

EXTREME PREJUDICE

This is the shooting

script -

Thomas,

Harriet

FIRST DRAFT
SHOOTING SCRIPT

February 27, 1986

(With revisions thru July 28, 198

EXTREME PREJUDICE

Written by

Deric Washburn

Based on screenplays by

John Milius

Fred Rexer

Lukas Heller

and

Harry Kleiner

PRODUCER: BUZZ FEITSHANS

DIRECTOR: WALTER HILL

"EXTREME PREJUDICE" - SCRIPT REVISIONS:

Rev. 2/27/86.....BLUE

Rev. 4/7/86.....PINK

Rev. 4/10/86.....GREEN

Rev. 4/12/86.....YELLOW

Rev. 4/15/86.....WHITE

Rev. 4/16/86.....BLUE

Rev. 4/17/86.....PINK

Rev. 4/19/86.....BUFF

Rev. 4/21/86.....WHITE

Rev. 4/21/86.....GOLDENROD

Rev. 4/22/86.....WHITE

Rev. 4/22/86.....PINK

Rev. 4/23/86.....BUFF

Rev. 4/24/86.....CHERRY

Rev. 4/25/86.....BLUE

Rev. 4/26/86.....PINK

Rev. 4/27/86.....GREEN

Rev. 4/29/86.....GOLDENROD

Rev. 4/30/86.....BUFF

Rev. 5/1/86.....CHERRY

Rev. 5/3/86.....BLUE

Rev. 5/6/86.....YELLOW

Rev. 5/7/86.....PINK

Rev. 5/7/86.....WHITE

Rev. 5/10/86.....WHITE

Rev. 5/15/86.....GREEN

Rev. 5/19/86.....CHERRY

Rev. 5/20/86.....YELLOW

Rev. 5/21/86.....GREEN

Rev. 6/2/86.....BLUE

Rev. 6/3/86.....YELLOW

Rev. 6/5/86.....BUFF

Rev. 6/6/86.....GREEN

Rev. 6/9/86.....GOLDENROD

Rev. 6/10/86.....WHITE

Rev. 6/18/86.....PINK

Rev. 6/23/86.....BLUE

Rev. 6/30/86.....YELLOW

Rev. 7/7/86.....GREEN

Rev. 7/11/86.....PINK

Rev. 7/28/86.....BLUE

"This is hard country, brush country, mean country, heartbreak country; harsh sun, bitter dust, pale shadow."

John Houghton Allen
SOUTHWEST

Say what you mean, mean what you say, and cover the ground you stand on.

Texas Ranger Maxim

No man in the wrong can stand up against a man in the right -- who keeps on coming.

Captain McNelly - Texas Ranger

THIS STORY IS NOT TRUE -- THE EVENTS
DEPICTED DID NOT HAPPEN. THE
CHARACTERS DID NOT EXIST. THIS
STORY IS ENTIRELY A WORK OF --
CONJECTURE.

FADE IN:

A1 INT. JALISCO BAR - BENREY, TEXAS - NIGHT

A1 *

JACK BENTEEN, Texas Ranger, at the bar. Behind him, on stage, a Mexican singer, SARITA CISNEROS is belting out a song in Spanish -- accompanied by a hard-charging band -- border music: raucus, fun, lyrical, vibrant, alive.

A2 JACK - AT THE BAR

A2 *

He nurses a beer. About 35, lean, leathery, looks like he means it. He eyes the mirror, in which:

A3 ON STAGE - JACK'S P.O.V. - SARITA - IN MIRROR

A3 *

Sarita continues to sing, going into the reprise, now in English...

A4 JACK

A4 *

moodily eyeing Sarita as she wails it out. The bartender, PACO, approaches.

PACO

She sing real good, huh, Jack?

JACK

Yeah. Real good.

PACO

Say, Jack, I don' think Rangers is supposed to drink in bar if you is wearing your uniform.

JACK

You're right. They're not supposed to...but what the hell?

He smiles and downs his beer, puts down a buck.

JACK

Tell the lady she puts on a hell of a show. Sings really purdy.

He walks out.

1 OFFICIAL STATIONARY - MAXI GRAPHIC CLOSEUP 1

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
UNITED STATES ARMY
SECTION XX

IBM GOLF BALL BENEATH HEADING BANGING:

SGT. LARRY McROSE
DIFERHOF STRASSE - COLOGNE
USA INST. COMMAND STADT.
PRIORITY 11
BE ADVISED CUTTING ORDER
TEMPORARY DUTY ASSIGNMENT
WEREWOLF OPS

WILL TAKE COMMERCIAL FLIGHT
DESTINATION EL PASO TX
ARRIVE 1700 HOURS 9-24
DEAD LIST CONVENTION
RENDEZVOUS SAME
CONFIRM CABLE EARLIEST

MAJ. PAUL HACKETT
BATTALION S-3

Typing stops. Pauses, then suddenly resume.

SHOWTIME, LARRY. LET'S PARTY.

CABLEGRAM TELETYPE - RESPONSE

CLATTERING:

MAJ. PAUL HACKETT
NICKERSON BASE
G.E.U.M.W.U.P.
COM OPS H.Q.
FT. ORD, CA.
PRIORITY, 11

The roaring engines of a landing jet drowns out teletype during:

CONFIRM. ARRIVING EL PASO TX
PER INSTRUCTIONS. I'M READY.

McROSE

2 EXT. EL PASO AIRPORT - DUSK 2

Commerical jet airliner touching down, fragmenting runway lights switching on.
Mountains in b.g.

A EXT. OBSERVATION WINDOW OVERLOOKING AIRFIELD 2-A

A man at a tinted window, looking out at the tarmac.

2B CLOSE - STARK AT WINDOW 2B

40 years old, model conservative Washington bureaucrat...somewhat anxiously watching.:

2C STARK'S POV - PASSENGERS 2C

Disembarking. Streams of local types, Texans, some Mexicans. Line thins, becomes straggly, causing:

2D STARK - AT WINDOW 2D

His anxiety escalates, as the person he is waiting for does not appear...

2E A MAN - EMERGES FROM PLANE DOORWAY 2E

And stops on top step...

2F STARK 2F

His relief evident as he watches:

2G CLOSER - MAN ON STEP 2G

PAUL HACKETT. About 40. Steel blue eyes and hard as keg of nails. As he moves to take first step down:

FREEZE FRAME.

Hackett now seen in Army uniform, a salad of medals on his chest. Over image, a moving teletype bangs out:

MAJ. PAUL HACKETT 334-36-9383
3RD BATTALION OPERATIONS OFFICER
173RD AIRBORNE BRIGADE 5 BRONZE STARS
DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS KILLED
EVACUATION SAIGON 3.5.75 REMAINS
NEVER RECOVERED.

RESUME COLOR AND LIVE ACTION.

Moving down remainder of stairs, Hackett starts toward Terminal Entrance from airfield side. In so doing he hears:

2H INT. CORRIDOR - NEAR ESCALATOR 2H

Stark looking up at him from below.

2I INT. CONCOURSE - NEAR ESCALATOR - WITH HACKETT 2I

He glances down, sees Stark. Showing no indication of any connection, Stark proceeds on down the escalator and passes him by...

2J thru OMIT 2J thru 2K

2L FRONT OF TERMINAL - DOORWAY

An hombre in early 30s, wearing western gear -- Rangy and tough.
FREEZE FRAME.

Army photo. Over image, the teletype identifies:

SGT. LARRY McROSE 389-50-2372
2ND PLATOON MORTOR SECTION 1ST
BATTALION 101ST AIRBORNE INFANTRY
DIVISION BRONZE STAR MEDAL PURPLE
HEART KILLED LANDMINE EXPLOSION
VIET NAM 4.9.73 BURIED ARLINGTON
VIRGINIA

RESUME COLOR AND ACTION.

McRose crosses toward:

2M INT. TERMINAL - MAIN LOBBY

And spots:

AT PHONE BOOTH - MAN IN SLOPPY ATTIRE

Also, in his early 30s. Burly build. As he turns with can of Coke in hand.

FREEZE FRAME.

Picture becomes Army ID photo. Teletype spells out:

SGT. BUCK ATWATER 433-88-1755 101ST
AIRBORNE DIVISION KILLED DEFUSING UNEXPLODED
BOMB LAOS 11.11.74 BURIED U.S. ARMED FORCES
CEMETERY HAWAII POSTHUMOUS BRONZE STAR
MEDAL NO NEXT OF KIN

RESUME COLOR AND ACTION.

Seeing McRose striding toward him, ATWATER crosses to meet him, almost
spilling Coke on way. Old friends. They meet, punch at each other's
shoulders.

McROSE

How you been you uncouth asshole?

ATWATER

What're you talkin' about? I'm couch
as hell.

McROSE

Where you in from?

ATWATER

Panama. You?

McROSE

Germany. They had me in Cologne for
the last six months.

ATWATER

Gettin' sick of all that German pussy?

McROSE

Hey, at least I can get some without payin' for it.

2N ANOTHER PART OF LOBBY

2N

A well-built black appears. Lok of mean mother.

FREEZE FRAME.

Teletype under Army photo identifies:

SGT. LUTHER FRY 564-50-2460 1ST
INFANTRY DIVISION FT. BENNING KILLED
TRAINING MANEUVERS FT. POLK, LA. 10.25.77
NO NEXT OF KIN

RESUME COLOR AND ACTION.

Fry smiles as he sees:

AT WATER FOUNTAIN - WIRY BLACK

Drinking. He straightens up, lifts his head.

FREEZE FRAME.

Picture turns into Army ID photo. Teletype identifies:

SGT. CHARLES BIDDLE 547-86-9842
3RD BRIGADE SIGNAL CORPS KILLED IN
ACTION LEBANON 2.5.83 REMAINS NOT
RECOVERED

RESUME COLOR AND ACTION.

Seeing Fry moving toward him, Biddle crosses to meet him with easy swaggering gait, a street-wise survivor — dressed out of G.O. sharp.

When they meet, they swing their right hands in wide arc, which ends in a resounding slap as they connect and hold.

BIDDLE

How ya' doin', man?

FRY

Ah you know. Doin' good. Same old shit.

BIDDLE

Yeah, well where you been doin'?

FRY

Subic Bay. Before that Manila, had me up in the hills cuttin' heads. How about you?

BIDDLE

Turkey, can you dig it? Ran a whole recon-intell set-up and shakedown for their turkey asses.

(change of expression)

Uh-huh — lookit what just made an appearance.

Fry follows his look, sees:

2"0" ENTERING LOBBY - MUSCULAR YOUTH

2"0"

In mid-twenties, in jeans with jacket. The map of Ireland on his face.

FREEZE FRAME.

Now we see in ARMY PHOTO. Teletype spells out:

SGT. DECLAN PATRICK COKER 561-56-7441
4TH BATTALION 1ST INFANTRY DIVISION
KILLED ON LEAVE FROM LEBANON IN CHARTERED
FLIGHT CRASH NOVA SCOTIA 12.14.84 UNMARRIED

RESUME COLOR AND LIVE ACTION.

Spotting Fry and Biddle, Coker walks over:

COKER

Well hey, don't this beat shit. You guys are a real sight.

BIDDLE

Don't tell me you made the Dead List. Must be nobody else available.

COKER

You kiddin'? Guess you guys haven't heard about that sweet number I pulled down you know where and starts with 'N'.

FRY

No we ain't heard about it. Just shows you how screwed up the Army is. You got it easy, Coker, this time you can just watch how I operate.

McRose drifting over with Arwater:

McROSE
What's he gonna learn from you?

FRY
Hey, Larry. You got invited, huh?

McROSE
Sure. Had to have somebody keep their eye on you, Luther. So they went out and got the best below deck honcho they could find.

Before Fry can respond, Hackett appears...

HACKETT
Everything A-okay, Sergeant?

McROSE
No problem, No problem at all. Just gettin' sorted out.

McRose moves to Hackett, who leads him across the way.

HACKETT:
Come on with me, there's a man we're supposed to meet.

2P BAGGAGE CAROUSEL

2P*

Where Stark now waits. Hackett and McRose arrive.

HACKETT
Would you be Mr. Stark? Mr. Duncan Stark of the D.E.A.?

Stark nods, on edge.

HACKETT
I.D.?

Stark takes out leather-encased ID and hands it to Hackett, who studies it, then nods, satisfied. Handing it back to Stark.

HACKETT
I have a list of equipment---

He takes out a sheet of paper and consults it as he tells Stark:

HACKETT
--transportation--Ordinance--which you will furnish and have delivered at our base of operations A.S.A.P.

STARK
I don't think there'll be any problem...

HACKETT
No problem. As long as you let the military run the ops. And as long as you D.E.A. deadhead bureaucrats stay out of our way, clear?

Stark bristles at this...

STARK
You better check your orders Major. This is a civilian command.

HACKETT

Strategic level only Everything tactical is under military jurisdiction. And even then you've only got us on loan. Now, let me say it again...Clear?

He smiles, turns and leads McRose back toward the others.

HACKETT

(small smile)

Been a while, Larry.

McROSE

(smile in return)

Uh-huh. Sure has, sir.

HACKETT

You're lookin' good, Larry. Good to see you.

McROSE

Where we headed this time?

HACKETT

About a hundred miles east of here. You'll never believe the OPS. Not in a million years.

- 3 EXT. RINCON NORTE BAR - WEST TEXAS COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT 3
Blinding rain. The small honky-tonk sits back from the ribbon of highway. A few old cars, a faded yellow pick-up and a beat-up V.W. Beetle sit in the dirt parking lot.
- 4 OFF THE HIGHWAY 4
A Texas Ranger Ram Charger cruiser appears...its headlights cutting through the down pour. The cruiser comes to a stop -- headlights snap off.
- 5 INT. CRUISER 5
JACK BENTEN, Texas Ranger at the wheel.
HANK PEARSON at his side, a veteran County Sheriff. Their police radio sputters out calls.

JACK

That there pick-up is T.C.'s. The VW
must be what come through the border
when they cut the fence...

HANK

You called it right...the Duke boys
stoppin' to celebrate -- before headin'
home with the loot.

Hank looks over at the VW.

HANK

Beats me how the Border Patrol could
lose that bucket of bolts. Even in
this rain. Only hot pursuit the Border
Patrol ever gets to win is when they try
to get themselves laid. Even then they
got to pay full price.

JACK

Tell your boys to get here quick, I don't
want to wait. They get wind of us and
they're gone.

As Hank reaches for the microphone to the radio, three men appear through the rain, get into the VW and start to drive off. One of the men is a big shaggy man wearing a cowboy hat and a long slicker -- he has his arm around a drunken Latino woman who he shoves into the car ahead of him. Drunken laughter.

HANK

Christ. There goes Chub.

JACK

I don't want to lose T.C. Tell the goddamn useless Border Patrol that Chub is headed back their way.

He grabs his cut-down Winchester clipped above the visor and moves off through the downpour as Hank begins to talk into his radio.

6

INT. RINCON NORTE BAR - NIGHT

6

Typical Tex-Mex. Latino women and men in the smoky atmosphere. The crackling rendition of LOVE ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART by Freddie Fender on the juke box is so loud the patrons must shout to be noticed by the bartender. It is still raining outside -- a terrible electrical storm. Thunder crashes, the lights flicker and when they come on again, there is a tall man standing in the entrance -- Jack Bentzen. Water drips from his sheepskin coat and his Stetson.

JACK

Now at the bar -- the music fades prematurely...

JACK

T.C. Luka.

BARTENDER

No entiendo. No hablo ingles.

JACK

I said T.C. Luka. Aqui?

BARTENDER

No hablo ingles, Senor.

Jack starts to move to the rear...

7-8

REAR OF THE BAR

7-8

A table with three tough-looking Anglo men. There is a .45 automatic pistol lying at the center of the table among bottles, glasses and other debris. The man in the middle

(T.C. LUKE) has a hard-looking Latino Girl on his lap -- A stachel under the table at his feet -- T.C. Luke grabs the pistol and slips it from view under the table before Jack spots him -- Jack now arrives at the table...

T.C. LUKE
Hello, Jack. You sure come to the
right place to get in out of the rain.

Jack stares at T.C., ignore the two tough Rednecks.

JACK
Say adios to the lady, T.C....You're
goin' with me.

The wary Latino Girl slips off T.C.'s lap and moves away.

Jack takes out a set of handcuffs from his coat pocket, tosses them on the center of the table.

JACK
You'll find they fit...Git into 'em.

T.C. LUKE
How much help you got outside, Jack?

JACK
How much you think I need?

T.C. LUKE
You're pushin' me hard, Jack. Workin' me.

JACK
Your choice, T.C.

T.C. LUKE
Now wait a minute. Lookyhere -- I'm
just a poor old dirt farmer. Ain't
right, Jack, gonna take me in. Just
tryin' to make some money at somethin'
besides choppin' cotton.

JACK
T.C., you're goin' about it the wrong way.

T.C. LUKE
Ain't right, Jack.

T.C. LUKE

I said it ain't right, Jack!

T.C. Luke suddenly rises, gun in hand -- Jack's hand moves with blinding speed. T.C. Luke's chest EXPLODES, his automatic flying out of his hand as he dies. The Anglo on the right makes a run for the door...

HANK - IN REAR DOORWAY

where he has been back-up to Jack all along -- He brains the Anglo with the butt of his 12-gauge straight across the mouth, as he tries to run by. The Man falls backward, pole-axed -- spitting blood and teeth. The patrons in the bar scream, dash about. Hank fires a shotgun blast into the ceiling..everyone freezes.

HANK

Everybody hold it! Stay where you are unless you want some of this!

He advances toward the table.

AT THE TABLE

Hank to the Second Redneck, indicating canvas bag on floor:

HANK

Make yourself useful. Pick that up.
Put it on the table.

On edge, the Second Redneck complies, places it beside the handcuffs:

HANK

Dump it out -- on the table...

The Second Redneck reluctantly upends the bag. Out falls a plastic-covered bag of white powder...

Jack exchanges looks with Hank.

HANK

Compliments of Cash Bailey, I guess.

Hank overturns the table. A Smith & Wesson with a 4-inch barrel and pearl grips lying at the Second Anglo's feet. Hank kicks the weapon aside with his boot.

HANK

I woulda figured trash like you for pearl grips.

The Second Anglo gets to his feet.

SECOND ANGLO

You sonofabitch.

(to Jack)

You murderin' bastard. Lousy goddamn sonofabitch. Both of ya! Sons of bitches!

Jack has been standing there...still ready.

HANK

Too late now, amigo, with all the tough talk, you had your chance...

Hank shoves the Anglo roughly toward the entrance -- Jack still standing by the table.

HANK

My boys will be here in about five. Goddamn Jack, this is like the old days.

Shoves the Second Anglo toward the entrance.

9 OMIT

9 *

(****NOTE: THE FOLLOWING: 9A-9J FORMERLY 16A-16H****)

*

9A EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - OUTSKIRTS OF BENREY - DAY

9A

Jack's cruiser appears on the somnolent street. As he nears his house/he shuts off the engine.

9B INT. JACK'S HOUSE

9B

Moving in the near-darkness, he crosses to living room and reaches:

9C INT. HALLWAY - LEADING TO BEDROOM

9C

The door is closed. He inches it open, revealing:

9D INT. BEDROOM - SARITA CISNEROS

9D

Asleep in double bed. About 30. Long black hair forming an aureole on the pillow, her beautiful features framed on the linen.

As Jack removes his coat and shirt which he places on chair, his eyes hold on Sarita. She lies perfectly still in evident deep sleep.

In undershirt, Jack moves into:

9E INT. SMALL BATHROOM

9E

Where he runs faucet very quietly. Looking into the mirror he sees:

HIS FACE

In addition to the drawn weariness, there is a haunted look. For a moment he stares at himself, as if looking at a stranger. Then he cups hands, brings water to his face. He douses it and turns to take towel ---

His hand brushing against a glass on the sink. It crashes to floor.

9F INT. BATHROOM

9F

Jack stoops to pick up the pieces. When he rises, the fragments in hand, he sees:

9G IN DOORWAY - SARITA

9G

Tieing her bathrobe belt, looking at him.

SARITA

Hola, stranger -- good to see you again.

JACK

Sorry...didn't mean to wake you.

SARITA

Esta bien -- the hours we work...sometimes I feel like we need an appointment just to pass each other on the street.

She takes his hand, turns it, dumps the shards of glass into the corner of her bathrobe.

SARITA

Here, let me...

JACK

It's okay...

But he lets go of the glass.

SARITA

You want some coffee, Jack? A beer?
Una tequila?-- You look like a man who
hasn't been happy in a long time.

He avoids her close look as he moves past her. She goes to the wastebasket, carefully lets the glass tumble into the bin.

9H INT. KITCHEN

9H

Jack opens the refrigerator, takes out a bottle of beer, uncaps it. Sarita enters.

SARITA

So? What's wrong?

JACK
It's okay. Go on back to bed.

SARITA
Hola, vaya. Hello, goodbye. What happened,
Jack?

She moves to him, puts her arms around him.

JACK
A fella pulled down on me in the Rincon Norte
last night...

She looks at him.

JACK
He's dead.

SARITA
Chicano?

JACK
No, he was Anglo...Just another raggy-ass
dirt farmer trying to hold on to his piece
of the world by running dope across the border...
(flatly)
For Cash Bailey...and -- I had to blow his
shit away.

Back to her, as if not wanting to see her reaction, he
downs rest of beer, his back still to her. Shaking her
head in disbelief, she turns and exits kitchen.

9J INT. BEDROOM

9J

She enters, throws herself on bed, and lies staring up
at the ceiling...

10 INT. CANTINA - BACK ROOM - MEXICO - LATE MORNING

10

The room is a shambles...clothes, bedding strewn across the floor, rugs kicked aside, drawers pulled halfway open, more clothing dangles from them. A half-naked prostitute sleeps face-down across the bed...

CASH BAILEY

Unshaven for a week, hasn't slept in a couple of days. He stands at a small window drinking tequila. Slim, tall, wearing a soiled white linen suit, expensive hand-tooled boots. In his late thirties, salesman's smile and lifeless grey-blue eyes as he hears the whirl of a helicopter...Cash's face reveals it all: he is charm incarnate; half-prince, half hustler and a killer at heart.

The BUZZING of flies.

Cash looks across the room, and stares vacantly at a pile of marijuana seeds, rolling paper, money, and a pistol on a tabletop. Suddenly he seems bored; Cash stands, walks to an open window. He looks out onto a small village...dirt streets, a few wrecked American cars -- abandoned.

11 COURTYARD - CASH'S POV

11

Two Mexican women make tortillas under the awning of a make-shift outdoor kitchen. Nearby, a child plays in the dust. MEXICAN MUSIC comes faintly over...nearby some prostitutes sunning themselves on the worn stone steps...Nearby a MEXICAN GUARD, enormous, brutal looking, gun and holster visible beneath his open jacket...*

12 CASH

12

standing at the window.

13 COURTYARD - CASH'S POV

13

A sleek French three-seater puts down -- MERV, Cash's accountant and his two big, armed men get out (MONDAY and LUPO), head for the cantina. Merv is carrying two big dark suitcases -- He is short, flashily dressed, with thick glasses.

