mercedes 6.9 liter sedan.

(CONTINUED)

CORTEZ

When I have something to say--you
will be the first to know--

Escobedo glares at him as they get in, and they drive away with
several other cars front and back.

ESCOBEDO (V.O.)

My couriers--you believe that story
about the interrogation.

THE CAR. Escobedo lights a cigar--passes one to Cortez as a
second thought.

CORTEZ

Men cannot be relied upon
to keep quiet. In the business
of intelligence, human beings are the
easiest code to break.

ESCOBEDO

They were from Medellin--they have
been tested before--not intelligent--
but faithful. As for the American they
killed--he was a thief--a foolish thief.
He was even taking drugs back from the
Bahamas when they eliminated him.

CORTEZ

His family and the little girls--
it was not professional.

ESCOBEDO

When we had sufficient evidence, we acted.
We acted like Men--and people know that.

CORTEZ

As long as you're happy--the Director
of the FBI is taking a trip soon--
it could be related.

ESCOBEDO

Where? I thought you had nothing.

CORTEZ

Nothing specific--have you--a--

He motions with his cigar--Escobedo fumbles for a lighter.

CUT TO:

TITLE: FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER, MOBILE, ALABAMA

AGENT MURRAY, JACK RYAN, AND ANOTHER TALL MAN walk down a long
hallway. The man, EDWIN DAVIDOFF, U.S. Attorney, has a stern
purpose to his walk, expectant, aggressive; the others can
hardly keep up with him. He turns sharply into a prisoner
detaining area.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDOFF

Good Morning, I am the United
States Attorney, Edwin Davidoff.

Before him, behind a long steel desk are the two pirates and
their attorney, STEVEN STUART, a slick Miami based criminal
defense lawyer, very expensive.

STUART

Steve Stuart--who are they?

DAVIDOFF

FBI--By the way--you can remove the
prisoners, Officer.

THE TWO ARMED OFFICERS step forward to do so.

PIRATE #1

Hey--you can't say nothing without
telling us--

DAVIDOFF

You'll be informed in due time.

The guards pull them briskly away.

PIRATE #1

Fuck you--you gotta tell us everything.

They watch until the pirates are gone. The heavy metal door
clangs shut.

RYAN

Your early statement said they came
from Costa Rica. They're both Columbian
citizens with nearly a dozen arrests
between them.

STUART

That factor doesn't matter here today.

DAVIDOFF

I've asked for an early trial date. Your
clients committed mass murder and they're
going to pay in full.

STUART

What about the considerations the
Coast Guard offered my clients.

RYAN

We don't need their confessions.

STUART

Because it was obtained through
flagrantly illegal--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN (cold)

We don't need it.

Stuart stops, considers for a moment then leans forward.

STUART

I can give you information.

Murray leans in.

MURRAY

They've told us everything they know already.

STUART

What?--

DAVIDOFF

This is a murder case. They're going to pay.

STUART

This isn't the way things are done.

RYAN

Perhaps that's the problem. We're sending a message with this one.

STUART

You're going to execute my clients just to send a message.

DAVIDOFF

I know we probably disagree on the value of capital punishment.

He sees he can get nowhere.

STUART

I'm willing to trade all their information--and a murder confession for life.

DAVIDOFF

No deal.

Stuart looks around like a rat--gets up and leaves abruptly, composing himself. Ryan leans in towards Murray.

RYAN

Dan--why'd you lie about them giving us information.

MURRAY

I didn't lie--I just stretched the truth--
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURRAY (CONT'D)

They gave us their names didn't they--maybe that's all they know. But one thing's for sure--the wheels of justice turn slow and are never sure. What I told him could speed up due process considerably.

DAVIDOFF (smiling)

You think he would violate his lawyer-client relationship?

MURRAY

Never.

CUT TO:

TITLE: CARACAS VENEZUELA

AN OUTDOOR BAR--Overlooking the city--it is quiet, late in the day, before the night customers arrive. An attractive YOUNG WOMAN, the barmaid, sets candles and matches at the tables. A phone rings--she rushes upstairs.

THE TELEPHONE--She picks it up.

WOMAN

Diaz y Diaz.

Stuart's voice is clear.

STUART (V.O.)

Who am I speaking to.

WOMAN (in perfect English)

This is Maria.

STUART

I wish to speak with Dr. Rivera.

WOMAN

Thank you, I'll see if he's in.

She pushes a series of buttons--electronic chirps.

CUT TO:

TITLE: MEDELLIN, COLUMBIA

PHONE--Ringing on a glass table on the verandah of an apartment in the city. Cortez leans out of a couch and picks the phone up.

WOMAN (O.S. in Spanish)

Senior Diaz--this is Maria--the wind is from the north and it is sunny.

(CONTINUED)

CORTEZ

Proceed.

Electronic stutter.

STUART (V.O.)

Hello Dr. Rivera.

CORTEZ

Yes--this is Rivera--how can
I help you.

STUART (V.O.)

I can't cut a deal--Your boys are
spilling the beans. They're singing.
I got nothing to work with--I can't
do my job without cooperation--You
gotta tell me--

CORTEZ

I understand your problem Sir--We know
you are doing the best you can.

STUART (V.O.)

Listen--I'm embarrassed at calling--
I'm no flake--I know what I'm--

CORTEZ

I understand Sir--We are grateful for
YOUR loyalty and professionalism. It
is good you called.

CUT TO:

TITLE: FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER--MOBILE ALABAMA

THE MAXIMUM SECURITY WING. MEN file down the rows of cells.
The two Pirates are among them.

SHOWERS--Constantly on, the men take off their clothes, move
through the showers and out the back where they circle around to
the dressing area again. As the Pirates undress, the shower
seems to empty. They are the last to go through. The Pirates
enter and walk to the farthest shower. They are followed by
four other MEN. The two closest are big muscular Blacks that
appear to be Twins. As the steam swirls about, the first Twin
looks to see if he can find the guards in the dressing area.

CLOSE PIRATE 1--He snaps around right and left.

CLOSE HANDS--Pass two metal shanks, made of twisted and
sharpened bed springs. They finally end up in the two large
black hands.

TWINS--They turn casually to the first Pirate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIN 1

Mr. Escobedo sends his greetings.

The first Pirate smiles for a second thinking he's been saved. The shank is brought brutally into his neck. When he gags, and puts his hands up, he is stabbed expertly under the arm piercing his chest. He slumps against the wall. The second Pirate screams but nothing comes out.

TWIN 1

Get yo hands out the way.

He stabs him.

THE SHOWERS--Empty, steaming with two naked bodies draining a path of red down the center.

CUT TO:

JUNGLE AIR STRIP--DAY. Seen from a long ways away. In the foreground foliage on a small rise Chavez, Oso, and Ramirez watch a truck drive up off a dirt road. Chavez eases into his camouflaged rifle, looks through the scope.

POV--SCOPE--With rangefinding reticle and gradients. The truck stops near a shed--TWO MEN, sloppy, armed with AK-47's go to the shed and open it. One quickly rolls out a barrel of what appears to be aviation gas. We hear a gas generator start.

RAMIREZ (over)

Variable this is Knife--Over.

VARIABLE (over)

We copy Knife.

RAMIREZ (over)

We have activity--looks like they're preparing for business.

CLOSE CHAVEZ. He looks away--down the slope. Oso, with a SAW(Squad Automatic Weapon) covers the approach. He hears something, looks up and around--an airplane? Suddenly it flashes over them--a Piper Cherokee Twin makes a shallow turn and approaches.

CLOSE RAMIREZ.

RAMIREZ (over)

We have a bird in the nest Variable.

VARIABLE (over)

Let us know when she flies the coup--Over.

CUT TO:

43.
CHEROKEE TWIN--Being loaded with packets of white powder, probably ten million street value--a few bales of Dealer's Choice smoking dope for fun. The aircraft is fueled. The sun is setting.

RAMIREZ--NIGHT. He watches with binoculars next to Chavez. The aircraft engines are running.

VARIABLE (over)

Can you make the tail number?

CHAVEZ

Angle's wrong--he's gonna take off right over us though.

RAMIREZ

That's a negative Variable--Piper Cherokee--red and white. He's rolling.

THE PLANE--Rolls towards them the nose dipping as the engines bite.

VARIABLE

That'll do Knife--thanks a lot--Over.

RAMIREZ

Good hunting--Out.

CUT TO:

PIPER CHEROKEE--Gaining altitude over the bright moonlit Carribean. A red glow from the instruments in the cockpit, the only light.

CUT TO:

A NAVY E2C HAWKEYE--Droning on at 30,000 feet flying a racetrack pattern 250 miles away.

RADAR SCREEN. The sweep reveals a faint dot on it's edge.

OPERATOR

Uh Variable--This is X-Ray Falcon.
We have a definite 98 degree
South South West--speed estimated
160 knots--altitude 3,000 ft.

CUT TO:

AN F-15E--Bursting through clouds into the starlit night--

(CONTINUED)

PILOT (over)
Variable--Bronco Zulu Over--

VARIABLE (over)
We copy Bronco.

CLOSE PILOT--Faceless in helmet, mask, and visor.

BRONCO ZULU
I'm about 380 miles north northeast
of primary intercept.

VARIABLE (over)
Turning you over to X-Ray Falcon--Over.

X-RAY FALCON (over)
Ah--we have you Bronco Zulu, looking good.
Correct 15 degrees right--altitude 35,000.

BRONCO ZULU
Leveling out at angel's 35,000--
speed 600 knots.

X-RAY FALCON (over)
Looking good Bronco--you should
have Bandit at 40 miles or so.

CUT TO:

CHAVEZ--Looking through the scope at the men who are closing up
the air strip.

CHAVEZ
They're punks--easy meat.

RAMIREZ
Well--they're not soldiers--you
think you'd have any trouble looking
at a man through that and pulling it.

Chavez turns, smiles.

CHAVEZ
Try me--what's gonna happen to
that plane Sir?

RAMIREZ
It will be--intercepted.

CUT TO:

F-15E--Slicing through the night, descending.

X-RAY FALCON (over)
You should have him about now.

CUT TO:

RADAR SCREEN OF F-15E. A virtual Star Wars cockpit--super state of the art. The pilot looks at the blip--computes readout that his Heads Up Display gives him--speed, bearing, time to intercept.

BRONCO ZULU PILOT

Roger that--Tally Ho.

A BUTTON is pushed--weapons selection--AAMRAM--AIM-9 Lima(Sidewinder), or gun. Closing rate is well over 600mph now. He selects Gun--looks out canopy.

POV--PILOT--Sees the distant shape of the target aircraft against the moonlit waters.

F-15E--Hits speed brakes, turns hard into tail chase position. He hits his landing lights.

PILOT

Unidentified aircraft--this is the United States Air Force--put on your lights and lower your gear.

THE PIPER breaks hard to the left.

PILOT

Thanks, that's all I need.

CLOSE STICK. HAND reaches for the pickle button.

GUNSIGHT. ON HUD framing the aircraft--a quick two second burst. The aircraft literally comes apart--pieces blowing back--something wet thumps into the windshield.

F-15E. Pulls up--burning wreckage cascading into the sea.

BRONCO ZULU (over)

Splash one Doper.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER AIRCRAFT--A BEECH TWIN rolling down a jungle strip.

CUT TO:

DARK FIGURES--Watching

FIGURES

This is Omen--do you copy Variable.

VARIABLE (over)

Copy loud and clear.

FIGURE

Beechcraft Baron, Tailnumber 10563
Kilo Bravo.

CUT TO:

F-15E--Settling in behind the Beech twin--Lights on!

PILOT (over)

63 Kilo Bravo--this is your United States Air Force Interceptor--Do you wish to comply?

THE BEECH TURNS--

PILOT (over)

That's a roge.

THE F-15E turns with it.

SMOKING FIRE on the water.

CUT TO:

THE OVAL OFFICE. THE PRESIDENT, HIS NORMAL SECRET SERVICE ATTENDANTS and Admiral Cutter sit across from Emil Jacobs and several FBI OFFICIALS, including Special Agent Murray.

ADMIRAL CUTTER

We will let the Justice Department handle the press releases--but it will come from here of course.

PRESIDENT

(almost to himself)

Give it the right spin--

(to the others)

How badly will this hurt them?

JACOBS

Sir, how much money do they have--

(shrugs)

It's speculation on our part--but what's interesting is the money was designated to go back into Columbia. The Cartel is trying to legitimately infiltrate their own economy. The goal of course is political. So this billion or so dollars--it'll sting them, badly--but not cripple them. The political ramifications may be a bonus whose scope we cannot yet evaluate Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

The Colombian government should be happy--maybe enough to get up off their own asses.

CUTTER

Any way you see it--it's a clear cut victory--the first I might add--and the credit--is ours.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT

What about "Showboat"?

CUTTER

We're getting results.

PRESIDENT

Who's running it?

CUTTER

Jack Ryan--he's Greer's chosen successor.

PRESIDENT

And Greer?

CUTTER

He's not going to make it Mr. President.
Ryan is the acting DDI.

JACOBS

Greer wouldn't like it. If you ask me, the whole thing ought to be terminated--this covert operation nonsense--Look what we just did, right here--Straight police work, within the Law.

The President looks out the window.

PRESIDENT

I want you to be careful down there Emil,
I need you--I need your advice.

He turns around.

PRESIDENT (cont'd)

Even if I don't always take it.

CUT TO:

DAWN--SKY--CARIBBEAN. AN F-15E flashes over doing a slow victory roll. Below, the waves roll over a visp of smoke, and all is as it was.

BRONCO ZULU (over)-

That's a confirmed, Variable--number five.

VARIABLE (over)

Roger Bronco Zulu. I guess that makes you an ace--Out.

CUT TO:

SPACIOUS LIVING ROOM--Of the Escobedo estate. Several of Senior Escobedo's CHILDREN play outside on the verandah. Escobedo stands, paces. Cortez sits calmly--a position he knows will let his Jefe feel superior, and spend his anger, but with no effect.

