

EXTREME PREJUDICE

BY JOHN MILIUS

D-7 MONTHS - 23 MARCH 1976

HOOD AIR FORCE BASE
CANAL ZONE, PANAMA
0900

1 FULL SHOT - RUNWAY 1

Troops in formation on the concrete apron. It is hot. The asphalt is softening -- heat waves distort the parked aircraft in the distance -- the glare of the sun intense.

2 ANGLE ON S.F. GROUP 2

In the f.g. are troops of the U.S. Army Special Forces. A band plays various Sousa marches as dignitaries approach. Also in formation are other troops representing the OAS countries -- Venezuelan, Colombian, Brazilian, etc. They are small, well-disposed units -- elite units -- but it is apparent that they are all here because of the power and prestige of the United States Army.

NARRATOR

Second C-Team 7th Special Forces Group is presented a Presidential Unit Citation for conspicuous gallantry in clandestine operations within South and Central America. 7th Special Forces has successfully concluded these operations as well as four years of successful covert operations in Mainland China. Individual decorations will be awarded within the program.

3 MED. ANGLE 3

TRACK DOWN the line of men. The unit is divided into five A-Teams, each comprised of twelve men, specialists in an area of operation and cross-trained in others. The faces of the men are expressionless -- all radiate a clipped, lethal efficiency that is the mark of the elite professional soldier.

4 CLOSE SHOT - A MAJOR 4

Tall, lean, drawn face, short, prematurely grey hair. Singled out for decoration. He steps forward, comes to attention as the various American and Latin officers surround him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTHER NARRATOR

Team Leader -- Major W. Corbett Reynolds. Graduated West Point. Ranger training, Recondo school. Special Forces wars: Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Middle East. Killed in action, Cambodia 1974. Body never recovered. Wife and two children.

Behind the major is the team executive officer, a handsome blond man, typically American, late twenties. A captain.

OTHER NARRATOR

Executive Officer Captain James Prescott. Graduated West Point. Ranger trained, Special Forces. Killed in helicopter crash, Okinawa 1973. Body burned unrecognizably. Unmarried.

Behind these men in another team is a sergeant -- tall, red-haired, freckled, youthful, innocent.

OTHER NARRATOR

Communications -- E-7 Sergeant Raymond L. Jarvis, drafted 1970 -- Served in Southeast Asia and Latin America -- Killed in action Chile 1973 -- body unrecovered.

Next to him is a tall husky young man with a pleasant smile.

OTHER NARRATOR

Light Weapons E-6 Sergeant Steven Biddle. Enlisted 1970. Graduated Jump School and Special Forces training. Killed in action South Vietnam 1972.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - VILLAGE STREET

The MUSIC CONTINUES -- pomp and pageantry -- decorations are awarded, clapping, but we SEE a squalid street corner of a Colombian village. A Special Forces medical team has set up its weekly clinic. The diseased and broken -- poor people suffering from inattention come here every week to the Americans who take care of them.

(CONTINUED)

The Americans are a three-man medical team led by a sergeant of Japanese-American blood. He is gentle, kind, loved by these people.

NARRATOR

Medic -- Spec. 7 William E. Tanaka. Fifth Special Forces Group South Vietnam 1964-69. Specialties -- medicine, demolitions. Missing in action China 1970. Presumed dead.

Next to him, assisting in the bandaging of a little girl's foot, is a jovial man of 35 -- close crew-cut hair, slightly overweight, husky, scar below his eye, but a warm smile.

NARRATOR

Demolitions -- E-6 Sergeant Roy Askins. Fifth Special Forces, Vietnam. Missing in action Cambodia 1973. Presumed dead. Wife.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - BACK STREET - BOGOTA SLUMS

A slum area in Bogota, Colombia. An Army truck drives up, followed by hundreds of children. It stops. Peasants, farmers, and poor slum dwellers, who follow the children, look on as the tailgate opens and a tall, lean American sergeant -- about thirty -- organizes the distribution of toys. He takes off his green beret and puts on a Santa Claus hat and beard. The children are delighted with him. He enjoys the job -- sits down in the tailgate.

NARRATOR

Psychological Warfare Spec. 7 Sergeant Geoffrey Moore. Tenth Special Forces, Germany. Special Operations, Latin America. Killed in automobile accident, Fort Bragg, North Carolina 1973. Body burned beyond recognition. Unmarried.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - TRAINING MAT - MILITARY COMPOUND

A man lands hard on a mat -- a knife at his throat. The man is a Latin of Indian blood and does not like this -- he has lost face.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

He is being held by a short, wiry American wearing the green beret. The man squirms, the American twists his arm, pushes his head down with his knee and touches the man's throat with the bayonet point. He addresses a class of Brazilian Police -- cold, heavy, brutal men. He lets the man on the mat up -- he is angered but does nothing -- he is much taller and heavier than the American. Another equally mean-looking Brazilian cop takes his place. The American hands him the bayonet, points to his back, and turns away.

NARRATOR

Logistics -- E-7 Sergeant
Salvatore Scorsese. Fifth
Special Forces. Military Actions
-- Dominican Republic -- Laos --
Cambodia -- Vietnam.

The cop takes a switchblade from his other pocket, smiling to the rest of the class -- he has a knife in both hands. He clicks open the blade. Instantly, Scorsese turns, kicks him in the groin. The man drops both knives, goes down. Scorsese admonishes him with his finger -- no-no.

NARRATOR

Special Operations, Chile. Missing
in action, Guatemala 1973. Presumed
dead. Unmarried.

CUT TO:

8

CLOSE - AIR BASE - PARADE

8

Back to the decoration ceremony. A staff sergeant, a large black man with a grizzled face, is being given the Order of Bravery from the government of Venezuela. A general of the Venezuelan Army presents the award. An American general looks on and smiles.

NARRATOR

Team Sergeant -- E-8 Sergeant
Frank McRose. Fifth Special
Forces. Recondo Training. Royal
Malaysian Tracking School. Killed
in action, An Lot, South Vietnam
1969. Received Congressional
Medal of Honor posthumously. Body
unidentifiable. Wife -- two
children.

Sgt. McRose receives award, is saluted, returns salute, steps back into formation.

9 FULL SHOT - C-TEAM 9

The C-Team, 7th Special Forces, United States Army, at attention. The band PLAYS "STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER."

NARRATOR

These men are dead; their wives have remarried. Their children have grown up; their friends have found others; they are forgotten.

CUT TO:

TITLES - "EXTREME PREJUDICE"

D-6 MONTHS
JUTFA COMMAND CENTER
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
1300

10 FULL SHOT - PARKING LOT - SEARS BUILDING 10

It is raining. Dismal grey sleet and rain. Wind whips off Lake Michigan, dark storm clouds pile up in the east. Below, the neon lights of the city stand out as if it were night. The largest of these signs denotes the Sears Roebuck building and a vast complex of shopping centers, sub-structures and parking lots. A group of low stucco buildings are separated from the parking lot by a chain link fence.

11 CLOSE SHOT - SIGN 11

On the fence gate is a sign --

UNITED STATES ARMY
361st. CORPS OF ENGINEERS
PETROLEUM MANAGEMENT
LAKE MICHIGAN

Behind, a car pulls up -- a new sedan -- "U.S. Army" printed on the door.

12 INT. OFFICE 12

A sharp-looking YOUNG LIEUTENANT sits behind the desk of a somewhat common-looking Army reception room. He wears the braids, boots and wings of a paratrooper. At that moment the door opens and TWO COLONELS stand in it. They are lean, hard-looking men; their eyes cannot be seen behind dark glasses. They wear overcoats. A SERGEANT holds the door; he is wearing the green beret.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

COLONEL

Is everyone present?

LIEUTENANT

Yes, sir. You're the last ones, sir.

They walk past him through a door.

13 MED. SHOT - CONFERENCE ROOM - GROUP

13

Seated in a darkened conference room is the planning group, SIX COLONELS and ONE MAJOR. They are all attached to JUFTA Group. JUFTA is an acronym for Joint Unconventional Warfare Group. The room is dark, the RAIN BEATS a RHYTHM on the shaded windows, interrupted by GUSTS of WIND. No one speaks, faces cannot be seen clearly, many wear dark glasses. The two who entered take off their overcoats. The flash of paratrooper's wings can be SEEN.