14 CANTINA - ROOM

14

A young Mexican servant girl of no more than fourteen enters the room from the open hallway door and begins to pick up the mess on the floor. Cash turns suddenly and the girl startles, dropping part of her amload. She freezes, waiting for Cash's further reaction with helpless trepidation. He waves her away.

She goes silently -- pulling the door closed behind her.

14A ~~THE TABLETOP~~

14A

Amid the trash on the table is a leather pouch. A huge scorpion crawls out and begins feeding on marijuana seeds. Cash looks over the table, bringing his face close to study the lethal insect with the curiosity of a child.

CASH AND THE SCORPION

Cash picks up a switchblade stiletto lying open on the table and begins fencing with the scorpion. The insect attacks then retreats from the shining blade. Cash smiles impassively, enjoying the play.

~~THE TABLE~~

Cash sets aside the switchblade and lays his hand on the table -- coaxing the scorpion to walk onto the back of it. The insect is poised to strike. Cash brings his hand close to his face and blows softly on the scorpion as it moves into a defensive position. Cash turns his hand and as it moves, the scorpion crawls, trying to remain upright, until it is in Cash's palm. Suddenly, Cash closes his fist, squeezing until it trembles from the pressure.

CASH

Cash's facial expression slowly changes from silent, sweaty agony to bliss. He exhales deeply as the door bursts open. A smiling Merv.

CASH

More money.

MERV

More than you ever dreamed. We are rolling in it!

CASH

MURKIN.

CLOSE ON CASH'S HAND

as it opens. The dead scorpion lies in a small lake of blood...

CASH

Money, money, money.

15

INT. CANTINA

15

Four men walk toward the bar, their heels echoing on the tile floor. At the center is Cash; flanking him to either side are his henchmen Monday and Lupo and his accountant, Merv. Lounging Guards rise to their feet as Cash approaches. Scum of the earth, both Gringo and Mex, the Guards are a mean, bored-looking bunch, all armed to the teeth.

CASH

Money all over, I swear. Nothin' but money every place I look. *

Merv takes a small ledger out of his coat pocket -- hands it to Cash. Cash studies it momentarily.

CASH

Says here I'm rich. You know where to put it.

MERV

Right. End of third fiscal year. *

CASH

Yeah. And ain't we had fun? *

he hands it back to Merv as the Goons, Guards, Henchmen stand in the shadows. American money is stacked on the bar and Merv hastily packs what he can into his two black suitcases. HECTOR, another of Cash's henchmen, arrives. He carries a white angora rabbit in a gift-wrapped wooden cage.

MERV

I sure do...What's with the rabbit?

CASH

Gift is all. What you might call a token.

MERV

Trouble?

CASH

You know me, Merv. Talk is mostly my middle name. Night or day. But if a man don't listen, there ain't no point to talk. My daddy used to say you can't argue with a stupid man. So hell, we move right on. Git to it. He used to say...

(chuckles; peering in at the rabbit)

'You git to it, Cash Bailey; and you can have anything in the world, plus pussy and beer.'

The black suitcases are now packed, stuffed full and bulging. The shipment has barely made a dent in the pile on the bar.

CASH

Money, I swear. Will you look at this stuff...We are gonna have to start diggin' holes.

16

EXT. VILLAGE COURTYARD - DAY

16

Cash stands on the steps as Hector and Merv descend, piling into a dusty old pickup truck with the two suitcases full of money and the gift-wrapped rabbit.

CASH

I hear old Jack Benteen's been givin' my boys some trouble over there. If you see him and he hassles you any, don't you mess with him, just be nice as pie.

(slipping his arm around a sexy young whore)

Tell him come on down and get himself laid like we used to...Tell him old Cash is doin' fine.

Hector waves, grinds into gear and drives out the gate -- past the old Mexican women pounding tortillas in the long blue shadows of the late morning sun.

16A
thru
16H

OMIT

16a
thru*
16H

17 EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - WEST TEXAS - DAY 17

The blue pickup roars along -- the city of Benrey on the horizon. Nearby a small brown truck with smoked windows is parked by the side of the road.

18 INT. BROWN TRUCK 18

Hackett, McRose and Biddle -- watching the pickup with big, high-powered Steiners.

BIDDLE

Here we go. One fifty-eight,
beat to shit, dirty, blue pickup
with white wheels and no hubcaps.
That's them.

HACKETT

Intell readout?

Consulting clipboard in hand:

BIDDLE

B-K-eight-four-oh-eight -- Sonora,
Mexico plates.

Hackett glues eyes to lens, asserts:

HACKETT

B-K-eight-four-oh-eight...Intell on
target.

McROSE

Unbelievable. We actually got some
recon that's worth a good goddamn.

He slips the truck into gear and takes off down the road
after the pickup.

19 EXT. MAIN STREET - BENREY, TEXAS - DAY 19

The town, cars moving, business as usual. Benrey is a good-sized border city. Hector and Merv's pickup moves down the street. The brown truck continues to follow...

20 OMIT 20

21 EXT. CITY BANK OF BENREY - TOWN SQUARE - DAY 21

The pickup stops, lets Merv and his suitcases out -- then drives on.

THE BROWN TRUCK

pulls to a stop across the way.

22 INT. BROWN TRUCK 22

The three men watch Merv enter the bank.

23 INT. CITY BANK OF BENREY - DAY 23

Merv struggles in through the front door with his two big suitcases. CLARENCE KING, President of City Bank rises from his desk with a look of alarm.

CLARENCE

Howdy, Merv. What 'cha got there?

MERV

Money for Christ' sake. What's it look like I got? We're overflowin', Clarence. From now on we are increasin' the rate of deposit. Business is real good.

CLARENCE

Increasin'? Christ, I don't know how much more I can handle.

MERV

Cash says open more banks is all... Branch out, Clarence...Grow. Think big.

23A INT. VAULT 23A

As they come in:

CLARENCE

Real goddamn easy for you to say, you don't have the Feds lookin' in your books.

MERV

Same time, same station, same show...

He puts down suitcases, takes out the small ledger while Clarence King moves to open a safe deposit box.

24

INT./EXT. BROWN TRUCK AND TOWN SQUARE

2.

McRose, Biddle and Hackett are looking through the smoked-glass windshield at Benteen, who has just parked his car and is headed inside the Sheriff's Station.

BIDDLE

Accordin' to intell that must be Mr. Jack Benteen. Texas Ranger.

McROSE

Yeah. Big bastard ain't he?

HACKETT

Lookin' to take him on?

Hackett cranes forward to get a better look...

McROSE

Might be fun, I always did hate cops.

HACKETT

What's wrong with cops?

McROSE

Once, one hit me.

HACKETT

Then what happened?

McROSE

He died.

BIDDLE

You snuffed a cop?

McROSE

His mother-in-law backed over him by mistake. In her LTD. Which is why I like Fords.

McRose puts on a newsboy's cap.

McROSE

How do I look?

HACKETT

Like a dildo salesman.

24A INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MAIN OFFICE - DAY
(formerly
Sc. 9)

24A
(formerly
Sc. 9) *

The place is vintage 1940 -- wooden desks, wooden files, an open green locker and an overhead fan.
Jack enters - Hank grabs him as he passes the booking desk.

HANK

Just got word back from El Paso.
Border patrol lost the VW in the rain.

(pause)

Guess that figures since it only rains twice a year... Funny, I'd never figured a dumb hairy-assed hillbilly like T.C. Luke would get himself killed over some dope deal. Not that he didn't deserve it. I remember I had to put him and his brother in jail a couple of times for drunk and cneary...

JACK

Just an old farmer gone broke, got scared, tried to make some quick money...

He shrugs.

HANK

I was jabberin' on the phone with the head honcho in Austin about an hour ago. There'll be no departmental review. It's going down as 'Self Defense.' Case closed...

Jack looks off, takes a clipboard off the rack, scans the reports.

HANK

Closed -- except for Chub. One bet's for sure. That hunk of trash won't rest until he gets even for stretchin' his brother out in box.... It's only a question of when and where he'll try to back shoot you.

Increasingly noddy:

JACK

Three times in the last six months I've had to use my gun...

HANK

It happens...No telling how often.

JACK

Only lately...each and every time it's been tied up to a drug deal ...with Cash Bailey behind it.

HANK

You're taking it too personal. He's starting to get ya spooked...Put in for leave. A long one. Before you get all bent out of shape.

JACK

Everytime I look across that river and see Mexico, you know what I see? I see Cash Bailey grinnin'.

*

He walks to his office...

25 HACKETT AND McROSE'S POV - CITY BANK OF BENREY .. 25
across the street, near the Sheriff's Station.
26 HACKETT AND McROSE 26
studying the bank.

HACKETT

What about the alarm system? A.D.T?

BIDDLE

No, some local outfit, they got it underground.

HACKETT

(to McRose)

Check it out.

(smiles)

You know, I think I love robbing banks.

McROSE

Yeah? How may banks you robbed before?

HACKETT

None. It's just a feeling.

Biddle suddenly chuckles, the SOUND is eerie -- a mirthless eruption.

HACKETT

What's cookin', Charley?

BIDDLE

(shakes his head)

I just remembered

Silence again -- Hackett and McRose glance at each other.

HACKETT

Wanna give us a little more there,
Charley? Kinda fill that out?

Biddle leans forward, baring gold-filled teeth.

BIDDLE

When I was a kid. Know what I wanted to
be? A Texas Ranger.

He chuckles again.

27 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - BENREY - DAY 27

Hector parks the pickup and gets out with his gift-wrapped
rabbit under his arm.

28 INT. CHICKEN CHAMP FRANCHISE - DAY 28

The place is not yet open and a teen-age KID is mopping
the floor. Appearing at the door with his gift-wrapped
rabbit, Hector knocks on the glass and the Kid lets him
in.

HECTOR

Where's Andy?

KID

He should be here in about ten minutes.

HECTOR

That's good because I bringin'
Andy a beautiful rabbit.

Hector sets the cage on the stainless steel counter and
heads back toward the door.

KID

Who do I say gave it to him?

HECTOR

Don't worry about that. He's gonna
know.

KID

Andy likes rabbits. He got two
hundred at home.

HECTOR

Well, now he's got two hundred and one.

Hector walks out.

29
30

OMIT
INT. PICKUP - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

29
30*

Hector arrives as Mary comes out of the bank and climbs in beside him.

HECTOR

(checks his watch
and heaves a sigh)

Know something?

MARY

What?

HECTOR

I like rabbits.

MARY

Yeah? How come you're queer for rabbits? *

HECTOR

I don' know. Ever since I was a kid I always like rabbits. *

He socks the pickup into gear and pulls away as...

31

EXT. CHICKEN CHAMP FRANCHISE - DAY

31

As Andy, the owner, arrives at the door and waves at the Kid inside. Putting down his top, the Kid opens the door. Traffic is reflected in the glass as the Kid points to the gift-wrapped cage and the owner crosses to inspect it. A thunderous EXPLOSION blows the place apart.

31A

EXT. CHICKEN CHAMP - TIME OUT

31A *

Sheriff's cars, ambulances, fire department, all in building. The grim aftermath.

SHEET-COVERED BODY - ON STRETCHER

Being carried in direction of nearby waiting ambulance.

JACK AND HANK

Hank crosses from confab with Deputy Sheriff Cortez to Jack who preempts any comment:

JACK

I ain't gonna take any more, Hank.

HANK

Jack, you ain't sure who did the damn thing--

JACK

Bullshit. That's bullshit, Hank.
And you know it.

Walks away...Hank stands there watching him.

32

EXT. SHACK - BACK STREET - BENREY - DAY

32

Two Rangers cruisers parked out front -- Jack stands waiting as Hank and DEPUTY SHERIFF CORTEZ pull a young Mexican man out of the hovel. The man struggles, gets tossed back and forth between Cortez and Hank...

JACK

(to Cortez)

Tell him I'm gonna bust his cajones for selling dope to kids if he doesn't do like I say.

Cortez translates, staccato-fast. The man shouts and spits furious denials...

HANK

This may not be too legal--but
what the hell.

Hank grabs the man in a hammer lock. One squeeze and there is no further struggle.

JACK

(to Cortez)

Tell him to go across the border and get word to Cash, his brother's boss ...Tell him I want to meet Cash on his side of the river...

A sudden wind, ominous, begins to blow dust around the four.

JACK

Tell him to tell Cash I'll be waiting --waiting at the blind where we used to hunt quail -- I'll be there at twelve noon.

Cortez keeps translating -- Hank keeps squeezing.

33
thru
37

OMIT

33
thru
37

38 EXT. DIRT TRACK - RIO GRANDE - AMERICAN SIDE - DAY 38

Jack's speeding Ranger cruiser approaches...

39 INT. CRUISER - DIRT TRACK - DAY 39

Jack at the wheel, flat out, rocking down the narrow track.
Hank at his side...

HANK

I ain't much for rules, but you can't go into Mexico, Jack. You know you can't go. You got no jurisdiction. Your granddaddy could do it and your daddy could too. Could and did. Went any old where they damn well pleased. But Rangerin' was different then, you can't even think about it.

JACK

Sometimes you got to go to the point of the trouble, Hank. *

Jack drives across the river.

40 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - MEXICO - DAY 40

Jack gets out of the cruiser -- looks across the desert. Rolling dry hills etched into a bleak landscape.

41 HIS POV 41

Two men standing in the distance - near a deer blind. *

42 JACK 42

looking across at the two men. A worpling SOUND and Cash Bailey's chopper comes into view, begins to land. Jack reaches inside, grabs his Winchester and throws it to Hank, who jacks the carbine, then leans against the car fender to support his arm...

HANK

Things go bad, I ain't gonna hit much at this range. Specially with this cut-down job of yours.

JACK
Things go bad, I just want you to put
up a good show. Real western

43 EXT. CLEARING

43

The two guards (Lupo and Monday) approach Jack with automatics
as he draws near.

LUPO
You give us the gun, man.

JACK
I don't give up my gun. Not without
somebody gettin' hurt.

LUPO
You don't mess with us, man.
(indicates huge man
next to him)
You remember him from Monday night
football? He all-star hombre.

Jack looks over at Monday.

JACK
I believe in.

MONDAY
I hurt my knee.

JACK
Lucky you didn't hurt your head.

MONDAY
(smiles)
I did. I hurt my head.

44 HELICOPTER

44

Cash suddenly appears.

CASH
Back off. Let him alone, boys. Let
him pass.

Jack walks over to the chopper.

CASH
Well, come on over here.

Jack does.

CASH

Long time, no see. You're looking good, ~~uh~~. Yes sir, old hell raiser Jack and his best buddy Cash.

They shake hands.

CASH

I guess we're building bridges. We're holding hands across the border... Come on, let's get to it.

They walk away.

CASH

Still livin' in the house your granddaddy built?

JACK

Sure am.

CASH

Hey, you remember ol' Sally Deegan, that terminated our mutual virginity out behind George Fletcher's barn the night of the senior dance? Remember? Three rounds each and you never once took off your tux. Or your damn gaudania. Where is old Sally now?

JACK

Salt Springs, teaching third grade.

CASH

Ah hell...well, we all move on.

They stop.

CASH

What's on your mind? I know you didn't come down here to tell me how good lookin' I still am.

JACK

I come to talk about that bomb that went off yesterday afternoon. Two people killed. One of 'em just a kid...

CASH

I heard one of the fella got killed was unreliable. Like to cheat his partners, hold out on 'em. But believe it or not, partner, I agree with you. I don't like the damn mess...You know there's a lot of things in this world a man can buy if he's

(MORE)

CASH (Cont'd)

got the money...Look at that damn thing...

(indicates helicopter)

Great for lunch. Austin or Dallas, just fly right in. Or you take and mount a cannon on her...Even rack you up some bombs if that's your thing and go hunt hogs.

(big laugh)

Hell, Jack, I know you're pissed, but this is me and you...We've rode the river together...Now, personally, I would just be tickled pink if we could work out a program that would spare us both a world of grief. We ought to work together...You could be a hunnert-thou-a-year man right now..and I'm the man that pays.

JACK

I don't think so Cash.

CASH

Well, what in the hell else are we going to do, partner? Shoot each other?

JACK

If it was me, I'd haul ass. Close up shop and haul ass while the gettin's good. I'm offering you that 'cause we were friends.

CASH

Tell you what I think, Jack. I think maybe I should give more of my money to charity. Boy Scouts, United Fund, Houston Symphony Orchestra. And maybe you should quit trying to be the third generation Ranger with a spit shine heart.

JACK

Quit sellin' the dope, Cash.

*

CASH

You don't understand. People want it, Jack. They like the stuff. Use it myself upon occasion.

*

JACK

You cross the border, you're ass is mine.

CASH

I wouldn't go talking bad talk, Jack. Making Cash mad. You're on the wrong side of the river.

Jack walks away.

CASH

(catching up on Jack)

Tax free! Did I mention that?...By the way, how's Sarita?

JACK

Fine, Cash. She's fine.

CASH

Still singin' pretty as ever?

JACK

Pretty as ever.

CASH

So I heard. I do miss ol' Sarita. You know I always thought we messed that up. I always thought I should have married that damn gal, even if she was a Mexican.

JACK

I didn't come here to talk about her Cash... Look, just drop it. Just drop the whole thing. Walk away. Leave it.

Cash gives Jack his best smile.

CASH

I'm in son. I can't do that. I'm going to own that whole town you live in.

Jack continues to walk away.

CASH

Who you got covering you with a rifle over there?

JACK

Hank Pearson.

CASH

Hank? Ain't that a hoot? Who'd of ever thought that when we was kids and he busted our butts for drinkin' your daddy's whiskey that you and that ol' coyote would be working together.

(laughs)

Say hello to him, will ya?

JACK

(looks at Lupo and Monday;
then back to Cash)

You're in piss poor company.

CASH

Yeah, but I'm still alive. At least for now.

Pause.

CASH

Ya know Jack, I got the feelin' next time we run into each other we're gonna have a killin'...

Pause.

CASH

(smiles)

Just a feelin'!

JACK

See ya around, Cash.

Jack looks at Cash for a long moment, then turns and starts walking back toward Hank.

45 OMIT

45A EXT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Lights on in the sheriff's station.

46 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Deputy Purvis, on the phone. Deputy Cortez working at the booking counter...The door to Jack's inner office is open -- Hank walks through the desk area carrying a manila file.

47 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A SIREN WAILS in the street outside as Jack sits at his cluttered desk, thinking, tapping an old yellow pencil.

Hank enters, closes the door and lowers himself into a chair.

HANK

Now I know you Texas Rangers prefer to work alone and don't really want any help from old county sheriffs, but I thought maybe I'd do a little research... I had Austin send down a copy of their latest files.

JACK

Find anything?

HANK

Now, it used to be I could track a man on hard rock three days gone. It's a new world, son. And Cash Bailey's part of it. Nothin' we didn't already know.

(hands him some tear sheets)

Left Benrey eight years ago. Lit out for Mexico... Just before you came back home when your daddy died.

He hands Jack the file.

HANK

Five years later he starts showin' up in D.E.A. reports as a big drug dealer. Take a look...Private army, bought off every politician in Mexico, shows up here, there, whenever he wants to, no known residence. Just rides around in that big old helicopter of his. That and he's got lots and lots of money.

*

Jack stares at the file.

JACK

Half the new business in this town
is a Cash Bailey front. Half the old
business is too. We're just a laundry here.

HANK

Yeah, don't say much for the efficiency of
local law enforcement does it...Ya
know I keep thinkin' of ol' Cash
Bailey as just a kid...

JACK

Played on the same football
team as me, went out with the same girls,
we even stole a couple of cars together,
smoked dope together...

HANK

You did?

JACK

Sure.

HANK

I didn't catch you?

JACK

(grins)

Hell no, you didn't catch us. No one
could catch us. Not you and not my
pop. Fooled you all.

HANK

You and that damn Cash. Christ, that
white suit he had on today -- and the way
he had that Mexican dressed up like he was
in Pancho Villa's army -- It's all just damn
play actin'. Just like you were still kids.

JACK

It's gone past that, Hank.

HANK

I suppose it has. Funny, ain't it...How it
all comes 'round. Right way's the hardest,
goin' wrong's easy. Rules of nature
-- water seeks the path of least
resistance, makes for crooked rivers
and crooked men.

JACK

I still like the bastard.

(effort)

In a funny way, I still count him
a friend.

HANK

The smartest crooks always did know how to get a man inside...Women too, far as that goes. 'Night, Jack. I'm going to bed. Keep an eye out for Chub Luke on your way home. I'm tellin' ya that trash is gonna try an pull an ambush, or I ain't half as smart as I think I am.

Hank goes out. Jack sits at his desk, numb -- thinking about Cash.

48

OMIT

48

48A

INT. UTILITY CONDUIT - UNDER MAIN STREET - NIGHT

48A

The light from Atwater's big flashlight makes eerie shadows on clustered cable suspended from the concrete. He and Fry walk along, checking the conduit overhead.

ATWATER

Since they want me to show you the ropes down here with the conduit, I figure com op's probably gonna want me to blast somethin'...

Shines his light overhead, to the side.

FRY

This reminds me of that job we did in Bangkok. Remember that sewer?

ATWATER

I remember, baby, now look here. You pop these covers and it releases the pressure gauge on the line, tells 'em where to come an' make a repair. But you crimp back the line, that maintains the pressure -- then you cut, they got no idea where the line went bad...

FRY

(jerking back)
Shit! Rats!

Atwater spears a big rat with his commando knife -- it wiggles on the end of his blade.

ATWATER

I'll tell you about rats. For rats you want Miami. Miami got some real great rats, two and three pounders down there in the Miami sewers... Now pay attention, we could cut here and electrocute us both to death, which I don't favor, or we could try over here which would get the job done real good and leave the bank with no alarm system. *

49
thru OMIT
52

49
thru
52

(NEW) 52A INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

52A

The digital alarm clock reads 7:35.

Jack in bed with Sarita, eyes open, staring at the ceiling. She seems to be asleep, then turns, looks at Jack.

JACK

(ignoring her)

Mornin'.

SARITA

You were asleep when I got here last night.

JACK

Yeah. I had a hard day.

Pause.

SARITA

So? What happened with Cash?

JACK

How'd you know about that? *

SARITA

You gingos never learn -- you beat up one of us word gets around quick. *

JACK

We didn't hurt him none. Just roughed him up a little. *

SARITA

What about Cash? *

JACK

He said his piece -- I said mine -- we left it at that.

SARITA

He say anything about me?

JACK

Nope.

SARITA

Nada?

JACK

Nothin' at all.

SARITA

You lie. I can tell. I want to know what he say....

JACK

Just like I told you...nada.

She stares at him, climbs out of bed, walks into the bathroom. The SOUND of the shower comes on.

(NEW) 523

SARITA IN SHOWER - DAY

523

In a cloud of steam and needle-spray.