(CONTINUED)

ESCOBEDO

Four airplanes--

CORTEZ

It could be five.

ESCOBEDO

My cousin was one of them.

CORTEZ

You would let your family do this work?

ESCOBEDO

He was a boy. Do you think we let strangers do all our work? The dirty work? Sometimes there are risks--they have to be taken. Four planes--could it be a coincidence? A bad deal on the other end? Others got through.

CORTEZ

Yes--there are many--some will always get through. The rules are changing.

He takes a glass of brandy--sniffs it.

CORTEZ

Exactly what did this American--the one you had killed on his yacht--with his family--What did he do for you?

ESCOBEDO

He laundered money--you know that. Lots of money. We continue to--

CORTEZ

Get your money out at once. It is likely he left records--those records will be found.

ESCOBEDO

Then why have their Federales not acted? They've had over a month now.

Cortez snaps around at him--it seems so obvious.

CORTEZ

They have acted.

ESCOBEDO

The Americans are full of themselves now. They are bullies--like a tough guy in a gang when he has a gun or a knife. That's when he is macho--that's when he wants to fight. The manliness of advantage. But down here...

(CONTINUED)

CORTEZ

Do you know that the KGB reads FBI police textbooks? They have resources beyond your comprehension. Their political leadership does not allow them to act as they wish to act--as they could act. I know--they hunted me in Puerto Rico--they almost caught me--and I am a trained intelligence officer--

CUT TO:

FBI BUILDING--MOIRA'S OFFICE. Jacobs stands over her desk, reading a report.

MOIRA

Do you want to finalize anything?

JACOBS

No--not yet--but I think I'll get out early Friday, and I ought to be back by lunch the following Monday. Shouldn't hurt the schedule.

(pause)

You could use a weekend off couldn't you.

He winks at her.

CUT TO:

MOIRA'S HOME. Her DAUGHTER and a FRIEND watch MTV in the living room. Moira watches them from the stairs. She goes into her room, smiling with just the hint of mischief. She picks up the phone, surprised at how she feels--secretive, embarrassed. She lays down on her bed--dials, and then stretches languidly while she waits.

VOICE

Diaz y Diaz.

MOIRA

Roberto Diaz please. This is Moira Wolfe calling.

CUT TO:

MARIA--In her room, she quickly closes the door to shut out the noise from the bar. The lights of Caracas twinkle in the background.

MARIA

Oh Miss Wolfe--this is Consuela--
He told me about you.

MOIRA

He told me about you too, Consuela.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA

Just a minute--he'll be so happy--
I try to find him.

She clicks off--electronic chirps--ringing.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

Si.

MARIA

This is Consuela calling Dr. Rivera.
The wind is from the north--rain.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

Yes.

MARIA

Maira Wolfe is calling, Senior.

CORTEZ

Thank you.

TITLE: ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE, WASHINGTON D.C.

A SLEEK T-39 EXECUTIVE JET in white paint and Air Force markings
warms up in the wind. A fleet of sedans pull up. Emil Jacobs
and his STAFF and BODYGUARDS get out quickly and board the
plane.

CUT TO:

MEDELLIN--STREET--Cortez emerges from his apartment and gets
into the back seat of Escobedo's favorite 6.9 Mercedes.
Escobedo smokes the usual cigar.

CORTEZ

Take me to the airport immediately.
There is a flight to Mexico City in
two hours--I'll be on it.

Escobedo looks at him coldly. He is still not used to this man
issuing orders.

ESCOBEDO

You're in a rush?

CORTEZ

I just talked to our assets in Bogota.
The government is on security alert this
weekend. Extra soldiers--24 hour guards--
A route being secured from the airport.

ESCOBEDO

They are expecting visitors--foreign?

(CONTINUED)

CORTEZ

Yes--the Director of the FBI is leaving Washington as we speak. He is going somewhere in "South America" for the weekend.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION SET--Turned on to CNN. A NEWSCASTER is rambling on about Kuwait and oil prices. Moira's SON sits watching idly, he's about 18. Her daughter comes in.

DAUGHTER

But we don't even know him--how old do you think he is?

TELEVISION SET--The newscaster comes on again.

NEWSCASTER (on TV)

Today Attorney General Niles revealed a startling victory in the war on drugs. Insiders are calling it a major breakthrough for this Administration.

DAUGHTER

I feel embarrassed.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES is speaking from a podium.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (on TV)

--The most effective operation to date against the Drug Cartel. The Treasury Department has identified 29 bank accounts ranging from Liechtenstein to California used for money laundering on an unprecedented scale.

They look up as their Mother comes out her door, carrying a small suitcase.

SON

Don't you say anything.

Moira starts down the stairs--she has on a short skirt, she looks terrific.

MOIRA

Alright, we've gone over everything--I think you can take care of it.

(CONTINUED)

ATTORNEY GENERAL (on TV)
--Their deposits exceed at our current
estimates, over nine hundred million dollars.

SON
Everything's fine Mom--You have a good time.

CUT TO:

T-39--WINGING SOUTH.

INT. THE FBI CONTINGENT watch a monitor receiving the broadcast.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (on TV)
--In cooperation with six foreign
governments we have initiated the
necessary steps to seize all of
those funds.

Emil Jacobs smiles to the others.

CUT TO:

ESCOBEDO--In his paneled den--books, guns, a large original
portrait of Simon Bolivar.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (on TV)
--And also to seize eight real estate joint
venture investments in the United States.
This is being done under the RICO Statute.

Snarling, he grabs a cellular phone.

CUT TO:

AIRPORT BAR--ATLANTA. CORTEZ, neatly dressed, his moustache
trimmed, watches the TV. The Attorney General is answering
questions.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (on TV)
YOU--with the Washington Post.

POST REPORTER (on TV)
What's our take?

ATTORNEY GENERAL (on TV)
Just the accounting is going to keep
us busy for weeks. Foreign cooperation
has been just outstanding.

LOUDSPEAKER
Final boarding Delta 301 to Dulles
at Gate B-12.

Cortez gets up and leaves--his face ashen.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED:

ARMED MEN--PEASANTS walking the walls of a Drug Lord's compound. This one is on a hill commanding a view of Medellin. Everywhere are ARMED MEN carrying the most sophisticated weapons. A satellite dish and radar van adorn a tiled fountain area--shrouded shapes look like light anti-aircraft guns. The security is at maximum for good reason.

INT. DEN--Sumptuous, leather, exotic woods, bronzes. Most of the CARTEL is gathered here, a rare occurrence. The youngest member, the flamboyant GARZA, leans up stubbing the required Cuban cigar.

GARZA (in Spanish)

There's nothing we can do?

FINANCIAL OFFICER

The money we have already laundered
nearly equals what our normal returns would--

GARZA

Bullshit! That's a lame excuse--
I want no excuses!

ESCOBEDO

I think we have tolerated enough
interference. The Director of the
American Federales will be in Bogota
today!

OTHER CARTEL MEMBER

How do you know this?

ESCOBEDO

Cortez!

GARZA

Where is Cortez now?

ESCOBEDO

In Washington--doing what he's paid for.

FINANCIAL ADVISOR -

Would he--recommend--

ESCOBEDO

Who cares what he recommends--that's
why he's in Washington and we are here.
This they have done--it is too much to
accept. Who are the Bosses? We are the
Bosses. It's time we acted like Bosses!

GARZA

Then it must be with force!

CUT TO:

CONTINUED:

TITLE: DULLES AIRPORT, WASHINGTON D.C.

PARKING LOT. Moira and Cortez kiss and hold each other in a passionate embrace. Moira breaks away embarrassed to do this in so public a place.

CORTEZ

There's a place on Skyline Drive where General Motors holds executive retreats. There are no phones in the rooms--and we won't turn on the television.

She laughs.

MOIRA

I know it--how did you get a reservation?

CORTEZ

I've been reserving a suite ever since the last time. Does that sound improper?

He pulls her close.

MOIRA

Not to me.

He kisses her again oblivious to her embarrassment or protestations--and of course she surrenders.

CUT TO:

TITLE: BOGOTA AIRPORT

THE FBI CONTINGENT flanks Jacobs as he walks to the COLUMBIAN AMBASSADOR, who gives him a hug. They get in a limousine surrounded by jeeps with .50 caliber machine guns. Everywhere are COLUMBIAN ARMY, armed to the teeth. The OTHER FBI MEN get into two sedans, one in front and one in back of the Ambassador's car. They move out accompanied by motorcycles and sirens. Very flashy.

CUT TO:

HIGHWAY--The motorcade proceeds south down Carrera 13 through a district which is known as Palermo.

CUT TO:

THE HIDEAWAY BUNGALOW--A neon sign intones--below in the shadows of the bungalows, Moira and Cortez kiss desperately. His one hand pulls at her thighs and buttocks, while he fumbles with the key. She presses him to her, breathing fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

55.

MOIRA

(whispering)

How did you--register?

CORTEZ

As man and wife--

He opens the door, they almost fall in. The suite is comfortable--soft, clean. Cortez pulls his tie down, sweaty.

CORTEZ

Maybe I need a shower. Maybe you could join me.

CORTEZ

I suppose it's permissible--since we're man and wife.

CUT TO:

THE MOTORCADE--Approaching downtown Bogota. A dark FIGURE in the foreground raises a hand held radio.

FIGURE (in Spanish)

Right on time.

CUT TO:

THE SHOWER CURTAIN--Wrapped around obscuring Moira and Cortez who are wrapped around each other. Moira gasps and cries out. The room is appropriately filled with--steam.

CUT TO:

BOGOTA--INTERSECTION. A light turns red, cars back up, including the motorcade.

CUT TO:

POV WINDOW--Second story of the heavy Spanish building surrounding the intersection. Across the square it looks as if SOMEONE is standing--ANOTHER pointing--something is raised to the first one's shoulder. Now a FIGURE steps in the foreground. He too points down at the black limo. Another FIGURE behind shoulders a Russian made RPG-7 rocket launcher. The weapon was made for taking out heavy tanks, a derivative of the German Panzerfaust of WW II. The man kneels and aims.

AMBASSADOR'S CAR--Three smoking fingers shoot out from three buildings, and connect with the car which seems to hurl itself apart--coming off it's wheels in a ripping explosion. Doors, hood, and parts of the engine fly. Two more rocket trails rip into the inferno followed by a fusillade of automatic weapons fire. Nearby cars are ripped and fragged. People jump out--a woman sinks to the ground. Children scream. Dust and ricochets are everywhere. Jeeps wheel about pocking the upper levels of the concrete with the heavy .50's. Men rush about in confusion screaming.

CUT TO:

TITLE: CAMP DAVID, MARYLAND

A VH-3 HELICOPTER configured for presidential travel and painted accordingly looms over the dark trees. A CONTINGENT of MARINES, SECRET SERVICE STAFF and CIA PERSONNEL await the helicopter which lands at the helipad. As the President exits smiling, he looks around. No press. SEVERAL MEN pull him aside talking to him while escorting him towards waiting vehicles. His face goes slack as if he's been hit on the head with a hammer.

CUT TO:

THE PRESIDENT--In his suite wearing a bathrobe. A MARINE LIEUTENANT hands him a cordless phone.

PRESIDENT (into phone)

The usual protocol for now. --Nothing from State. --Try and look good, that's the main thing. --Bring them back home? Why yes--bring them back home--That's all.

He hands the phone back to the Marine, takes a large tumbler of bourbon and downs it.

MARINE LIEUTENANT

Sir, is there anything you will need from the Guard Detail?

PRESIDENT

No, carry on Lieutenant.

CUT TO:

THE PRESIDENT--Obviously later in a larger room. He strides about in a running suit. He's feeling the whiskey, but more than that, he has an audience--Cutter, Ryan, an AIR FORCE GENERAL, and OTHERS.

PRESIDENT

We will not let this slip past with us standing by deploring the event. They have directly challenged the sovereign power of the United States of America.

CUT TO:

THE HIDEAWAY BUNGALOW--Dawn beginning to show in the east.

INT. BEDROOM. Cortez sits up in bed. Moira rubs his back.

MOIRA

A man is not a machine--You're just tired--Don't feel bad--Let's just sleep all day--You'll be fine.

He turns on the TV.

(CONTINUED)

CORTEZ

I can't sleep--I feel ashamed.

He turns to CNN--a FEMALE REPORTER is talking about storm damage in Galveston. He gets up--goes into the bathroom. Moira lays back, starts to drift off but the news on the television brings her bolt upright. The pictures show the car--what's left of it--diagrams--smoking buildings--wounded MEN being rushed away. The names--Emil Jacobs, The Ambassador--the words--"killed instantly". She pulls Cortez' shirt around her--then she looks at it.

CUT TO:

CAMP DAVID--THE PRESIDENT--Glaring at his audience.

PRESIDENT

They want to play with the big boys--
They're going to play by the big boys
rules. We will treat them as we would
treat a hostile nation state. I'll
make the usual vimpY ass statement,
but the fucken gloves come off--I want
those bastards hurt!

CUT TO:

CLOSE MOIRA. Is it paranoia or just years of operating with cops--good cops--a way of thinking. Many thoughts flash through her mind as Cortez comes to the bed. The program goes on--more details. CNN is very good at that--perhaps some we don't want to know. Cortez looks from the television to her. Whatever her suspicions are, they are still confused with self revulsion, fear, and shock, but he--knows. She sees it in his eyes.

CORTEZ (softly)

Moira--

Her lips tremble. He leans down to her--reaches his hands across each other taking the shirt collars in his tightening fists.

MOIRA

You--you knew--

She starts to scream. He pulls the collar tight--letting his shoulders back effortlessly--it brings her up to him almost in a kiss. Her scream goes high and then no sound at all. He pulls her closer in the "embrace" as she goes limp and the color drains from her expression. Her bare shapely legs kick the covers off for a moment and then lay still--only his breathing can be heard.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY. A red haired freckle faced BUSINESSMAN walks down the hallway with a plastic bucket of ice. Cortez opens the door in front of him and thrusts himself out suddenly.