14 DIFFERENT ANGLE - OTHERS

14

The other Colonels wait quietly; they have paratrooper's wings also -- numerous ribbons, especially those from Southeast Asia. Their names are printed above the wings, names like KELSEY - LUCAS - WILLARD. The two Colonels are seated.

COLONEL WILLARD

We may begin, gentlemen. Colonel Mitamura will be honcho on this operation.

The others smile.

NEARY

Good -- damn good.

COLONEL LUCAS

Very pleased, Colonel.

COLONEL MITAMURA stands. He is a short, powerful-looking, nice, a man who obviously commands the respect of the others in the room. He has the bearing of a samurai, yet there is something innately American about him.

MITAMURA

Thank you, gentlemen. Major Neary -- please outline the underlying motivation for Operation Columbus, will you?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

He sits down; the major stands up and pulls down a world map -- plastic -- a strange color illuminated by a spotlight.

NEARY

I think we are all aware of the facts that are presented on this map.

15 CLOSE SHOT - MAP

15

The nations of the world are either colored red, grey, or blue. A large proportion is red.

NEARY

The countries of Western Europe teeter and slide towards Communist control or are already in the red camp. Portugal gone.

16 CLOSE SHOT - MAJOR NEARY - MAP

16

He points.

NEARY

Spain... unstable... Italy... gone... France... overwhelming Communist majority... unstable. Germany... militarily useless. Britain... bankrupt. Gentlemen, if the Russians decide to invade Western Europe using conventional arms, their advance will only be governed by the speed of their tanks!

17 MONTAGE - FACES OF THE MEN

17

These are professional soldiers; their entire lives have been spent defending the ideals of Western democracy. They are facing imminent defeat. They are stoic. Death before dishonor.

NEARY

Africa... a Cuban regular army in Angola. Russian influence dominates Somalia, Uganda, Tanzania, Mozambique. Africa is lost.

18 FULL SHOT - ROOM

18

The major continues.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

NEARY

Asia. Do we have to speak of
Asia? We left our blood in
Asia. For nothing.

19 CLOSE SHOT - MAP

19

The major slaps the map across Western Europe and
Africa with a swagger stick. He points to the Western
Hemisphere.

NEARY

Now, our struggle is here.

20 DIFFERENT ANGLE

20

Mitamura stands up. The Major pulls down a large map
of the southwest United States and Mexico.

21 MED. SHOT

21

across the faces of the men.

NEARY

The beginning of the final struggle;
the defense of our homeland.

He sits down -- the men look at the map.

MITAMURA

Mexico -- gentlemen -- Mexico has
already been the choice staging
area of our enemies -- Germany in
both World Wars had contingency
plans for an alliance with Mexico
and the eventual invasion of the
United States.

22 CLOSE SHOT - MAP

22

He indicates with swagger stick.

MITAMURA

Hitler had plans drawn for a
panzer thrust up through Texas
and the plains states -- Divide
the country, then deal with it
piecemeal -- But today, gentlemen,
wars are not fought with Panzer
thrusts; wars are fought with
subversion, terrorism and political
polarization. These things we are
experts in.

He pulls down a screen. Major Neary starts a projector.

The Colonels sitting in f.g. as combat newsreel photography of fire fights in the streets are shown.

MITAMURA (O.S.)

Mexico seethes with revolution
-- these troops are Federal --
they are fighting Cuban-led
guerrillas in the state of Colima.

A tank rolls down a burning Mexican city street -- infantry follow -- it might as well be St. Lo or Stalingrad -- or Naples -- the smoke -- the gutted buildings, the shell-pocked walls, it is the same. Another scene shows prisoners being led before a firing squad.

MITAMURA (O.S.)

Insurgent terrorists Sonora --
trained in North Korea.

A Federal infantryman displays AK-47 automatic rifles.

MITAMURA (O.S.)

The usual Communist-bloc weapons..

The terrorists are blindfolded. The terrorists are shot -- their bodies buckle, crumple and kick. Another scene of guerrillas training -- doing calisthenics, running obstacle courses while "advisors" fire sub-machine guns around them. The guerrillas are clearly Mexican -- the advisors clearly Oriental.

MITAMURA (O.S.)

Guerrilla cadres -- do the advisors
look familiar? -- North Vietnamese
regular army! -- These films were
made at bases within Mexico.

Finally, shots of cars burning in the streets -- bombed-out restaurants, dead police -- acts of terrorism.

MITAMURA (O.S.)

The government of Mexico cannot
withstand the pressure -- it
will fall -- Within two years
these scenes will be taking place
in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago,
Houston.

The screen goes black -- the map is revealed again.
Mitamura points to Texas.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

MITAMURA (O.S.)

The border area of Texas -- This is the new battlefield -- A month ago we broke into an enormous intelligence find -- We now have agents within the key Mexican terrorist organization -- The 23rd of September Movement.

There is visible reaction.

MITAMURA

We know that a coordinated attack of some kind is planned for the Thanksgiving holidays of next year -- We know where many of their agents are and we know where they are being trained.

COLONEL LUCAS

I assume that we're here for a preemptive strike.

MITAMURA

It's more complex.

He sits on the table.

MITAMURA

The American people must never be allowed to know of what we do or how we defend them -- Too many questions would be asked -- too much real weakness exposed -- That's why you are here, gentlemen.

He goes to the map.

MITAMURA

The name of the operation is Columbus -- It is a three-phase operation -- Three levels of activity -- a White Phase -- a Gray and a Black Phase.

They nod -- they have done this before.

MITAMURA

In six months, large scale normal army maneuvers will take place -- known as Operation Talon Vise --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MITAMURA (CONT'D)

-- These are a ruse -- a cover for the real operation -- The units involved -- the planning -- right up to the president will never know the real nature of our mission.

COLONEL LUCAS

And that?

MITAMURA

White Phase -- Take the city of Uvalde, Texas, by subversion and espionage -- establish martial law and contain the populace -- Turn Uvalde into a pacified hamlet so that the other phases may be accomplished -- This will be the job of the Special Forces -- a modified A-Team.

COLONEL WILLARD

There will be -- phantom personnel?

MITAMURA

They will be sterile -- if they are compromised the army will disclaim involvement.

COLONEL LUCAS

A modified Team?

MITAMURA

There will be female operatives as well -- supplied from the Office of Naval Intelligence.

COLONEL LUCAS

Excellent.

MITAMURA

Neutralize citizen resistance and law enforcement -- The next phase -- the Gray phase -- Test the fiber and mettle of the American people -- how will they react to subversion, confiscation of civil rights and eventual military occupation.

PULL IN on Mitamura.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

MITAMURA

And finally the Black Phase -- Use the cover of subversive activities and its resulting confusion and breakdown in order to conduct a purgative strike upon terrorist cadres known to center in the Uvalde area. Eradicate their agents -- destroy their staging areas -- Terminate communist subversion in the area -- Terminate it with extreme prejudice.

CUT TO:

24 OMITTED

24

D-5 MONTHS
UVALDE, TEXAS
1800 HOURS

25 EXT. RANCLAND

25

Sky, dark blue, empty. A speck grows in the distance, black, growing quickly larger. Below is ranchland, rolling hills, cattle, cowboys pushing hay from the back of a pickup truck. The speck becomes a twin-engined Army Mohawk recon plane. It comes in low and fast, passing over violently with ENGINES WHINING.

CUT TO:

26 AGRICULTURAL AREA

26

The AIRCRAFT ROARS low over Mexican farm workers, braceros, as they help in the harvesting of some crop. The Mohawk is painted black -- no visible insignia.

CUT TO:

27 HIGHWAY

27

A Texas State Department of Public Safety officer is giving a ticket to a motorist as the black AIRCRAFT ROARS out of the darkness, makes a turn over the road and ROARS over and is gone.

CUT TO:

28 FULL SHOT - SIDE ROAD - SEDAN

28

A sedan motors into the growing gloom, its headlights the only sign of life.