(NEW) 52C

INT. BATHROOM - JACK'S HOUSE

52C

Jack brushes his teeth, shirt off, pants and boots on. Sarita in silhouette on the opaque glass door as she turns off the shower. Jack tosses her a turkish towel as she steps out of the shower. As she wraps it around herself:

SARITA

Como Chingados que dijo nada -- what the hell do you mean -- he didn't say nothing. I know how he is, he talks all the time. He musta said plenty so you don't forget he was with me first.

Bull's eye. Jack steps over to her, shoves her up against the wall.

JACK

I don't want to talk about it.

SARITA

I talk to you, you got to talk back, even if you don't want to.

She twists around with growing anger, pinned to the wall.

SARITA

Creido! You think you are so big and so good! Y otra cosa! Let me tell you --

He moves away knowing that if he doesn't he might hit her -- He picks up his shirt and puts it on while:

SARITA

(almost sadly)

You don't know nothin'. You never been down and hungry without enough money to keep off the streets -- me and Cash, we know all about that.

Buttoning his shirt, he turns away.

SARITA

Cash, he was very good to me. What I wanted, he bought. The clothes, place to live, the singing lessons...

JACK

Maybe you shoulda stayed with him.

SARITA

You son of a bitch. He is out of my life, and you are in it. Entiendes? But I want to know, I gotta know where you and I are going, and when we're gonna get there. You're the hombre of your word, si, so what's the word?

He buttons the last button. *

SARITA *

Well? *

JACK *

Don't push me. *

He starts for the door. *

SARITA *

(Half laughs) *

Push you? I been climbing in and out
of your bed for two years, and now I'm
gonna push you? *

In the doorway while Jack moves back into the bedroom. *

SARITA *

You know what? Sometimes I think you're
one fucked-up, gringo. *

She SLAMS the bathroom door shut with enough force to
rattle the jamb. *

53-64 OMIT

53-64 *

65

INT. EMPLOYMENT OFFICE - BENREY- DAY

65

Atwater comes in. The place is dreary, crowded with Hispanics on benches and with a long line at the window. He gets in the line behind Luther Fry.

ATWATER

Hey, man, what's everybody tryin' for?

MAN IN LINE

How ya mean, buddy?

ATWATER

Like want kinda jobs?

MAN IN LINE

I dunno. I been workin' on the highway.

ATWATER

(to Fry)

What about you?

FRY

You talkin' to me?

ATWATER

Yeah. I mean what kind of job you tryin' to get?

FRY

Brain surgeon, asshole. Whyn't you mind your own business...

ATWATER

You callin' me asshole?

FRY

Hey, man. I'm jus' doin' my day until you come along and if I call you asshole it's only 'cause you don't give no choice.

ATWATER

Well where I come from we don't take to nigger faggots callin' us no asshole. Can you understand that?

FRY

You calling who a nigger faggot?

ATWATER

I'm callin' you a nigger faggot! That's who!

A WOMAN moves to the Social Worker's desk.

WOMAN

Call the police! Will someone
please call the police?

Fry takes a swing at Atwater...

FRY

I don't take no honky shit!

Atwater ducks the blow, coming up under and knocking Fry
against the wall. People begin shouting -- the Social
Worker is dialing the police. The man in line intervenes,
stepping between the two combatants, Fry flattens the guy --
one to the stomach and one to the jaw, then knocks Atwater
flat. Atwater gets up and they start fighting again...

66
thru
71

OMIT

66
thru
71

72

INT. CITY BANK OF BENREY - DAY

72

HACKETT

I'd like to see the President, please.

CLARENCE

Yes, sir.

HACKETT

You're the President?

CLARENCE

Clarence W. King, sir. Can I be of
service?

HACKETT

Could we speak in private?

CLARENCE

Concerning ah?

HACKETT

Your safekeeping facilities.

CLARENCE

Certainly, sir, why of course.
Delighted. Please follow me.

73 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

73

The place is a zoo. A half-dozen DOPER-TYPES are manacled on a bench, departing Deputies are clattering out the door...

There is a commotion at the door as Deputies Purvis and Cortez bring in Atwater and Fry.

ATWATER

It ain't fair. I wasn't doin' nothin' 'cept tryin' to find work.

FRY

What the hell. This honky picks a damn fight and I get arrested? What kind of shit is this?

Jack is studying a clipboard -- he looks up as men move by on their way to the booking desk.

ATWATER

(to Jack)

Morning, officer. Ain't right what their doin' here.

JACK

Looks like you went and got yourself some trouble.

ATWATER

Yes, sir. But didn't mean no harm.

JACK

Who are ya?

ATWATER

Name's Buck Schoonover. I'm new around here.

JACK

(looking to Purvis)

What happened?

PURVIS

Employment office, sir. They was beatin' up on each other. Got another fella in the middle of it as well. Real ugly incident. Yes, sir, real ugly.

ATWATER

Wait just a minute now, I got my side to the story. I just drifted down here from Dallas. Lookin' for work. I didn't start nothin'.

FRY

Bullshit, honky. You started the whole thing.

PURVIS

You two fellas keep your mouth shut and come with me.

Purvis pulls Atwater and Fry away as Jack looks after them, then heads for his office.

75 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - BENREY - DAY

75

Hackett comes out of bank with briefcase and heads down the street.

76 INT. STATION WAGON

76

Hackett gets in beside McRose.

HACKETT

Five tellers on the left. Open counters, emergency exit back of President's desk.

*

McROSE

Guards?

HACKETT

One. Wears glasses. Fifty. Carries a thirty-eight...Video camera activates on alarm. Two cameras. One at the front entrance. One at the vault doors. Two vaults. Chambers Reilly. Vault on the right has the safety deposit boxes, vault on the left has the money.

*

McROSE

What's the bad news?

HACKETT

Both vaults are on a time lock. We go in at night, we have to blast.

McROSE

Gonna wake up half of Texas.

*

HACKETT

If we go in at night.

*

McRose is not happy at this news.

McROSE

Right, Major.

Drives off.

77 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

77

Photographs of Texas Rangers, most of them long gone, on the wall. Jack at his desk, he bangs his intercom on...

*

(MORE)

JACK

Will someone out there find out where Chub Luke's mother lives?

There is a KNOCK on the door.

JACK

Yeah.

Hank walks in.

HANK

Mornin'...

JACK

What's good about it?

HANK

I just said, 'mornin', I didn't say 'good mornin'. What put you in such a fine mood?

JACK

Look, I been here twenty minutes and I'm already having' a terrible day.

HANK

(sits down)

Tell me about it.

JACK

Had a fight with Sarita.

(pause; bangs intercom again)

Will someone tell me where Chub Luke's mother lives?

(sits back, looks at Hank)

Had a fight about Cash. Seems like the son of a bitch is in every part of my life.

HANK

Well, I wouldn't take it out on her, Jack. Way I remember it, you knew that he went with her before you ever asked her out. Makes it kinda hard to hold against her. 'Course it ain't none of my business.

Pause.

HANK

You're convinced hell hides in that strip of land across the water, ain't you Jack?

JACK

Yup.

HANK

Like your daddy used to say, 'the world
is a muddy place. If a good man don't try
to clean it up, a bad man will make it
a swamp.

(smiles)

or somethin' like that.

There is a knock at the door.

JACK

Yeah!

Deputy Purvis enters.

DEPUTY PURVIS

Sorry, sir. Chub Luke's mother lives down past John Friendly on one-oh-two. Also, we just got a tip there's some new faces showed up at Arturo's.

JACK

Sharpe's Crossing?

DEPUTY PURVIS

Yes, sir.

HANK

Who called in the damn tip?

PURVIS

Uh, Arturo, sir. I think Carter took the call.

HANK

First time that fat bastard Arturo ever did us a favor.

JACK

(stands)

There's a buy doing down. Somewhere there's a buy. I can smell it. Cash's boys are doin' business.

HANK

Maybe we better head on out an' stick our nose in.

Hank looks over at Purvis.

HANK

Like the man said, hold the fort.

He and Jack leave.

DEPUTY PURVIS

Yes, sir.

Jack comes out of his office with Hank and heads for the door. Deputy Purvis follows, grabbing a series of calls on the RINGING PHONES as the teletype cuts in and begins to CHATTER...

ATWATER - IN HIS CELL

seated on the bunk, beside Fry, who is incarcerated in the adjoining cell -- they both surreptitiously remove a mike and transmitter from the heel of their boots -- Fry presses the transmitter into the wall as Atwater passes the connecting wire over,

ATWATER

How ya doing, nigger?

FRY

(smiles)
Oh, I'm doing' fine, Buck. How you doin'?

ATWATER

Yeah, real funny. You weren't supposed to try an' break my fuckin' jaw, you were just supposed to make it look good.

FRY

Yeah. Made it look real good didn't I?

ATWATER

Only reason I didn't whip your ass, you woulda wound up in the hospital 'stead of the jail.

FRY

(still smiling)
Yeah, right, Buck. Anything you say.

VARIOUS ANGLES ON SHERIFF' STATION:

ATWATER (into microphone)

Hiya Charlie, how they hangin'? Okay, here we go with the report. Tear gas: ten cannisters. No masks. Toilet facilities: one roll and a hard seat. Telephones on six extensions, centrally switched, Deputy Arnold Purvis now on police call radio, tuned at twenty-three-forty.

FRY

keeping watch -- nudges Atwater as Cortez walks by... as it becomes all clear -- Atwater then continues his report.

AIRWATER

Visible firepower excepting sidearms; five twelve gauge pumps and ten carbines, thirty-two caliber. No night sights, no scopes, no shields, no vests and no tank in the car park. Ammunition is in a green locker bearing one yellowed pin-up of Jayne Mansfield circa nineteen-fifty-four. A summary of my impressions and observations now follows: If a cowboy gets drunk, they're ready.

79 EXT. TWO LANE BLACKTOP - OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY 79
Jack's cruiser streaks past.

80 INT. CRUISER 80
Jack and Hank.

HANK *

Arturo's not a friend of mine, y'know.
His cousin was, not him.

JACK *

You nervous?

HANK *

Hell, no. I never use ta throw this ole pump on nothin' but quail. Never had to unholster this .38 -- maybe 3 times a year. Rustlers, arm robbers. Use to be you could reason with a drunk, a kid on loco weed, or a couple that was fightin'. They'd cool down. Next day they'd thank you for it. Not now, boy. They get wired and stay wired. Snack, snort, pill-poppin' dopes! Take that Luke boy that drew on you and his brother, Chub, runnin' with scum, hell, I used to fish with their dad. They were sweet kids. Not mad dogs tryin' to bite ya. Life's a jumble to me now, son. This ole horse can't pull the plow.

JACK *

Wanna call in your deputies?

HANK *

Hell, no. Cortez is pretty good, I guess. But them others, ever since they come back from that special training in Austin, they ain't worth a bucket of warm spit! 'Be nice' over-educated runts! Hell! Your daddy wouldn't deputize anyone unless he was mean as a snake and six-foot-six barefoot standing on broken glass.

JACK *

Hell, Hank, next you'll be complaining about the state legislature wanting to make some women rangers.

HANK

Hell, I don't care, some women are tough.
I don't care as long as they're mean as a
snake and six-foot-six. Shit, state
legislature, only think lower than a poli-
tician is a child molester.

81

INT. STATION WAGON - OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY

81

McRose drives, Hackett beside him, following -- Jack.

HACKETT

We watch this cowboy. Work a profile
on him. Fill out his profile. Then
we'll know what we got. Know what to
expect.

McROSE

We go in at daylight we're gonna need
a diversion.

HACKETT

Sure. We just blow something up.

McROSE

Any ideas.

HACKETT
Building, house, barn, any old thing.
What are you, particular?

McROSE
Naw...just a little whacked out by
workin' at home.

HACKETT
Truth is, so am I. Weird isn't it when
they tell you National Security demands
robbing a bank to cover grabbing what's
in the safety deposit box?

McROSE
What do you think's in there?

HACKETT
When they briefed me they left that on
a need to know.

McROSE
I get it. In case I'm captured and
tortured by the local police, I won't
have any sensitive material to confess.
Makes a lot of sense.

HACKETT
(smiles)
Yeah. Welcome to the Army.

82 EXT. HIGHWAY JUNCTION - DAY 82

As Jack's cruiser comes howling by...

83 INT. STATION WAGON - HIGHWAY 83

HACKETT
Sonafabitch is really moving.

Jack is flat out, already on more than a speck on the highway
ahead.

McROSE
(pedal to the metal)
Damn near one-twenty. This guy's a menace.
Maybe he should work for us.

84 EXT. ARTURO'S GAS AND BEER - SHARPE'S CROSSING - BORDER - DAY 84

The place is small and dirty, out in the middle of nowhere --
in back the ground is littered with old shacks, chicken coops,
beat up old cars and rusty junk. In front are a couple gas
pumps, stacked tires and a lot of dust.

Jack pulls up to a stop in the dusty parking area...

JACK AND HANK'S POV - FRONT OF ARTURO'S

Silent in the noonday sun.

HANK

Here's Arturo.

ARTURO, a swarthy, rotund man approaches from the side of the building. Jack rolls down the window on the driver's side.

JACK

What's doin', amigo?

ARTURO

(nervous)

I think maybe nochin', Jack.

HANK

Get to the goddamn point Arturo.
You called us....

ARTURO

(looks at Hank with more than
a glimmer of dislike)

I don't know. Four guys inside my place.
I think maybe they could be mules.

HANK

Mex or white?

ARTURO

Mexicano... They waitin' here all mornin'.
Drinkin' beer. Now somebody else come.
Big. Got a beard. Chub, they call him.

JACK

Chub, for Christ's sake.

He gets out of the cruiser and moves towards the side of
the building.

JACK

Chub Luke is just who I want.

Hank is now out the door on his side of the cruiser...

HANK

You just gonna walk right in?

JACK

Aw, hell, I know Chub from third
grade. I'm just gonna walk in
and have a beer with him.

HANK

Sure. Sounds reasonable. You
can sit there and talk about
how you shot his brother night
before last.

JACK

(smiles)

Well... I thought I would go in
by way of the back door.

Jack grabs his cut-down Winchester -- levers it with one
hand. Hank lifts his pump shotgun out of the cruiser --
rests it on his side.

HANK

Come on, it don't smell right, Jack...

JACK

It'll be okay, you just chat here
with Arturo, don't let anybody leave
by the front. Keep an eye out.

86

EXT. ARTURO'S GAS AND BEER - SIDE

Jack gets halfway around the building when...

FROM BEHIND

A man leans out an open window, levels a shotgun at Jack's
back. Hank spots the man, comes up with his shotgun...

HANK

Jack!

Jack ducks back against the wall as the shotgun FIRES, chewing up the wood and pelting Jack sideways... Hank is rapid-firing and kills the shotgunner who has turned and leveled down on Hank--Hank tries to get to Jack, who has now staggered to his feet. Out one of the back windows, an automatic rifle appears and sprays at Hank -- Hank responds, FIRES into the window, killing the man. Several more automatic rifles and shotguns open up on Hank... He's exposed, out in the open, but keeps firing, moving...

ARTURO

moving as well, pulls a pistol from the back of his trousers and, screaming, fires three big slugs into Hank...

JACK

now running, firing back into the building as he retraces his path to the back...

HANK

pistol out, staggering -- badly hit. He whirls, pumps and fires twice, knocking Arturo end over end--Arturo comes to rest and starts flipping like a dying fish.

JACK

Winchester in hand, he throws himself sideways as TWO MORE BLASTS disintegrate the back door and another Automatic Weapon opens FIRE...Dust is kicking up all around him as he rolls for the cruiser.

HANK

mortally wounded by Arturo, he is now caught by a SHOTGUN BLAST from the building -- crimson, uniform in shreds, still on his feet, spinning, bleeding, dying...

JACK

rapid fire, then lunging, pulling Hank down behind the cruiser.

JACK

Hank!

But he's dead.

ARTURO

sprawled on his back. Now motionless. Dead

EMPTY OIL DRUMS

someone darts behind them with a gun...

JACK

FIRING at the guy to keep him down, he goes empty as he reaches inside the cruiser to grab his shotgun...

HISPANIC BEHIND OIL DRUMS

screaming in Spanish at the guys inside to open fire...

87

EXT. ARTURO'S

87

Shotguns OPEN UP from two windows as CHUB LUKE steps into the open doorway.

CHUB

How do you like this shit, Jack!!!

He cuts loose with an automatic weapon, REDDLING the cruiser with a HAIL OF BULLETS.

JACK'S CRUISER

disintegrating -- tires SHREDDING, glass SHATTERING, the car's chassis sagging down on its rim --

HISPANIC BEHIND THE OIL DRUMS

screaming as Jack BLOWS HIM AWAY with his shotgun.

JACK

hit, then hit again with buckshot, collapsing behind the front wheel of the cruiser.

88

EXT./INT. STATION WAGON - DIRT ROAD BEHIND ARTURO'S - DAY 88

Hackett and McRose stand motionless by the stationwagon, staring down at Jack a hundred yards below.

McROSE

Jesus Christ...

HACKETT

(ears open the driver's side)

Let's move!

Reaching across the driver's seat, he jerks McRose back inside.

HACKETT

Asshole! I said come on!

McROSE

Hey! We could save his ass!

HACKETT

Save his ass! Are you crazy!

Slamming into reverse, Hackett powers the stationwagon back up the hill.

HACKETT

This place will be wall to wall cops in about eight minutes! Now let's move Sergeant.

Hackett backs into a draw, cuts the wheel and ROARS back up the road.

HACKETT

You are weird. You know that?
You are weird!!!!

89

EXT. ARTURO'S GAS AND BEER, SHARPE'S CROSSING - DAY

89

It is now deadly quiet, the sunlit silence broken only by a DRONING fly that circles Arturo's lifeless eyes. Jack lies hunched up behind the front wheel of the cruiser. He is bleeding, hurt, hit with buckshot in both the shoulder & leg.

CHUB LUKE

Shotguns OPEN UP out of both windows as he steps out in the doorway again, spraying the cruiser with another withering HAIL OF FIRE...Then silence.

CHUB

Jack?

more silence. CHUB signals TWO of his COMPANIONS forward, leaving a THIRD to guard the door -- Fats moves cautiously down the steps.

CHUB

New times, old buddy. How you been, anyway? How you like my little surprise party?

He motions his two companions to flank the cruiser.

JACK

can see the men's feet under the sagging car. Taking aim with his big .45 revolver, Jack BLOWS OFF the foot of the man on the right. Dropping his revolver, rolling left, he catches the second guy with a POINT BLANK SHOTGUN BLAST that lifts him off his feet.

90

EXT. ARTURO'S

90

The one with the missing foot is screaming, reeling around... Chub and the man in the doorway are now gone. An engine starts and Jack lunges for cover as an old blue truck ROARS OUT from behind the building. The truck is coming straight for Jack.

JACK

as he PUMPS FOUR SHOTS and CLICKS OUT an empty chamber.

CHUB

stands with his automatic ready in the bed of the jolting truck...

MAN WITH THE MISSING FOOT

hopping around, waving his arms, screaming in Spanish-- catches the BURST OF GUNFIRE intended for Jack. He is flung backward by the force of the bullets EXPLODING in his chest.

The sound of Chub's truck dies out and the distant WAIL OF SIRENS can be heard.

JACK

hobbling over to Hank, staring down for a moment. He lurches, then sits on a bullet-pocked drum...

91 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY-NEAR CATTLE GATE-DAY 91

A vast horizon, utterly silent in the late afternoon sun. The station wagon drives up to the fence, comes to a stop. Hackett jumps out...

92 INT./EXT. STATION WAGON-HACKETT 92

his face a mask, advancing toward the cattle gate. McRose is still in the station wagon...

There is an ENGINE SOUND. McRose and Hackett both freeze...

93 THE BLUE TRUCK 93

exploding from the bottom of a nearby wash, coming straight toward them. The truck is a wreck, its windows blown out and its punctured radiator HISSING and SNORTING. The Mexican is at the wheel and Chub is now beside him...

McROSE

It's the fat guy.

McRose jerks an Ingram from beneath the station wagon seat, slips it under his coat...

HACKETT

Play dumb. If they want the station wagon, we give it to them. Anything else, we get mad.

The truck skids up. Chub and the Mexican both jump out, Chub carrying his automatic, not bothering to conceal it...

HACKETT

Hi. We're not trespassing. We're on the survey crew for the new county assessment.

CHUB

I don't give a fuck who you are. Now, let me tell you somethin', we need that truck of yours.

The Mexican grins, displaying a machete.

CHUB

In case you don't get the message real clear, He says we need it, too.

HACKETT

You got the truck. Take it. No problem-no arguments.

MEXICAN

But you gonna tell people about it, is the only problem.

HACKETT

No, no. Hey, you're wrong...I won't call anybody.

MEXICAN

I don't think so, man. I think you gonna tell.

The Mexican steps forward, tightening his grip on the gleaming machete. McRose whips out the Ingram, BLASTING Chub backward into the side of his steaming blue truck. Hackett steps inside the Mexican's swing, locking the man's head and arm in a bone-snapping half-Nelson.

HACKETT

I'm the quiet type, amigo. I won't say a thing.

(soft, breathing it

in the Mexican's ear)

Your secret is safe with me.

Hackett jerks back, breaking his neck with a loud SNAP; he dumps the man beside CHUB, looks back at McRose -- A SIREN WAIL in the distance.

THE EXPENDED INGRAM SHELL CASING

as McRose bends down to scrape them up. More SIRENS WAIL. Then there is the distant WEAP of an approaching Sheriff's helicopter flying low over the terrain.

HACKETT

Come on! Let's move it!

They run for the station wagon.

94

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - CATTLE GATE - TIME OUT - DAY

94

The blades of an idling helicopter WHISTLE in the air. Police radios SQUAWK. TRAMPING FEET. VOICES. The bodies of Chub and the Mexican. Ambulances, police cars. Paramedics.

TEN KILOS OF COCAINE

wrapped in plastic bags.

JACK

bandaged, bruised and stiff as hell, pausing to observe Deputy Purvis mark the dope for evidence.

JACK

This came from the truck?

DEPUTY PURVIS

Yes, sir.

THE EXPENDED INGRAM SHELL CASINGS

still glistening in the grass. Jack bends awkwardly to inspect one. He grunts with interest as he studies the casing, then pockets a bunch...

JACK

(to Purvis)

Keep the perimeter sealed. Anything else you find, bag it and take it home.

DEPUTY PURVIS

Right, sir. Right on home.

Deputy Cortez holds a plastic evidence bag...

DEPUTY CORTEZ

Excuse me, sir, but shouldn't we send all of it up to Austin?

JACK

Send half shells to Austin. I want to keep the rest.

DEPUTY CORTEZ

Yes, sir. And I...Sir...me and the guys, I mean about Hank --

JACK

(cuts him short)

I knew him since I was a kid...He was a real good man.

DEPUTY CORTEZ

(looking off)

Yes, he was.

JACK

Like a father.

94A
thru OMIT
95

94A
thru
95

96 INT. MORGUE - COUNTY COURTHOUSE BUILDING - NIGHT

96

Jack stands in the tiled, echoing room. Cortez taking prints off Chub's body... The body of the dead Mexican nearby. Purvis standing alongside a Medical Examiner and a Morgue Attendant.