CORTEZ

Do you know CPR? Emergency CPR!
--My--wife!

He ducks back in--the door stands ajar.

The businessman doesn't want to get involved but goes anyway--a fatal mistake. Cortez has ducked into the bathroom and efficiently steps behind him, taking him in a choke hold using the same Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu as before. It is silent and sure.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY--DARK. Cortez exits wearing the man's golf clothes and quickly goes down the emergency stairs.

CUT TO:

CAMP DAVID--PRESIDENTIAL CABIN. Cutter and the President walk on the porch.

PRESIDENT

Jim--the main thing is it can't
get any bigger. It won't will it?

CUTTER

We'll stay with the assets we already
have in place. The Field Ops leader
is good--he has a plan.

PRESIDENT

Use him.

CUTTER

I can even make it look like it
started with him--if we--had to.

PRESIDENT

You can do that? What about-Ryan--
the other's?

CUTTER

You never said specifically to kill anyone.

PRESIDENT.

I didn't did I--but if it goes right--
Jim, you know I'll make sure the credit
is your's--That would be a good thing
to have.

CUTTER

I know that Mr. President.

CUT TO:

TITLE: ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE

NIGHT--LIGHTS from a UH--60 as it comes out of the dark--and lands. The doors slide open and Mr. Clark, in casual clothes, gets out. He is escorted by AIR POLICE to a waiting car.

CUT TO:

DARK ROOM--Overlooking the runways of Andrews. The night is dark. The room is almost without light save for that coming in the large panoramic windows. Cutter sits with his chin in his hands. Clark looks out the window.

CUTTER

No more sending messages. He wants them to get the message whether the phone rings or not. You have a hunting license and no bag limit.

CUTTER

Were those his words?

CUTTER

Exactly.

CLARK

I haven't heard what I wanted-- what I need legally. He wouldn't do that would he?

CUTTER

You cannot force the President to speak clearly when clarity is something he wishes to avoid.

CLARK

It's in our laps.

CUTTER

Yours.

He stands up--looking down at Clark.

CUTTER (cont'd)

You were not trained to question an Admiral, Sailor.

Clark stiffens.

CUTTER

Let alone your Commander in Chief. You want to do it?

CLARK

That's what I've asked for--Sir.

He stands up

(CONTINUED)

CUTTER

You report directly to me.

CLARK

What about Ryan?

CUTTER

He's a goddamn Boy Scout. Keep him out of the loop. This is not his sort of work--Good luck Sailor.

Clark gives a slow salute.

CLARK

Aye Aye Sir.

Cutter returns it but Clark is gone.

CLOUDS--THE MOON--JUNGLE--Large and bright, a violent thunderstorm in the distance. The palms sway in the wind and the jungle is wet. Ding Chavez watches the distant low metal building and the crude airfield. A light is on--a truck is seen silhouetted about a thousand yards away. Oso watches with his spotting scope. Ramirez slithers up to the position.

OSO

Hey Cap'n.

RAMIREZ

What's happening man?

Chavez watches with his binoculars--doesn't look up.

CHAVEZ

Malo hombres--taking a nap--too many cervezas.

RAMIREZ

I hope they like it. I hope it was cold.

OSO

Say again Cap'n?

RAMIREZ

Cause that was last call--
We waste this place.

Silence--Chavez looks slowly around.

RAMIREZ (cont'd)

You're supposed to ask me if this is for real.

CHAVEZ

You say do it Sir--I figure it's for real. It don't bother me none.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMIREZ
You got enough light?

CHAVEZ
(looking up)
Hunter's moon.

RAMIREZ
Let's move out.

CUT TO:

METAL SHACK--Through the scope-the range finding reticle giving 36 inch gradients at different yardages. The heavy crosshairs settle on a MAN sleeping against the building. The scope moves and the stadia gradients marked 400 bracket the man--head to waist.

CHAVEZ (O.S.)
Sure looks like 400 to me--maybe 425.
Head shot.

OSO (O.S.)
Go for it--432 meters by laser finder.
Windage correction left 1 minute of angle.

The crosshairs again settle on the man--and move up to his head.

CHAVEZ (O.S.)
Write it down.

OSO (O.S.)
Got it Mano.

CLOSE--THE MAN sleeping. His BUDDY sleeping nearby against the wheel of his truck. Both have AK-47's in their laps. A crack and a vet slap as the first man's head jerks sideways. He slumps to the ground kicking his feet. The second man wakes to the sound of the shot on the wind. Sits up--grabs at his rifle. Another meaty slap and his opposite arm flies up as he gasps for breath. He grabs at his rifle, but it slips away and clatters to the ground. The shot sounds by. He tries to stand, looking at a small stain spreading on his side over his heart. His legs convulse and he pitches forward biting at the dirt. Soon they are both still.

RAMIREZ (on radio)
This is Six--targets down--Move in.

Suddenly Team Knife is all around the dead men. Like any new soldiers, they stare in fascination at the bodies. One of the men, SGT. GUERRA, turns the second one over. Team Knife is superbly camouflaged--faces painted, bushes tied around, silenced weapons, SAW's, M-203 grenade launchers--mean looking troops. Ramirez raises his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE CHAVEZ--OSO--As they run in. Chavez looks at the bodies-- a large black pool at the head of the first one. He kneels down.

CHAVEZ

Ninja really does own the night.

CUT TO:

COLONEL JOHNS--In the cockpit of his Nighthawk helicopter--Night vision goggles on.

COL. JOHNS

Knife this is Papa Lima Over.

RAMIREZ (over)

Lima this is Knife--LZ is northern edge of Reno--Standing by for extraction.

COL. JOHNS

Bravo X-Ray--I need that clear.

CUT TO:

RAMIREZ--CHAVEZ at his side--Oso, others.

RAMIREZ

He's interrogating for possible trouble-- I need the all clear.

CHAVEZ

That'll be Lima Whiskey.

RAMIREZ

Lima Whiskey--Lima Whiskey--Over.

JOHNS (over)

Roger that--

The noise can be just heard--the men turn--Red lights are set. Others are booby trapping the shack.

RAMIREZ

Clear it up--Let's go.

A red light is suddenly visible on the chopper as it settles in whirling dust about. The men jump in--the DOOR GUNNER scans the trees with his night goggles. The last in are the Demolition Team. The helo has barely set down, and moves down the runway past the two bodies which are neatly layed out and wrapped in tarps.

CUT TO:

INT. CREW BAY--NIGHTHAWK. Chavez looks up in surprise to find Mr. Clark smiling at him.

RAMIREZ

You finish the booby traps?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLDIER

Three ways--

OSO

Righteous!

He looks up at Clark.

OSO (cont't)

Mr. Clark--You know Ding got some
body count out there--first blood.

CLARK

How do you feel?

Chavez doesn't answer.

CHAVEZ

400 meters--two shots--two kills.

Clark just looks at him.

CHAVEZ (cont'd)

Well--they were nothing but peasants--
like a couple grape pickers. But it
was no big deal--that's the scary part.
Besides they'd a done the same to me.

Clark nods slightly.

CLARK

Captain Ramirez--

RAMIREZ

Yes Sir.

CLARK

I need this man to go with me.

THE HIDEAWAY BUNGALOW--DAWN. Red lights pulse through the gray dawn. Police cars parked everywhere--an ambulance-yellow taped off areas. An unmarked sedan pulls up next to other unmarked sedans. Murray gets out--he looks disheveled and in shock. It's been a long bad weekend. Another AGENT escorts him talking low in his ear and showing him pictures. He walks up to the ambulance and the inevitable two bodies shrouded in yellow plastic.

AGENT

The male was part of a beachwear sales seminar--
surfing stuff. He was just in the wrong place.

ANOTHER MAN unzips the bag over Moira's face. She is pale--a troubled expression, but otherwise normal looking.

MURRAY

Oh God--Moira--You get--anything
on her phone calls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTHER AGENT

You bet--she called Venezuela twice on Friday. We've got good descriptions of the subject. From the desk clerk and maids. We have a drawing.

He shows him. Murray looks at it--he seems to pull himself together.

CUT TO:

AN AIRPLANE--A TWIN BEECH turns over the jungle airstrip below--the landing gear comes down.

CUT TO:

TWIN BEECH--Having landed, taxis toward the shack. A pickup truck with FOUR ARMED MEN run alongside. The plane turns, shuts down. The MEN in the truck unload the carefully packaged white powder. They joke back and forth in casual Spanish. Two go to the shack to get the fuel drums. The PILOT offers one of the men a beer from the cooler. The concussion is sudden and absolute--it might have been nuclear. The drums rocket through the spreading fireball. The door is ripped off the plane--which in turn convulsively incinerates.

LONG SHOT--A HUGE BLACK CLOUD--Rising above the jungled lowlands followed by a muffled whump.

CUT TO:

CORTEZ--Getting out of his car at his Medellin apartment. He runs upstairs. He has the latest newspapers--he is showing emotion--real emotion--outrage. He hears his phone as he unlocks his door, lets it swing open for a second, out of training, then goes smoothly to the phone--picks it up.

CORTEZ (in Spanish)

What?--Where is Senior Escobedo.

Does he know?--I'll be at the airport.

He is cool again. Looks around the apartment and leaves.

CUT TO:

A DRAWING--Of a man who might look like Cortez. It is a police composite and of course they don't look like anybody. Several pictures of similar looking men are placed next to it. The pictures come from police files or something similar.

MURRAY (O.S.)

No--I don't think so.

CLOSE JACK RYAN. He pulls another picture from a file--puts it down. It has a striking similarity--then again, it IS Felix Cortez.

(CONTINUED)

MURRAY

Who is he?

RYAN

Felix Cortez--Colonel, Cuban D61. He was with the Macheteros in Puerto Rico.

MURRAY

Now he's found new employees.

RYAN

Communism doesn't hold career opportunities anymore.

MURRAY

If it was Cortez--she didn't have a chance. She thought she was in love--He didn't have to kill her--She never hurt anyone--

RYAN

He got caught somehow--it's the last thing he would've done. He bosses didn't tell him. They were not in his control. It's a weak link--If it is Cortez--we'll know.

MURRAY

How?

RYAN

We've just got access to an electronic-intelligence satellite. We'll have their comm links ferreted out in a few days. If he's there--we'll hear him.

MURRAY

A man like that would only use a cellular phone.

RYAN

We can do that to.

MURRAY

I thought--

RYAN

Don't tell anybody.

CUT TO:

DARKNESS--HIGH JUNGLE--MEN moving swiftly through the dark--no noise. A glinting face reveals night vision goggles. The men use techniques of cover and concealment like "Bounding Overwatch" and "Ranger File". They move in a "Fire Team Wedge". Ninja owns the night. Chavez comes to rest in the immediate foreground, handsignals stop the flanks. He is barely

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

identifiable in his goggles and facepaint. A few more silent signals and men spread out and slither by. Below him the distinct sound of a gas generator and a distant bare electric light. Chavez moves forward.

CUT TO:

THE CAMP--Lit by gas lanterns and the generator light. A DOZEN MEN--all but a few armed with AK-47's. The center of the site was what looked like a large bathtub with TWO MEN walking in it, ANOTHER pours fresh water over their feet and calves. A MAN talks loud in Spanish about his girlfriend and what she did for him--and a radio plays. The men are thugs with the arrogance of successful bullies.

CHAVEZ--Pulls himself into position about eighty meters away and above. Guerra passes the M-40A-1 to him. He flicks the plastic covers up on the scope and works the bolt noiselessly. Next to him, Oso sets up the SAW on it's bipod and unzips the canvas ammo pouch.

CLOSE RAMIREZ. He raises his MP-5. He's much closer with the assault element. He fires--the bolt clatters three times.

THE CAMP--A MAN is hit in the chest and face--screams. ANOTHER goes down silently holding the back of his head. Still ANOTHER spins around screaming as dust kicks up across him. One of the MEN in the tub jumps out--the OTHER just stares. TWO OTHERS raise their weapons.

CHAVEZ--Looking down through the trees--flashes and noise from the automatic weapons--rips and cracks above in the branches--Other flashes from the assault team and the flank support team--Oso opens up with his SAW--a line of tracers transfixes a MAN--a flash--the tracers move to it. Chavez looks through his scope.

POV SCOPE--The man in the tub--reaching down to get something. The crosshair is on his spine--the recoil jars him--he's gone. The crosshairs search for another. A MAN'S face lit by a burst from his AK--quite close--settle--recoil--the face comes off into the night. Tracking the chaos--several MEN run and crouch in the shadows--flashes from their weapons. Only a leg and foot can be seen. Settle on the knee--recoil--the man rolls into view.

CLOSE CHAVEZ--Working the bolt smoothly and fires again. He stops--Oso cuts loose a long burst from his SAW. All is suddenly quiet--only the rustling noise of the Assault Team running over the compound.

DISSOLVE TO:

BODIES--Lined up and searched in a neat row--weapons stacked with ammo--bags of coca leaves and acid barrels also neatly arranged. Chavez looks at this--it looks sad, 14 men who were alive an hour ago. The thin light of dawn filters through the trees. Oso clears his SAW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSO

Well Oso and his SAW got on the scoreboard tonight.

CHAVEZ

It's been easy so far man--might change.

CUT TO:

AIR FIELD--LOWLAND JUNGLE--CORTEZ walks across the scorched tarmac near what was the hut. The wreckage of the plane still smolders in the background. The bodies are all lined up here too, but not as neat. A tarp has been thrown over them. Many ARMED MEN look about the debris. Cortez stops, picks up some wire, pulls it. It's burned and black. It breaks. He follows the trail--picks it up again--pulls the wire up--a metal object is on it's end. A "SOLDIER" comes over to him.