29 INT. CAR

29

Driving is BILL JACOBS, the Texas Ranger for Uvalde.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

Jacobs is about 50, lean, gaunt, close-cropped hair -- not unlike the colonels of the previous scene. He is a weather-beaten man who has seen better days; alcohol and the elements that have aged him though he is still fit and trim. He wears the traditional Ranger "uniform," grey gabardine Western suit, string tie. Next to him sits a MEXICAN GIRL about twenty, small, slim, and attractive, dressed in jeans, sweatshirt and jacket. He looks over at her.

JACOBS

You sweet thing.

She smiles.

At that moment he looks up suddenly.

30

POV JACOBS

30

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD he sees the PLANE coming at him. It ROARS over low, buffeting the car.

GIRL

Hey -- they're not supposed to go low like that, are they?

JACOBS

Army does whatever it likes -- Training Recon -- they got electronic stuff in that thing can tell where you're sitting in this car.

He looks over at her.

JACOBS

Probably could tell you were a woman and how old you are -- they're probably wondering why you weren't sitting closer to me right now.

GIRL

If they could tell how old I am, then they could tell about you, too -- they'd know why I'm sitting over here.

Jacobs shakes his head.

JACOBS

Just trying to get your brother outta jail --

She moves closer to him.

CUT TO:

31 FULL SHOT - AIRCRAFT

31

The Mohawk turns away from the road, suddenly pulls into a steep climb -- it has a sinister shape silhouetted black against the fading light. It levels off at around 1500 feet. An object falls from it.

32 FEATURING OBJECT

32

The object is a man -- a limp body straightens out -- plummeting towards the onrushing ground. Closer -- closer -- suddenly just before it's too late -- a black parachute opens -- the man swings limply once, twice, and is down -- the parachute folds.

33 FULL SHOT - FIELD

33

The parachutist gathers his chute quickly and efficiently, takes off his jump helmet and looks around the field. A light flashes twice in the distance. He pulls a red light from his pack and returns the signal. Now we can SEE him clearly as he gathers his chute into a bundle.

34 CLOSE SHOT - MAN

34

It is TEAM LEADER. He carries his pack and chute towards the light -- there is a road and a barbed wire fence -- ranching country. He waits.

35 FULL SHOT - ROAD

35

Soon a pickup truck with a camper drives up with lights out -- stops. EXEC. and COMMO. get out -- they are dressed as civilians -- construction workers. Team Leader strips off his jump suit -- he wears a business suit underneath -- the others stow his gear in the camper. He turns, looks around.

TEAM LEADER

Everybody arrive all right?

EXEC.

Light Weapons hurt his ankle -- he doesn't jump as well as you.

TEAM LEADER

Softer generation -- let's go.

They get in -- drive off.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

36

A nondescript trailer park on the outskirts of Uvalde.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

Next to it is a park -- poor Mexican kids play basketball under lights. The trailer park is somewhat empty, a few trailers, a few campers. A pickup truck enters, followed by another with a camper. They wave to the manager's trailer -- the manager, who is watering his meager lawn, waves back.

37

FULL SHOT - BENCHES

37

Near the park a large camper is parked near some picnic benches. Men sit on the benches -- the two campers arrive. Team Leader, Exec. and Commo. get out of one. The men on the bench get up -- LOGISTICS (Log.) and ASST. LOG., DEMOLITIONS and LIGHT WEAPONS, who is aided by MEDIC. They move quietly into the shadows of the park. Out of the other truck come others -- HEAVY WEAPONS, ASST. COMMO., TEAM SERGEANT and PSYCH-OPS wait in the darkness of the park. Everyone is dressed casually in civilian clothes, nothing conspicuous. Asst. Commo. and Light Weapons' hair has already started to grow long. Psych-Ops has a beard. Leader sits on a bench in the shadows; behind him in the distance the kids play. The others sit around on the ground. Asst. Commo. and Asst. Log. take up the positions of sentries about ten yards out.

TEAM LEADER

Glad to see you're all here in one piece -- How's Light's foot?

MEDIC

Bad sprain -- we'll infiltrate him in a week or so -- shouldn't cause any problems.

TEAM LEADER

All right, then -- what about equipment?

LOGISTICS

We've had air-drops of essential RT. equipment and some demolitions.

LIGHT WEAPONS

Personal weapons came with me.

LOGISTICS

I've got a weapons and medical drop scheduled for next week --

TEAM LEADER

Money?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

LOGISTICS

Each Team member has five thousand dollars as of now -- I have one hundred thousand in cash reserves.

TEAM LEADER

Whatta you think, Psych?

PSYCH-OPS

Depends -- money goes far down here -- if we don't have to buy anyone big.

TEAM LEADER

Proceed with the scheduled drops and cut it there. I don't want any more. No matter how careful you are you don't know who's watching -- There's nothing we can't buy for money or build. If you break something, figure on fixing it or finding another way.

They nod and mumble to each other.

DEMOLITIONS

When will we have some idea of equipment needs?

TEAM LEADER

Probably never -- Count on what you have -- the key words of this operation -- improvisation -- flexibility. Live off the land -- fish in the water of the people.

They laugh.

TEAM LEADER

All right, then -- What's it look like, Log.?

CUT TO:

38 EXT. UVALDE - DAY

38

The town, cars drive down the streets -- business goes on as usual.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

LOGISTICS (V.O.)

Uvalde's a farming community --
farms and cattle ranches -- water
is scarce -- mainly through state
irrigation projects -- canals --
artificial lakes.

39 FULL SHOT

39

The vast surrounding farmland -- canals -- manmade
lakes -- reservoirs.

LOGISTICS (V.O.)

Drinking water from two reservoirs
-- Pumping stations with
attendants.

CUT TO:

40 FULL SHOT - RADIO STATIONS

40

Transmitting towers and stations -- stark in the
empty desert.

LOGISTICS (V.O.)

Two local radio stations -- Most
radio and television picked up by
relays from San Antonio or Austin.
Brackettville has a local also --
Easy to jam.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - DOWNTOWN UVALDE

41

Several men walk from the building -- the MAYOR, about
45 and balding, the city manager and the police chief.
They stop and discuss something with a secretary.

LOGISTICS (V.O.)

Government -- a mayor -- city
manager and six-man council, plus
a chief of police and fire --

42 ANOTHER ANGLE - STREET

42

A police car comes down the street towards the mayor
and others turn into the city hall parking lot.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Law Enforcement --

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

LOGISTICS (V.O.)

Twelve officers, no reserves.
Texas Highway Patrol as needed
and one Texas Ranger.

Bill Jacobs walks out of the municipal building with a city policeman and the Girl we saw earlier and her brother. They chat amiably -- Jacobs shakes the brother's hand -- talks to him earnestly. The mayor and the others look on.

LOGISTICS (V.O.)

No FBI short of Austin -- Jail
and crime lab in the Courthouse
-- efficiency of facilities
unknown.

FOLLOW Jacobs -- he smiles at the Girl -- pinches her cheek -- tips his hat to two older women who pass -- bids his farewells -- walks to his car, waves to the mayor -- gets in and leaves.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

The Ranger -- from what I gather
-- that'll be the hardest target
to neutralize.

LOGISTICS (V.O.)

This one more than the others --
from what little primary intel
gives me, he is one honcho.

43 CLOSE SHOT - JACOBS

43

He drives down the street smiling at the citizenry,
but somehow cold and aloof.

CUT TO:

44 CLOSE SHOT - LEADER - NIGHT

44

Team Leader hasn't changed positions -- he's relaxed
-- in operation -- the Mexican kids still play behind
him in the light. The others have drawn in closer.

TEAM LEADER

This is the last time we will
meet together like this, gentlemen
-- from now on I'll call you up
as I need you.

45 ANGLE

45

Across the faces of the men -- dark, barely discernible -- sinister.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

TEAM LEADER (O.S.)
We'll meet again in Team strength
on D-1 Talon-Vise -- Enjoy your
stay here, gentlemen, and good
luck.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. GAS STATION - FULL SHOT

46

A gas station on the outskirts of Uvalde -- clean, modern. A bus stops and goes, leaving Light Weapons standing on the curb with a duffel bag. He looks either way to make sure there's no traffic, then starts across to the gas station. He limps and uses a cheap cane. The station is nearly empty and only one attendant and what seems to be the OWNER sit in the garage. Light Weapons limps up.