PURVIS

Well, I would just like to hear a simple explanation of what in the hell is going on around here. I surely would. Every damn day or night lately is a shootin', killin's, explosions, somethin' terrible...

CORTEZ

I don't understand. Chub and that man ambushed you and Hank along with some others. But who killed them?

JACK

Hard to figure. Maybe they had a deal goin' down -- tryin' to make the rendezvous at the last second -- but got bushwacked by the buyers.

CORTEZ

That sounds possible. But why would they leave the dope behind? There was a fortune in cocaine there in the truck.

JACK

Maybe they got scared, got run off by the helicopter. I'll tell you one thing's thing for god-damned sure, Cortez, Chub and this fella were sellin' dope for Cash Bailey. This all goes back to Cash.

PURVIS

Seems like everybody around here that's poor is tryin' to get rich in the damn dope business. It's like this whole border country has been poisoned.

JACK

It has been. It's been poisoned.

Turns and walks out.

97

INT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

97

Jack emerges from the morgue room, in no mood to temporize. As he heads stiffly for the exit, Hackett intercepts him, flashing his DEA Agent ID.

HACKETT

Ralston, Frank: DEA. I'm point man on a task force on the way down here to investigate the drug traffic on this part of the border.

JACK

Good luck.

He continues toward the door. Hackett tags beside him.

HACKETT

Just a minute -- I need some information --

JACK

Call the phone company.

HACKETT

Now wait a minute. I'm here on official business-- and I expect you to co-operate --

JACK

And I expect you to get out of my way, Mr. Ralston...

Jack walks off, leaving Hackett standing there.

99 INT. JALISCO

99

Jack's eyes instantly hold on:

100 SARITA

100

singing Song #2 -- "Ay! Jalisco No Te Rajes".
As she spots him:

*

100A JACK

100A

Deliberately turns away and heads for empty table.

100B INTERCUT SARITA AND JACK

100B

During ensuing scenes. She keeps singing directly to him,
and he can't refrain from looking toward her, and then away.

100C HACKETT

100C

Enters, looks around, spots Jack as waiter is leaving,
having taken his order.

JACK

I didn't hear myself giving you an
invitation. I'm particular
who I drink with.

*

HACKETT

Let's cut through the horseshit. I'm
new here and I need help. Chances are
better than good you could use some of mine.
I've got juice in Washington.

JACK

Juice in Washington...Bureaucrat fatasses
fluffin' their duff. They been sittin' on my
requests for information of one kind or
another all year. By this time, my file's probably
the size of a phone book.

*

HACKETT

Look, we're like you, civil servants, over-
worked and underpaid. And just like with
the Texas Rangers, now and then some things
fall through the cracks...

JACK

Yeah. Cracks the size of the Grand Canyon.

HACKETT

I'll see to it when I get back to Washington
you get top priority on everything you send up.
In the meantime, I could use every bit of
evidence you've got relating to the killing
of those two drug dealers this afternoon.

Sarita, across the way, now begins Song #3 -- "Que Te Vaya
Bonita".

*

JACK

Give you a sure lead. Cash Bailey.

HACKETT

His name's in our file.

JACK

He's been pollutin' this town three years now, turnin' it into a sewer of dope and murder. Last few days -- it's all his doin' -- fast food place blown up -- an innocent kid killed along with the owner, suspected drug dealer -- the set-up at Arturo's that killed Hank...that was Cash...They never had a better Sheriff here and never will...Hank died fallin' forward. That means somethin' down here.

(downs beer; then)

Me and Cash go back, but times change...turn a friend into a showdown enemy.

(a vow)

One way or another, I'm gonna run him down...

Pause.

HACKETT

Anyway I can help, you just let me know.

JACK

Maybe you can lend a hand.

He takes out one of the bullets found at Sharpe's Crossing.

JACK

These are the shells that killed the Mexican with Chub Luke. I don't recognize the case markings. I sent a few to Austin. Always takes longer than by covered wagon, before we get a report. How soon -- from Washington? With your juice? *

HACKETT

24 hours, maybe a little more.

JACK

Try to make it 24 hours. That'll impress me.

Jack flips the bullet, Hackett catches it. He has what he came for.

HACKETT

Thanks...For what it's worth...I want to say I know how you feel... losing a friend and an officer like the Sheriff. From what I hear, he was one of the best.

JACK

Yeah...I'll go home tonight, drink whiskey and think about Hank...

His eyes go to Sarita, who is finishing her song and looking directly at him.

Jack rises abruptly. The waiter has reached the table. Tossing a bill down, he heads for the door, leaving Hackett sitting with the beer before him.

100D OMIT

100D

100E SARITA

100E

On bandstand, she sees Jack exit and rushes after him... *

101 INT. ANTE-ROOM - JALISCO - NIGHT

101*

She catches up with him just before he gets to the door. Behind, through the glass, the band strikes up "Feria de las Flores".

SARITA

You watch me sing, you don't even say hello. What's going on? *

JACK

Just came by to have a beer on my way home. *

SARITA

You want to talk about Hank? I just heard about it an hour ago-- I don't know nothing about how it happened -- were you there? *

JACK

Yeah. I was there.

SARITA

You want to tell me about it? Is that why you came? I know how much you like him, how close you are... *

JACK

I don't want to talk about it, Sarita. I want to do something about it. *

SARITA

You got to let it out, Jack. Like with you and me. It's better if we talk. *

JACK

Didn't think you had anything else to say to me.

SARITA

You crazy? For two years I tell you I love you, and now we don't talk?

Pause.

SARITA

What's the matter, Jack? I know you. We have fights before, but this time -- it's not like you. This time is different. It's real bad. *

JACK

Yeah, well maybe we should give it a rest -- the talk, all of it...

SARITA

You don't want me no more? Don't want
to be with me?

JACK

I didn't say that. Just said me and you
should give it a rest. That's all. This
stuff with you an' me an' Cash...It's too
hard, too goddamned complicated.

SARITA

(hurt)

Too hard, yeah, too complicated. For you,
Jack. What about me? I give you two years,
and you give me this shit about hard and
ccmplicated.

*

She turns toward the stage-- then looks back at Jack.

*

SARITA

Someday you're gonna want me, Jack, but I
ain't gonna be there when you look. I'm
down the road. I told you before you don't
know a good thing when you got it.

*

He watches her move back toward the bandstand, then walks out
the door.

*

101A EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NEAR BANK - DAY 101A

The brown truck parked to one side as traffic streams past.

101B INT. BROWN TRUCK - TOWN SQUARE - DAY 101B

Biddle on watch -- tspe wheels turning. He hits a switch...

MERV'S VOICE

I know. I know. But it's special.

CLARENCE'S VOICE

I'm tellin' you and I'm tellin' Cash Bailey,
I can't handle that much.

Biddle rewinds, finds the start of the phone conversation -- hits the forward button again.

WOMAN'S VOICE

City Bank of Benrey. *

MERV'S VOICE

Clarence King, please.

WOMAN'S VOICE

One moment, please.

CLARENCE KING'S VOICE

Hello, Clarence King, speaking.

MERV'S VOICE

Hihey Clarence, Merv speakin'. How're things?

CLARENCE KING'S VOICE

No problems. How's everything down south?

MERV'S VOICE

Lots of sun. That's all we get down here, lots of sun and lots of money. Speakin' of which, we're comin' in Tuesday morning, about ten-o'clock. Two suitcases. *

CLARENCE'S VOICE

Jesus Christ. Two suitcases. I told you before...

MERV'S VOICE

I know. I know. But it's special.

CLARENCE'S VOICE

I'm tellin' you and I'm tellin' Cash Bailey, I can't handle that much...

MERV'S VOICE

Oh, Clarence, just shut up. You're in up to your ass and you got no choice. Be there Tuesday and have a nice day.

Click.

BIDDLE - VERY CLOSE

He starts rewinding the tape.

102 EXT. DESERT - DAY

102*

A compact car parked on a lonely road -- Stark seated on the fender, looking a bit nervous. His gaze is fixed on:

103 THE ROAD

103*

Vast horizon beyond --- the station wagon appears, McRose at the wheel, Hackett beside him. The station wagon parks nearby...Stark moves toward the two men as they get out.

104 EXT. STATION WAGON

104*

HACKETT

Hello, Mr. Stark. How goes it?

STARK

That's what you're supposed to tell me.

HACKETT

You'll get a detailed report on completion of the OPS.

STARK

That's not good enough.

HACKETT

A little testy, aren't we?

STARK

Major, this is a D.E.A. Special Forces joint operation that involves National Security. Three years of deep cover work and our best chance of cracking a huge multi-million dollar operation depend on it. So, Major, I want you to conduct yourself in a properly procedural manner.

HACKETT

I've been to the wars, Mr. Stark. I don't need any lessons in citizenship from you.

STARK

I have people I work for, report to. They want to know how it's going.

HACKETT

(relents)

The bank checks out. Everything A-O-K. Intelligence recon confirms initial Com-Op

(MORE)

HACKETT (Cont'd)
analysis. With one exception. We go right
OPS, we have to blast. Unsanitary.

*

STARK

Holy shit.

*

HACKETT
Right. Also, we've got some intercept intell
from Bailey's money

*

(MORE)

HACKETT (cont'd)

boncho. He's off-loading collateral Tuesday ten-thirty hours. I suggest a daylight operation, combine objectives...

STARK

A daylight robbery, during business hours?

HACKETT

Right away. Due to the discreet nature of the ops, leaks are always possible. Speed is imperative.

STARK

I don't like it. But I don't have much of a choice, do I?

(decides)

Shit. I can't believe this. Okay... I guess you wear masks.

Pause.

STARK

Anything else I should know?

HACKETT

Afraid so.

STARK

God damn it, go ahead, fill me in.

HACKETT

Double contact... Inadvertent.

STARK

Jesus. Prejudicial?

McROSE

That's right.

STARK

Terminal?

HACKETT

Clean. It was their choice. Drug runners. Cash Bailey's team.

STARK

Sergeant?

McROSE

They had us cold. No room to punt. I had to use my M-11.

HACKETT

It was colorful.

Pause.

STARK

Fertilizer's getting real close to the fan, Major.

As Stark walks back to his car...

McROSE

I hate to say it but that D.E.A. jake got a good reason to be worried. I still think the government's gone ape-shit.

HACKETT

Bank's only the first part. Phase two, black OPS in Mexico. We're goin' South of the Border to gather some sensitive material and terminate a certain gentleman.

Pause - then McRose smiles.

McROSE

About time the government did something about these fuckin' drug dealers.

He hits the ignition, they drive away.

105 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

105

Deputy Purvis sits at his desk as McRose stands in front of him, counting out Atwater's fine in cash.

DEPUTY PURVIS

You know this drifter, huh?

McROSE

Yes, sir. He's my buddy.

DEPUTY PURVIS

He isn't makin' too good of an impression around here, startin' fights an' all.

McROSE

What happened to the guy he duked it out with?

DEPUTY PURVIS

We let him go this mornin'. Witnesses said he didn't start nothin'. Mean lookin' mother, I'll tell you that.

CELL AREA - TIME CUT - DEPUTY PURVIS

opens the cell door to let Atwater out -- McRose watches.

DEPUTY PURVIS

(to Atwater)

Sign here, Cowboy and we'll get ya on your way. Good thing you got some friends.

ATWATER

Damn right. 'Nothin' better'n a friend when ya need 'im.

Atwater signs. Deputy Purvis gives him his valuables and Atwater puts them in his pocket.

JACK

emerging from his office with ammunition catalogues and a plastic bag full of Ingram shell casings. He stops, taking in the scene.

JACK

Fine's paid?

DEPUTY PURVIS

Yes, sir. His friend here showed up an' helped him out.

ATWATER

We had a little left over. From Dallas.

JACK

Don't let me see you again, Buck.

ATWATER

No, sir. Oh, absolutely. You can color me gone.

They go out.

106 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - BENREY - DAY

106

McRose and Atwater walking away from the County Courthouse -- Coker's sedan parked at the corner -- Atwater and McRose get in the back seat.

106A INT. SEDAN - DAY

106A

Coker driving, Fry in the front seat. Coker starts the engine, then looks over at Atwater.

COKER

Guess what, Buck? Gonna reprogram us, wire us up again. It's a daylight hit.

ATWATER

Bullshit.

FRY

Com-Op special, Buck.

Atwater looks at McRose.

ATWATER

This true?

McROSE

It's a daylight hit.

ATWATER

What kind of horseshit is this? Who the fuck do they think we are? Jesse fuckin' James? They are crazy! They are gonna get somebody killed!

COKER

Hey, Buck, don't tell us, tell Hackett.

ATWATER

How do you figure it, Sargeant?

McROSE

All I know is, an order's an order. Now let's go, soldier.

Coker drives off.

106B	OMIT	106
107	OMIT	107
108	OMIT (RENUMBERED AS F120A)	108*

109		11
then	OMIT	11
114		11

114A INT. JACK'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CLOSE - BULLETS 114
 (formerly (FORM
 SC 106B) Three slugs on a paper blotter -- a ruler lies next to them so to show their size. Next to this is another blotter, half-a-dozen shell casings -- all marked. A pen picks up one of the shell casings.

114B JACK 114
 holds up the shell casing to the light and scrutinizes it. A pretty girl painted on the pen -- her dress comes off as Jack looks a long time -- Purvis, who is standing behind him, as usual looking nervous.

JACK
 Kind of interesting, right, Purvis?

PURVIS
 Yes, sir. Real interestin'.

JACK
 You wanna get me my Cartridge Headstamp Catalogue?

Purvis goes over to a shelf, while Jack puts down the shell and picks up another.

PURVIS
 F.B.I., or C.I.A., sir?

JACK

C.I.A. Doing that. It'll have more
foreign listings.

PURVIS

(Bringing catalogue)

I thought they was doing all this in
the lab up in Austin, sir.

JACK
They are. And as usual they'll take their sweet time. I even got a D.E.A. fella runnin' it through Washington.

PURVIS
Washington. Well, how about that.

JACK
(leafing through catalogue)
Yeah, but who knows when those guys'll get off their ass. Here, take a look at this.

He holds up a shell casing for Purvis.

PURVIS
Yes, sir. What about it?

JACK
That's one from the bastards that killed Hank.
(looking up)
See that number? It's fifty-one.

PURVIS
(mildly perplexed)
Uh, yes sir.

Still leafing through the book, Jack holds up another casing for Purvis to see.

JACK
This one's from the dirt road where Chub and the Mexican got it. Numbered forty-three B.R.M.--different headstamp, different lettering, different marks on the cartridge case.

PURVIS
Meanin' that whoever shot Chub and the Mexican didn't belong to the same group that bushwacked you an' Hank.

JACK
(frowns; thumbs a couple more pages)
Yeah. Seems unlikely they'd have loaded the magazines with different ammo. Unlikely but possible. But this forty-three here -- I can't find it listed. Looks Canadian, but there's no entry for forty-three...

He holds up the shell casing.

JACK
I don't know.

PURVIS
Yes, sir.

VOICE

Maybe I can help out.

Jack and Purvis look up -- Hackett stands in the open doorway of Jack's office.

JACK

Maybe you can, Ralston. How's your juice in Washington? It's been twenty-four hours.

Hackett smiles, crosses to Jack's desk, lays down an official looking government file.

HACKETT

You gotta learn to trust me, Jack. I got a report back -- the ammo is 9.3 mil out of West Germany via Montreal. BPM, distributed here by H and R. Special but not that special.

JACK

Figures. Cash is buyin' foreign arms and ammo for this private army he's supposed to have. Gives some to the boys he sends across the border to do his dirty work.

HACKETT

You've really got it in for Bailey, don't you?

JACK

Yeah. You might say it's personal... Thanks, Frank. I need all the help I can get.

HACKETT

Anytime, Jack.

Turns and goes.

PURVIS

Real nice fella.

Jack holds up the shell casing again.

JACK

Yeah.

CLOSE - THE SHELL

115 OMIT (RENUMBERED AS A120A - E120A)
thru
115D

115*
thru
115D

116 EXT. CEMETERY - HANK'S FUNERAL - DAY

116

An elderly woman sings, "What a friend we have in Jesus"...
As she finishes...

MAYOR

Hank Pearson was Sheriff of Benrey County for
twenty-three years. He was honest and tried
to do the right thing. Tried to uphold the
law. He died doin' his duty-which is the way
he would have wanted it. We'll miss him. Won't
be the same with out old Hank.

As he finishes...

PREACHER

No greater love hath no man than this, that
he lay donw his life for another. May the
eternal soul of Sheriff Hank Pearson rest in
peace...in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ...
Amen.

117 SILHOUETTED AGAINST SKY - SIX .357 PISTOLS

117

Pointing skyward. They go off. Three volleys.

118 CLOSE SHOT - BUGLER

118

Playing "Taps."

119 CLOSE SHOT - JACK

119

Standing at attention, head bared. The loud gusts of wind
underscoring the slow threnodic melody.

"Taps" end. Jack puts hat on. Fighting emotion.

120 EXT. HILLSIDE CEMETERY - EXTREME LONG SHOT

120

Far far out in the boondocks. Through cloud of dust and
sand kicked up by the wind.

Strong gust of wind sends sand loose earth flying obscuring
scene of desolate loneliness...

XXX EXT. CEMETARY - CORTEZ AND OTHERS

XXX

(shot as

(shot as

126) Getting into their respective cars and driving off.
Jack now moves toward the window.

126)

XXX JACK AND HANK'S WIDOW

XXX

(shot as

(shot as

127) Before he can speak, she breaks, embraces him.
His arms go around her as she weeps on his shoulder.
He fights emotion, continues holding her without moving.

127)

XXX LONG SHOT - CEMETARY

XXX

(shot as

(shot as

128) The two small figures, the Preacher and the flag-draped
coffin: in a panorama of desolution.

128)

A120A EXT. POOR MEXICAN NEIGHBORHOOD - AMERICAN SIDE - NIGHT (shot as 115) (shot as 115)
 Stretchout limo with smoked-glass windows driving through narrow street. It reaches:

B120A EXT. TENEMENT (shot as 115A) (shot as 115)
 And stops. Cash gets out, leaving Lupo at the wheel and Monday beside him. The car immediately attracts the attention of Mexican kids, who start moving toward it. Cash goes into:

C120A INT. TENEMENT - STAIRCASE (shot as 115B) (shot as 115)
 Narrow, cracking wooden treads, graffiti all along the walls. As Cash continues up to the top floor, SOUNDS indicate crowded quarters: variety of recorded Mexican songs, kids yelling, men and women screaming at each other, and often -- laughter. He reaches:

D120A SMALL APARTMENT - END NARROW HALLWAY (formerly 115C) (formerly 115)
 He enters without knocking. Passes an OLD MEXICAN WOMAN in the tiny kitchen, standing at ancient gas stove, stirring packed laundry in steaming washtub.

CASH
 (smiling)
Dona Isavel...

She responds with a gap-toothed smile. He gives her an affectionate pat and continues on through the kitchen and into:

E120A INT. SARITA'S ROOM (formerly 115D) (formerly 115)
 Furnished with the austerity of a nun's cell, a secular nun. Sarita turns from the window, where she has been watching the waiting limo.

SARITA
 (flatly)
 Cash Bailey. It's been a long time...

CASH
 Too long, darlin', way too long.

SARITA
Porque ahora?

CASH
 (Smiles)
 Well, why not? You're still pretty as a picture and I'm still available.

SARITA

What I hear, this ain't a good time for you to be on this side of the Rio, no? Not too start...

CASH

Yeah. So let's andale.

SARITA

Where to?

CASH

I got a place a Mexico. Up in the hills, way back in the middle of nowhere. Real fine --- almost like it must of been fifty, sixty years ago -- and by God, they treat old Cash like a king...

SARITA

How long you call me amor this time before you say adios Mexican? Like the other time? How long, Cash?

CASH

It'll be different this time, darling. I came to get you tonight, get you for keeps. I talked to Jack a couple of days ago, talked about you. Brought all the good memories back. All the women I've been with -- you were the best.

SARITA

I was so good you dropped me where your amigo could pick me up...

CASH

I had to go, darling, had to make my way. I told you a long time ago -- When I was a little kid in my old man's cotton patch... I'd stand there in the goddamned furrows and know I couldn't chop enough cotton to keep my daddy from blowin' his seed money at the horse track in Del Rio, couldn't chop enough cotton to keep my momma from blowin' her head off with my .410 -- but I did know one thing. If I ever got my hands on somethin' worth havin', I'd never turn loose. Never step back. And never let anybody take it away from ol' Cash.

Pause.

SARITA

You gringos are crazy.

CASH

Maybe. But I'm crazy about you.

SARITA

I still love Jack -- you got to know that.

Pause.

SARITA

But he can't love me. Because of you. You were first with me..he can't get over that. It hurts him as an hombre. I think maybe he wants to love me, deep down inside... but you...I think maybe you, you only love Cash Bailey.

CASH

Would I come this side of the river, maybe get my cojones blown off, if I didn't want you, want another chance.

After a long moment, she stares into his eyes.

SARITA

Like my mother used to say...
"Usaremos lo que dios nosido..."
A girl has to work with what she's got.
Maybe Mexico is a good idea for me, maybe I belong in Mexico, maybe I forget Jack down there... You got to give me some time.
Maybe I forget.

She turns and looks back out the window.

F120A INT. YELLOW ROSE MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT
(formerly 108)

F120A
(formerly 10)

The Dead List Men gathered around Hackett who sits at a small table -- blueprint of the bank spread out before him. Biddle is going over a diagram of the conduit with Fry.

BIDDLE

(pointing)

Video scan can be shorted out by cutting this conduit here -- in case they have a battery back up. That will short out the system -- it's not tied to a back-up alarm.

He rolls up diagram and hands it to Fry.

HACKETT

I think it's about time we cut orders for assignments. We hit the bank and we look like civilians -- this is imperative.

ATWATER

Not wanting to speak out of turn, Major ...talkin' things over with the boys... uh...

McROSE

Knock it off, Buck!

FRY

(cutting in)

He's sayin' the job stinks. Security stinks. Objective is right across the street from the sheriff. Whole thing smells bad.

McROSE

Aw Christ, Luther. Act like a soldier.

HACKETT

It's okay, Larry...

(turns to Fry)

This job is different. Yeah it stinks. But they all do, Luther. When did they ever give us a nice one?

ATWATER

Yes, sir. But I don't understand, sir. We are talking about robbing a U.S. bank...

HACKETT

And we are acquiring sensitive material for the U.S. Government. Our country has told us National Security is at stake -- or we wouldn't be here...Lock, I can't go into detail now, but this is only the first leg of our mission.

(MORE)

HACKETT (CONT'D)

But I can say this...the second phase is Black Ops -- as heavy as it gets.

All stare at each other.

HACKETT

I expect you to follow orders. All of you.

McROSE

Right. Don't ask questions. Just get it done.

HACKETT

You squared away now, Sergeant?

FRY

Check.

ATWATER

Check. Right, sir.

HACKETT

Charlie?

BIDDLE

(reluctant)

Yeah, I'm cool.