CORTEZ

Plastique--this was an extra detonator--not the one used.

He looks at it closely.

CORTEZ (cont'd)

American--Viet Nam vintage. Everyone uses them. It doesn't mean anything.

CLARK AND CHAVEZ--Looking down from a jungled ridge at a lonely dirt road. Clark hears something, a car engine. He looks at his watch, looks at Chavez and shrugs. Below, winding up the road are two cars. They stop below in the shadows. A MAN gets out of the lead car. He looks like a typical Columbian merchant. He puts the keys on the front tire--goes to the second car and gets in. They back around and drive away. Clark puts his binoculars down.

CAR--They walk casually up to the car. They wear ordinary work clothes. They carry the ID of industrial prospectors, geologists for one of the major mineral conglomerates. Clark retrieves the keys, opens the trunk. A heavy tripod and a wrapped brown package--Chavez takes them--puts his cased rifle in, along with a laundry bag full of equipment. He gets in front with Clark. They drive off.

CLOSE CHAVEZ. He takes the package, opens it--a laser designator finder about the size of a video camera, called a GLD(GLID).

CLARK

Test the battery.

CHAVEZ

It's good.

CUT TO:

JUNGLE LAB--What's left of it. BODIES neatly layed out--a message here. The ARMED THUGS don't have their usual arrogance. They are spooky--the gray light from thick storm clouds gives the scene an even more macabre tone. Cortez walks carefully up the hill looking for trip wires. He stops at the position of Oso and Chavez. His LIEUTENANT, formerly a Communist guerilla, follows him. Cortez carefully picks up the brass from Oso's position.

LIEUTENANT THUG

M-16.

CORTEZ

No--look at the long mark from the extractor--SAW.

LIEUTENANT THUG

SAW?

CORTEZ

Squad Automatic Weapon.

He takes a step or two, picks up a larger case.

CORTEZ (cont'd)

This one--7.62 NATO--has no extractor marks at all. Fired from a bolt action--a sniper.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ESCOBEDO--In his den. He looks angry.

Cortez sits across from him.

CORTEZ

Do you know what you've done?
What this means?

ESCOBEDO

Of course we know what we've done.
Do you think we have built this thing
of ours being as stupid as you would
assume?

CORTEZ

The Americans are here--

ESCOBEDO

That remains to be seen. There are
still Communists who would have us
think so. The government would have
us think so. Even some of my "compadres"
would like ME to think so. Don't be
too sure of yourself Senior--You can
wake up--wrong.

Cortez feigns subservience--an excellent display--the product of
Russian training--unsettling for a Latin.

(CONTINUED)

CORTEZ

I am sorry for my--insubordination--
but I am a trained operative--my skills--

ESCOBEDO

Yes--I've heard about your skills--how
was she?

CORTEZ (losing it a little)

She is dead--it was unavoidable thanks
to you--an incredibly valuable asset.

ESCOBEDO

There will be other opportunities--but
right now, one thing is clear. There
are well trained men loose out there
and they are not friendly. I think we
should have a meeting.

CORTEZ

Precisely--I will call them. It will look
better than if you seemed anxious.

ESCOBEDO

We understand each other Colonel.

CUT TO:

THE PANACHE--NIGHT--The stars are bright and clear in the
tropical night. The sea is calm--a silvery path emanates from a
sinking moon. The various antennae whir about, oblivious to
this serenity.

INT. COMBAT INTELLIGENCE CENTER. A new desk and receiver has
been set up inside the CIC. This desk is manned by two
DIA(Defence Intelligence Agency) OPERATORS. They are receiving,
transmitting and storing phone conversations picked up by a
geosynchronous satellite high over the Ithsmus of Panama.

OPERATOR 1

Caper's on--transmitting Intercept 1993
Frequency 20 MHZ Subject--Foxtrot.
Translation--it is agreed we'll meet
at your house tomorrow right?
--Who will come? --Subject Echo cannot
attend, Subject Alpha. Subject Golf
and Subject Whiskey will come with me--

JACK RYAN--In a receiving station at CIA headquarters. He reads
the transmission to Admiral Cutter.

RYAN

Foxtrot: How's your security?
Uniform: At my castle--Don't be a
fool. How are you coming?
Foxtrot: Have you seen my new truck?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN (CONT'D)

Uniform: Great feet.
 Foxtrot: You never repair your roads.
 Uniform: Use a helicopter like I do.
 Foxtrot: Helicopters are dangerous--
 See you tomorrow night Friend.

He puts the transmission record down.

RYAN

End of transmission--What do
 think "great feet" means.

CUTTER

I assume Mr. Clark will find out.

RYAN

Clark will have visual surveillance?

CUTTER

Yes, surveillance. Mr. Clark will cover
 that. Anything wrong Mr. Ryan?

Ryan knows he shouldn't say but can't help it.

RYAN

It's not my job Sir--but are there
 operations in progress that I'm not
 informed of?

CUTTER

I don't think it's your business
 to ask.

RYAN

Very well Sir--but I can't do my job if--

CUTTER

No Ryan--You CAN do your job. Operations
 are Mr. Clark's show now.

RYAN

I can't ask Mr. Clark, Sir. He's
 in the field.

CUTTER

Then that answers your questions
 doesn't it?

He stands up.

CUTTER (cont'd)

That'll be all Ryan.

CUT TO:

STEEP JUNGLE HILLS--ROAD--Clark and Chavez stand next to their
 car. In the far distance, over many steep ranges of hills, one
 of the white hilltop fortresses can barely be perceived. Clark
 looks at a map.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

We hump it from here.

Chavez shoulders a heavy rucksack and his rifle. Clark takes an even bigger ruck and an MP-5.

CHAVEZ

I'll take it slow.

CLARK

Thanks but I was a SEAL.

CHAVEZ

Where man?

CLARK

Viet Nam--before you were born.

CHAVEZ

That's what I mean man--I'll take it slow.

They take off.

CUT TO:

TITLE: EGLIN AIR FORCE BASE

SPECIAL TACTICAL OPS HANGER. The gleaming F-15E sits silhouetted in the background. The PILOT AND WSO (Weapons Systems Officer, called Wizzo) stand with their backs to us, facing a portable briefing board, two CIA OPERATIVES, and a bearded GRUMMAN FIELD REP. Also before them is a large (2000 lb.) laser guided bomb.

GRUMMAN REP

Go ahead touch it.

The Wizzo does--knocks on it with his knuckle.

WIZZO

No steel case. What's it made of?

GRUMMAN REP

Cellulose--paper. It's called a hush-a-bomb. All explosion, no frag.

PILOT

Why?

GRUMMAN REP

It was developed for it's stealth capabilities. Very stealthy, no radar signature. Your mission profile calls for some of these things.

CIA MAN

Do you understand the profile?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIZZO

Affirmative.

CIA MAN

I have to ask you both something--
well, personal.

PILOT

Shoot.

CIA MAN

These missions--the others and this
one--Is there anything that disturbs
you about them.?

PILOT

Yes--We don't get to see this thing
go off.

CUT TO:

HILLTOP CASTLE--Gleaming white against the dark jungled hills. High walls around a perimeter 400 meters below--clear fields of fire from cement blockhouses at opposite corners. Inside the walls is a very modern hacienda; much more severe than Escobedo's--all concrete, glass, steel. Several cars are parked in a lawned entry area. A crude dirt road leads up from the valley floor--dust obscures the vehicle.

CUT TO:

CLARK--The laser target designator is set on a heavy tripod. He and Chavez are well camouflaged on a steep ridge at the same height as the castle about two thousand meters away. Clark looks at the dust.

POV--GLASSES--A huge wheeled monster truck--brightly painted with a steel camper shell--another one close behind--open with a .50 caliber mounted and manned in the bed.

CLARK (O.S.)

Great feet.

CHAVEZ (O.S.)

Wow man, they don't spare the
bucks do they.

CUT TO:

THE CASTLE. The two trucks pull into the entryway--the first one with the shell parks next to a huge glassed in area.

CLOSE CLARK--CHAVEZ. Chavez looks through the laser designator

CLARK

Put it on the camper shell--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV DESIGNATOR--A complex ranging reticle with dark interrupted cross-hairs. Magnification is about 12X. Chavez moves it by click increments to the truck shell. Behind, through a window at the Castle, a servant can be seen attending to someone sitting at a table.

CHAVEZ (O.S.)

Target acquired.

CLOSE CHAVEZ.

CHAVEZ

Are they all there?

Clark looks through the glasses

CLARK

Who knows? It's good enough--
Besides we're running out of time.

CUT TO:

F-15E--Refueling with a KC-10 Tanker 45,000 feet over the Caribbean. The aircraft breaks away and turns to the right, beginning a gradual descent.

CLOSE F-15E--Dropping down toward a sea of clouds. The outboard wing stations have two fuel tanks, and the conformal fuselage tanks are full. On the centerline hardpoint hangs the laser guided hush-a-bomb.

PILOT (over)

Any altitude correction for this thing?

WIZZO (over)

No--same ballistics as a MK-84. Piece of cake. We're coming up on Cartegena radar.

PILOT (over)

Let 'em know we're here.

CLOSE WIZZO. He looks at his visual display. He goes to commercial frequency.

WIZZO

Cartegena Traffic Control--this is
21B Gulf. Dq you copy.

CARTEGENA (over)

(heavy accent)

Yes 21B Gulf--Please identify.

WIZZO

We are Pan Am 212 Cargo out of Atlanta to Buenos Aires by way of Lima. Our transition is westbound--showing about 530 knots at 35,000 feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARTEGENA (over)
We have you 218 Gulf--

He switches to his laser acquisition mode.

CUT TO:

CLARK AND CHAVEZ. They look through their glasses--then Chavez looks up in the sky.

CLARK
You won't see anything.

The radio in Clark's hand crackles.

WIZZO (over)
Easy Rhino--Easy Rhino--This is
Bronco Zulu--Do you copy?

CLARK
We copy loud and clear Bronco Zulu.

WIZZO (over)
Do you have a gig Easy Rhino?

CLARK
That's a roge.

WIZZO (over)
Then start the music.

Clark flicks on the designator--a tiny red light on it's back shows it's on.

CLARK
Target is lit.

CUT TO:

WIZZO. He looks at his display--the computer is flying the plane. A line comes down towards an artificial horizon.

WIZZO
Into attack--Pickle is hot--
Target acquired and lit--Coming
down--

The line reaches the bottom.

WIZZO (cont'd)
Bomb away.

F-15E. The laser guided bomb separates cleanly and falls slowly towards the sea of clouds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIZZO (over)

Hold this course for another minute
or so.

PILOT (over)

Will we see anything on the pod?

WIZZO (over)

No--clouds.

CUT TO:

DIRT ROAD. A car comes up the road--a small BMW 325.

INSIDE CAR--CORTEZ AND ESCOBEDO--Cortez' Lieutenant is in the
back with an automatic rifle. A truck full of ARMED MEN
follows.

ESCOBEDO (bored)

Why does he not fix this road.

CUT TO:

CHAVEZ--CLARK. They watch--tension building.

CHAVEZ

Jesus man--

He looks up.

CLARK

Relax--it's gotta go about 30 miles.

CHAVEZ

Jesus.

CUT TO:

BMW--Just rounding the bend, going through the gates of the high
white wall--It happens! No whistle, nothing visible--just a
tremendous explosion and concussion--pieces of the white
concrete are thrown hundreds of feet in the air, along with a
few Mercedes and odd trucks. The shock wave flips the BMW
cleanly, and it slides down the embankment and comes to rest
against the wall. Cortez and Escobedo are momentarily trapped,
this is just as well since debris begins to rain down.

CUT TO:

CHAVEZ--CLARK. Chavez is mesmerized. He looks at Clark and
back through his glasses. The whole hilltop is obscured in
smoke and dust. As it clears we can see that at least half the
structure is flattened or just plain gone. It is strangely
silent as the wind is wrong and does not carry the sound of
screaming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK

Let's do it--clean up as we go,
cover every track.

They back down the ridge--both working professionally.

CUT TO:

CORTEZ--Pulling Escobedo out--followed by his Lieutenant.
Cortez has his pistol out. He's cut and shakes. Escobedo takes
the rifle from the thug. He is scared and covers it with his
anger. He whirls around, looking for anything to explain it.

CORTEZ

Car bomb.

A WOMAN staggers out of the smoke above them, holding her head.
She is talking but no words come out.

CUT TO:

CLARK--CHAVEZ--In the jungle--Clark kneels with the radio.

WIZZO (over)

Evaluate.

CLARK

Circular error probability--Zero--
Impact with high order detonation--Out.

WIZZO (over)

We copy.

CUT TO:

WIZZO. He looks on his display to see if any radars are
tracking him. None.

WIZZO

Clean--That's all folks. Break
left 80 degrees. Give me a stealth
profile out of here--Low and fast.

AIRCRAFT--Does a quick Split S diving for the clouds.

CUT TO:

CLOSE CORTEZ. He is speaking on the cellular phone quickly in
Spanish--relaying information to the other Cartel members.

CORTEZ

There has been an explosion--Yes--
All of them--the entire Production
Committee. No--He is fine--He's here
with me now.

Escobedo just stares at the smoking ruins, thinking, plotting
probably. The security detail goes through everything they can.
The few survivors have been rounded up and are being attended
to.

(CONTINUED)

CORTEZ (cont'd)

Jefe--would you wish to speak to
Senior Gortman?

ESCOBEDO

No--tell him I will call him later.
Tell him anything.

Cortez finishes--catches up to Escobedo. They both look into
the enormous crater where the truck was.

ESCOBEDO

The truck--Fernandez' toy.

CORTEZ

Exactly--the only thing that could
carry enough explosives.

THE POLICE are arriving.

CORTEZ (cont'd)

He was ignorant of what he carried--

ESCOBEDO

Or he didn't get out soon enough--

CORTEZ

I will have the police determine the
type of explosive.