LIGHT WEAPONS
Say -- one of you the owner?

A tall, tanned-looking man of Mexican blood stands up.

OWNER
I am -- what can I do for you?

LIGHT WEAPONS
You're Mr. Melendez, aren't you?
Mr. Knox down at the truck stop
told me to come up here -- also
Mr. Jacobs.

OWNER
What is it I can do for you?

LIGHT WEAPONS
Well, I was told you might be
able to give me a job.

OWNER
Attendant?

LIGHT WEAPONS
Well, I'd be happy to have anything
but I'm a very qualified mechanic
-- I can fix anything with an
engine -- cars, trucks, tractors,
diesels -- anything -- I've had
plenty of ex --

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

OWNER

Where?

LIGHT WEAPONS

Army -- Vietnam -- Worked on
helicopters for two years --
Worked for Cessna out of Wichita
on aircraft engines and then at a
Chrysler agency in Wichita -- I've
got good references.

OWNER

Why'd you leave?

LIGHT WEAPONS

Wanted to see more of the country
while I was still young -- kinda
like it here.

OWNER

Why's that?

LIGHT WEAPONS

It's warm.

He walks over to the garage -- a pickup truck has its
hood up.

LIGHT WEAPONS

Tell you what -- try me -- let
me fix this truck and any other
mechanical work you've got today
-- you watch me -- you'll be
happy.

47 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

47

Medic walks down the sidewalk, looks the hospital
over -- goes in.

48 INT. DOCTORS' CONFERENCE ROOM

48

Two ELDERLY DOCTORS and a NURSE sit on desks looking
over papers. Medic sits in a chair.

DOCTOR

Where do you work now, Mr.
Takamura?

MEDIC

At the Three Rivers Nuclear
Facility -- I could come in
three days a week.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

48

Another MAN enters -- he is dressed in some form of civil service uniform -- a badge.

OTHER DOCTOR

Ben -- this is Mr. Takamura, who we told you about in regards to your paramedic program.

DOCTOR

Mr. Takamura is very qualified -- four years in the Navy aboard a hospital ship.

OTHER MAN

Good -- good.

DOCTOR

Well, Mr. Takamura, you've no idea how happy we are to see you.

He reaches out and shakes Medic's hand.

OTHER DOCTOR

Glad you decided to live here, Mr. Takamura.

He shakes his hand, too.

MEDIC

Jim.

OTHER DOCTOR

Jim -- glad to have you.

MEDIC

Just happy to be of use to the community -- gentlemen.

His eyes wander over the room -- the hall -- the hospital.

CUT TO:

49

EXT. IRRIGATION CANAL - DAY

49

A pickup truck drives up -- Dept. of Water and Power -- stops on the edge of the canal. A burly, florid-faced civil servant gets out of the driver's side -- out of the other side Demolitions and Exec. get out. The WATER AND POWER MAN wipes his brow under his straw Texas hat. It is hot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Special Forces men are dressed casually with new hats, khaki shirts, a calculator in Exec.'s pocket.

WATER MAN

This is where we're getting the most seepage -- We can block it off pretty easy -- I think it's just cracks in the concrete -- Where we're really having problems is over in that basin.

He points off in the distance.

WATER MAN

Gettin' no drainage -- You're lookin' at the main canal -- take what we want out of that basin down there for the reservoir.

DEMOLITIONS

Reservoir? -- I didn't know there was a reservoir near here.

WATER MAN

It's the new one -- now when can we get some kind of a bid?

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - DOWNTOWN UVALDE - DAY

A short, squat MEXICAN MAN walks through a crowded bar with Team Sergeant, who is dressed casually and has greyed his hair. He looks like a well-built Uncle Remus.

MAN

This is the best bar in town -- that's why I gotta run two shifts. My main barman run off with a lady from Austin last week -- left his wife -- children.

They walk behind the bar -- two Mexican boys are tending it -- badly.

MAN

Man wasn't even too good no how -- white, too -- I don't know -- Why don't you just show me what you can do.

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED:

50

Team Sergeant takes off his coat, folds it carefully. The Mexican Man speaks quickly to one of the kids in Spanish -- they both step aside -- Team Sergeant smiles -- goes up to a CUSTOMER.

TEAM SERGEANT

Yes, sir.

CUSTOMER

Tequila sunrise.

TEAM SERGEANT

And the lady?

CUSTOMER

I don't know -- whatta you want, honey -- Vodka Collins --- Vodka Collins.

51

CLOSE ON TEAM SERGEANT

51

He has that great servile train porter-bartender smile.

TEAM SERGEANT

Got it, sir --

His hands work expertly -- flashing with bottles -- limes, seltzer water, etc.

VOICE

Two martinis.

TEAM SERGEANT

Got it, sir --

WOMAN'S VOICE

You're new here.

TEAM SERGEANT

Yes, ma'am -- you come here often, ma'am?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Everybody comes here -- I'll take a grasshopper.

TEAM SERGEANT

Got it, ma'am -- you sure have a pretty smile.

He smiles deeply.

CUT TO:

BRACKETTVILLE, TEXAS
D-148 DAYS

52 CLOSE SHOT - BUS STOP - DAY

52

A very attractive WOMAN about thirty gets off the bus. She is really quite beautiful but not in a glamorous way -- good figure -- well dressed but none of it to call attention to herself. She looks around, sees Team Leader -- they know. He wears a suit and tie -- smiles. Another GIRL gets off the bus and walks up -- she is much younger, wears jeans, long hair, long legs -- youth. They smile and chat awhile and turn and leave.

53 MED. SHOT -- HIGHWAY POV CAR

53

The road rushes by -- trackless waste and distant hills, highway signs -- advertisements -- a road sign -- Uvalde 22 miles.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)
You're prettier than your picture,
Lieutenant -- what do you want
to be called?

GIRL (V.O.)
Melanie -- I think it's a nice-
sounding name.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)
And yours?

OTHER GIRL (V.O.)
Sara -- Sara Jennings.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)
My name is Chuck Wainwright --
I'm a petroleum engineer.

MELANIE (GIRL) (V.O.)
Melanie Wainwright -- how long
have we been married, Chuck?

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)
Only a few years -- we're still
young.

MELANIE (V.O.)
I think we make a marvelous couple.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)
I think so --

CUT TO:

54 POV FIELD GLASSES - LONG SHOT - CAR

54

It is Bill Jacobs' car -- on its side is a Texas Ranger insignia. He turns down a dirt road and goes away leaving a cloud of wispy dust.

55 CLOSE SHOT - LOGISTICS

55

He sits in the driver's seat of an old pickup looking off at the distant wisp of dust with heavy field glasses. Psych-Ops sits next to him with road maps. He pulls up his R.T. speaker.

PSYCH-OPS

Green Dot to Service -- Smokie
south on dirt road.

COMMO. (V.O.)

Uh, Roger, Green Dot -- Smokie
had been summoned for emergency
action -- proceed at a distance.

They start rolling.

PSYCH-OPS

Got it, Service -- out.

He puts R.T. away. They roll off the hill -- away.

CUT TO:

56 FULL SHOT - GAS STOP

56

A dirty little gas stop -- one station, a cafe --
several cars near the cafe.

57 DIFFERENT ANGLE

57

Bill Jacobs eases his car in the back way by the dirt
road -- lets it roll up behind the gas station. A
Border Patrol car is already there.

CUT TO:

58 MED. SHOT - HILL - TRUCK

58

A hill overlooking the little settlement. Log. and
Psych-Ops have left their truck on a dirt road --
climb up quickly, effortlessly and drop flat at the
top -- take out field glasses.

59 THEIR POV

59

The Ranger car is next to the other car behind the
gas station.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

25.

59

LOGISTICS (V.O.)
Border Patrol --

CUT TO:

60 CLOSE SHOT - CARS

60

Jacobs gets out -- the BORDER PATROLMAN is waiting at the edge of the gas station with two MEXICANS.

BORDER PATROLMAN
Bill -- glad to see you.

JACOBS
Who've you called -- ?

BORDER PATROLMAN
Highway Patrol.

JACOBS
Hell -- they'll come busting in here and break this bunch like a covey of quail -- How many are there?

BORDER PATROLMAN
Four, maybe five -- they're carrying something.