HACKETT

Good. Let's get on with it. Biddle, you're stationed at home base. McRose, you partner with fry. Fry, you handle underground surgery and be muscle at the bank. McRose will stand guard outside the conduit, then gaf the actual vault break-in. Larry, you handle the cover, you get the money. Time your arrival at the bank for 10:05. I'll take my cue from you.

McROSE/FRY

Check.

HACKETT

Buck, you partner with Coker --

COKER

Excuse me, Major, I thought I'd be driving you.

HACKETT

You thought wrong. You're assigned to "diversion".

ATWATER

What's the matter -- scared of firecrackers?

COKER

Get hosed, Buck.

HACKETT

Knock it off and listen up. Op Order One --
and don't anybody break it --

(pause)

Maintain radio silence from go to finish. Clear?

Pause.

HACKETT

Op Order Two: Every assignment must start
and finish on time. Anybody breaking the
schedule puts the whole Op in jeopardy. Op
Order Three: Signal home at completion of
assignment.

He holds up a beeper -- sounds it.

HACKETT

Biddle and I will be stationed at the target
and will cue the countdown. Any questions?

No questions.

HACKETT

Okay. Here we go.

(to Coker)

You'll be delivering Package One, a fully
loaded hydrogen gas truck. Atwater will plant
Spider bombs on the tanks. You will select the
appropriate location to detonate. The objective
is to draw manpower away from the Sheriff's
station, not to injure anyone. Pick your site
well. No more than ten miles out of town. Next
is the commo set-up. Fry, you'll be working
alone in the hole. Open the conduit box.
Biddle will give you cable pair numbers and colors.
Enter the splice casings and make your connections
to the remote system. You'll need to match all
the code wirings so we can effectively override
the system. The bank alarm is easier. Biddle's
pre-rigged it. You'll just have to cut. That's
Package Two. Signal when mission is completed.
McRose will be waiting for you up top with an
armored van and uniform. You'll pose as bank
security on a normal delivery...

Now, we've got security covered inside the bank
and the cops on the run outside. Only the
courier's driver is left - probably staked outside
in the pickup. Atwater, you win this one. As
soon as the target courier enters the bank, take out
(MORE)

HACKETT (CONT'D)

his man. Keep it neat and tidy. We don't need any distractions out on the street. We'll take out the courier after he makes his delivery inside. We expect two suitcases. Fry - be looking for him in the doorway -- take him out, clear?

FRY

Clear.

(NOTE: HACKETT'S SPEECH TO BE INTERCUT WITH VISUALS IN TIME LEAP FORWARD.)

120A. EXT. OFF - ROAD DESERTED AREA - TEXAS COUNTRYSIDE 120A

An 18-wheeler flatbed packed with huge piles of used tires parked at distance from road. Coker standing near the cab.

Atwater walking down length of truck, carrying suitcase. Reaching rear and he puts suitcase on ground, squats, opens it.

120B. INSERT - CONTENTS OF OPEN SUITCASE 120B

Spider Bomb Detonator System. Six bomb array - Three on each side of Central Controls.

- 121 ATWATER - REAR OF TRUCK 121
- Taking out key which is hooked to end of chain attached to belt, he inserts it into slot in Central Control.
- Six lights flash on. Atwater detaches individual bombs, places them side-by-side along open suitcase.
- Detaching hand-held Digital Detonator, from Central Control he presses activating button.
- Numbers flash on each bomb lying side-by-side. When number six lights up, Atwater rises, bomb in hand.
- 122 INSERT - QUICK CUTS - ATWATER'S HAND 122
- Attaching each bomb with loud metallic click, along understructure of truck, from rear to front end.
- 123 EXT. FLATBED 123
- Six bombs in place, Atwater grabs empty suitcase and rushes to front of truck.
- Tossing suitcase through open door into driver's compartment, as Coker climbs up behind wheel -- Atwater passes him the digital recorder.
- ATWATER
- Okay. You're hot. Let's roll.
- 124 INT. FLATBED 124
- Coker starts engine. He revvs it in neutral, glances at wristwatch. It reads 9:45.
- Coker slams into gear and takes off with a roar, kicking up a miniature dust storm. Atwater buzzes by him in Coker's car.
- 125 EXT. ROAD - LEADING TO BENREY 125
- Trailing long veil of dust, the flatbed barrels onto the road and keeps roaring on...
- 126 OMIT 126*
- 127 OMIT 127*

		73.
128	OMIT	128*
129	EXT. FLATBED TRUCK - OUTSKIRTS OF BENREY	129
	Entering area of ramshack warehouses. Rusting abandoned cars on roadside.	
130	COKER -AT WHEEL	130
	Approaching intersecting dirt side road, his eyes train on tallest warehouse at end of side road.	
	Glancing at his watch, he sees it reads 9:49	
	He jams down on accelerator and takes sharp turn onto:	
131	EXT: SIDE ROAD - WAREHOUSE AT END	131
	With increasing acceleration he heads for the warehouse which rapidly comes nearer. Revealing details:	
	The solid wooden front wall. The broken windows. The doors off hinges. All indications it is no longer in use.	
132	COKER - AT WHEEL	132
	Going flat out, with no loss of cool as through windshield:	
133	SIDE OF WAREHOUSE	133
	Looks closer and closer. Now only yards away.	
134	ATWATER - IN COKER'S CAR	134
	He takes out hand-held Detonator, ready to press master activating button, as Coker thrusts the truck door open and leaps out.	
135	WITH COKER	135
	He hits ground, rolls down slight slope as:	
136	EXT. WAREHOUSE	136
	The flatbed truck hits it at full speed, smashing into and through the wooden wall, causing	
	Six distinct explosions, as each bomb goes off.	
	Out of the detonation:	

- 136 BLAZING TIRES 136
 Catapult skyward, spuming black vulcanized smoke.
 WHIP TO:
- 137 EXT. SEDAN 137
 arriving in area.
- 138 ATWATER AT WHEEL 138
 Instantly responding to sight of burning warehouse
 and flying tires on fire, he hits button on beeper,
 maintains pressure.
- 139 EXT. BROWN TRUCK - COURTHOUSE SQUARE - BENREY 139
 Parked near bank.
- 140 INT. BROWN TRUCK 140
 Responding to sound of beeper's sustained signal,
 Biddle and Hackett turn from Viewing Screens,
 which show a small cluster of customers waiting
 outside the closed doors of bank.
- BIDDLE
 Package One delivered. 0-950.
- Biddle presses button on Communication Panel.
 Distinctive pattern of beeps emitted.
- 141 OMIT 141
- 142 OMIT 142
-
- 143 EXT. ROAD - NEAR BLAZING WAREHOUSE 143
 Atwater's sedan speeds in direction of running figure.
 Car slows down and stops when it reaches:
- 144 COKER - ROADSIDE 144
 Yanking driver's door open, out of breath:
- COKER
 Lemme -- lemme have the wheel!

ATWATER

Say that again?

COKER

Slide over!

ATWATER

What's wrong with me drivin'?

COKER

I'm better'n you at it that's what's wrong. Besides, it's what the Major picked me for! Come on come on-- shove over! We only got ten minutes to do what we gotta!

Atwater moves to passenger side. Coker jumps behind the wheel, slams car door shut and takes off with protesting screech of tires presaging wild ride.

145 OMIT

145*

146 OMIT

146*

147 OMIT

147*

A148 EXT. HIGHWAY/INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

A148

Jack in blue sedan picks up Purvis' radio call.

JACK

This is mobile-one. Purvis, what went up?

PURVIS (V/O)

Old storage warehouse on Flaxton.

JACK

Who's covering?

Purvis' voice crackles over radio.

PURVIS

Cortez has got her. He scrambled outta here few minutes back.

JACK

On my way.

148

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MAIN OFFICE

Deputy Purvis at desk reaches over to answer ringing phone.

DEPUTY PURVIS

(into phone)

Deputy Purvis...

As he listens, another phone starts ringing on adjacent desk.

DEPUTY PURVIS

(into phone)

Mister -- all our Units are on the way
-- the police too -- if you want any
more information call the Fire Department.

He hangs up. A third phone starts ringing. He picks up the second phone.

DEPUTY PURVIS

(into second phone)

Deputy Purvis--

A fourth phone starts ringing on another desk.

149 INT. BROWN TRUCK

149

Hackett glances, at wristwatch as he hears sound of fire engines racing nearby.

Biddle at tape recorder, adjusting frequency, listening to voice of Purvis coming over monitor speaker:

VOICE OF PURVIS

No ma'am! We have no report that caused the fire! Call the hospital -- they'd know if anybody is hurt --

150 OMIT
thru
153

150 *
thru
153

154 EXT. SEDAN - SECTION OF ROUGH ROAD

Coker going flat out on road full of sharp rises and drops.

155 INT. SEDAN

Coker enjoying it. Not Atwater beside him. After very hard bump:

ATWATER

Hey Leadfoot! Slow it down!
You're pushin ninety!

COKER

Any slower, we'll never get there
on time!

Up ahead they now see:

156 BEGINNING OF LONG WINDING CURVE

Which eventually joins the straight road on the distant horizon.

A dirt road is at the beginning of the curve. Like the hypotenuse of a triangle, it cuts across the countryside, linking up with the main road.

157 EXT. SEDAN - DIRT ROAD

Reaching it, Coker turns into it at top speed.

ATWATER

Hey! Stick to the road! What
the God damn hell you doin'?!

COKER

Short cut! I scouted it yesterday!

158 EXT. DIRT ROAD

The sedan speeds along, then suddenly hits a stretch of sand. It loses traction. And fishtails in a wide arc.

Fighting for control, Coker steers in direction of skid. The torque sends the car across:

159 EXT. PATCH OF SMALL JAGGED ROCKS

Sticking up inches out of the sandy earth. The tires hold. Then as the car is almost past the patch:

160 REAR TIRE

Snags on rock. Blows apart.

161

EXT. SEDAN

16

It lurches and almost flips over. It rights itself, takes a long sickening skid to a stop, tearing what remains of the rear tire to shreds.

Coker and Atwater fling doors open, rush to rear of car.

At sight of damage:

ATWATER

Kee-rist!...Keeee-rist!

COKER

Clock how fast I change it!

He rushes toward trunk of car.

ATWATER

No way! No way to let 'em know
we're stuck in the boonies! And
they're counting on us to take that
friggin Spic out!

162
thru
167

OMIT

162
thru
167

168 INT. BROWN TRUCK

168

Hackett and Biddle respond to beeper heard over monitor in distinct pattern. When it stops:

BIDDLE

Package two delivered... 0-9-58.

HACKETT

Package Three:

Moving to Communications Panel:

BIDDLE

Mr. Deputy -- you just got your last phone call. May I be the first to congratulate you.

He licks his thumb and brings it down on a switch.

169 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MAIN ROOM

169

The ringing phones on desk all stop. Turning to another Deputy who stands confused, phone in hand:

PURVIS

Now what in the hell do you suppose is wrong with our phones? Goddamn Phone Company! Trust 'em to screw up our lines!

170 INT. BROWN TRUCK

170

Biddle glances at Digital Time Recorder. It is flashing:

10:00

BIDDLE

Ten hundred...

Hackett turns to View Screens. Biddle joins him. They see:

171

EXT. BANK - ON VIEW SCREENS

Customers are lined up outside the glass doors of the Bank. An armed Guard is unlocking the doors.

172

EXT. ROAD - LEADING TO WAREHOUSE AREA

Jack's cruiser now near enough burning warehouse to encounter traffic and congestion. Forced to thread his way through, slowly.

Jack's cruiser reaches Cortez, who leaves confab of cops grouped around their cars.

Fire engines are hosing down smoking remains of warehouse, adding to general confusion.

Jack gets out of cruiser and Cortez joins him.

JACK

What the hell happened here?

CORTEZ

Eighteen wheeler hauling tires came busting through. Accelerator must've jammed. No way the brakes could stop it.

JACK

Registration?

CORTEZ

No plates. Must've gone up in the explosion.

JACK

How about the driver?

CORTEZ

They found part of a belt buckle. One of their Highway patrol boys ran it over to the Lab.

JACK

Any print?

CORTEZ

Don't know. Can't raise the fort, lost contact with Purvis. All their phones are out.

JACK

Three alarm fire...big bang...No plates phones out...

(looking at the Highway patrolman and the staff)

(cops)

Regular convention... I better get down to Headquarters, find out what's going on with Purvis.

Jack gets into cruiser and forces his way through the congestion.

172A EXT. DIRT ROAD

172A *

Atwater is pumping jack while Coker is behind the wheel. Atwater walks to driver's side window.

ATWATER

You got front wheel drive. You're leval motherfucker. See you don't blow it this time.

Coker drives out of ditch. Atwater jumps in car. Speeds off.

ATWATER

Motherfucker, take off!

A173 EXT. HIGHWAY/INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

A173 *

Jack speeds along the highway. He grabs the radio mike.

JACK

Mobile-one, calling home base.

No response.

JACK

Purvis, do you copy?

No response. He clicks over to another channel.

JACK

This is mobile-one.

Silence. He floors the gas pedal.

173 INT. BROWN TRUCK

173

Hackett and Biddle focusing on View Screens, see:

174 ARMORED TRUCK

174

Turning into street.

BIDDLE

Oh-ten-oh-five.

HACKETT

Package four.

Biddle presses beeper button.

175 INT. ARMORED CAR

175

McRose driving. Fry, the yellow slicker and hard-hat off, is pulling on ski mask. In response to beeper.

McROSE

On target.

He drives into parking zone in front of bank, shuts engine and starts pulling on ski mask. The last customers are seen going into the bank.

176 INT. BROWN TRUCK

176

Hackett, ski masked, gun in hand, at door. Poised for action.

Biddle throws quick look at View Screens, sees area in front of bank all clear.

BIDDLE

Go!

177 EXT. BROWN TRUCK

177

Hackett gets out, walks toward bank doors.

178 EXT. ARMORED TRUCK

178

Fry gets out, big 45 in hand. McRose follows. In addition to gun, he carries big flight bag. They are very calm looking like they are transferring bank funds -- a normal delivery or pick up.

179 EXT. BANK DOOR

179

Reaching it first, Hackett yanks door open, holds it while Fry and McRose move through. Hackett follows.

180 INT. BANK 180
The three bust in, pull down their masks as they enter. At sudden sight of three men in ski masks, with guns drawn:

181 FLASH CUTS - BANK GUARD, CUSTOMERS, TELLERS, 181
PRESIDENT KING AT DESK
Reacting with varying degrees of fright and terror.

*

182 INT. BANK 182
The Guard's hand is diving for his gun in holster. Fry whirls and smashes butt of gun on skull, almost cracking it. Down the Guard drops while:

183 HACKETT AND McROSE 183
Rush toward King at President's desk.

184 AT KING'S DESK 184
King is frantically jabbing the alarm button.

HACKETT
Open the vault!

King keeps hitting alarm button.

HACKETT
The alarm's cut! Now open the vault!

In evident fright, King moves around his desk. Too slow for Hackett, who thrusts him violently in direction of vault door.

King hits door. Badly shaken, he begins working combination with Hackett's gun jammed into his back, while:

Nearby, McRose opens his flight bag and takes out a big hammer and power-drill.

184A EXT./INT. JACK'S SEDAN - DAY

184A

Jack whizzes through the outskirts of Benrey, again
radio mike in hand...

JACK

Purvis, do you read me?

The car roars into the business district. Jack weaves
through traffic.

185 IN FRONT PART OF BANK

185

Fry is dragging the inert body of the Guard out of the
sight lines of the glass entrance door. McRose operating
the big hammer and power drill in the b.g.

Fry faces the terrified Tellers and Customers. Waving gun: *

FRY *

Everybody out where I can see you! Move it!
Move it!

The Tellers join the Customers. Fry herds them to where the
Bank Guard is lying, to the extreme far side. *

FRY *

The floor!...Down!...Down! Noses on the floor!

All comply, dropping where they stand. Except a middle-age
Redneck wearing oversize Stetson, tooled cowboy boots. *

REDNECK *

Hey mister! You a tairist?

FRY *

Me? A tear-ass? What're you talking about,
man? I ain't one of them mothers!

REDNECK *

You'll look like them tairists on TV --

FRY *

(motioning with gun)

Hit the floor, cowboy!

The Redneck sinks, losing his Stetson. Fry scoops it up
and drops it on the Redneck's head, covering it entirely. *

186 EXT. STREET - BENREY

186

The blue pickup truck appears and turns corner into:

187 COURTHOUSE SQUARE - SHORT DISTANCE FROM BANK

187

And parks.

Hector at wheel. Merv getting out, suitcase in each hand.

MERV

See you in five minutes.

HECTOR

Five! No later!

MERV

Ease up -- Your puta'll wait--

HECTOR

Yeah -- but I can't! I been saving
it up for her all week!

Biddle moves to the steering wheel -- sees Merv walking in
direction of bank, carting the heavy suitcases.

BIDDLE

(smiling)

Right on time, my good man...
Now that leaves your pardner sitting there,
waiting to get a .45 shoved down his tonsils
by Mr. Buck Atwater.

He drives away.

Standing Guard, Fry readies himself as Merv comes through,
toting the suitcases.

At sight of all patrons stretched on floor, faces down, he
whirls in attempt to get out.

To be met by a vicious slash of Fry's gun shoved into his
face. Merv drops the suitcases.

FRY

On the floor!...

(Merv sinks down)

Join the people!...Go on!...

Crawl over!...Doggie style!

The frightened Merv starts crawling on all fours. *

190A

OMIT

190A *

190B

INT. VAULT

19

It consists of two rooms, both open doorways. Safe deposit boxes from floor to ceiling line walls of left room.

Right room consists of one steel door with recessed hinges on rear wall.

McRose moves into right room, inserts crowbar in steel jamb, and starts hammering. It underscores:

HACKETT

Open Cash Bailey's box!

KING

I don't know what you're talkin' about.
Honest! I don't.

Jamming gun into his temple, and grabbing chain attached to King's belt, Hackett pulls out the master key at end

HACKETT

Get it open!

King takes key, bends down. In squatting position he inserts key in one of the big boxes close to floor.

191 INT. FRONT PART OF BANK - FRY 19
On guard. Sound of McRose power-drilling through a steel door counterpoints the tense silence here. Merv starts to lift head, eyes on his two suitcases.

FRY
You! Keep smellin' the floor!
Merv's nose touches the floor and remains there.

191A EXT. BLUE PICK-UP - THROUGH WINDSHIELD 19
Hector at wheel. Eyeing bank down the street.

191B EXT. FRONT SECTION OF BANK 19
Fry dividing his attention between looking at glass doors and then back at prone figures on floor.

191C INT. VAULT 19
King turns lock, pulls out large safe deposit box. Holding it in both hands.

HACKETT
Open it...
Holding box with one hand, King unlatches it. In adjacent room, McRose is seen and heard hammering crowbar into steel jamb.

Hackett lifts top of unlatched box, sees:

191D THREE SMALL LEDGERS - HACKETT'S POV 19
In box, with bundles of money--big bills

(NOTE: 191E thru 191H moved and re-numbered as: 192AA-192AD)

192 INT. BLUE PICKUP

192

Hector glances impatiently at watch.

192A OMIT

192A

192AA INT. VAULT

192AA

HACKETT

Close it.

King relatches it. Hackett pockets gun.

HACKETT

Let's have it.

King hands him the box. Taking it with one hand:

HACKETT

Much obliged.---

While the hand holding the gun slashes across the side of King's head, opening a big gash and knocking him cold.

In adjacent room, the steel door suddenly gives way.

192AB STEEL DOOR

192AB

It sags on broken hinges, is thrust partially open by pressure of contents, revealing:

192AC HUGE VAULT

192AC

Stacked high with bundled bills, like the fabled gold in Montezuma's prison-tomb.

Out they pour, in a green flood.

192AD RIGHT VAULT

192AD

Entire floor covered with bills, ankle high. McRose pulls packet of nylon bags out of flight bag, tosses two to Hackett and keeps two for himself.

At top speed they scoop up the bundles of bills, tossing them into their large nylon bags.

192B	HECTOR	192B
	in truck across square. Sees:	
192C	BANK ENTRANCE - HACKETT AND McROSE	192C
	come out of bank with nylon bags. They throw them in the truck and reenter bank with ski masks on.	
192D	IN TRUCK - HECTOR	192D
	gets out of truck with gun and starts across street towards bank.	
192E	FRY	192E
	comes out of bank with suitcases, but before he can react, Hector opens up with his Uzi killing Fry. Suitcases are on sidewalk.	
192F	HECTOR	192F
	picks up suitcases and runs for his truck.	
192G	HACKETT AND McROSE	192G
	hearing gun shots from inside of bank, come running out to see Fry laying dead on pavement and see Hector, running across the street. McRose stops Hector with a blast from his shot gun, then Hackett finishes him off with an automatic weapon (many hits) on island in middle of street.	
192H-K	OMIT	192H-K
192L	EXT. SEDAN - COKER AND ATWATER	192L
	As the car skids around the corner, Hector is sprawled out in the street and the suitcases laying in street. The car stops. Atwater gets out.	
192M	HACKETT AND McROSE	192M
	HACKETT The suitcases!!	
	McROSE They'll get 'em!!	
	Seeing this, jump back in armored truck and does a U-turn and leaves.	
192N	OMIT	192N
193	EXT. SEDAN - COKER AND ATWATER	193
	Atwater throws suitcases in car, Atwater gets in car, and the car continues 180° and heads back the way it came in.	
193A	INT. BANK	193A*
	Merv gets to his feet, staggers past the terrified patrons -- spots Clarence King --	

MERV

Side door -- for Christ's sake, get
me out the back.

*

King leads him away.

*

193B
thru OMIT
193C

193B
thru
193C

193D EXT. SEDAN - COKER AND ATWATER 193D

Sedan starts to make turn and almost hits an oncoming car (Jack Bennett).

193E-G CRUISER - JACK 193E-G

Jack avoids being hit, continues and does 180° and goes after Coker's Sedan.

Chase continues around corner through parking lot banging off a car into street and out. Sedan comes down street, makes left turn into alley to meet truck head on, veers to left side of truck and is sandwiched between wall and truck.

193H EXT. SEDAN 193H

Coker and Atwater are pinned inside.

194 JACK 194

Gets out of his car, shotgun in hand.

COKER

starts to raise his gun...

ATWATER

Put it away! Don't kill no civilian. Ain't gonna do no good. He's an American.

195 EXT. COKER'S SEDAN 195

Jack approaches cautiously, breaks out the back window with the butt of his shotgun.

JACK

Get out of that car, keep your hands where I can see 'em.

ATWATER

Yes sir. Just us again, sir. Same old same.

JACK

Get out of that car, Buck.

ATWATER

Yes, sir.

He begins crawling out through the broken glass.

196 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - BOOKING AREA - DAY

196*

Jack watching as Coker and Atwater are being printed across the way. Cortez approaches.

JACK

Get what I wanted?

CORTEZ

Yes sir. I lifted these prints from the 265's at the morgue.