ESCOBEDO

Yes--you do that.

CUT TO:

JUNGLE OVERNIGHT SITE. Clark and Chavez return to Team Knife.
They walk silently from the lookout position to Ramirez' command
post. A BODY lays in front of Ramirez wrapped in a bag.

CHAVEZ

Who is it?

RAMIREZ

Reyna--We ran into their outpost too early--
a lot of shooting. He caught an AK burst.
I heard Team Omen's lost two. Four sites
and they're getting better. How much longer
are we gonna keep this up?

CLARK

Not much without resupply. I'll go into town--
talk to the Farm--maybe we can pull you out--
How's your ammo?

RAMIREZ

Enough for a few more--but that's not the worst.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

What is?

RAMIREZ

Two of 'em got away.

CLARK

You couldn't catch 'em?

RAMIREZ

You had my best hunter.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION--Naturally on CNN. The scene is Columbia, the hills of Medellin to be exact. BODIES of CHILDREN are shown being taken away to a waiting ambulance. The rubble and destruction is reminiscent of Beirut, and the fact is not lost on the President who watches with his STAFF.

PRESIDENT

Oh--My God--If anybody figures this out--Maybe we should have done this another way.

CUTTER

We've dealt with this sort of thing before--The Libyan bombing under Reagan--

PRESIDENT

That was a kid they just brought out, Jim--on CNN. There's women, servants, families--

CUTTER

It's alleged--hearsay.

CUTTER

We know they kill off each other--family members, too. Hell, it's practically their trademark. We can have our cake and eat it too.

The President gets up, walks away.

PRESIDENT

There's the national convention in two months. Two months--and this--this is cold blooded murder.

Cutter stands up

(CONTINUED)

CUTTER

You don't do surgery with bombs. Look--our people, Ryan and his team were monitoring Cortez.

PRESIDENT

This was supposed to be a surgical strike.

CUTTER

For Christ's sake, Mr. President. We used a bomb, remember?

PRESIDENT

Cortez?

CUTTER

The Cuban--We missed him, but he bought it completely. Their own best people bought it, Mr. President--a car bomb. Their own best people--and they don't come any smarter than Cortez.

CUT TO:

ESCOBEDO CASTLE--THE BASEMENT. Guards stand outside. Cars are packed everywhere. TWO WOMEN SURVIVORS of the blast, bandaged and terrified, sit in a small basement room. Cortez walks up with several of Escobedo's best men. Escobedo waits impatiently. Cortez stands over the women looking from one to the other.

CORTEZ

Which one of you knew about this meeting?

The both start crying denials and pleading for their lives.

CORTEZ (cont'd)

Maybe both of you knew. Start with her.

He points one out randomly. His thugs move to assist him, but it is obvious this is a job Cortez will closely supervise. Even Escobedo is somewhat taken aback.

ESCOBEDO

My family is here.

CORTEZ

Then close the door.

Escobedo leaves--The door shuts.

CUT TO:

RYAN'S OFFICE--MURRAY paces, Ryan sits at his desk. He takes a large blue book down from his shelf--JANE'S WEAPONS SYSTEMS. He opens it looking for something--missiles, anti-tank weapons, radars.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

It doesn't figure.

MURRAY

What doesn't figure?

RYAN

The explosion--a car bomb. I don't buy it.

MURRAY

But Cortez confirmed it.

Ryan turns pages--he's after something.

RYAN

That truck would have to be filled with dynamite or plastique and Fernandez wouldn't know? No one looked in the back with THEIR SECURITY?

MURRAY

Maybe they were sloppy--Maybe he was in on it.

DISSOLVE TO:

CORTEZ' OFFICE--MEDELLIN. A CHEMIST, who looks like a chemist, sits across from Cortez and his Lieutenant.

CORTEZ

And where were you employed before your police work?

CHEMIST

I was employed by Senior Garza and Senior Gortman in Mexico.

Cortez brings out a large plate filled with stacked one hundred dollar bills--pushes it over to him.

CORTEZ

This report is for this room only--it will cease to exist when we are through--Comprende?

He nods.

CORTEZ (cont'd)

Proceed.

CHEMIST

The explosive agent was Octol--a mixture of 70% HMX and 30% TNT. It is manufactured principally in the United States. There was also a cellulose residue.

CORTEZ

I thought this would have taken a ton of dynamite.

(CONTINUED)

CHEMIST

Less than eight hundred pounds of Octol
would be far more violent.

CUT TO:

A PICTURE OF A BOMB--A laser guided GBU-15. There are several
on the page of Jane's Weapons Systems, 1000-2000 pound
varieties. Ryan looks up at Murray.

MURRAY

Smart bomb.

RYAN

Very smart--they've been known to go
down air ducts, remember? A range of
over thirty miles. Use a ground based
GLID and it would be a "piece of cake".

MURRAY

But who--you'd know wouldn't you?

RYAN

I'm the acting DDI--that's Intel not
Operations. I think somebody's trying
to start a war down there.

CUT TO:

CORTEZ--In his room with his Lieutenant. He too has Jane's
Weapons System in front of him--open to the same page.

CORTEZ

An aircraft bomb--How ingenious. Stealth
bomb like they used in Iraq--no radar
signature, no metal case. That's where
the cellulose comes in. They made it of
paper.

He picks up the book by the binding--laughing--a real cackle.

CORTEZ (cont'd)

It is not like them--and yet it is.
Do you see the genius of it?

LIEUTENANT

Yes Jefe--of course.

CORTEZ

What is your name?

LIEUTENANT

Halder.

CORTEZ

German?

(CONTINUED)

HALDER

My father--Waifen SS.

CORTEZ

You were a member of M-19--a
Communist?

HALDER

So were you Jefe.

CORTEZ

I was a professional--not an ideologue.

HALDER

It is the same Jefe.

CORTEZ

How can I trust you?

HALDER

Pay me well.

Cortez goes to a closet--opens it, returns with a long plastic case. He opens it--a sporting rifle with a 3X9 scope.

CORTEZ

7.62 NATO--How good a sniper are
you Halder?

He pulls out a paper--draws a Chinese character deftly.

CORTEZ

Chinese--it says "Crisis". We are in
a "Crisis" --Yes? There are two symbols
that make up the character. One denotes
danger, the other--opportunity.

CUT TO:

PRESIDENTIAL NEWS CONFERENCE. The usual cheering boosters, the President is against a blue curtain, the Seal of his office behind him. Newsmen and lackeys cluster close.

PRESIDENT

One more question--the Washington Post--

POST REPORTER

Mister President--Governor Fowler says
he hopes we weren't involved in the
bombing in Columbia. Do you have any
comment?

PRESIDENT

The United States does not kill innocent
women and children. We fight AGAINST
people who do that. We do not sink to
their level. Governor Fowler knows that.
His allegations are cheap political
opportunism.

CUT TO:

CLOSE CORTEZ--IN HIS APARTMENT. It is well furnished, better than before--some new paintings(19th Century) and bronze nudes. At his desk where he sits are the most modern computers, cellular phones, fax equipment and two televisions and vcr's. He reaches into a file and removes a leather bound address book. On it's cover, gold embossed, is the name Moira Wolfe. He opens it, turns to National Security Advisory--Admiral James Cutter--office and private home phone and fax numbers. He begins typing out a letter.

CLOSE COMPUTER SCREEN. It reads: "Let us be honest with each other. You know my reputation so you know the serious nature of my demands. To prove my point, I will help you facilitate your objective within 24 hours."

CUT TO:

NIGHT WASHINGTON--ADMIRAL CUTTER--A single light on in his study, his face is ashen.

CLOSE FAX--The lines clear in the light: "I assume you have full access to our communications, so your confirmation should be in real time. This action is merely to show good faith--real negotiations between us must follow. You have more to lose than I."

CLOSE CUTTER. The face of a man who is caught between ambition, duty, and arrogance. He almost smiles to himself, shrewdly.

CUT TO:

NIGHT CAR--A new BMW, M Series, bigger and faster than Cortez' old car. He is stopped at the bottom of Escobedo's road. The castle walls are lit up in the far distance. Halder sits next to Cortez--he is dressed in black, his face blackened. He has the rifle.

CORTEZ

When the cigar is lit--that is the moment. One must--lean forward.

He leans forward as if having a cigar lit.

CORTEZ (cont'd)

I guess we must both put our trust in each other, Yes?

HALDER

My father would say, "My honor is my loyalty."

CUT TO:

ESCOBEDO'S DEN. Escobedo and Cortez sit in large red leather chairs, both face to the windows. Several of Escobedo's AIDES have maps and photographs laid out on a low table.

(CONTINUED)

ESCOBEDO

Get out--I need to be alone with
Colonel Cortez.

They go.

CORTEZ

The explosives were dynamite and
plastique--400 kilos.

ESCOBEDO

One wheel from that truck weighed almost
that much, so he would never know. Too
bad for him. So what is going on?

CORTEZ

I believe the Americans have two or three
teams of mercenaries in the mountains.

ESCOBEDO

Americans--you're sure it's the Americans?

CORTEZ

Yes--they have American equipment and
training--But I was wrong at the heart
of it Jefe.

ESCOBEDO

What do you mean?

CORTEZ

They have suborned someone in the
Organization, executing their own
wish for--Revenge--through the
ambition and anger of one of your
senior colleagues. But who? That
is a question for you to answer.
I am a trained intelligence officer,
not a policeman.

ESCOBEDO

Your interrogations of Untivero's servants?

CORTEZ

One of them confirmed my findings Jefe--
however--she died of her wounds.

ESCOBEDO

One of us--It is what I've always
expected.

CORTEZ

A matter of priorities--the mercenaries
must be hunted down and killed. I'll need
at least 200 well trained men.

Escobedo feels better now that action is being planned. He
hands Cortez a cigar and takes one himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESCOBEDO

Done--Light?

He leans forward to light as does Cortez. The glass window shatters with a vacuum whump behind Cortez--brandy bottles explode with a crack behind his head--inches away. The bullet rips through his chair and splinters half of a wooden globe. Cortez grabs Escobedo and throws them to the floor.

CORTEZ

Sniper!

Another round cracks right over Escobedo's head. He is flat instantly. The muffled report follows--a silence pervades for what seems an eternity. There is the shouting of the guards--footsteps--automatic weapons fire. A GUARD rushes in.

CORTEZ (cont'd)

Get the lights out you damn fool!

SEARCHLIGHTS--On the guntowers light up and flash across the walls. Dogs and teams of men are heard.

CUT TO:

CORTEZ--A pistol in his hand, issuing orders. The GUARDS rush down towards the walls--SOME are already on the outside. A THUG hands Cortez an automatic shotgun.

CORTEZ

It could have come from as far away as the next ridge.

THUG

That would be over a thousand meters.

CORTEZ

Why do you think they missed--Fool!
Where is Senior Escobedo?

THUG

In the basement as you said, Senior.

He rushes off--Cortez falls behind--walks along a thick storm drain. A COHORT leads the others back towards the house. The lights flash overhead, but here it is dark. A movement in front of him--Halder.

HALDER

Here Jefe.

CORTEZ

Have you got the rifle?

He holds it up at port arms. Cortez levels the shotgun and blasts him three times stifling his screams.

(CONTINUED)

CORTEZ (cont'd)

Over here! Quickly! They are
inside the wall!

Lights and noise as men rush to him.

CUT TO:

NIGHT--CAMP DAVID--PRESIDENTIAL CABIN--The sound of crickets.
The two men sit on the porch in the dark, silhouetted by the
light from other cabins.

PRESIDENT

This could be damaging to our prestige.
I didn't bargain on civilian casualties.
How do you explain it. You told me they
were good Admiral.

CUTTER

Mr. President I never--

PRESIDENT

The hell you didn't! How did you get
me into this?

CUTTER

Sir--they--they just tried to assassinate
Cortez and Escobedo--their own people.
We've got 'em at war with each other Sir.
Drug shipments are down--the papers are
already talking about prices going up on
the street. A cocaine panic--We're winning.

PRESIDENT

Fine, you tell Governor Fowler that next
November when he's here--But right now
you work for me! I want this whole thing
to go away. This is your mess and you
clean it up.

Silence.

PRESIDENT (cont'd)

I may not be re-elected if this gets out--
but you'll go to jail. I promise you that.

CUT TO:

MORNING--THE "FARM", YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA. Jack Ryan walks from
his car. An AIDE runs up to him.

AIDE

Dr. Ryan.

He turns, the man looks disturbed, doesn't know what to say.

(CONTINUED)

AIDE (cont'd)

NSA was all over us to give all communication disks for Showboat. They requested the code disks too.

RYAN

Well if those codes are gone, there would be no way to reestablish pick up.

AIDE

That's why I wanted to tell you Sir. It's highly uncommon--

RYAN

Did you send 'em?

AIDE

We had no choice--they were very insistent. We tried to call you.

RYAN

Do we have contact with Mr. Clark?

AIDE

No Sir--nothing without those disks. The only possibility would be the relay--the Coast Guard boat. They might have taken copies and we could reconstruct--

Ryan is gone--

CUT TO:

ADMIRAL CUTTER--He looks up from his desk as Ryan comes in.

CUTTER

I was going to call you Ryan--good that you're here.

RYAN

Sir--Why have your people taken the essential como disks from Showboat.

CUTTER (hard)

Because we're shutting down Reciprocity Ryan, that's why. We're shutting it all down. It's going to go away and have never happened. You understand that kind of thing don't you?

RYAN

What about our people?

CUTTER

I've taken care of that. You don't need to know how. It was necessary for us to have those disks. That's all I'm going to tell you.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

The operation is critical now, Sir.

CUTTER

The operation was a success. There's a gang war going on down there. Tomorrow there will have been no operation. I want you to destroy your files--We have more important fish to fry in Israel.

He gets up, walks around the table.