JACOBS
Narcotics?

BORDER PATROLMAN
Maybe -- maybe guns -- contraband whatever -- they gave this man two hundred dollars to cut some fences for them.

Jacobs speaks quickly in Spanish -- did you cut the fences? Si. -- These are malo hombres -- Si.

BORDER PATROLMAN
They know I'm over here -- they saw me -- guess they're waiting for me to leave. Their car's in back.

JACOBS
That's bad -- real bad -- they might have seen me -- probably have --

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

BORDER PATROLMAN
Do we wait for Highway Patrol or
some assistance?

The Border Patrolman is younger than Jacobs -- tough
but reasonable -- he wants to wait.

JACOBS
(slowly)
I don't think so -- they could
bail out of there anytime.

He takes out his pistol -- a four-inch-barreled .44
Magnum.

JACOBS
What're you shooting?

He begins replacing rounds from his cylinder with
rounds in his belt.

BORDER PATROLMAN
Wait up a bit -- These boys are.
most likely armed -- we're gonna
risk going over there without help
where we don't even know if they're
hot.

JACOBS
What're you shooting?

BORDER PATROLMAN
.357 -- Smith.

JACOBS
Too bad -- I've got a .44 -- we
can't exchange ammo -- you using
hollow-points?

BORDER PATROLMAN
Yeah -- Super Vel.

JACOBS
Not good -- don't they tell you
about cars -- you encounter cars
out here.

BORDER PATROLMAN
That thing won't stop a car --
we oughta wait.

Jacobs puts his gun in his holster under his coat.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

JACOBS

It'll stop a car if you shoot it
in the driver.

He walks to his car and gets in. The Patrolman gets
in the other side. He starts it up -- rolls out slowly.

CUT TO:

61 CLOSE SHOT - HILL

61

Log. and Psych-Ops watch intently with powerful
binoculars.

CUT TO:

62 CAFE

62

They pull up -- Jacobs gets out -- they have about
ten yards to go to the door.

BORDER PATROLMAN

Maybe we oughta take the shotgun.

JACOBS

You can't just walk in there with
a shotgun. It's alarming.

He pauses a second.

JACOBS

Stay here with the shotgun --
watch their cars.

The Patrolman seems somewhat relieved -- pulls the
pump shotgun out -- Jacobs walks up to the closed door
-- MUSIC can be HEARD inside.

63 CLOSE SHOT - DOOR

63

Jacobs pauses, then turns the handle -- nothing --
it's locked. He rattles it a little.

JACOBS

Anybody in? You open --

Suddenly there is the SCREECH of TIRES on dirt --
Jacobs turns, crouches away from the door -- the car
behind is speed-shifting out.

JACOBS

The car in back! Get 'em!

64 MED. SHOT - BORDER PATROLMAN

64

He runs from his car trying to get a view of the escaping vehicle. He raises his shotgun. The car -- a late model sedan -- barrels away on a dirt road.

BORDER PATROLMAN

Hold it -- Border Patrol!

He is too far away for a shot. They're getting away.

BORDER PATROLMAN

Border --

He is cut off by a SHOTGUN BLAST from the cafe window -- he tumbles end over end like a shot rabbit. Another SHOTGUN BLAST --

65 CLOSE SHOT - JACOBS

65

He falls away from the door, which is suddenly perforated with a SHOTGUN BLAST and FIRE from an AUTOMATIC WEAPON. Dust kicks up around him -- he rolls frantically back -- FIRING two quick BLASTS through the door and another at the window where the first blast came.

BORDER PATROLMAN

Oh, Jesus Christ! -- Oh, God!

The Patrolman -- badly wounded -- is writhing in the dirt. Jacobs scrambles towards him. Another AUTOMATIC WEAPON BURST goes over him into his car.

CUT TO:

66 CLOSE SHOT - GREEN BERETS

66

Log. and Psych-Ops are wholly shocked.

67 MED. SHOT - JACOBS

67

He runs to the downed Patrolman FIRING his remaining THREE SHOTS into the building -- throws his gun back to the car and grabs the downed man's shotgun -- pulling him with him. A BLAST from the window hits in front of them -- Jacobs RETURNS FIRE emptying the SHOTGUN into the windows with extraordinary speed -- discards the shotgun and drags the Patrolman behind the car. Another SERIES of SHOTS RIDDLE the car -- AUTOMATIC is still operating. Jacobs crouches beside the Patrolman who is writhing in pain. He's hurt bad. Jacobs takes the man's gun from his belt and scrambles for his own.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

He gets it, but not without drawing FIRE. He FIRES a few quick return SHOTS.

VOICE

Chew him up!

ANOTHER VOICE

Motherfucker!

Jacobs pulls the door open -- to try and get to the radio. The opposition sees this and cut into the car with everything they have. BULLETS WHINE everywhere -- some zip under the car -- the wounded Patrolman screams -- GLASS SHATTERS -- Jacobs reaches for the radio but is hit through the palm -- another slug or FRAGMENT SMASHES through his knee -- he screams and rolls away to the protection of the wheel -- FIRE POURS into the car sporadically.

VOICE

Burn -- burn the motherfucker!

More screaming in Spanish -- they've been set up. There are at least four men in there shooting. Jacobs winces in pain and reloads his .44 Magnum.

68 DIFFERENT ANGLE

68

He sees the informant in the gas station yelling in Spanish to the men inside. The informant is crouched behind a row of old oil drums about 50 yards away. He is telling the others where Jacobs is and that the other man is dead.

69 CLOSE SHOT - JACOBS

69

He is in pain -- outnumbered, outgunned, betrayed -- his number is up; they've got him. His face takes on an expression of resignation. He lets his hand fall limp, dropping the .357, while his other hand keeps the .44 close to his side.

CUT TO:

70 CLOSE SHOT - GREEN BERETS

70

They watch incredulously.

LOGISTICS

Let's get the fuck out of here!

They retreat back -- as they go the yelling continues in Spanish from the cafe to the gas station.

CUT TO:

71 MED. SHOT - JACOBS

71

The informant is telling the killers that Jacobs is dying or dead and the other man is dead. He appears to be correct. Another BURST of AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE -- the car is smoking -- starting to burn. The door opens and slams shut -- they're coming out to finish him. The informant yells again. Jacobs raises the .44 to a two-handed hold and BLASTS once through the oil drums, killing the informant and sending the drums rolling -- he then rolls flat.

72 JACOBS' POV

72

Under the car on the other side two sets of feet can be SEEN. Jacobs lines up and BLOWS the nearest foot off -- the man belonging to the foot comes screaming to the ground -- Jacobs SHOOTs him through the chest and rolls him like a tin can.

73 DIFFERENT ANGLE

73

There is hysterical screaming -- the other set of feet run for the door -- Jacobs rolls out with one hand and BLASTS the punk through the hips -- he crashes down in the doorway screaming and flopping like a fish -- his legs don't work. He is dragged inside. A SHOTGUN BLAST and BURST OF FIRE chase Jacobs back to the wheel -- Smoke is increasing -- the car could explode. Jacobs reloads.

JACOBS

You in there -- this is Bill Jacobs -- you understand, you bastards? I got five Border Patrolmen with me and Highway Patrol.

There is no answer.

JACOBS

You better come out now or we're gonna burn that place down.

Jacobs' car catches fire.

JACOBS

You hear me!

The car is blazing behind him -- it's getting hot -- ready to explode. He is answered with a SHOTGUN BLAST.

JACOBS

I'm not gonna let you give up now.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

He pulls himself up. Steps away from the car and blasts into the building where the shotgun blast came from -- THREE SHOTS. It is suddenly quiet. The car is burning furiously. Jacobs stands in the open -- his leg about to give way -- his gun aimed at the cafe -- smoke obscuring him partially. The door opens -- two MEN stagger out -- one holding the other.

MAN

Don't shoot me no more -- Oh,
God Jesus -- I'm already dead.

Jacobs lines on them.

74 CLOSE SHOT - JACOBS

74

His eyes glare -- his bloody hand aids the other in holding his gun. His knee shakes -- probably broken -- he looks to his right, sees the dead Patrolman lying under the burning car -- looks back at the Men. A calm comes over him, all the pain and tension leave.