Opening envelope and handing the tiles to Jack. *

CORTEZ

The Mexican's...And the Black's.
(looks across to Coker
and Atwater)

And here's their booking slips -- Buck Schoonover and Paul Kenner. *

He hands Jack two slips. Jack glances at both, puts them back in the envelopes. *

Purvis appears with plastic bag filled with number of items. While fingerprinting proceeds: *

PURVIS

(to Jack)

All we recovered, sir. Ski mask -- Blood samples -- hair samples -- hand gun -- automatic pistol -- spent cartridges -- and roll of film I took of tire marks -- skids around the southwest corner of the bank.

JACK

Tag it. All of it. *

PURVIS

Yes sir. Tag it.

He starts toward rear door, is stopped by:

JACK

And lock it up. I want the key.

PURVIS

Right away, sir.

Jack moves back to the fingerprint area... *

ATWATER

(to Jack)

All we done was pick up a couple suitcases onna pavement without a claim check --

JACK

Okay, lock 'em up.

Still wiping their hands, both Coker and Atwater are escorted through the side door, by Cortez. They pass Purvis on the way back in, as they are led out. *

PURVIS

Evidence bagged and tagged and under lock and key, sir.

Jack hands him the fingerprint cards of Coker and Atwater -- Then the two cards of Hector and Fry brought in from the morgue.

JACK

Plug this in to the FBI in Washington. Top priority. You let me know the minute they get back to us.

PURVIS

Yes sir. Right away. Get right on it. Oh, and sir? Word came in from Ranger ballistics in Austin on the shell casings, sir. You remember? The ones that shot Chub Luke.

JACK

Yeah, I remember, Purvis. What have you got?

DEPUTY PURVIS

(consults clipboard)

Well. Yes sir. It was Army issue, Special forces, that's why it wasn't in the catalogue, they keep it secret and all. The stuff that got Chub... that batch was reported stolen eight months ago from an Army Base at Prentis, Oregon. Which means... I guess that D.E.A.

fella must've made a mistake.

JACK

Either that or he lied to me about it.

PURVIS

(puzzled)

Right. Yes, sir. Probably lied to you. Oh, and also sir, the FBI fellas that just got here want your Form 407 and your Form 800. They also want your Work History Reports for the last two years, plus they say the Coke machine's empty and the toilet don't flush.

JACK

Tell the FBI to kiss my ass. And get goin' on the prints.

PURVIS

Yes sir.

Jack goes to the nearest phone as Purvis walks away.

*

JACK

Get me through to Washington right away.
I want the Drug Enforcement Administration --
Personnel Office.

197 OMIT

197*

198

INT. CELLS - SHERIFF'S STATION

198

Coker is morose on his cot -- Atwater, in the next cell.

ATWATER

Keerist Almighty Jesus. If, if, if.
But what's done is slop under the bridge.
Jerkin' off our conscience don't turn one
thing around.

COKER

We fucked up, Buck. We were supposed to
cover the Spic...We fucked up.

ATWATER

I'd kill you if it'd bring Fry back, but
it won't. He's dead and that's the way
it goes when you're soldierin'. Bite the
damn bullet and play "Taps" for a brother
gone down.

Pause.

ATWATER

Got to think positive. We gotta find a
way to get out of here, get on with the
mission.

COKER

Yeah. The mission...I can't believe it.
Here we are space-age high tech and we got
caught by some stone-age cowboy.

ATWATER

Ain't it a bitch.

199 INT. JACK'S OFFICE

199

Jack slams down the phone as Purvis enters.

JACK
Never heard of him.

PURVIS
Sir?

JACK
Frank Ralston or whoever the hell he is. The D.E.A.'s never heard of him.

PURVIS
Well ain't that a funny one. Must be some mistake. He was right here in our office. *

JACK
What do you want, Purvis?

PURVIS
Just reporting back, sir. Sent the fingerprints on the facsimile. Expect word back in a couple of hours.

200
(formerly
195B)

EXT. ROAD BEHIND CHURCH RUINS - DAY

200
(formerly
195B)

Hackett in station wagon, alone behind wheel, driving in light traffic pattern on two-way road. Station wagon passes boarded-up one story structure, veers off onto sandy access road leading to:

201
(formerly
195BA)

EXT. SMALL ADOBE CHURCH - IN RUINS

201
(formerly
195BA)

Hackett drives around side of church and reaches:

202

EXT. ENTRANCE

As he stops and gets out of car, Stark appears from within.

STARK
How'd it go?

HACKETT
On target.

He moves toward Stark, carrying a suitcase.

STARK

The news made it sound like a bloodbath.

HACKETT

Body count of two. I lost one. Cash Bailey lost one. The bank president's got a headache.

STARK

Gee, that's too bad -- but tell me about the money, Paul.

HACKETT

Cleaned out the vault. Missed the suitcases.

Followed by Stark, he carries the suitcase into: *

203
(Formerly
195C)

INT. RUINED ADOBE CHURCH

203
(Formerly
195C)

Roofless, the doorless entrance area is flooded with sunlight. A loft in the rear section, used as a storage area serves as a partial roof, casting deep shadows.

Hackett sets the suitcase down on an old barrell -- *
unlocks it, revealing a battery powered shredder.

STARK

How about our other objective? One for each year our friend's been in the business.

HACKETT

Check.

He takes three small ledgers out of an the suitcase *
and hands them to Stark who leafs through them...

STARK

Greedy bastard -- cutting us in for only 25 percent.

Both men begin tearing up the ledgers -- they feed the torn pages into the shredder. The high oscillation and mangling of paper counterpoints:

STARK

Okay, next on the agenda -- Mexico. One more ledger. One more body. *

HACKETT

(cutting in) *

Can't go to Mexico. Not yet.

STARK

What are you talking about?

HACKETT

Two of my men were caught. I can't take off until I get them out of jail.

STARK

Shit. How?

HACKETT

I'll take care of it.

STARK

Yeah. You've got all the answers. Okay, I don't give a damn, just so it all gets done...

Hackett takes out a cigarette lighter, he ignites the pile of paper gathered on the floor at their feet. They watch the shredded paper blaze and turn into ashes:

STARK

So nobody will ever know a D.E.A. man and an officer in the United States Army did a lot of business with Mr. Cash Bailey...

HACKETT

Not after I get to Mexico. *

The burning paper has turned to ashes. While Stark stamps the ashes, scattering them:

STARK

You got the ten million sorted yet?

HACKETT

Negative.

STARK

Bound to take us all day to split it up...

HACKETT

Yeah... You know, Duncan, I've been a lot of places, done a lot of things. I shouldn't of -- Like in this church here. *

STARK

What is this a confessional?

HACKETT

Yeah. Helluva chore. But you don't have to worry about it.

Suddenly producing his gun, Hackett fires twice at point-blank range. Hit in the chest, the impact catapults Stark back into the dim recesses under the loft. The dead body slams into a supporting upright, cracking it. The floor of the loft above instantly splits wide open, funneling everything stored into a downpour of debris, effectively burying Stark under a huge mound.

204

EXT. DESERT - DAY

204*

Vast horizon. Brown truck parked in the middle of nowhere. Biddle and McRose stand by the front bumper.

BIDDLE

How long we supposed to wait?

McROSE

Until he gets here.

BIDDLE

How long is that?

McROSE

I don't know. I follow orders. I was supposed to dump the armored car -- I did.

BIDDLE

An' here we sit. A lot of money in the back and every cop in the state lookin' for us...

(savagely)

Why the fuck did the ops call for me to drive off and leave my buddy exposed. I could've parked on his flank, wasted that Spic the minute he stepped out of that truck.

McROSE

You layin' it on command? In case you forgot, the Major wasn't the one that didn't show up.

BIDDLE

His plan got Fry on a slab in the morgue... with a tag on his toe. Next stop -- into a body bag. Not in the hands of some goddamn foreign Gook, a body bag in the hands of Americans.

McROSE

All-right. This mission's got the smell of puke. But the orders come down to the Major. Then what's to be done, we do it. We take our chances.

204A EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - ENTRANCE GATE - DAY

204A*

Station Wagon tailgated by Brown Truck pass through, Hackett at wheel taking ticket, then Biddle. McRose beside him.

204B EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - STATION WAGON IN LEAD

204B*

Brown Truck following, across lot to area designated LONG TERM PARKING.

204C EXT. TWO VACANT SLOTS -AWAY FROM PARKED CARS

204C*

Station Wagon pulls into one, Brown Truck into adjacent slot.

Hackett gets out of Station Wagon and moves around to passenger side of Brown Truck.

McRose gets out of passenger side. Hackett makes certain the door is locked. Then he moves around to driver's side. Biddle is getting out of truck, keys in hand. Hackett tries driver's door. It is locked.

HACKETT

Parking ticket. And Keys.

Biddle hands him both.

Hackett moves toward Station Wagon followed by McRose. Biddle stands looking at Brown Truck.

BIDDLE

That's a lot of money in there.

HACKETT

And it's all the property of the D.E.A.
Mr. Stark will pick it up. Let's go.

They get into the Station Wagon. McRose drives off.

205 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

205

Purvis at Facsimile Receiving Unit. Four fingerprint identifications coming through, on 8X8 cards. Purvis gathers up the four, shuts off the machine, hastens out.

206 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

206

Jack at desk, reading a file. Door open -- Purvis enters, the four 8X8 cards in hand.

PURVIS

Fingerprint reports, sir, from the FBI in Washington. The dead Mexican... "Hector Zuniga, 32 years old. Place of birth Guadalajara, Mexico. Three arrests, two convictions. El Paso. Smuggling

JACK
Figures. One of Cash Bailey's boys.

PURVIS
Right, sir. Now listen to this.
(reading from card)
"Luther Fry. 28. U.S. Citizen. Born
Detroit, Michigan. No criminal
record. Served in Armed Forces. Army."

JACK
What about Buck Schoonover?

PURVIS
The prints don't match with the name.
His fingerprints are filed under --
(from card)
"Buck Atwater. U.S. Citizen. Born in
Swampwater, Florida. No criminal record.
Served in Armed Forces. Army."

JACK
And the other one? Renner?

PURVIS
His prints don't match with the name, either.
His fingerprints are filed under --
(from last card)
"Declan Patrick Coker. 24. U.S. Citizen. Born
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. No criminal record. Served
in Armed Forces. Army."

JACK
Nothing more about their military record?

PURVIS
No, sir. That's all that come through.

JACK
(after a moment)
Transmit facsimiles of all three to
Army Center, Personnel Section, St. Louis,
Missouri. Top priority response.

PURVIS
Right, sir. St. Louis.

He walks away with dispatch.

207 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - TIME CUT - NIGHT

Cortez at the facsimile machine. Jack and Purvis nearby -- Jack watching expectantly -- Cortez begins to read, looks bewildered.

CORTEZ

Sir -- The Personnel Report from the Army -- it's kinda' wild. It says:

(reading)

"The attached information as requested by your agency is forwarded for your disposition. Re request service records of Luther Fry, Buck Atwater and Declan Patrick Coker. Please be advised... Sergeant Declan Patrick Coker 561-56-7441 4th Battalion 1st Infantry Division killed on leave from Lebanon in chattered flight crash Nova Scotia 12.14.84 Unmarried."

Jack takes report, looks at:

207A ARMY RECORD OF COKER - INSERT

HEADSHOT of Coker at top of transmitted military record. SOUND of machine chattering.

207B JACK

puts down report, his attention drawn to:

CORTEZ

(reading 2nd report)

"Sergeant Luther Fry 564-50-2460 1st Infantry Division Fort Benning killed training maneuvers Fort Polk, LA 10.25.77 No next of kin."

Jack takes the second sheet from Cortez. Facsimile machine continues printing out. Jack looks at:

207C ARMY RECORD OF FRY - INSERT

HEADSHOT of Fry at top of transmitted military record.

207D JACK

Seeing picture of Fry evokes thoughtful response from Jack. He keeps holding Fry's report while:

CORTEZ
(with increasing
bewilderment)

"Sergeant Buck Atwater 433-88-1755
101st Airborne Division killed
defusing unexploded bomb Laos
11.11.74 buried U.S. Armed Forces
Cemetery Hawaii Posthumous Bronze
Star Medal. No next of kin."

Facsimile machine stops. Cortez tears out third report. Jack takes it, looks at:

207E ARMY RECORD OF ATWATER - INSERT

HEADSHOT of Atwater and military record.

207F JACK

Looking at photo of Fry and Atwater in each hand:

JACK
(to Purvis)
Recognize him? *

PURVIS
(glancing at pictures)
Well I'll be damned. It is that other
fella we had in the tank. *

JACK
Got themselves tossed into
jail so they could check out
our operation. *

CORTEZ
(totally whacked out)
Yeah -- but how can they be officially dead --
and two of 'em locked up here? *

JACK
One of them is dead. File the whole damn
thing. *

He strides out, leaving Cortez staring after him, then at the report in hand.

Where Jack stops at the cells containing Atwater and Coker. He stands sipping water from cup while:

JACK

Where'd you serve in the Army...Buck?

ATWATER

Army? Me? I never made the Service.
Bum knee. Bum heart. Plus galloping V.D.

Jack throws him a look, then:

JACK

(to Coker)

I guess you stayed home with your mom. Stole cars.

COKER

No, sir. Sold dope. So I bought cars.

He stares at the two, long and hard. They smile back, blandly.

JACK

Been a long day. I'm goin' home.
I got a lot to think about. Tomorrow you
better have some answers.

Jack wheels, and moves back into:

On way past desk, to Purvis:

JACK

Stand guard.

PURVIS

(reading a report, looks up)

Guard?

Taking key ring off peg on wall:

JACK

With a shotgun, Purvis. From the rack.

PURVIS

Yes, sir. Shotgun ready.

JACK

I'll take care of the keys.

He takes the keys off the peg and heads out.

210 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT 210

Jack drives up and gets out -- he notes a light on inside...
He approaches his house. He draws his gun and...

211 INT. JACK'S HOUSE 211

Jack comes through his front door, moves carefully down
the hallway, and in one swift motion swings into the living
room, training his gun on a half-lit figure sitting in an
armchair.

HACKETT

I didn't come here to get killed,
Benteen, I came to talk...

Jack doesn't move.

HACKETT

I'm unarmed.

Jack slowly lowers his gun.

HACKETT

Major Paul Hackett 173rd Airborn,
3rd Battalion...If you run a check...

JACK

(cutting in)

You'll turn up dead like those other
two clowns I've got locked up.

(dropping 9mm casings
in Hackett's lap)

What the hell is the military doing
robbing banks in Texas?

HACKETT

Putting Cash Bailey out of business.
He's been using your bank here in Benrey
to launder and stockpile his drug money.
And to store documents which could embarrass
our Government if they were ever made
public.

JACK

You've got to do a lot better than
that.

HACKETT

For five years he was the D.E.A.'s number one
deep cover informant in Mexico. Then three years
ago he turned. His knowledge of contacts and
the drug enforcement network could set the whole
program back years if it got out.

JACK

So what? So he's got the D.E.A. and some federal boys by the balls. Why didn't they handle this whole thing? Why'n hell they bring the military in?

HACKETT

Read the newspapers. By Presidential directive military force can now be used to stop the narcotics flow across the U.S.-Mexican border. The directive identifies the drug traffic as a National Security threat.

JACK

That's a pretty nifty trick havin' your boys listed as dead.

HACKETT

It helps when they're doing work overseas.

JACK

Unless they get caught.

HACKETT

Even if they get caught. Foreign governments aren't as lucky as you are. They don't have access to the F.B.I. master computer in Washington.

JACK

Yeah. Real smart. You guys have done one hell'va fine job.

HACKETT

No, I've made a mess of the whole operation.

JACK

No kidding.

HACKETT

And I need your help. I'm going in to Mexico to finish the job. I need the two men you've got locked up...I want Cash Bailey. So do you. We can help each other.

JACK

Nobody wants Cash more than me, but I don't see that I need any help from you.

HACKETT

You're going to do it like the Rangers did in the old days. Piss on the border -- if your man's in Mexico just go get him and drag him back.

JACK

Matter of fact, that's exactly what I
am gonna do.

HACKETT

Must be a hell of a grudge between
you two.

JACK

Old friends is all. Old friends gone
bad. I'll tell you what's the first thing
they teach a Ranger. Been teachin' it for
a hundred-and-some-years. Taught it to
my dad and my granddad. 'Say what you mean,
mean what you say and cover the ground
you stand on.' And I say I'm gonna go
down to Mexico and get Cash Bailey.

Except you don't know where he is. And I do. By the time you stumble around the mountains for two weeks trying to find him, he'll either have one of his private army off you, or if he feels sorry for you, he'll just fly around in that helicopter of his, keep moving from town to town till you get tired and come home. Either way he'll be laughing like hell.

Pause.

HACKETT

His private army, at least fifty men; every outlaw, thug, and drug runner in northern Mexico. Plus he's bought off every government official. You'll get no help out of them.

JACK

Okay, Major. What are you offering?

HACKETT

You let my men go. We'll slip across the border. In about five days we'll slide into Bailey's town. I'll give you thirty minutes with him before I move in. A half-hour to settle up with him -- it's what you want, isn't it?

JACK

Yeah. That's exactly what I want.

HACKETT

I just want some papers he has in his possession. you kill him, it's fine with me. I don't give a damn.

Pause.

HACKETT

How about it?

JACK

I'll think about it.

Hackett moves to the entrance way to the corridor.

HACKETT

I have to know by tomorrow. Otherwise the whole operation will be blown...By the way, my intelligence sources tell me Cash Bailey crossed the border last night. I think he went back with your girl.

Walks out.

212

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

212

The station wagon pulls up -- McRose at the wheel, Biddle in the back seat. Hackett gets into the passenger seat

213

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

213*

Hackett looks over at McRose.

HACKETT

I think we're going to have a new partner.

McROSE

You straight?

HACKETT

Dead level.

McRose powers away.

214

INT. JALISCO - NIGHT

214*

Jack enters. Looks in direction of bandstand. The band belting it, but no vocalist.

JACK

(to Bartender)

Where's Sarita?

BARTENDER

Sarita, she is gone. She came to say adios this morning.

JACK

Tell me about it, Paco.

PACO

I don't know. She come in and she say she go with a old friend to Mexico.

JACK

She say who the friend was?

PACO

No, Jack. She just tell me an old amigo live in Mexico come and get her.

It hits Jack hard. He turns and starts out.

215

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION

215*

Purvis dozing behind desk, shotgun at hand. He awakens with a start, seeing Jack approaching, his footsteps loud in the silence.

PURVIS

(scrambling to feet)

Trouble, sir?

JACK

No. Can't sleep. Thought I'd catch up on the paper work. Sign out. I'll hold the fort.

PURVIS

Yes sir. Be headin' on home. Hell of a damn day, wasn't it? Never have figured out what happened to them damn phones.

He beats a quick exit. Once alone, Jack picks up the shotgun, moves to the rack, locks it in place. Then he crosses to:

216

INT. JAIL SECTION

216*

Where he sees Atwater and Coker are on their bunks. Producing a key, Jack unlocks the door of the cell. Seeing Jack, they are surprised to hear:

JACK

You better call your boss. We're going to Mexico.

He swings the cell door open.

ATWATER

Well, don't this beat my meat?

217
thru
227

OMIT

217*
thru
227

228 EXT. DIRT ROAD, MEXICO - DAY 228

An old, battered, bullet-nosed bus groans along the dry countryside -- gear box WHIRLING, engine spluttering.

229 INT. BUS 229

Peons, chickens, a swarthy and sweaty driver trying to hold his vehicle on the highway. Scattered around the back, the A-Team, plus Jack, now dressed in civilian clothes.

COKER, ATWATER, BIDDLE

BIDDLE

One thing never changes. Great thing about bein' in the Army is you always go first class.

COKER

Fuckin' A. So what else is new.

ATWATER

Hold on, Coker. Now that you and me settled our differences and all, let me tell you my personal philosophy about this kinda thing...

Biddle leans forward.

ATWATER

We're heroes, but heroes gotta have a cause. And lemme tell you brothers, things bein' complicated these days, it ain't easy. So I support my country by God. It's what I got. My country and my buddies. And I can't ask no questions. No, sir.

BIDDLE

That's real deep, Buck. Real deep.

ATWATER

(ignoring the insult)
Yeah, real deep. Except that lately I ain't so sure about nothin'. So let's go kick some ass. Same old same.

HACKETT AND McROSE

Jack sitting alone in front of them -- Hackett leans forward, taps Jack's shoulder.

HACKETT

Since we have about another thirty miles from our objective, I figure this is the time to get a few things straight...

*
*

JACK

What do you have in mind?

HACKETT

You're used to workin' free-lance, but on this OPS, you do as you're told. Like a good soldier.

JACK

I'll do my best.

*

HACKETT

You got a real treat in store for you, Benteen, watching this team go to work.
(smiles at McRose)

Larry's not just another soldier. You put Larry out when the sun goes down and you get body count. You wake up in the morning and Larry's drinkin' orange juice, sittin' there with a pile of fresh ears. No illusions about turning civilian, right, Larry?

McROSE

Not as long as we get such good jobs in wonderful countries like this.

Hackett passes a bottle forward to Benteen.

HACKETT

Whiskey. Single malt. Distilled in a very small stream in the north of Scotland. Good stuff.

Jack doesn't take it.

HACKETT

You don't like whiskey?

JACK

I'm particular who I drink with.

*

HACKETT

I don't believe that, Benteen. In my opinion, you're just naturally hostile.

*

230 OMIT 230

231 EXT. SAN LUIS - ESTABLISHING SHOT - HIGH ANGLE - DAY 231

An old colonial city set deep in the mountains. It is built on two distinct elevations: the town below, with its wide spread of crumbling adobe buildings, and an upper elevation on which stands a hotel built in the days of former civic glory. It overlooks the structure below, of which two are prominent, an adobe church at the rear of the street, outlined against the mountains, and two-story rooming house at the extreme end of the street.

231A EXT. STREET 231A

Fiesta in progress. Peasants, drunks, kids with fire-crackers, trumpet blaring, food and other merchants hawking their wares. Impromptu dancing in the street. No gringos present.

232 EXT. LEFT WINDOW - SECOND FLOOR - ROOMING HOUSE 232

Hackett and McRose looking out. Behind them: Atwater, Coker peering out. Biddle stands at a blueprint pinned to the wall -- as Hackett calls out gun placements, he marks them with a red 'X'.

232A INT. ROOMING HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - RIGHT WINDOW 232A

Hackett focusing binoculars. Jack nearby, removed from the rest.

HACKETT

Bailey must be on the premises...

233 EXT. HOTEL ISABELLA - THROUGH BINOCULARS 233

Every detail magnified: glasses hold on Cash's helicopter parked at end of crowded courtyard, guarded by a number of his mercenaries.

HACKETT'S VOICE (O.S.)

Chopper under heavy security...

The glasses sweep across the courtyard and pick up Lupo and Monday as they appear on stone steps under shade tree, eyeing number of armed Mexicans, some with women, going into cantina.

Hackett spots Merv and an armed goon emerging from the hotel entrance, carrying two heavy big black suitcases. He sees Merv moving in direction of:

The parked chopper, where the pilot meets Merv, takes the suitcases, places them in chopper and then moves

inside, closing door.

HACKETT

Looks like they're moving some
more money.