CUTTER

You'll be on a plane to London tomorrow morning. I've made you acting DDI--officially--You'll be meeting with your counterpart from MOSSAD by the end of the week. Congratulation on your assignment Dr. Ryan.

He reaches out his hand--Ryan takes it, but looks away. Cutter turns him to the door.

CUTTER (cont'd)

Have you seen Admiral Greer?

RYAN

He's only got a day or two left.

CUTTER (shaking head)

Sometimes it's worse that these things linger on.

CUT TO:

DAY--HIGH JUNGLE ROAD. Huge dump trucks with massive wheels roar up a muddy jungle road and stop. They are filled with ARMED MEN. They quickly disembark. LEADERS talk into field radios and look at maps.

CUT TO:

CHAVEZ--Running high on a ridge. They look down at the road which ends in a steep sided valley. They turn and look down another valley with their glasses.

POV GLASSES--Through the trees--long lines of armed men are dispersing from other trucks. The sound of a helicopter suddenly chatters up from the distant hills. The helo, a new Jet Ranger, flies over the line of troops towards us.

CLOSE RAMIREZ--CHAVEZ. They duck down as the helo goes over.

RAMIREZ

Man, now I know how Charlie felt.

They move out--the only way that is open.

CUT TO:

HELICOPTER. Cortez sitting in the right seat, a topographical map laid out in front of him. Large arrows are drawn in red up the sides of the mountains and across the valley enclosing the area from three sides. There is only one way anything can go to escape.

CUT TO:

CLARK--In his office in Cartegena.

CLARK

I can't get through on any of the
como links that's why I called!

CUTTER

What--the links are down? That's Ryan.
I don't know what's going on here but
somebody's setting us up--this line is not
secure. I'll have to talk to you in person.

CLARK

Ryan? What's he got to do with it?

CUTTER

He may be cutting you off--He take his
orders from higher up.

CLARK

There's only one place higher up.

CUTTER

I can't discuss it on this line.

CLARK

We need resupply.

CUTTER

I repeat--this line is not secure.

CLARK

I'll fly out to Panama right now.
I don't like this.

CUTTER

Make it after dark--so there will
be no questions.

CLOSE CUTTER--In his office, alone.

CUTTER

--Calm down--we'll figure it out.
--That's right, 2230 hours.
--Goodbye.

He hangs up the phone, presses a buzzer. A FEMALE SECRETARY enters.

(CONTINUED)

CUTTER (cont'd)

Rhonda--get me the tail number of that Cessna we're using in Cartegena.

RHONDA

Yes Sir.

CUTTER

And also, keep me a line open to Special Operations, Eglin.

RHONDA

Eglin?

CUTTER

Eglin Air Force Base.

CUT TO:

BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL. Jack Ryan waits in the hallway. A NURSE comes out. She looks depressed.

NURSE

It's very near--the end. He can't speak at all I'm afraid. But I guess you can go see him.

Ryan goes in--the room is silent save the click click of monitors. Greer has tubes through his mouth and nostril. Other tubes feed into his wrist. He is obviously very sedated, and his eyes just stare ahead peacefully. Ryan walks quietly up to his side, the nurse close at hand.

RYAN

It's me Sir--Jack--Don't say anything--It's enough to be here Sir.

Greer's eyes don't move but they seem to perceive something. Slowly, ever so slowly, he turns his head and now there can be no doubt but that he does see Jack Ryan.

CLOSE RYAN--His eyes locked on Greer asking a question.

CLOSE GREER--With great difficulty he raises his hand, an unmistakable gesture--a salute.

CLOSE RYAN--He returns it.

CUT TO:

F-15E--Gliding like a black shark through the starry Caribbean night.

BRONCO ZULU (over)

Confirm that tail number X-Ray Falcon.

X-RAY FALCON (over)

That's one zero four Oscar Bravo--
Do you copy?

CUT TO:

CLARK--Piloting his Cessna 310--somewhere over the same Caribbean. The plane slips by, the tail number reads: 5310408.

BRONCO ZULU (over)
That's a roge.

CUT TO:

JACK RYAN--Tossing in his bed, staring up at the ceiling. He looks over at his wife CATHY, who is fast asleep. He pulls himself up--stares out the window.

CATHY
Jack? Jack--What is it?

RYAN
I don't know--a lot of things.

CATHY
Is it tomorrow--are you worried about flying?

RYAN (smiling)
Maybe--maybe that's it--I--I might miss my plane if this keeps up.

CUT TO:

CLOSE CLARK--At the controls--down near the water. A peaceful night. He's checking his course when suddenly his plane is bathed in a glaring light. The radio crackles.

RADIO (over)
This is a U.S. Air Force interceptor. Comply or face the consequences--How do you want it?

The light fades. Clark snaps his head around--sure enough an F-15E several hundred yards off his wing.

CLARK wags his wings--puts the landing gear down.

CLARK
Bronco Zulu I know who you are!
This is Easy Rhino. Repeat Easy Rhino. Don't do it man--my gear is down. I'm filed for Panama--take me in.

CUT TO:

WIZZO--His eyes are perplexed.

PILOT (over)
You believe that?

WIZZO (over)
It sounds like his voice. Someone's playing games.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PILOT (over)

Maybe I should just waste him--no questions--no answers.

CLARK (over)

Bronco Zulu, Bronco Zulu--I've been set up--Fly me in--You've got nothing to lose.

PILOT (over)

'Cept the score man. One slip and you're hash buddy.

CUT TO:

MORNING JACK RYAN'S HOUSE, MARYLAND. Jack is sitting at his breakfast table seen through a window. He is looking through files talking to Cathy. A figure in the foreground watches him from some bushes. It is Mr. Clark. He moves stealthily for the door.

CLOSE RYAN. He picks up the phone, dials.

CATHY

I think you have to do it, Jack.

RYAN

I would never have thought something like this could happen. Not in my country.

The phone is ringing, Murray picks up O.S..

RYAN

Dan.

MURRAY (O.S.)

Yeah Jack.

RYAN

It's bad Dan--it's real dirty. Cutter's in on it, and it could go higher.

MURRAY

Jesus.

The doorbell rings.

CATHY

I'll get it.

She walks out of the room to the front door.

CUT TO:

CLOSE RYAN. He speaks into the phone and doesn't notice his wife backing into the room.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

Clark? I don't know, but he could be Cutter's man. I don't think he's part of it. He wouldn't cut those kids off.

He sees his wife's expression--turns to see none other than Mr. Clark standing with a .45 leveled.

RYAN

Just a second Dan.

He starts to stand--looks at the receiver.

RYAN (to Murray)

You can speak to--Mr. Clark--yourself.

He hands the phone to Clark, who looks coldly at him.

CLARK

Pretty smart, but what do I want that for?

RYAN

You'll find it interesting.

CLARK

Who is it?

RYAN

The FBI.

CUT TO:

FBI RIFLE RANGE, QUANTICO. Under the overhang, the three men, Clark, Ryan, Murray, walk along quietly.

RYAN

Well, one thing is sure, we can't go to the Agency or the NSA for help.

MURRAY

That just leaves us.

CLARK

How can I trust that?

MURRAY

The Bureau is a priesthood--only we couldn't deal with the vows of celibacy. Besides you've got no choice.

CLARK

Then you've got to put a tail on Cutter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

It's already started--he's leaving at noon for Panama. Dan, you got him.

MURRAY

And you two.

CLARK

I'm going back in and get those kids out--

He looks at Ryan.

RYAN

And I'm going with him.

CLARK

It could be rough Dr. Ryan.

RYAN

Certainly.

CLARK

We'll need como gear--

RYAN

The best.

CLARK

And Cutter and the President will find out.

RYAN

It'll be too late.

CUT TO:

DAWN--MOUNTAIN--A STEEP RIDGE. Team Knife scrambles up the face--using trees and vines and trying to cover their tracks. These men are fit and well trained but there is the hint of desperation now.

TOP OF RIDGE. Chavez scans the surrounding hills with his glasses. Oso, by his side, does likewise. Ramirez and Guerra work with the burst transmission radio.

RAMIREZ

Try Team Omen.

GUERRA

We'll be on an open channel Captain. They could probably pick it up.

CHAVEZ

What the hell you think happened Captain?

RAMIREZ

I don't know soldier--You got ideas?

(CONTINUED)

CHAVEZ

Back in Viet Nam, some of those SOG Recon Teams and the LURPS--they got left out to dry.

RAMIREZ

Well--this ain't Viet Nam Cholo.

CUT TO:

NOON--ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE--Cutter leaves his staff car and gets into a white T-39 with the engines whining. The door is closed and he taxis off.

CUT TO:

PANAMA--FORMERLY NORIEGA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

A DELTA DC-9 lands.

MURRAY leaves the aircraft at the gate.

HE rents a car.

DRIVES into the gate at Howard AFB, shows ID.

WATCHES from a parking lot as Cutter's T-39 pulls in.

CLOSE MURRAY. He looks through glasses as Cutter gets out of the T-39 and goes into a white Ford sedan.

CUT TO:

HIGH RIDGE--Overlooking a carpet of huge trees. Chavez looks to the west away from the sun. He sees something flash--men are there.

CHAVEZ

There's the blocking force--but in the wrong place.

Suddenly the chatter of automatic weapons--it raises to a high pitch and is joined by the dull concussion from grenades. Finally a wisp of smoke is visible above the far distant trees where the men were. Ramirez looks over at Chavez.

RAMIREZ

They weren't looking for us.

CHAVEZ

Omen?

CUT TO:

NIGHT--JUNGLE. Chavez--his rifle on his back and his MP-5 ready. Oso off to the right with his SAW. He blinks, shakes his head--fatigue is setting in. They hear something. He thinks he sees something but isn't sure. He flips his night goggles down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV--GOGGLES--A MAN alright, moving forward in the careful balletic style they've been trained to use. Behind him about fifty feet ANOTHER MAN.

CHAVEZ (over)
Six this is point--We've got
company--I think our guys--

CLOSE CHAVEZ. He flicks the infrared light on his goggles, invisible to anyone else without them.

VOICE
Ding--that you? It's Leon.

CHAVEZ
You're lost 'Berto--Where's Captain Rojas?

The man walks out of the shadows.

LEON
Dead. Estevez, Delgado--half the team.

CHAVEZ (into radio)
Six--Team Omen caught the shit--
You better get up here.

THE OTHERS start filing in.

CUT TO:

NIGHT CLARK'S CESSNA 310. Slipping through the clouds and mountains. The moonlight glints off the wings.

CLARK
I know these mountains. Don't look
so nervous.

CLOSE RYAN--WHITE knuckles.

RYAN (straight ahead)
I am nervous--What did you know
about Cutter--Ever work for him before?

CLARK
I thought you were getting over it?

RYAN (terrified)
Yeah--don't 'I look like I'm getting
over it. Talk about something else.

CLARK
I never met Cutter before--when this is
settled, I'm going to kill him.

RYAN
The National Security Advisor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK

He tried to kill me--and you.

RYAN

Try to reach Team Knife on your channel.

The plane buffets in the updraft.

CLARK

We're not close enough.

RYAN (straight ahead)

Jesus--not close enough.

CUT TO:

PANAMA--THE WHITE SEDAN--Parked outside an attractive hillside ranch house. Only a few lights are on. On the porch sits Admiral Cutter and Felix Cortez.

CUTTER

Who owns this house?

CORTEZ

A Cuban doctor--he was of Noriega's physicians. Does it matter?

CUTTER

I suppose not.

CORTEZ

You must know I had nothing to do with the death of your FBI Director. It was an act of madness.

CUTTER

Why should I believe that.

CORTEZ

Because it is logical.

Cutter pauses--glares at him.

CORTEZ (cont'd)

Admiral, I have the power to expose the totality of your activities to the press. Either you accommodate me or the members of your Congress. You will find me more tolerant. We are, after all, men of the same profession.

CUT TO:

MURRAY--Lying on the edge of a smelly irrigation ditch on a hillside overlooking the distant house. Murray has a 35MM camera with a powerful lens mounted on a low tripod. He clicks away.

CUT TO:

CUTTER--CORTEZ. Cortez lights the inevitable cigar, and sips on a Mai Tai.

CORTEZ

You wish to initiate a war within the Cartel--So do I.

CUTTER

What's in it for you?

CORTEZ

A seat at the table.

CUTTER

Knowing you--a seat at the head.

CORTEZ

Eventually, I will unilaterally reduce cocaine shipments by one quarter. The Trade is disordered and overly violent. It needs "restructuring".

CUTTER

We want it stopped.

CORTEZ (laughs)

No you don't. You Americans need your drugs. You don't care about drug use. You only care about the violence associated with it. Drugs are a means of natural selection--Let the children and rock stars and basketball players die choking their vomit. The smart and strong will survive, and the next generation will be better for it.

CUTTER

You're mad.

CORTEZ

Because I speak the truth. Lies have the stench of death about them Admiral. The violence associated with the Trade is regrettable but it CAN be cleaned up. It is mostly at the retail level. Would General Motors or Ford accept such behavior? No, they would regulate the dealerships, the same as we intend to do. I give you victory Admiral--tangible victory in your war on drugs. I can give you some major arrests so your police can take credit. This is an election year is it not?

CUT TO:

MURRAY--Watching.

MURRAY

God what I'd give to have bugged that house.

CUT TO:

CORTEZ--From his look, we know he has already won. He leans forward, aggressive. Cutter is pushed up in his chair. Body language has never been more obvious.

CORTEZ

I too must have a small victory to establish my position with the Cartel. You will withdraw support from your Green Berets in the mountains. The men of the Cartel have large groups of retainers. It will be necessary to reduce their numbers. The best way is for your Green Berets to kill them. Of course, my operation will eventually have to be--successful.

CUTTER

But I can't do that.

CORTEZ

From your point of view, it eliminates a potential security problem does it not?

He pauses knowing this is hitting deep.

CORTEZ (cont'd)

I will need maps--locations of extractions and resupply zones--radio frequencies. You can fax them to me.