75 MED. SHOT - JACOBS - MEN

75

The wounded Man slumps against the building -- holding out his gun -- an automatic pistol -- a submachine gun is already in the dirt. The other Man starts to put his hands up -- Jacobs SHOOTS him solidly through the middle -- he crashes back into the door -- Jacobs turns -- the other Man's eyes go wide.

MAN

No!

Jacobs FIRES, flattening him against the building and ANOTHER that spins him off. He staggers back looking around. His gun hanging in his hand, the CAR EXPLODES.

CUT TO:

76 FULL SHOT - DESERT - TRUCK

76

Log.'s truck rushes down a dirt road towards the main highway --

77 INT. TRUCK

77

Log. sees two Highway Patrol cars speeding up the main road.

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

77

PSYCH-OPS

Highway Patrol -- better not go
on that road.

They pull up -- dust surrounds them. He turns back
on the dirt road.

PSYCH-OPS

Jesus, that was bad back there.

They don't say anything.

PSYCH-OPS

Be state cops all over this area.
You think that ranger got out
alive?

LOGISTICS

He was good -- but I don't think
he made it.

PSYCH-OPS

What was it?

LOGISTICS

I don't know -- Drugs probably --
they play rough down here.

CUT TO:

78

FULL SHOT - CAFE

78

State Police and Border Patrol cars are everywhere --
a helicopter lands -- an ambulance approaches --
SIRENS BLARING. Mexican Drug Control officers arrive
from the border. It is a major shooting and will re-
quire a major investigation. A few newspapermen are
already here -- having monitored the police channels.

79

DIFFERENT ANGLE - AMBULANCE

79

The ambulance arrives -- doors open. A stretcher has
already been provided for Jacobs. His car has been
extinguished, though still smolders. The bodies of
four men are lying side by side -- the Border Patrol-
man is being covered by his comrades. A Highway
Patrolman, OFFICER DANIELS, and a Uvalde policeman,
FRANK PARAU, kneel next to Jacobs. Jacobs pulls him-
self up.

PARAU

Take it easy, Bill.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

He looks at the four bodies.

JACOBS

The one inside --

DANIELS

He died in there --

Jacobs falls back.

JACOBS

I thought he would -- two in a car -- maybe more -- went north.

PARAU

I know -- I know -- just rest, Bill -- we'll find them.

80 CLOSE SHOT - JACOBS

80

He stares up -- they pick him up.

JACOBS

I didn't think they'd shoot at me --

They put him in the ambulance.

JACOBS

I'm too old to shoot. I've been here too long -- I didn't think anyone -- would -- shoot at -- me.

The door closes -- the ambulance drives off.

CUT TO:

81 FULL SHOT - DESERT

81

Log.'s truck drives through some low trees and scrub brush to a gate with a cattle guard. He stops -- Psych-Ops gets out, opens the gate -- Log. drives through.

82 CLOSE SHOT - LOG.

82

He sees something in the distance -- dust -- it suddenly grows -- a car comes out of it.

LOGISTICS

Psych! -- Car!

Psych-Ops comes up alongside.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

PSYCH-OPS

Is it?

LOGISTICS

The car at the station.

PSYCH-OPS

Shit.

They look at each other -- rushing up to them out of the brush is the car with escaped drug dealers.

83 CLOSE SHOT - LOG.

83

He takes something metallic in his belt under his windbreaker -- the car screeches up.

84 MED. SHOT - THE CAR

84

The occupants leap out with weapons -- revolvers and a machete. TWO MEN -- half-breeds, Tex-Mex, young, dressed in mod-western clothes.

MAN

Hold it, man -- don't you fuckin' move, man.

PSYCH-OPS

We're not trespassing -- we're with the surveying crew --

MAN

Shut your mouth, asshole -- get over here now! You, too.

Log. gets out looking scared.

MAN

Now! -- now!

He kicks Log., who stumbles.

LOGISTICS

Don't hurt me, please -- I don't want any trouble.

PSYCH-OPS

Look -- whatever you want -- we don't want any trouble -- we haven't got much money -- is money what you want?

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

OTHER MAN

Get on the ground by the car,
motherfucker.

LOGISTICS

We don't want any trouble;
we'll give you money -- please,
I got a family.

OTHER MAN

Shut up, asshole!

He hits him across the back of the neck with his revolver -- Log. and Psych-Ops drop down.

MAN

All the way down -- hands on
your heads.

He swings over them with the machete.

MAN

Now!

The other one backs up, checks the truck -- the machete Man moves back, covering them with a pistol.

MAN

Keys?

OTHER MAN

Si.

They go into rapid Spanish -- they look the truck over -- question what's in it -- then the man with the machete tells the other he's going to kill them.

85 CLOSE SHOT - GREEN BERETS

35

Their heads are down -- they look at each other.

PSYCH-OPS

He said he's gonna kill us --
he'll come over here and kill
us.

LOGISTICS

Oh -- no -- oh, Jesus, no.

A shadow falls over them -- they look up -- the Man stands there with pistol and machete.

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED:

85

MAN

You're going to die,
motherfuckers.

DISSOLVE TO:

86

FULL SHOT - DESERT - POV HELICOPTER

86

Low trees, rolling hills, rocks, dust, the BEATING
of the ROTOR BLADES -- the country passing by low.
It is darker, near twilight.

PILOT (O.S.)

Immigration 10 to DPS Units
-- we have a suspected shooting
at fence road off of 90A --
alternate. We are at scene --
request immediate ground units
support.

The helicopter pulls up -- car belonging to the Mexi-
cans can be SEEN below -- dust and rotor wash obscures
it -- there appear to be bodies on the ground.

CUT TO:

87

CAR - TWILIGHT

87

One Border Patrol helicopter is on the ground, rotors
still churning. Lights have been set up by ground
investigation units, mostly Texas Highway Patrol and
Uvalde Police. Special Criminal Investigation per-
sonnel are already there as well as units from the
Drug Enforcement Agency and Federal Bureau of Investi-
gation. Lights have been set up around the car --
ballisticians examine holes in it.

PATROLMAN

Somebody get that chopper up --
He's getting dust on everything.

DETECTIVE

There's dust all over this place
already.

PULL IN CLOSE -- two bodies are stretched out next to
the car covered with plastic sheets. A MAN in civilian
clothes pushes through.

MAN

Coroner's office.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

OFFICER

Oh, yeah -- you fly in --

MAN

No, I drove.

OFFICER

They're right here -- Sergeant
-- coroner.

The SERGEANT -- a Highway Patrolman, leans down, pulls up the sheet.

SERGEANT

Victim -- male -- Mexican about
25 years of age -- no I.D. --
armed -- no immediate
distinguishing marks -- appears
to have neck broken.

Indeed it is not one of the Green Berets but their
would-be killer.

MAN

The other one?

The sheet is pulled back -- this one, too, looks very
dead, but he has more apparent reason -- many holes in
him -- he leaks profusely.

SERGEANT

Male -- Mexican -- 25-30 years of
age -- armed -- death caused by
multiple gunshot wounds.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

88

Team Leader's car is pulled up alongside the park --
in the shadows on the picnic bench sit Commo., Logis-
tics, Psych-Ops. Team Leader paces in front of them --
none of their faces can be seen very well.

LOGISTICS

There was nothing we could do --
it was the only course of action.

TEAM LEADER

You could've backed off when the
shooting started in that gas
station.

(CONTINUED)

PSYCH-OPS

We could've gone down another road, too -- it was bad luck all the way around.

TEAM LEADER

A killing -- less than a month into op and I've got a civilian killing.

LOGISTICS

(angry)

They deserved it.

TEAM LEADER

Yeah -- and do we compromise this whole operation because you think they deserved it?

LOGISTICS

It was the only course of action --

TEAM LEADER

All right -- all right -- I suppose it was -- did you cover up well? How'd you kill them?

LOGISTICS

I broke one's neck and Psych shot the other with his Ingram.

TEAM LEADER

Shells -- you get your shells?

LOGISTICS

Didn't have time to cover -- we heard a helicopter -- Sir -- I don't think you know how lucky we are to get out at all.