Chopper takes off, its blades causing a miniature
whirlwind in area.

A four-by truck appears, moves down the main street, - finally
pulls up near cantina entrance. Several goons pile
out, move into cantina during:

HACKETT'S VOICE (O.S.)

Squad of goons...heading inside.

234 INT. ROOMING HOUSE

234

Hackett remains at window, training binoculars.

HACKETT

Automatic weapons...A-K-47s...Uzis.

COKER

Uzis?

McROSE

What'd you expect? Refried beans?

235 EXT. EXTREME LEFT LOWER COURTYARD - THROUGH BINOCULARS

235

Machine-gun nest, armed by two men.

HACKETT'S VOICE (O.S.)

Twin .30 calibers..lower south of perimeter.

Binoculars sweep to:

EXT. EXTREME LOWER RIGHT COURTYARD - THROUGH BINOCULARS

HACKETT'S VOICE (O.S.)

Twin .30 calibers..lower north of perimeter.

EXT. LANDING ON BALCONY - THROUGH BINOCULARS

Binoculars move across central balcony of hotel and hold
on:

HACKETT'S VOICE (O.S.)

M-60 at middle of perimeter...balcony
window.

WINDOW - CENTER OF BALCONY

Dim outlines of mounted automatic weapon, pointing down into courtyard.

ASCENDING ROOFLINE AND HOLD

Binoculars sweep across balcony and up to:

Machine-gun manned by two men, and then another machine-gun to the far right. Binoculars sweep back to the first, and then on to the second for certain positioning and identification:

HACKETT'S VOICE (O.S.)

Twin .30 caliber nest, north quadrant, angling down to courtyard. Another covering south flank of lower perimeter... both manned by gunner and ammo-feeder.

The image drops out of sight.

236 INT. ROOMING HOUSE

236

Hackett is turning from window, binoculars in hand.

HACKETT

Four tripod-mounted machine guns plus a M-60 in the center... Whoever set up this perimeter knows his business. Courtyard entrance to the hotel's their open field of crossfire. Stay out of that kill-zone. We'll by-pass it, flank 'em and simultaneously hit from inside.

Jack turns away from the window, moves to open his small satchel on table nearby. He takes out his badge and pins it on while:

HACKETT

(circling room)

Okay, I know what you're all thinking. Fucking cowboys and indians is what you're thinking. Fuckin' Kamikaze panic-essed Mickey Mouse bullshit. You blame command. You blame me. Lost Fry...right? Didn't we? Humping Con Op's white clock? And you think we're gonna lose more. Right? Am I right? If I'm right, let's hear it!

BIDDLE

Yeah. It sucks, sir.

HACKETT

Okay. I'm tellin' you straight.
This is a win, but it's gonna be
a tough one. Extra innings. Hardball
all the way.

A long pause. Jack is now strapping on his pistol and holster.

McROSE

Last time out we fucked up. We lost one of our cows. We got a lot to make up for.

COKER

Let's go get 'em for Fry.

ATWATER

I'm with you, baby. All the way. Me an' Coker--We especially got to do a number.

HACKETT

Okay...So how many dickheads are ready to do it?

All but Biddle mutter assent, nodding.

HACKETT

(to Biddle)

What about it, Charlie?

BIDDLE

I'll give it what I got.

HACKETT

That's all I expect. We all miss Fry, Charlie. All of us. Bear that in mind.

Pulling last prong of gun holster into eyelet:

JACK

I'm set.

HACKETT

You said you wanted thirty minutes with the top gringo. You got it. Not a minute more, then we're comin' in.

JACK

All I need—Thirty minutes...

He jams a clip into his .45, checks the action, then starts toward the door.

ATWATER

Hey Ranger...

(Jack turns)

You goin' in alone? Against all them Usis?

JACK

Me an' Cash go back a long way. Used to be friends.

Jacks goes out.

ATWATER

(grins)

That's one crazy motherfucker.
But I like the way he goes after
it. I really do.

Hackett turns to the men.

HACKETT

Allright, listen up. We are not here
to give testimonials to the Ranger.
Now that he's gone I can speak freely.
We are here to terminate Target Day-
Glo with Extreme Prejudice. Excepting
members of the immediate family there
are no friendlies.

COKER

Hey -- wait a minute -- the cowboy's
a friendly -- he let us out of jail --

ATWATER

Yeah. Why frag him too?

HACKETT

I repeat. Excepting members of the
immediate family there are no friendlies.

SOUND of mariachis in distance. The gay tune counterpoints:

HACKETT

The cowboy gets back --
(dead grey eyes on
Coker and Atwater)
He'll leak.
You want our Ops compromised?

COKER

No sir.

ATWATER

No sir, can't say that I do. But
it sure is a shame, ain't it?

BIDDLE

Major, are you sure you're not
going to hang out to dry on
this?

HACKETT

I've got my orders and I'm
carrying them out.

McROSE
Very unusual, sir.

HACKETT
What is?

McROSE
Ordering termination of American
civilian peace officer clearly loyal
to the country and in the process of
trying to bring a criminal to justice.

Coker and Atwater exchange looks at this open military
breach. Hackett's eyes turn into the consistency of
granite.

HACKETT
It is very unusual. And you will do
as I command, Sergeant.

McROSE
(finally)
Yes sir.

237 EXT. STREET - SAN LUIS - DAY

237

Winding up to Hotel Isabella. Battered jeep crowded
with goons armed with automatic weapons races by,
almost hitting anyone in way. It careens up steep
road leading to courtyard. Nearby, SOUND of fire-
crackers exploding, fiesta music. On the deserted
street, Jack passes group of INDIANS playing dissonant
MUSIC on wooden pipes. Jack reaches and enters:

238 EXT. COURTYARD - HOTEL ISABELLA

238

As Jack works his way across the square through the
crowd which parts at the sight of the tall gringo wearing
badge and gun -- almost a vision from the past.

Jack stops near a young man who is staring at him.

JACK
You go inside, get Cash Bailey.

The young man scurries off -- Jack turns, walks back
to the fountain -- looks off at the city. Across the
courtyard he can see a young mother nursing a child.
The mother is not more than sixteen -- a small child
plays at her bare feet.

Jack then spots Lupo and Monday moving down the stone steps
toward him. As they flank him:

JACK
Tell your boss Jack Benteen is here
and wants to talk to him.

LUPO
Your pistol, first, hombre.

JACK
I told you before -- nobody gets
my gun without gettin' hurt...

Lupo and Monday exchange looks. A showdown appears imminent.
Men in area start moving aside quickly.

LUPO
(finally; to
Monday)
Okay. Tell him. Go tell Cash.

While Monday moves into cantina, Lupo stands facing Jack.

239 INT. ROOMING HOUSE 239
Hackett at window, with binoculars. The others at adjacent
window, watching.

McROSE
What's with the cowboy? That's
as far as he goes?

240 EXT. COURTYARD - THROUGH BINOCULARS 240
Jack and Lupo now in clear. Everyone else in courtyard
out of line of fire.

HACKETT'S VOICE (O.S.)
Son-of-a-bitch'll get himself stitched
in a cross-fire in that's
where he's gonna make his stand.

The binoculars suddenly focus on cantina doorway. Cash
is seen coming out, in his white linen suit and white
stetson, brandishing half-empty bottle of tequila.

241 INT. ROOMING HOUSE 241
Hackett instantly passes binoculars to McRose.

HACKETT
That's Bailey -- head honcho --
grab a look -- everybody --
prime target.

242 EXT. COURTYARD - THROUGH BINOCULARS 242
Cash is moving down toward Jack. Monday and Lupo standing
aside.

243 EXT. COURTYARD

243

Cash appears -- spots Jack -- flashes his best smile.

CASH

Well, there he is. He's a snake, that ole boy. Roll up your sleeves, get the tip of his tongue and pull till he pops. Then we'll know what we got.

Moves closer to Jack.

CASH

Hello, Jack. I was expectin' you'd show up sooner or later. You come for me? Or you come for Sarita?

JACK

Both. I came to take you both home.

CASH

Well now, you can have Sarita, seems like me an' her ain't doin' real well together. But when it comes to invitin' me back across the river...

JACK

You're gonna come back with me or I'll take you back in a box.

CASH

I always knew you had a lot of balls, Jack. But I didn't think you was crazy. I got a lot of boys here to take care of me.

JACK

This is just between me and you, Cash I'm callin' you on it.

CASH

Ain't leavin' me no alternative but to settle our differences. Ain't that right, amigo? No room to maneuver.

JACK

Once I see Sarita's okay, we'll settle up.

CASH

Why sure. Only fair. What the hell, you think I want you worried about her, when you should be concentratin' on killin' me?

Gives Jack his best smile.

CASH

But we better have your gun...or I don't guess you get to see the love of your life. I don't want you hookin' up with her with a gun in your hand. You'd ~~start~~ ~~again~~ real heroic and blaze away at all these terrible boys I got workin' for me. You'd turn it into the Alamo, Jack. Ol' Cash wouldn't want that. Ol' Cash wants you for himself.

As Jack stands immobile in conflict:

CASH

Well, okay. Forget Sarita. I'll go and get my popper and we'll settle up right here and now.

A moment.

JACK

Here.

He takes his .45 out of holster, tosses it to Cash who catches it and sticks it in his waistband.

CASH

You'll get it back in time for our little finish-up. You know me. I keep my promises.

JACK

Where is she?

CASH

Why Jack, she's in her boudoir, where she belongs.

He starts walking him toward cantina. Lupu and Monday follow.

CASH

(arm around shoulder)

Jack-boy, you have no idea -- no idea whatsoever how good it is to see you. People here, I am tellin' you, can't follow Cash in the verbal sphere. At all. When I'm flyin' son, it's solo. And you know that feeling, when you're talkin' along, then you pause for one minute...maybe freshen your bourbon...or do up your fly... and you look around real careful... and you know in your heart it is all just wasted? Nobody understands where you're at? All your private jokes and subtle conversations have been just sailin' right past 'em?

JACK

You know me, Cash. I like to keep the conversation real simple.

CASH

Hell you do, Jack, hell you do. I miss you ol' buddy. Ya know, too bad you turned out to be such a shit-head and wouldn't accept my business proposition. We'd've done great by each other.

They have reached cantina entrance.

CASH

Come on in and we'll rustle up ole Sarita. Then we'll have us our little fun. Promise

244 EXT. COURTYARD - LONG SHOT - THROUGH BINOCULARS 244

Jack is seen going through cantina doorway with Cash. Lupo and Monday following.

245 INT. ROOMING HOUSE 245

Hackett turns from window, binoculars in hand. To all in room:

HACKETT

Okay. The cowboy's got Bailey diverted. Now let's move.

245A EXT ROOMING HOUSE
(formerly 252)

245A
(formerly 252)

Hackett appears, straw hat slung low over face, peasant style. He starts strolling at leisurely pace to the right.

After a count of five, McRose appears. Straw hat hiding his face. He moves in direction of Hackett, who keeps edging on.

245B EXT. FIESTA - THE KIBS

245B

Unknowingly creating diversion by setting off firecrackers.

245C EXT. ROOMING HOUSE

245C

Atwater appears. The concealed weapon he carries shifts and forces him to stop and adjust it, he then melts into the crowd.

Coker emerges and follows.

Biddle finally appears. His straw hat pulled lowest of all. But he still takes another hard tug at it, and proceeds on.

246 INT. CANTINA - NEAR STAIRWELL TO SECOND FLOOR

246

Cash leading Jack to bottom of staircase, Lupo and Monday behind him. Band playing song #1.

CASE

You go on up -- check out Sarita.
I'll be in the Cantina, waitin'.
But don't keep me waitin' too
long, Jack. I get lonely real fast
down here.

JACK

Where's her room?

CASE

(to Lupo)

You just take him up to Rosa.
She'll take care of him real good.

LUPO

(in Spanish)

I haven't seen her in a while.
Maybe she isn't upstairs.

CASH

How in hell would I know where she is? You think I got nothin' better to occupy my mind than keepin' track of Jezebels?

LUPO

(blankly)

Jera-who?

CASH

Whores! Whores, pendeto!
(clutching Jack's arm)
You see, amigo, you see? I'm a sailor -- a sailor lost in an ocean of shit. A prospector pannin' for gold in a latrine.

JACK

(shaking his hand
off).

Don't give me this crap. Where is she, Cash?

CASH

She's okay, Jack. She kept tellin' me she needed time. I finally got disgusted and gave her a private room. She can have all the time she wants in there.

(to Lupo)

You heard the hombre! He wants his woman! Go find Rosa or I'll hang your balls on your sombrero!

LUPO

Hokay -- Hokay --
(to Jack)

Venga, hombre -- I find you Rosa.

INT. HOTEL ISABELLA - HALLWAY - SECOND FLOOR

246
(founderly
Sc. 253)

Lupo in lead, followed by Jack, Monday bringing up the rear. They pass numbers of Henchmen and whores going in and out of brothel rooms. Raucous laughter, yelling, cursing, music from the band in the cantina below.

246
Sc. 2

LUPO

(yelling)

Rosa!... Hey Rosa!... Rosa!

A door suddenly bangs open, revealing ROSA, a pretty
whore of forty, holding a chihuahua close to her
ample breasts.

ROSA

Que?

She looks at Jack, tosses him a smile.

ROSA
Amigo del Patron?

LUPO
Si...no -- el Patron dice que
tu sabes en donde se encuentra,
la Sarita.

Jack increasingly impatient...

ROSA
Sarita? O esa! Yo crei que
trabajaba aqui -- La puse en el
cuarto enseguida de las putas!

Jack reacts to "Putas"...

ROSA
Quieres divertirte -- dile a
este gringo cuanto viejos
se ha hechado.
(overcome with
laughter)
Andale! Dile! Quiero verle la
cara!

Now unable to contain themselves, Lupo and Rosa double
up with laughter. Monday smiles, uncomprehending.

LUPO
(to Jack)
She make big mistake. Big mistake!

JACK
What mistake?

LUPO
Rosa has allow some muchachos to be
fuckin' your girl. Three muchachos
who like girls what sing. You know?

Rosa keeps laughing -- they turn the corner. *

INT. SECOND CORRIDOR *

Whores and thugs. A long row of closed doors along the hallway...

LUPO
Your girl's in one of these rooms, gringo.
Rosa, she don't know which room, she's a
stupid whore. So I guess you gotta find her.

Jack moves down the hall, starts ripping open doors...Lupo
is following with Monday.

*

Rosa following - yelling and laughing at Jack in Spanish.

LUPO

What's the big deal, man? You gringos come down here and fuck our girls all the time. Why can't we fuck your girls a little bit?

Jack is off down the corridor -- pushing past the whores, opening doors -- SOUNDS of laughter as he desperately opens door after door...

246B
(formerly
Sc. 254)

GOON WITH A WOMAN - IN ANOTHER ROOM

246B
(formerly
Sc. 254)

The woman could be Sarita. Jack tears the guy off, revealing the hard, used face of a Mexican Whore

256C
(formerly
Sc. 255)

LUPO - NEXT TO ROSA

246C
(formerly
Sc. 255)

Rosa opens a door across the corridor.

LUPO

Hey, gringo! Quick! Muchachos all over on this one here!

MONDAY

(peering into room)

One muchacho... two muchacho... three muchacho...!

As Jack wheels with murderous expression in direction of that room, a door opens nearby and he sees:

246D
(formerly
Sc. 256)

SARITA - IN OPEN DOORWAY

246D
(formerly
Sc. 256)

Relief floods her face at the sight of Jack. He moves quickly toward her, his eyes scanning the room behind her. There is no one else inside.

JACK

You okay?

SARITA

Yeah -- I'm okay -- okay now.

(clinging to him)

Oh Jack -- I am so sorry -- everything
get so messed up -- when all the time
I love only you! -- You won't push
me away anymore?

JACK

(holding her)

The reason I pushed you away was Cash.
I knew we were headed for a showdown.
I didn't want you in the middle.

SARITA

We make it together, Jack?

JACK

Yeah, I think so. I think we got a
chance.

247

INT. HOTEL ISABELLA CANTINA - DAY

247

still jammed with the drunks, whores, and heavy-duty thugs. *
Biddle comes in through the door. Doesn't look *
very happy. He moves to the bar. Band playing song #2. *

BIDDLE

(to Bartender)

Carveza, por favor.

A WHORE approaches.

BIDDLE

What's your little name?

WHORE

Fifty bucks.

BIDDLE

(grabs her ass)

Let me call you thirty.

WHORE

Hokay. Let's go, gringo. Vamanos.

BIDDLE
 (linking arm in hers)
 Gotta be a room with a view --

They move up the stairwell.

248 INT. ROOM - SECOND FLOOR 248

Door opens, admitting the Whore, followed by Biddle. He passes her, moves to window, takes quick look out, sees:

249 MACHINE-GUN - MOUNTED ON BALCONY LANDING - ANGLING DOWN 249

Manned by two thugs.

250 INT. ROOM - SECOND FLOOR 250

Biddle turns from window. The Whore has closed the door. And is undressing.

BIDDLE
 Okay, thirty. Into bed.

WHORE
 (in Spanish)
 First the money.

BIDDLE
 (yanking out billfold)
 Here -- includes the tip --
 don't stop to count --

Her top is now off -- the skirt follows.

WHORE

Tu siempre estas apurado?

BIDDLE
 Come on, come on -- under the
 sheets -- I don't need any conversation.

She gets into the bed. Pulling sheet over her:

BIDDLE
 Now on your side, baby. And look
 at the wall.

WHORE
 The wall? For why I got to look
 at the wall?

BIDDLE
 'Cause it turns me on.

WHORE
 Hey -- I don't think I wanna fuck
 with you --

She starts getting out of bed. He shoves her back down

BIDDLE

You do like I say. You turn your head
and look at me and it'll be the last
thing you ever see...Dig?

Biddle yanks off his jacket, revealing sections of semi-
automatic rifle with telescopic lens strapped to his
body.

WHORE

(whimpering)

Hokay...Hokay...Won't look. You don't
kill me, hokay?

Terrified, she lies facing the wall. With expert speed,
he assembles the rifle and scope.

251-258
259

OMIT
INT. HOTEL ISABELLA - CANTINA

251-25
259

Jammed with armed heavy duty goons and their women, at
tables laden with bottles and piles of food. Band
playing loud, causing much shouting in order to be
heard. On cleared tabletop beside Cash, Girl dancing
in time to mariachis...Cash spots Jack and Sarita being
led across cantina by Lupo and Monday with drawn guns --
Cash waves dancing girl off tabletop and crowding goons
away, as the two are escorted to his table. Band now
playing song #3.

CASH

How'd the big reunion go? Much
huggin' and kissin' and tears of
joy?

JACK

Yeah. Somethin' like that. Now I
want my gun, Cash.

CASH

First, we gotta have us a last drink
together. And then the big final-
finito. Gonna disappoint ya Sarita. You
been savin' everything for my old friend,
Jack. Gonna make you real unhappy when you
watch me shoot 'em down.

(yelling to waiter)

Hey Miguel! Beer for my amigo!
Champagne for me and my querida!
Pronto pronto!

SARITA

I don't want nothin', Cash. I just want
you to say Jack an' I can leave.

Pulling up a chair for her:

CASH

I taught you better manners than that, honey.

She sits down reluctantly. Jack sits beside her, facing Cash.

CASH

She'll train up real good, Jack.

Half-an-hour and it all comes back.

She'll be as good as new.

(low)

But I didn't hurt her. Believe me, partner.

(yells)

Champagne, goddamn it!

(to Sarita)

Ain't this nice? Ain't this just lovely?

Now did I hurt you? Or did anyone? Now you tell the whole truth. Tell Jack if I did.

Sarita shakes her head.

CASH

(back to Jack)

Well, of course I didn't. Why I know ol' Sarita for years. Used to neck with ol' Sarita, pick her up in my Chevy and tear off some ass.

Taking out knife, he places tip at end of Sarita's coil of hair, and teasingly begins to turn the knife, causing it to curl clear up to the left. Jack makes a move, but Lupo shoves his shotgun into Jack's face.

CASH

(continuing: to Sarita)

Didn't we, honey, used to tear off some ass? Damn near got married, 'member all that? Went lookin' for spoons... Knives and forks and spoons and crap.

JACK

Let's deal. Let's get to it, Cash.

CASH

(stands)

Then after I left you come along and climbed in her drawers. Then I don't

(MORE)

CASH (CONT'D)

know who all she was with when she went off on her singin' tours. Probably fiddlers and such. Dopers. Jew drummers. Niggers with trumpets.

JACK

(cuts him off)

I'm tellin' you, let's get to it, Cash! Now!

CASH

When there's an occasion to celebrate, like you two bein' back together, you gotta rise up to it---

To a big Mexican Henchman passing nearby:

CASH

(calling)

Hey Jesus! Come on over!

JESUS

(moving toward him, in Spanish)

Sure, boss. How's everything with you?

CASH

Everything's fine. Just fine. Exceptin' one thing, Jesus. And this'll fix it ---

He yanks out his .45 and gives him one blast in the head at close range. Jesus staggers back, his face a bloody mess. Hitting the wall, he slides down to the floor, dead. The band stops playing. Everyone falls silent.

CASH

(to Jack)

And I liked him. I honest-to-Christ really liked ole Jesus, until yesterday. His account showed up short. It ain't so much the money -- it's the bad example... And that I trusted the man.

(to Monday)

Eaul him out of here. Ain't nice for the ladies to see a dead coyote.

CASH (CONT'D)

(to Jack)

Real good country down here. Man can get
away with anything as long as he just keeps
payin' his friends. What they need down here
is a real good old fashioned revolution. You
know that, Jack.

Gripping the dead man by one foot, Monday pulls him toward rear exit, while:

CASH
(to band)

Get some music goin'! What the hell is goin' on here?! Get some music goin' or I'll shoot the damn band. I want it sweet, goddamn it! We got us a lovin' couple here!

The Band strikes up song #4 while Cash puts away the smoking gun:

CASH
(setting up glasses and pouring drinks)

We gotta drink to your happy life together -- for as little or long as it lasts...You just sit back down, Jack. I need a little more conversation before you get your gun an' we settle up.

259A
(formerly
258)

EXT. HOTEL ISABELLA - REAR ENTRANCE

Straw hats low over faces. Hackett leads McRose into a side entrance.

259A
(formerly
258)

260

INT. BACK STAIRWELL - HOTEL ISABELLA

Hackett leads McRose up rear stairwell. McRose carrying assembled rifle. Hackett holds X-bar.

260:

261

EXT. COURTYARD - AT OPPOSITE SIDES

Atwater and Coker take up positions, engage some whores in talk.

261:

262

INT. CANTINA - FULL SHOT

Waiter seen balancing bottle of beer, bottle of Champagne and two glasses on tray, enroute to Cash's table. More of his henchman filing in.

262:

263

INT. SECOND FLOOR - REAR HALLWAY - HACKETT - McROSE

As both reach intersecting corridor, they suddenly come face-to-face with a heavyweight goon wearing a 'Ghostbusters' T-shirt and a business man type. In quick succession, Hackett kills the two with his silenced rifle -- the business type trying to run, but Hackett shoots him in the back.