CUTTER

My God.

Cortez stands up.

CORTEZ

If we cannot agree, then the consequences will be unpleasant for both of us. Yes or No Admiral?

CUT TO:

POV--MURRAY'S CAMERA. They shake hands.

CUT TO:

ADMIRAL CUTTER IN THE WHITE SEDAN--Driving along the runway at Howard AFB. He stops at Hanger 3A a large black, closed hanger. He goes inside.

OPERATIONS DESK. Cutter stands facing Colonel Johns.

CUTTER

Your name Johns?

JOHNS

That's right Sir.

(CONTINUED)

CUTTER

Do you recognize me?

JOHNS

Yes Sir I do.

CUTTER

Your orders have been changed Colonel.
You will return to your Stateside base
today. You will not discuss this matter
with anyone. Do you require further
instructions Colonel?

CUT TO:

CUTTER'S T-39--Taking off into the dawn.

CUT TO:

HANGER 3A--OPERATIONS. From across the hanger past the dark
silhouette of the HH-60 Blackhawk, we see Murray talking to
Colonel Johns.

MURRAY

He just concluded a meeting with a
Colonel of the Cuban KGB--they
shook hands. It's in here.

He points to the camera.

RYAN

You gotta decide to trust one
of us. Those kids in the mountains
need you.

JOHNS

Alright--this beats all. I believe
you--I've had a good career anyway.

HH-60--Chopping in over the water to the Panache.

XO (over)

Flight Quarters. All hands prepare
to land helo.

CUT TO:

PANACHE CIC--The blue lit room. Murray sits at the screen. The
CIA OPERATOR is next to him, Wegener standing over.

MURRAY

Did you make copies?

CIA OPERATOR

Sure did. You can never tell when the
links'll go down. I don't trust technology.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURRAY
How can I be so lucky.

CUT TO:

CLOSE GUERRA--JUNGLE. He looks up excited, the radio telephone at his ear.

GUERRA
I've got Variable!

Ramirez rushes over. The others are fanned out in defensive positions, exhausted.

RAMIREZ (into radio)
Where you been Variable?

VARIABLE
Never mind that. We'll explain it later
Knife. The important thing is for you
to get to an extraction point.

RAMIREZ (over)
You can say that again.

CHAVEZ--As usual, watching from up in a tree.

OSO
Captain's got Variable. We're getting
out a here.

CHAVEZ
Better be soon--

CLOSE RAMIREZ.

RAMIREZ
Alright, I've got LZ Dallas about
8 clicks--that'll give you enough
time and us enough distance. It's
on the top of a hill it looks like.

CLOSE HIS MAP--Showing the contours and LZ names.

THE HH-60--Lifting off the deck of the Panache.

CLOSE WEGENER--At the bridge.

WEGENER
Change course to 16 degrees South South
East. Make turns for 22 knots. Our
destination will be the Columbian territorial
limits--Point Caribbeana--8 North--78 West.
XO give me an ETA.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER MAP. This one fax'ed, in Cortez' hands, Escobedo standing over. Armed tough looking RETAINERS and their OFFICERS crowd around. Escobedo wears a pair of ivory gripped .44 Magnums, Rommel goggles, a tan safari suit. Cortez is deliberately nondescript.

CORTEZ

Three points that's all. They'll have to go to one of these--LZ Boston, Waco or Dallas.

ESCOBEDO

Well--

CORTEZ

Boston's too far and in a valley. Get your men to Dallas and Waco-- Are these roads?

CHIEF THUG

Yes my Colonel--but this over here is a swamp--it will take more time.

CORTEZ

Don't tell me your problems, Senior.

CUT TO:

CLARK AND RYAN--In a pickup truck, bouncing along a dirt road. Ryan has a burst transmission radio. Both men have silenced 5 submachine guns.

RYAN

Variable this is Easy Rhino--reading you very clear.

VARIABLE

We've got Team Knife and coordinates for an extraction. What's it look like there?

RYAN

So far so good--

Suddenly they come around a bend and are face to face with a large flatbed truck coming the other way. The truck has TWO ARMED MEN standing in the bed and TWO in the cab.

RYAN (cont'd)

Uh--negative that Variable. Have to terminate transmission.

VARIABLE

Roger that--

He puts the radio on the floor along with the MP-5. The truck stops--there is not enough room to pass. The Cartel thugs look and motion wildly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

What now!

Clark turns and smiles.

CUT TO:

THE MARSH--Surrounded by steep cliffs. Chavez and Oso look down across it--a stream at it's center has meandered enough to make this valley floor very sticky going. Only a thin strand of semi dry land snakes across from place to place. This dry land is bare of vegetation and rises about two feet out of the water.

CHAVEZ

You see that dry spot--kind of an island? I'll bet these Cholo's are so lame they'll walk right down the center of that thing--Don't even want to get their feet wet.

Oso smiles. Chavez steps to a tangled embankment--a natural ditch covered with vegetation.

CHAVEZ

How far you think to that island Vato?

OSO

I think we better be real sure.

CUT TO:

CLARK--RYAN--Clark tries to pull over as far as he can. The thugs yell at him and try to macho it around. Naturally, their rear wheels go over the edge spinning. The big truck slowly sinks back into the muddy ditch and jungle--much discussion and yelling amongst the thugs.

RYAN

Shit happens right?

They yell at Clark, who shrugs smiling amiably.

CUT TO:

TWO SCOUTS--TOUGH MOUNTAIN FARMERS. They work their way through the tall reeds. Suddenly Chavez stands up in front of the man. His eyes go wide as they stare at each other. The Columbian raises his AK but Chavez blocks it's movement and swings his machete.

CUT TO:

THE TRUCK--The thugs get out swearing in Spanish--demanding Clark and Ryan to get out.

THUG 1

What're you doing up here?

(CONTINUED)

THUG 2

You Gringos? Yeah they're Gringos.

THUG 1

What are you Gringos doing here--
causing trouble?

Both men brandish their weapons knowing they scare Americans.

CLARK

We're looking for gold.

THUG 2

Gold?

RYAN

We work for Mr. Escobedo. Who do
you work for?

THUG 2

Senior Escobedo has you looking
for gold? Where?

RYAN

I'm with Houston Geological--
Who do you work for?

He reaches out his hand. The thugs ignore him.

THUG 1

Gold--You push the truck out of
here. Then you show us the gold.

Clark is ushered around to the rear wheel--where the mud will
fly. He looks in the truck, a tarp barely covers bodies. He
can see their boots. Viet Nam jungle boots. Their uniforms
look familiar too. He looks over at Ryan, a chill in his eyes.

CUT TO:

A JUNGLE HILL--The team is dug in along the tree line above the
slope. Perimeter trip mines have been set--claymores and
grenades strung below. The SAW's have been zeroed and set to
traverse at different elevations--interlocking fields. The men
are in fighting holes broken up into three man Fire Teams, each
mutually supporting.

RAMIREZ (with map)

Where's Chavez?

GUERRA (looking at map)

He's holding the back door. There's
no other way up here.

CUT TO:

CHAVEZ--OSO--Camouflaged in their ditch. The M-40A1 layed out and rested on a bag--a cloth layed down in front of the muzzle so no debris or dust can fly up from the blast and reveal them. Oso has his spotting scope and SAW set up, both men are completely painted and have strips of clothing and foliage tied around themselves and their weapons, breaking up their outline.

CUT TO:

THE THUG DRIVER guns the engine of the flatbed truck. Wheels spin, mud flies. Ryan looks at Clark who is covered. One of the men is standing in the bed with an AK. He laughs. Clark cleans the mud from his face--the wheels spin again.

CLARK (in perfect Spanish)
Dr. Ryan--see if you can get something
to put under the wheel. There's a blanket
in the front seat.

THUG
Yeah--a blanket--that would be smart.
Too bad it get's dirty.

Ryan walks to the truck--opens the door. The MP-5 is right in front of him.

CLOSE CLARK. He sees Ryan--notes one man on the drivers side pushing and the passenger pushing. He can feel the man with the AK over him.

CLARK
Let's try again--Listo?

The wheels spin--noise enough to cover the pop of Clark's .45. The man in the bed goes bolt upright. Clark turns but the second man is in line with Ryan.

CLOSE RYAN. He grits his teeth, turns around scooping up the silenced MP-5. The safety comes off and the gun's bolt clacks as he sends a burst into the driver, who seems surprised. Ryan holds it down, and the man pitches from the open door. He turns to the second man--Clark ducks.

CLOSE CLARK. The engine dies and Clark sees the man on the driver's side stagger and splash into the mud. He wheels around, the passenger turns oblivious to what has happened. He shoots him twice in the body. He slams into the door.

CLARK
Two in the body.

He shoots him in the head.

CLARK
One in the head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ryan, rushes over.

CLARK (cont'd)
Guaranteed to leave 'em dead.
(to Ryan)
You did good Cowboy.

CUT TO:

POV--GLASSES--A COLUMN OF MEN moving down the dry exposed spine of the marsh.

CLOSE OSO. He puts the glasses down.

OSO
How come they don't wait for night?

CHAVEZ
They don't like night.

OSO
Why not?

CHAVEZ
Cause it's dark stupid--Lightfighter!

Oso looks at him--they both smile, slap hands.

CUT TO:

COLUMN--Is about 350 meters away. These are THUGS, BULLIES and CRIMINALS, not soldiers, so they pick the easiest course which takes them to the exposed island, surrounded by mud and water. They also come here because a MAN appears to be standing there.

POV--GLASSES--THE LEADER of the Column goes up to the man, prods him and his head rolls off--much consternation and yelling. MEN rush forward to see--all order is lost, they crowd the island.

CLOSE CHAVEZ--OSO--They are cracking up again.

Chavez leans into his rifle.

CHAVEZ
That's right, bunch up--get a good look--Let's do it.

He squeezes--the rifle bucks, the shot rings out clear.

COLUMN--THE LEADER pitches backwards kicking wildly. Headshots tend to make spasms. Before the others can recover, another shot takes ANOTHER MAN through mid-body. By now it is clear what's happening and most of them dive for the only cover there is--the water with the dirt "island" in front of them. A few run back.

CHAVEZ (O.S.)
Clean up the flanks Oso!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE OSO--He fires short accurate bursts--the water leaps up like rows of corn. The MEN go down. Now he sprays the entire island once over. All the column are hidden behind it. A MAN sticks his head up to fire. He is blown flat by a single shot.

CLOSE CHAVEZ--He leans to the radio near him, never taking his eyes off the target over his scope.

CHAVEZ

Six this Backdoor--We are engaged.

CUT TO:

RAMIREZ--GUERRA--Looking down the clearing into the trees where movement can be seen. MEN emerge in large numbers, starting up.

RAMIREZ

Copy Backdoor--How many?

CHAVEZ (over)

A platoon or two--enough for seconds.

A distant shot.

CUT TO:

CHAVEZ--OSO--FIVE MORE get up and run towards the reeds firing and screaming curses in Spanish. Oso cuts them down, Chavez finishes them precisely.

OSO

That was close--these guys keep trying that. They're gonna figure this out.

CHAVEZ

Ninja!

CUT TO:

JUNGLE--At the bottom of LZ Dallas(Ninja Hill). Escobedo, Cortez, and several of Escobedo's "GENERALS" are mounted on fine horses. Escobedo nods, and the Chief Thug motions forward with a machete. The TROOPS advance at the low run, crouching and trying to use cover, basically doing what they've seen in movies.

CUT TO:

CLOSE RAMIREZ--He watches the Generals in the trees--the men coming towards him. He points towards the horseman to a SAW GUNNER.

RAMIREZ

Easy 600 meters--see what you can do--Alright--Commence Firing.

(CONTINUED)

THE NEAREST HOLE--sets off the command detonation. Huge claymore blasts flatten small GROUPS OF MEN.

THE 60mm MORTAR plunks away.

THE SAW goes for the Generals.

ESCOBEDO--CORTEZ--Watch in fascination as fragments whistle over. Suddenly machine gun fire takes down several of the Generals and their horses. Escobedo gallops out towards his men. Cortez quickly dismounts. Escobedo's horse spins around and he loses control. Cortez grabs the reins.

CORTEZ

The horse! Get off the horse!

He does, but still his macho ego pushes him on. He fires the big magnum at the trees. Cortez grabs him and pulls him to cover. The assault continues, the number being cut but the losses drive the others into a blood frenzy.

CORTEZ (cont'd)

They have a sniper Jefe. They can see you!

Escobedo draws his second big revolver, levels it at Cortez, his eyes mad.

ESCOBEDO

Give me YOUR jacket--You take this one.

He takes off his tan safari tunic, still keeping the gun on Cortez.

CUT TO:

MOUNTAINS--The sun is setting.

BLACKHAWK--In the gathering dusk--ripping over the low mountains, headed up the valley flying nap of the earth.

CLOSE RYAN--CLARK--Running through the reeds low. They can hear the firing in front of them. Occasionally tracers are up or over. Ryan stops with the radio.

RYAN

Backdoor--this is Easy Rhino. We're about 200 meters off your target's east flank--

OSO

We can't pick and chose Easy Rhino--if it flies it dies.

CUT TO:

CHAVEZ--Firing more frantically now, sweat running down his face. Oso pointing out targets in the deepening gloom. A flash of fire from two AK's. Bullets rip through the trees over their heads.

POV CHAVEZ--The crosshairs settle on one of the flashing muzzles. Recoil--it's gone.

CLOSE CHAVEZ--He racks the bolt--looking for the other.

OSO

Hey Esse--you're good at this--

CHAVEZ (tense, looking)

Yeah it's fun as a hobby--but I
wouldn't wanna do this for a living.

CUT TO:

RYAN--CLARK--Crawling in the slime, the reeds and other cover. They are on the flank where the enemy should have been if they were pros. The wild AK fire from the druggies answered by the sharp sure crack of the sniper.