Team Leader walks around the bench, sits down -- picks at the rotted wood on the table -- watches the Mexican kids play basketball in the distant lit parking lot.

LOGISTICS

Sir?

TEAM LEADER

Operation will proceed as planned, Logistics -- Psych-Ops will prepare for infiltration.

LOGISTICS

Yes, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

89 HOSPITAL POV JACOBS

89

White -- a bare wall -- something COMES INTO FOCUS SLOWLY -- a man's face staring down -- the wall light behind it hides its features -- the face COMES INTO FOCUS and then OUT again -- finally it is clear. The face is Medic.

MEDIC

Sir?

There is no response -- Medic just waits calmly.

MEDIC

Sir -- are you awake, sir?

The response doesn't come for a moment.

MEDIC

Sir -- are you all right?

There is no response.

MEDIC

Nurse --

A female attendant comes to him -- it is Melanie, the operative from O.N.I. They confer -- she leans over.

MELANIE

Are you all right, Mr. Jacobs?

JACOBS (O.S.)

Yes, I'm all right. I'm all right.

Medic looks in.

JACOBS (O.S.)

I know you from -- someplace.

MEDIC

I brought you in, sir.

MELANIE

Mr. Takamura is with the new paramedical team -- They brought you in the ambulance.

Medic turns and leaves. Melanie leans over and straightens pillows.

(CONTINUED)

JACOBS (O.S.)

I -- I had a dream -- it disturbed me awhile, that's all -- but when I saw you I knew it was all right.

MELANIE

A dream.

JACOBS (O.S.)

I thought I was back on Iwo and he was going to kill me with a bayonet.

She prepares pills and water for him to take.

MELANIE

You were in the war?

JACOBS (O.S.)

Yes -- it was a long time ago -- it was the last time I was shot.

MELANIE

Well -- they tell me your leg's fine -- that you'll be up and --

JACOBS (O.S.)

You're new here -- I've never seen you before.

MELANIE

It's my second day. Here, take these.

She hands the pills and water to him.

MELANIE

You'll sleep well tonight.

JACOBS (O.S.)

Will you be back tomorrow?

MELANIE

Yes -- take both of them.

JACOBS (O.S.)

We can talk -- talk tomorrow.

MELANIE

Yes, we can talk -- now just get some rest.

The IMAGE BEGINS TO LOSE FOCUS.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

39

MELANIE

Lots of rest -- that's what you need.

DISSOLVE TO:

90 FULL SHOT - HOUSE - SUBURBS

90

A stucco frame house in an inconspicuous tract outside of Uvalde. Most of the engineers who work at the nuclear facility or are employed in the petroleum business live here. Team Leader lives here in this house with his wife, Melanie, from O.N.I. Several cars are parked outside -- Melanie waters the lawn -- she looks very nice in her shorts.

91 INT. LIVING ROOM

91

Team Leader, Log., Sara and Team Sergeant sit and listen to Heavy Weapons.

HEAVY WEAPONS

They took me to jail and held me for drunk and disorderly -- then I wised off and got vagrancy. Three more days -- It was luck, though.

TEAM LEADER

Whatta you mean?

HEAVY WEAPONS

There were government agency men in that jail every day. They asked us about our whereabouts -- employment -- a good interrogation.

TEAM LEADER

What did you make on them?

HEAVY WEAPONS

FBI -- maybe A.T.F. -- I don't know, but that Ranger getting shot up seems to have stirred up a hornets' nest.

TEAM LEADER

Only one thing it could mean --

SARA

Terrorists.

Team Leader looks over at her.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

21

SARA

They've opened ops -- an attack
on law enforcement is always the
first step.

TEAM LEADER

It could be good -- real good --
That shooting may turn out to be
a lucky break.

SARA

Why?

TEAM LEADER

Because it leaves us room to
set up ops of our own.

He stands up.

TEAM LEADER

Anyone want a drink?

He holds up some bottles.

TEAM LEADER

Scotch -- bourbon -- tequila --

LOGISTICS

Scotch and water.

HEAVY WEAPONS

Same.

Team Leader pours the drinks, smiling.

TEAM LEADER

The atmosphere around this place
is going to be a lot different --
How soon can we get live wiretaps
on the City Hall and jail?

LOGISTICS

Tonight -- we've got the equipment.

TEAM LEADER

All right, then -- to operations
-- tonight.

He passes the drinks. They toast.

CUT TO:

D-95 DAYS

92 TWILIGHT - WALDE

92

The town is peaceful, quiet -- a normal Thursday night. Cars drive by taking people home to dinner. The lights in homes and buildings are warm and inviting. In the f.g. is the hospital -- Team Leader's car drives up -- the door opens -- Melanie gets out, walks toward the hospital. Team Leader waves good-bye and drives away out of town. She watches him for a moment as the car disappears into the growing darkness, then walks up towards the building.

CUT TO:

93 FULL SHOT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

93

Heavy Weapons and Exec. pull up in an alley behind the phone company building -- there are two or three phone company trucks sitting there. A light is still on in the building and the parking lot is well lit. They wait -- Asst. Log. is in the camper.

CUT TO:

94 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

94

Jacobs is dressed and gamely trying to walk on his bad knee -- he uses a cane and leans heavily on Melanie.

JACOBS

This cane kinda suits me, don't you think?

MELANIE

You make a fine old man.

JACOBS

I was born an old man.

They approach the desk where Officer Parau is waiting.

MELANIE

Officer -- I'm not responsible for this man once he leaves here -- he's not well.

PARAU

Has he been giving you a lot of trouble, ma'am?

MELANIE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

PARAU

He's a Texas Ranger, ma'am --
feels he has an image to uphold
-- Bill, if you feel up to it
we can run over to look at the
E.P.I.C. reporter.

JACOBS

Why?

PARAU

I think you better.

JACOBS

Melanie -- would you allow me
to be so rash as to have
coffee with you on your break?

She looks taken by surprise.

MELANIE

Well -- I -- I guess that would
be all right -- ten o'clock.

JACOBS

(smiling)

Ten o'clock, ma'am.

He leaves with Parau, who is carrying his suitcase.

EXT. HOSPITAL

They walk to Parau's car.

PARAU

Another one, Bill -- you're too
old.

JACOBS

Keeps me young.

PARAU

She's married -- I saw the ring.

JACOBS

It's happened before --

Parau opens the police car door and helps Jacobs in
-- then puts his suitcase in.

PARAU

You wanta go home, Bill?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

JACOBS

What's at home?

He gets in -- they drive off.

CUT TO:

96 FULL SHOT - TRAILER PARK - TRUCK

96

Light Weapons and Sara stop by the edge of the trailer park -- in the dark picnic area. Commo. walks out from the cottonwood grove. They see him -- cut their lights and back the truck around. They get out -- Commo. opens the tailgate -- Together they load equipment into the back of the truck -- most of it looks like ham radio gear or home-assembled stereo equipment. Sara pulls the stuff quickly into the camper -- coils of wires, etc. They are finished quickly -- no wasted motions -- Sara jumps out and is back next to the driver's seat with Light Weapons. Commo. is quickly in back.

They drive away -- Commo. opens the sliding windows between the camper and the cab.

LIGHT WEAPONS

Now basically how does it work?

COMMO.

Play into a barbed wire fence that's connected to other barbed wire fences -- it forms a grid transmitter ten miles square -- can totally jam and blanket the local station for a short period.

SARA

Did you bring it with you?

COMMO.

Made most of it out of stereo kits.

They drive off.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. BRACKETTVILLE

96

Team Leader drives into Brackettville -- it looks the same as Uvalde.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

He drives through -- comes to the end of town -- There is a drive-in movie. He turns in -- a double feature -- "Dirty Harry" and "Magnum Force." There is no line -- the show has already started. He pays -- for a ticket -- drives in.

98 FULL SHOT - DRIVE-IN

98

He pulls into one of the last rows -- Clint Eastwood aims a large revolver from the screen.

99 CLOSE SHOT - TEAM LEADER

99

He is looking for something. He sees it. He pulls up next to a large Ford station wagon -- he parks two stalls away. He takes the speaker off -- puts it on the window and rolls it halfway down. Eastwood is telling somebody about the ".44 Magnum -- the most powerful handgun in the world." The door to the sedan opens -- a short, powerful man gets out and walks around Team Leader's car -- gets in. It is Col. Mitamura -- honcho.