263

HACKETT

Get these bodies out of sight - then
get to Bailey. *

He moves on.

263A OMIT

263A*

264 INT. FIRST ROOM - McROSE

264 *

Catapulting in, he surprises Henchman stripped to waist shaving at mirror. Whirling with straight razor in hand, the Henchman slashes at the oncoming McRose.

Ducking under the wide arc of the Henchman's razor, McRose comes up and with one swipe of the razor-sharp K-bar severs the carotid artery in the Henchman's neck. Down he drops, spurting blood. McRose then steps over the throat-cut Henchman, lying in pool of fast-spreading blood -- begins to drag the bodies from the corridor inside.

265
thru OMIT
269

265
thru*
269

270 INT. CANTINA - CASH'S TABLE

270

Cash refilling his glass of champagne. Sarita sitting, fingers wrapped around full glass of champagne, not drinking, while:

CASH

(to Jack)

Now ain't this nice. Ain't this just lovely? Two amigos drinkin' like old times... Lemme tell you, it stirs somethin' way way down...almost too deep to verbalize...

(drinks; then)

What I keep thinkin' is how come we can't be friends no more, Jack-boy? I am serious, now I am.

JACK

(looking at his beer)

You and me grew up together, Cash. Best friends. Then I left. Went out there where the dogs all bark. Dallas. Houston. Chicago. Couldn't make any of it work. I was just runnin' from who I was. Then my dad died and I came home to bury him. I decided to face up to things. Face up to my dad, my granddad. The way I was raised. Then I put the badge on, and things felt right. Third generation Ranger. Doin' somethin' I believed in, somethin' most people believed in. No more kid stuff. And I looked around for my old friend, Cash. Wanted him to be part of things. But he was gone. An' later I found out he was gone bad. Not kid stuff, either. But gone bad.

CASH

No, Jack. You went bad on me. Lost your sense of humor. Went and got yourself outfitted Government-issue.

JACK

(ignoring Cash's remarks)

You almost made it. Five years down here...deep cover for the D.E.A...

CASH

Found out about that? Ain't it rich? Ole Cash workin' for the law.

JACK

You couldn't stick to the straight and you turned.

CASH

I turned when I saw the light...It came shinin' down on me...illuminatin' what road I had to take. It made me see I could get everything I wanted -- get it all.

JACK

This light, did it shine up the right and wrong of it?

CASH

Ain't no right and wrong. There's only choices. And everybody's got to make their own. Goddamn it -- that's God-given! And who the hell're you -- or anybody -- to take that away? I'm a poor boy that rose up. I ain't gonna let anybody take away what I got.

JACK

Like you said, Cash -- we all got choices.

Glancing off, Jack sees Atwater crossing cantina rear. he gets up.

CASH
Where you goin'?

JACK
To get me a tequila.

CASH
I got people to get you a drink, Jack.

JACK
I'll get it myself, Cash. I like gettin' things for myself.

He gets up, starts across the way.

CASH
(to Sarita)
Sure I go to lunch with the governor of this here state -- And I go to Mexico City for them big charity balls. Christ Almighty, ain't no one like ol' Cash for feedin' niggers and peons and savin' whales. But I got no one to talk to, honey. Just hardly at all. No one from home. Now I got a surprise for you. I got the band to play your number one song. That song you always said was your favorite. The one your mama taught you.

SARITA
Cash... / (begins to cry)
Jesus Christ, Cash...!

The BAND starts playing the plaintive Mexican song -- "PERO HAY QUE TRISTE".

CASH
(pulling her up)
Sing it, honey. come on. Soft on my shoulder. Just one more ol' time. Sing for me real sweet. It just might put old Cash in a better mood. Might not want to kill Jack anymore.

271

WITH JACK

271

Hastening across crowded cantina, he finally catches up with Atwater:

JACK
Buck!
(he turns)
The Major said he'd give me thirty minutes with Bailey...

ATWATER

He changed it.
I'm just doin' a little recon here.

JACK

What change? Tell me, goddamn it.

ATWATER

Everything got moved up fifteen minutes. Except we're supposed to shoot you on sight. Don't stay out in the open -- it's all comin' down. I thank you for gettin' me out of your jail and treatin' me decent. Go for yourself, Ranger.

He grabs a hooker and heads upstairs. Jack watches him go, then looks back and sees.

272 CASH AND SARITA - ON DANCE FLOOR

272

Arms linked, Sarita singing softly - tears coming down her cheeks. He is holding her tight as they dance...

CASH

I'm givin' you a reprieve, honey...
It's me you wanna be with, I know
that. Cause I was the first. I'll
always be first...

SARITA

Cash -- no --

CASH

You hush now and listen. All that went
wrong with you 'an me the last few days --
you not wantin' to go to bed with me cause
you felt you owed Jack I don't know what --
that's all in the past. I'm gonna forget
it like it never was. What we'll do -- go to
Cancun -- get us a bungalow -- swim in that
emerald sea -- and find the way back to where
we once were.

SARITA

You crazy, Cash! You gone crazy!

She breaks away and starts toward:

273 JACK - AT CASH'S TABLE

273

He grabs her, looks at Cash standing alone in the middle of the room.

4 CASH - ON DANCE FLOOR

274

Furious, sullen, the string is playing out -- he knows it, slowly he takes out Jack's gun and tosses it:

CASH

(low)

Here you go, amigo.

275

INT. CANTINA

275

Jack catches his gun.

CASH

Show-down. Whoever's left standin' gets Sarita.

JACK

Let's deal.

CASH

Out in the sun, Jack. I need some sun.

As he walks past, an exodus starts out of cantina into courtyard, Sarita clinging to Jack.

276

INT. MERV'S ROOM - FIRST FLOOR

276

Merv at long polished table containing assortment of office equipment. He is sorting various bills into small piles.

A money counting machine clicks away... Suddenly he stops, rivetted by sight of:

277

DROPS OF BLOOD - MERV'S POV

277

Splattering on pile of papers on table.

278

MERV

278

Jolted, he looks up at ceiling, sees:

279

ORNATE PLASTER CEILING - MERV'S POV

279

A ribbon of blood is seeping out of a crack, forming coagulated drops.

280

MERV

280

Standing transfixed for a moment, staring at the blood puddling on the papers. Suddenly he bolts for the door. It opens into:

281

INT. HALLWAY - FIRST FLOOR

281

Merv appears, screaming:

MERV

Blood!! Blood!!

282 INT. INTERSECTING HALLWAY - FIRST FLOOR

282

Hackett wheels, hearing:

MERV'S VOICE (O.S.)
It's running blood!!

He rushes and reaches end of hallway in time to meet:

283 MERV - AT INTERSECTION OF HALLWAYS

283

Hackett grabs the hysterical, shouting Merv:

MERV
My fucking ceiling's bleeding!!

Wheeling him around:

MERV
Major --

HACKETT
Been lookin' to find you --

MERV
What're you doin' here?

HACKETT
Big raid! The DEA's made a deal
with the Federales -- no more
chickenshit local level Drug
Enforcement --

MERV
Christ! I can't believe it. But after
that damn bank robbery...

HACKETT
They'll target the records! Got to
stash them away! Where do you keep
'em?

MERV
In my office -- Wait a minute, I don't get
it?! Is this tied in to the robbery?

HACKETT
Come on -- let's go. No time!

MERV
Sure. Everything's gone crazy around here.
Especially Cash. He's real crazy since he
heard about the bank.

234

INT. MERV'S OFFICE

234

Blood is still dripping from ceiling onto pile of papers as Merv rushes in, followed by Hackett.

MERV

It's still bleeding! Can you believe it? I got a bleeding ceiling!!

HACKETT

Get the records!

Merv reaches closet, opens door, revealing large standing safe. Hackett moves to closet and impatiently stands watching Merv work the combination.

235

EXT. COURTYARD

235

Jack and Cash moving into center of courtyard. Cantina crowd of armed goons and their women pressing against opposite walls out of line of fire. Lupo and Monday among them.

285A

COKER

285A *

Pressed against courtyard wall, he makes move to take out Ingram. Then finds it impossible as armed goons press near him, endeavoring to get clear of line of fire.

285B *

285B

EXT. COURTYARD

Jack and Cash meet in center.

CASH

This is it, ain't it? The big final-final...I'm gonna give you a real good chance, Jack. Just 'cause we used to be amigos.

Moves away from Jack.

CASH

Back to back. Count off ten paces. Then we both start blazin' away. Blast each other to the Land of Glory. May the better man win. And keep Sarita.

JACK

You do what you gotta do, Cash.

CASH

That's the spirit, Jack. I like your attitude.

Sarita tries to rush at Cash, cursing him in Spanish. Monday grabs her, hangs on as she kicks and twists.

CASH

It's all right, honey. You come this far with two old buddies, you might as well see 'em finish it up. We're just playin' out the string.

SARITA

No! No! Please!

CASH

Show us some tit if you want to be useful. Give us some motivation.

(to Lupo)

Here, hold the tequila...

286 COKER

286 *

within the crowd -- watching.

287 CASH

287

resumes his position back to back with Jack. Both men with pistols up -- like an old time duel in New Orleans.

CASH

One...Two...

SARITA

(bursting into sobs)

No!!!...Please!!!...No!!!

CASH

Aw, shit!

Cash crosses back to Sarita.

CASH

Hon...if you are gonna cry...it just fucks it all up! It lowers the whole tone. I mean this ain't just dogshit we're doin' here...These are the men you love puttin' it on the line...

(he tears her skirt)

And a little more leg. Sex bein' eternal.

(pats her)

That's a good girl.

(to Jack, chuckling as he walks back)

No change in ol' Sarita. Tear off a piece there, you always get meat.

SARITA

(berserk; struggling

with Monday - in Spanish)

Gimme a gun and I'll shoot you, you bastard!

CASH

(grins)

Now we are all cookin'. Yes sir, we got the proper attitude now.

238

INT. MERV'S ROOM

238

Doors of the big old-fashioned safe swinging open...Merv takes out a small ledger on top shelf. Rest of safe filled with bundled money.

HACKETT

That's everything? All my business dealings with Cash, all his dealings?

MERV

That's all of it.

Hackett reaches for the ledger, Merv draws back...

HACKETT

Let's have it.

MERV

I can't do that. It's the only record -- and it belongs to Cash --

HACKETT

I'm a partner, for Christ sake! I wanna keep him out of trouble as much as me! Now hand it over!

Hackett starts moving in on him. Merv keeps stepping back.

MERV

I can't let you have it -- I can't! Not without him sayin' so. Cash'll be real pissed!

HACKETT

Really.

His right hand comes flasing out with X-bar. He embeds it deep in Merv's chest.

289

MERV

289

Shocked realization, he starts sinking.

MERV

(dying)

Why?... Why?...

290 INT. MERV'S ROOM

290

Hackett is pulling K-bar out of Merv's chest. Showing no emotion.

MERV

You didn't have to... do that...
Paul. I never crossed you. Not once.

He sprawls on the floor, dead. CAMERA WHIPS TO:

291 McROSE - IN DOORWAY

291

He stands immobile, not making a sound, watching Hackett put K-bar down on table, and then lean over, examining the ledger...

292 EXT. COURTYARD - TABLEAU

292

Jack and Cash standing back-to-back in center of courtyard, guns in hand. Gooks and whoreswatching. Silence.

CASH

Fire on ten. Everybody ready. You do the countin', Lupo. Anytime.

JACK

Ready.

Lupo gathers himself -- begins to count.

LUPO

Uno. Dos. Tres. Cuatro. Cinco.

They each take step in opposite directions, keeping pace with the count.

293 INTERCUT - SARITA AND SPECTATORS

293

In varying degrees of tension. Lupo and Monday enjoying it. Monday still holding Sarita.

294 INT. MERV'S ROOM

294

Hackett closes the ledger. As he straightens up, McRose steps into room...

McROSE

He called you Paul. You two knew each other...

HACKETT

No way. He mixed me up with somebody else.

McRose levels his Ingram. The K-bar on the table is out of Hackett's reach.

McROSE

Let's have a look.

HACKETT

Put that away or I'll have you court-martialed!

McROSE

Hand it over. Or I'll frag you.

HACKETT

Wait -- hear me out -- the safe's full of money -- I'll cut you in for half -- more!

McRose just looks at him.

HACKETT

-- I said more!! I'll give you half the ten million! It never got to the D.E.A.! It's waiting there for me!

McROSE

That's what made the mission smell. You son-of-a-bitch! Why? Why'd you do it?

HACKETT

I gave a lot. I took the chances. I paid heavy dues under fire. What do I get? A few medals? Army pension?...You're gonna face it just like me.

McROSE

The government didn't have anything to do with this shit, did they? You cut the orders. And you wanted all of us to die. Then you walk away with ten million.

HACKETT

It's a lot of money, Larry.

McROSE

Sure is. No doubt of it.

HACKETT

So what are we gonna do? Your choice. *

McROSE

First thing we're gonna do is let the cowboy have his thirty mintues. We're soldiers in the United States Army. We gave our word. He's got five more mintues. *

HACKETT

Then what? *

McROSE

I'll do what I have to. *

They wait.

- 294A ARMED GOON - SHOCK IMPACT 294A
- Opens the door from the balcony, rifle at hip. Level, trained on McRose... Before he can pull trigger, McRose fires at Goon. The first blast sends the Goon staggering back, but rifle still in hand, forcing McRose to blast away.
- Hackett dives for glass door on his left, crashes through into the next room...
- 295 EXT. COURTYARD - BALCONY 295
- The new-lifeless body of the Goon comes CRASHING through balcony railing splintering it. The body plummets free and lands between Jack and Cash.
- They whirl, guns raised, are both jolted to see the bullet-ridden body of the goon sprawled between them.
- 295A INT. MERV'S ROOM 295A
- McRose takes off after Hackett...
- 295B EXT. COURTYARD 295B
- Cash looks up at Merv's office.
- 295C INT. HALLWAY 295C
- Hackett emerges. Two goons rush out of room, are cut down by Hackett as he keeps on. Hackett disappears around a corner as McRose comes out, gets into a firefight with goon at a far doorway.

296 CASH

296

smiling at Jack.

CASH

Think you tricked me, don't ya,
Jack? Didn't come down here alone.

Cash suddenly fires at Jack. Jack dives as he FIRES
at Cash with the .45.

297 COKER -- COURTYARD

297

moving, diving, opening FIRE on Cash's Guards with his
Ingrams. Hitting some, others blazing away in return.
The courtyard now EXPLODING WITH GUNFIRE. Sarita is
still on her feet, totally exposed, holding both hands
to her ears.

Jack and Cash both lunge for Sarita just as a .30 caliber
machine gun OPENS UP from the hotel roof. Cash and Jack
slide past each other, cursing, trading TWO MORE SHOTS as
they both take cover in opposite sides.

298 INT. WHORE'S ROOM

298

Biddle fires, takes out the machine gun on the balcony
landing. Both the gunner and ammo loader drop.

Across the way, one of the perimeter machine gun nests
spins on its tripod and begins chattering, up at Biddle
and his room. The bullets shattering the windows.
Biddle jumps to the side as the M-60 bullets rip into
the walls and ceiling. The whore on bed screams in
terror, starts getting out of bed, tangled in the sheets.

She almost reaches the edge, when M-60 bullets plow into her. The impact throws her head first on the floor, where she lies, the half-covering sheet now a shroud...

298A THE MACHINE GUN NEST - PERIMETER OF COURTYARD 298A

satisfied that Biddle is out of commission, the gunners turn the snout of the big gun toward Coker who is firing and moving across the way.

298B WHORE'S ROOM 298B

Biddle ignores the whore, steps out onto ledge separating the rooms, to his next target -- the twin .30's down below.

298C BIDDLE - ON BALCONY 298C

Beside open window, wheels and pours steady stream of fire into:

298D EXT. COURTYARD BELOW -- BIDDLE'S P.O.V. 298D

The gunner at the twin .30's slumps over weapon.

298E COKER - COURTYARD 298E

More goons come charging. Snarling, swinging his Ingram, Coker SEREDS them.

298F EXT. COURTYARD 298F

Sarita lies between dead Goons, unhurt, face down in the dirt. Cash, nearby, behind a Goon's bloody corpse. Jack is also behind a dead Goon, trying to level down on Cash.

298G EXT. CANTINA 298G

as more YELLING Goons pour out of the cantina.

299 INT. SECOND FLOOR - HOTEL ISABELLA - ROOM 299

As the big M-60 machine gun rakes the courtyard below --- trying to hit Coker with a DEAFENING HAIL OF FIRE. Atwater charges through the door. A Goon is at the trigger of the big gun; two Goons with Uzis cover the rear. Atwater wastes the three guys, then hits the deck as the dead gunner swings around on the tripod, splintering the room into kindling wood. He jumps to his feet, goes out the window to the balcony.

299A EXT. BALCONY - ATWATER 299A

moving, firing below, heading for a parapet.

- 300 INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR 300
Biddle gallops into the hallway, BLASTING a half-dressed *
GOON as he bolts out of a room. Another gunman appears
and charges Biddle with Uzi BLAZING. Biddle swings around
and kills him, runs off down the hall.
- 301 BIDDLE 301*
rounds corner, meets the BLAST of another goon. Hit in
the leg, he falls back behind a chair. A WHORE runs out
into the hall and is stitched across the middle in the
CROSSFIRE before Biddle nails the gunman. Limping forward,
he turns and takes out the henchman firing behind him.
- 302 EXT. MACHINE GUN EMPLACEMENT - PERIMETER 302
Blazing across the courtyard, raking along behind Coker,
who is running and firing. Coker dives, rolls, comes up,
fires across at the twin .30 calibers shredding the gunner
and loader.
- 303 HACKETT 303*
Runs down hallway, darts into a room. McRose appears in
corner, moves slowly along wall, listening. He hears
noise from second room, shoves door open.
- 304 INT. ROOM 304*
Biddle crawling under window-sill to take position at
second window. Door bangs open. Biddle rolls over to
fire, stops in time as McRose appears.

McROSE

We been fucked over by the Major!

BIDDLE

What the shit are you talkin' about?

McROSE

"National Security" bullshit! Records!
Him and Bailey and Stark of the D.E.A!
Working together!

Rev. 6/6/86

BIDDLE

You mean Fry was wasted for nothin'?!?

McROSE

Yeah. That's what I mean! He wanted all of us to buy it!

BIDDLE

How the hell we supposed to get out of here?

McROSE

Blast our way! We got no choice! But we hunt the Major! If you see him, kill him! Kill him like an animal!

McRose starts to move off when they suddenly are met by a number of goons and whores rushing, screaming out of their rooms, adding to the pandemonium.

Weapons on automatic fire, McRose and Biddle fight their way toward stairwell, stepping over dead bodies as they go. Biddle limping from his wounded thigh... *

305	OMIT	305*
305A	EXT. ROOF	305A
	Atwater's head appears over parapet. His eyes on the north quadrant machine gun emplacement, he hoists himself up on roof and moves in closer for blast.	
305B	COKER - IN COURTYARD	305B
	Trading shots with goons. Wounded, he now gets in a blast at north machine gun nest, hits gunner. Ammo loader takes over, fires.	
305C	ATWATER - ON ROOF	305C
	In position, he fires, the launched grenade finds it's target, takes out the machine gun nest. Arms, legs, steel fly and rain down on the courtyard below.	
305D	INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR	305D
	McRose blasts two goons and joins Biddle -- they move down the stairway -- firing as they go.	

305E HACKETT

305E

comes out of a doorway -- running ahead of them -- they fire. Hackett hit in the leg, moves around a corner, pursued and pursuers rushing through an endless warren -- Hackett fighting his way through goons, trying to get to the entrance.

305F ATWATER - ROOF

305F

firing, is hit in return, keeps firing, berserk, laughing, hit again and dies -- falling to the courtyard below.

*

317 EXT. CANTINA

317

as more YELLING Goons pour out of the cantina.

318 COKER

318 *

wounded, but catching the emerging Goons in a MURDEROUS CROSS FIRE, charging, EMPTYING HIS GUNS. Coker goes down screaming, as a Goon from behind shreds him point blank. He stumbles back to his feet but a big Mexican with an Uzi SHREDS him to a bloody pulp. The Goons maniacally continue to FIRE into his dead body -- finally all goes quiet...

319 ACROSS THE WAY

319

A mortally wounded Goon suddenly screams in agony and writhes on the ground and dies. Another, pistol in hand, rises, staggers toward the Cantina, teeters for moment, then falls, FIRING blindly into the dust. Then silence. No gunfire. No fiesta. No bands. Just silence, and sprawled corpses lying in the sun. A mangy dog trots by, sniffing the corpses, urinates, moves on...

320 JACK - MAIN STREET - SAN LUIS

320

does a 180°, brings the jeep to a halt. He looks down the road. Sees nothing.

JACK

I figure Cash is dead. The Army boys must have got him. Best thing for us is to haul ass out of here.

Looks the other way. Sees Cash standing there with twenty goons. Standing there smiling. Jack checks the clip in his .45 and gets out. Sarita quietly crying.

JACK

You ready?

CASH

You're fucking right I'm ready! Jesus
H. Christ Almighty, you think I got all
day to mess around here? It's after
four!

JACK

Sarita.

She gets out of the jeep.

JACK

Count...

(silence)

I said count!!

SARITA

You're both crazy!!

CASH

Well, then amigo -- let's you and me do it.

Cash lunges up with the .45, but Jack nails him in the chest...

CASH

Goddamn, Jack. I think you killed me.

Cash's blood begins to rush out... Jack standing with his .45 as Cash falls backward and sprawls in the dust.

A long silent moment...A year might have passed, or a second...Lupo now standing there with the goons.

JACK

(to Sarita)

Tell him he's got a choice.
We can stop right now, or keep going. I've still got some bullets left.

She stands frozen.

JACK

Tell him.

She does, in Spanish.

LUPO

You want to trade, hombre?

JACK

What's the offer?

LUPO

You and her go home. We don't kill you. Someday you do me a favor. When we need somebody to get let out of jail...or look the other way when somebody goes through the fence --

JACK

Forget it.

LUPO

Not one favor, Senor? Big mistake, lemme tell you. Now you gonna die.

JACK

I did you a favor. Now you get to wear the white suit.

After consideration:

LUPO

Hokay. Muy bien. He was loco for sure. No more working for gringos with big friends. Is true. You did us favor. From now on, we in dope business for ourselves. This dope good business. Down here we need the money, you know.

JACK

Yeah. I know all about it.

LUPO

You do me one favor. Right, senor? Is good deal.

JACK

/ I'll think about it.

LUPÒ

I trust you. Me business man now. Hokay. Adios, amigo...

Jack and Sarita walk away.

*

321

JACK AND SARITA

321*

moving away from Cash's body.

JACK

(effort)

Remember that song? Remember the one you used to sing?

Sarita is trembling. For a moment nothing happens at all and then her voice is a thin, high cry. She begins to sing a verse of 'Pero Hay Que Triste'.

JACK

I like that song. Always did.

He holds out his hand. In the long afternoon shadows,
as they walk slowly away...

FADE OUT.

THE END