CUT TO:

TREELINE--NINJA HILL. As the light fades--the enemy rushes forward. The fighting is point blank and quick, but the enemy numbers prevail. A Fire Team is trapped--the fighting is hand to hand--machetes, bayonets, broken necks.

CUT TO:

HELICOPTER--Coming in low up the valley.

JOHNS (over)

Knife this is Papa Lima.

RAMIREZ (over)

We got a Romeo Foxtrot Papa Lima--

JOHNS (over)

Withdraw to LZ Knife.

RAMIREZ (over)

Roger that--

JOHNS (over)

Hot guns!

MURRAY--Activates his mini-gun--Gets behind it.

CUT TO:

CHAVEZ--OSO--THE HELO comes right over them drawing fire and is gone. Chavez grabs up the rifle--Oso covers with the SAW as they make a prepared withdrawal down the ditch. The SURVIVORS on the island sense this, and maddened by fear and revenge,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

charge out in mass--the one tactic that would have worked in the first place.

CLOSE CHAVEZ--OSO--They run for their lives--using the heavy cover and darkness to their advantage.

CHAVEZ (into radio)

Six--This is Backdoor--We've been overrun. Expect company.

Oso stops and turns back. The enemy swarms into the ditch firing, clubbing, stabbing at shadows where they were. Oso triggers a command detonator--two claymores go off in sharp violent flashes, and the snipers keep moving.

CUT TO:

NINJA HILL--Team Knife's fire is less consequential and the return fire of the enemy is having a telling effect. Men fall as they retreat. One is clearly dead, another is helped by his comrades. Ramirez and a SAW Team signal the others back covering them. He can see the dark figures closing on him. Both side's movements brings about a moment of silence.

RAMIREZ (screaming at shadows)

What are you waiting for. When we're finished with you, we're going to fuck your women!

Fire sprouts in the trees. The SAW gunner is killed. Ramirez grabs the gun, fires short bursts, pulling back. They see him too, and he is transfixed in a crossfire.

CUT TO:

DOOR OF HELO--As it swoops into the fallen trees of the LZ. A few sparkles of automatic fire flash from the trees. Bullets ring through the skin. The soldiers of Team Knife run for the helo. Murray points the gun at the flashes--presses the trigger, and a white hot stream of solid fire lances out with a tremendous shrieking roar. Everywhere there are flashes--he puts them out with his "hose". The men clamber inside. More bullets smash into the sides and whine off.

CLOSE JOHNS. A bullet rips through the plexiglass--another shatters instruments.

THE MEN--Piled in the back.

GUERRA

Alright--head count.

The men count off.

GUERRA (cont'd)

That's all--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNS

What about your Captain.

GUERRA

That's all!

CLOSE JOHNS--He is flicking switches to maintain power.

JOHNS

We're out of here.

MURRAY--As the helicopter lifts, he fires at everything he can see. More flashes seem to sprout everywhere. The helo tilts forward and they pass over the ground below.

CUT TO:

RYAN--CLARK--Moving quickly through the trees. They listen--stop--sporadic distant gunshots.

RYAN

Backdoor, Backdoor--this is Easy
Rhino--do you copy?

CHAVEZ (over)

Loud and clear Easy Rhino.

CLARK

Your net is probably compromised so
this must be done ASAP. Go due East
point six clicks--Forget Variable.

CHAVEZ (over)

That's a roge Easy Rhino--Out.

Clark moves fast and silently--he knows how to do this well.
Ryan follows the best he can.

CUT TO:

HELICOPTER--Thudding through the night sky. The helo's MEDIC
and the TEAM MEDIC work feverishly on the wounded.

JOHNS

We're not gonna make Panama--be lucky
to make the coast. We're showing up
on radar too. It's commercial but
they're gonna want answers.

CUT TO:

CHAVEZ--OSO. They push through the jungle out to a road. They
look both ways--darkness. Oso flashes his red flashlight in
both directions. A red flashlight returns, then the sound of an
engine starting up. Suddenly the dark shape of a pickup is
before them--it stops.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK
Need a ride?

They climb in.

CUT TO:

THE WHITE HOUSE--Lights burning in the Oval Office.

CLOSE PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT
What about Columbia?

CUTTER
It's shut down.

PRESIDENT
How exactly?

CUTTER
Sir--You told me you didn't want
to know.

PRESIDENT
You're telling me it's something
I shouldn't know?

CUTTER
The Operation is over Mr President--
It never happened.

PRESIDENT
I assume everything you've done
is within the Law.

CUTTER
You may make that assumption Sir.

CUT TO:

TRUCKS--Still full of MEN on a jungle road. BODIES and wounded
are everywhere. Cortez stands with a radio in the headlights.
Escobedo rides up and dismounts his new horse, which is taken
away.

CORTEZ (into radio)
The aircraft is unfriendly and it
would be in your best interests to
intercept it. That's right--I am
speaking with that authority.

ESCOBEDO
You think you can stop them?

CORTEZ
One must "never say die" Jefe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESCOBEDO

Give me that.

He takes the radio.

CUT TO:

CLARK--Driving with night vision goggles. They round a bend and see the trucks below lit up by their headlights and gas lanterns. They stop--get out.

CLARK

Here's payback.

Chavez reaches back into the truck but Oso already hands him the M-40A1. He takes out his glasses--throws a pack over the hood of the truck, pats it. Chavez goes around the far side and leans the rifle over it for a solid rest.

CHAVEZ

Looks like 600 meters or more Vato.

OSO

You're going to have to call it Bro.
I'd say 700.

POV--SCOPE--THE STADIA WIRE BRACKET--Cortez, obvious in his light colored safari jacket.

CHAVEZ (over)

Seven and change--I got Jefe bracketed.

CLOSE CLARK--He looks through his glasses.

CLARK

No--That's Escobedo--the one in the
cammies with the radio--that'll be
Cortez. One shot--

Ryan hesitates to speak--what he says makes sense--but--Chavez--concentrates, squeezes the rifle blasts and rises slightly--They look up for what seems seconds.

CLOSE ESCOBEDO--A wet slap as the bullet hits him in the chest. He reels dropping the radio. Everyone drops--Cortez rolls out of the light. Escobedo staggers about waving his arms, gurgling and falls into the grill of a truck. He sinks to the ground--dead.

CLOSE CHAVEZ--Satisfied.

CHAVEZ

--One kill.

They pile into the truck and roar out of there without lights.

CUT TO:

PANACHE--Steaming towards the Columbian coast--high winds whipping up the sea.

CUT TO:

COLUMBIAN AIR FORCE MIRAGE--Flying over the clouds--the PILOT vectoring on his target in Spanish. The moonlight is bright over the clouds.

CUT TO:

HH-60 BLACKHAWK--Whirling down towards the distant coast--as seen through the clouds.

JOHNS (over)
Papa Lima to Panache.

PANACHE RADIO (over)
We copy Papa Lima.

JOHNS (over)
We're shot to hell--Emergency--
Need a ready deck.

CUT TO:

COLUMBIAN MIRAGE INTERCEPTOR--Dropping through clouds.

PILOT (in accented English)
Unidentified aircraft--bearing 40
degrees West--This is the Columbian
Air Force--You are in Columbian air space.

Suddenly his voice is interrupted by another--a familiar voice.

BRONCO ZULU (over)
So am I Bud--and I'm at your six--
Comprende?

Light bathes the Mirage. The pilot wheels his head around. There is a black F-15E right off his stabilizer.

BRONCO ZULU (over)
You best go home Hombre.

THE MIRAGE breaks right and disappears into the clouds.

HH-60--Coming out of the night to land on the pitching deck of the Panache. Rain pours down.

BRIDGE--WEGENER--Looks back at the flight deck--that same squint into the weather he had at the beginning.

O'NEIL
Aircraft secured Sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEGENER

Alright--That's Alright--Come downwind--
Plot a course for Panama, Mister O'Neil.

O'NEIL

Aye Aye, Sir.

CUT TO:

CESSNA 310--Flying through the clouds later the same night.

CLOSE CLARK--At the controls. Ryan sitting next to him is white knuckled again in the bumpy ride. Chavez also looks pale in the seat behind, but Oso is rumaging around.

OSO (to Clark)

Cold drinks--maybe a beer?

CLARK

Oh--no Son--I never drink when
I'm on drugs.

He looks over at Ryan smiling--Chavez doesn't think it's funny either.

CLARK

What's a matter--you too?

CHAVEZ

I don't like little planes Man--
don't like big ones much either.

RYAN (straight ahead)

Smart man Sergeant.

CLARK

You know when all this is over--I'd like
to have you two work for me.

OSO

You can do that?

CLARK (indicating Ryan)

He's the big boss. What a you say Doctor?

RYAN

Wonderful--when this is over.

CHAVEZ

I'm not feeling real well.

OSO

Can you get me a Corvette?

CHAVEZ

Can you get me a bag?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The plane lurches on through the storm.

CUT TO:

CORTEZ--Dressed in a business suit, sitting in the first class section of an airliner. He too stares straight ahead, but he isn't scared.

NIGHT--AIRLINER LANDING.

CUT TO:

CORTEZ--With suitcase walking through Atlanta International Airport. He walks up to the American Airlines TICKET COUNTER GIRL. He hands her an air travel credit card, a wallet with a drivers license, a DEA badge, and an ID.

CORTEZ

I need to get on your 3:10 to Washington. It's not full is it?

GIRL

Oh--uh--no Mr. Sanchez, it's not full at this time of night. Will you need a return?

CORTEZ

Yes, but leave it open.

CUT TO:

AN ALARM RADIO--Fancy digital--it buzzes--5:30 AM. But it's owner, Admiral Cutter is already up lacing his 150 dollar jogging shoes. The Admiral has always kept fit by running his three miles before light. His wife stirs, but pays no attention as he leaves the room in his jogging suit.

CUT TO:

DARK EMPTY STREETS--WASHINGTON D.C.--Admiral Cutter jogs at a brisk pace. Other joggers are out on this path. It is very picturesque--broad paths that lead down to the Potomac. Across the river is the Pentagon. Many military people favor the route and two MARINE COLONELS jog by and salute the Admiral. He looks at his watch--they're 2 minutes late this morning. He jogs down a long stretch and into a stone tunnel under one of the main thoroughfares.

OTHER END OF TUNNEL--As Cutter approaches, a FIGURE gets off a bench, carrying a folded newspaper. His back is turned to the approaching Admiral, but we see it is Cortez. He wears an expensive overcoat against the morning chill. As the Admiral draws near, he can tell by the footsteps, he turns around.

CLOSE CORTEZ

CORTEZ

Good morning Sir--And I thought you were a man of your word?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE CUTTER--His eyes wide. Cortez shoves the newspaper up--a pop and liquid sprays into the Admiral's face.

CUTTER

You!

But his voice is choked off by the prussic acid that he inhales. He staggers gagging, coughing, wheezing and unable to call out. Cortez walks back into the tunnel going in the opposite direction, oblivious. Cutter staggers after him--then turns for help coughing. He grabs his chest where an intense coronary thrombosis has started. Two more steps and he goes down.

CUT TO:

CORTEZ--Makes his way quickly across the empty streets and down an alley into the dark city buildings. He runs about a hundred yards and jumps a wall. He runs down another alley when suddenly he stops.

CLOSE CORTEZ--He holds staring--three bad-ass YOUNG PUNKS block his way. The hint of dawn shows them red eyed and breathing slow.

PUNK 1

Hey you out of breath Man--What you runnin from--You scared of me?

PUNK 2

He dressed so well--so early in the morning like this. You got more jack Dude?

PUNK 1

Lay it on me Man--I hate to bug you but I must have my drugs.

PUNK 2

Just cut the motherfucker.

The first one has a knife out in a flash--steps into Cortez quickly and smoothly like he's had practice. But Cortez deftly twists his wrist around using the cruelly efficient Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu--and knees the thug's wrist, sticking the blade into himself.

PUNK 1

Ovv--he done--killed me!

He goes for the second one but too late--a cheap .32 revolver is in his hand. Crack. Cortez drops to one knee gasping, holding his side. The other two punks run.

PUNK 3

You got him--shoot the son of a Bitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cortez fumbles--but is weak. His wallet falls out--cards spill across the pavement--blood drips on them. Cortez staggers out across a street towards the open Washington Mall.

MALL--Cortez staggers on--twisted, holding his side until he gets to a bench which he collapses on.

CLOSE CORTEZ. He pulls himself around--looks down the Mall. JOGGERS are on the path as the blue dawn comes up. The Washington Monument is a dark silhouette. He looks the other way--the Capital Building that houses the Yankee government he's fought against all his life is lit up. He laughs, and produces a cigar with his blood smudged hand. He lights it with a solid gold lighter that the Cartel gave him. He draws in on the cigar. It's Cuban, illegal. He laughs spasmodically staring at the Capitol. His hand falls and the cigar rolls away on the pavement.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE WHITEHOUSE--EARLY MORNING. The President sits against his desk. Jack Ryan stands before him.

PRESIDENT

I never AUTHORIZED that.

RYAN

But you knew about it Sir.

PRESIDENT

What about the country Ryan? Can we stand another political scandal?

RYAN

Those kids died because there was a lie. A lie between you and them. Their oath requires them to bear "true faith and allegiance" in order to wear the uniform. What does your's require of you?

The President looks up.

PRESIDENT

What're you going to do Ryan?

RYAN

I'm going to be debriefed Mr. President, and two Members of Congress will be present.

PRESIDENT

Does it have to be that way?

RYAN

The law requires it Sir. But as Deputy Director of Intelligence--Their findings can remain--classified.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It hangs in the air.

PRESIDENT

What do you want from me?

RYAN

One thing Mr. President, and I will accept nothing less for the remainder of your term of office.

PRESIDENT

What is it?

RYAN

Honor.

A silence.

RYAN (cont'd)

That'll be all Mr. President.

He turns and walks out. His footsteps echo as he walks down the long marble hallway..

THE END