MITAMURA

Let's talk Black Operations.

Team Leader looks over -- Eastwood goes on "It'll blow your head right off."

CUT TO:

100 INT. POLICE BLDG. - UVALDE

100

It's dark, a slide goes on showing a dead man's face -- morgue photo.

VOICE

Jesus 'Little Brother' Figueroa, a known terrorist from the Emiliano Zapata Brigade and a key figure in narcotics traffic for arms in Baja California. Cause of death -- broken neck.

The light goes on -- Parau and a D.E.A. MAN sit with Jacobs.

D.E.A. MAN

You were set up by terrorists, Bill -- every one of these men has been identified and linked either to narcotics-arms traffic or straight terrorist organization.

(CONTINUED)

JACOBS

There was nothing in that cafe?
No drugs -- nothing?

PARAU

Just automatic weapons.

Jacobs looks visibly disturbed -- he glances down.

JACOBS

Why here; why me?

D.E.A. MAN

You're a likely spot -- behind the Big Bend where there's a break in radar surveillance -- As for you -- you're the symbol of order around here --

JACOBS

Is it just a single incident or do you think they've singled this county out?

D.E.A. MAN

I think -- it's more than a single incident.

JACOBS

Why -- for twenty years I've made this a decent county -- I've got peace here.

D.E.A. MAN

A sort of peace.

JACOBS

What's that mean?

D.E.A. MAN

You're the Texas Ranger -- you know how you've run your county.

JACOBS

I've been harsh at times, yes -- but people here respect me.

D.E.A. MAN

They fear you -- at least the Mexican population.

PARAU

I don't think that's fair.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

D.E.A. MAN

(angry)

let's not mince words,
Jac -- How many men have you
killed?

PARAU

What does that --

D.E.A. MAN

C'mon!

JACOBS

(to Parau)

Those the other day'd bring it
to maybe fifteen -- sixteen.

Parau nods.

D.E.A. MAN

The number's more like twenty-
seven.

He is silent.

D.E.A. MAN

Twenty-seven -- twenty-seven human
lives -- not to mention the
falsification of evidence to
obtain convictions. You've ridden
this town and this county hard,
Jacobs -- you're a feared man --
but what's more you're a hated man.

Jacobs spins around -- stands up.

JACOBS

What makes you so sure -- Does
he hate me?

He points to Parau.

JACOBS

Does his brother or his wife?
You go down to those people and
ask them if I didn't give them a
fair shake -- Ask them about the
Ranger -- how it's different
here -- We got peace here -- I
had to be hard but we got peace
in this county! Ask them!

D.E.A. MAN

We did. They hoped you'd die.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. COURTHOUSE - POLICE

101

A phone company truck drives up -- stops. Exec. gets out in a phone company uniform and hardhat -- he walks over to a telephone pole, looks up at it. It carries the main wires from the courthouse. He throws his lineman's belt around it and starts up expertly.

102 CLOSE SHOT - TRUCK

102

Heavy Weapons sits in the truck -- Team Sergeant moves into the seat next to him. He is dressed totally in dark coveralls -- black gloves, etc.

HEAVY WEAPONS

He's up at the transformer --
Okay, get going.

Team Sergeant gets out and disappears into the shadows.

103 CLOSE SHOT - EXEC.

103

He is at the transformers -- he works quickly taping a metal box to the pole and running leads to the wires. He hears something -- turns -- down below on the court -- house lawn in shadow, something moves -- He watches as he tapes the leads -- a second later a shadowy figure appears on the roof. He smiles -- pulls out a sort of antenna from the box, tapes it down flush along the pole and covers it with brown face pigment. He starts down.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

104

The pickup truck with Light Weapons and Sara is stopped by the side of a lonely country road -- on either side is rock-strewn rangeland bordered by barbed-wire fences. Commo. gets out and leads wires from the back of the truck to the fence --

105 CLOSE SHOT

105

He attaches them.

106 MED. SHOT - TRUCK

106

Sara sits in the cab -- Light Weapons assists Commo. uncoiling wires to him at the fence -- When they are attached they carefully cover them with loose dirt back to the truck. A car's headlights appear in the distance.

SARA

Car.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

They work quickly covering the wires. The car gets closer -- as the car goes by they lie flat in the ditch by the truck.

SARA

Highway Patrol.

The car goes on -- though it slows some.

LIGHT WEAPONS

Can he see us?

SARA

-- Now you're okay.

Commo. scrambles into the back -- Light Weapons gets in behind the wheel. Commo. uncovers his equipment -- turns some of it on.

107 CLOSE SHOT - COMMO.

107

A few lights and dials illuminate the back of the truck -- The RADIO COMES ON -- a country and western station.

LIGHT WEAPONS

Better get that tarp over you in case that cop turned around.

He pulls the tarp around him.

COMMO.

Wanta see it work?

He turns some other dials -- checks his generator power.

COMMO.

All right -- I'm gonna jam this station.

He moves his switch -- static.

COMMO.

And out --

He turns another -- there is nothing -- quickly turns it back and flicks the switch -- the station's normal reception returns.

108 CLOSE SHOT - SARA

108

She looks in the window area -- sees lights.

SARA

I think he turned around.

109 MED. SHOT - THE CAB

109

Commo. quickly covers up -- takes out his knife so that he can cut the wires if he has to -- pulls the tarp over himself -- starts turning everything off. Light Weapons watches the distant lights getting closer.

LIGHT WEAPONS

It's him.

Takes off his windbreaker jacket.

LIGHT WEAPONS

Take off your pants.

SARA

What?

LIGHT WEAPONS

Your pants -- get 'em off quick.

She does -- he keeps looking in the rearview mirror -- Commo. is covering up as best he can -- pulling the boxes down spreading them out under the tarp. Weapons glances over at Sara -- looks at her bare thighs.

SARA

You want the panties too?

LIGHT WEAPONS

No -- not now -- here, cover up with this as best you can.

He hands her his jacket --

LIGHT WEAPONS

Not too well; and unbutton your shirt some too.

She does -- the car's lights start to fall across them. She looks at him -- He leans over and starts passionately kissing her and running his hand up inside her blouse. Their eyes remain open. The light grows stronger. They look at each other as they kiss and strain to see the car that pulls up alongside. It stops. A DOOR can be HEARD to open. They close their eyes -- really getting into it. A bright light falls across them. Light Weapons pulls back.

LIGHT WEAPONS

What the hell?

110 DIFFERENT ANGLE

110

A young HIGHWAY PATROLMAN stands with a flashlight on them. He is about the same age as Light Weapons -- same look.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

(cold)

'Lo there.

Sara scrambles to keep the windbreaker around her legs -- the flashlight beam lowers, seeing this.

LIGHT WEAPONS

What's wrong, sir?

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Just want to know what you're doin' out here, son.

The Patrolman is, if anything, younger than Light Weapons.

LIGHT WEAPONS

Nothin' -- just mindin' our own business -- as you can see --

He flashes the light on Sara's face. She gasps and fumbles around trying to find her pants.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Where you from, Miss?

SARA

Over in Brackettville.

LIGHT WEAPONS

We doing anything wrong, sir -- anything against the law?

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

I thought you might be stock thieves.

He flashes the light into the camper.

LIGHT WEAPONS

Rustlers -- I didn't know they has rustlers still out here.

The Patrolman doesn't answer quickly -- just scans the tarp-covered equipment with his light.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Stock thieves.

(CONTINUED)

010 CONTINUED:

110

Sara and Light Weapons look at each other.

LIGHT WEAPONS

(hushed)

Get your pants on.

He pulls the jacket away -- she struggles with her jeans. The light comes back immediately to the front seat. She squirms in the light, embarrassed.

LIGHT WEAPONS

No, sir -- we didn't have no intention of stealing nothing.

He smiles at the cop. The cop looks cold at him. Sara pulls up the jeans.

LIGHT WEAPONS

No, sir -- not a thing.

He winks at the Patrolman -- the young cop breaks and smiles.

CUT TO:

111 DRIVE-IN - TEAM LEADER'S CAR

111

Team Leader and Mitamura sit watching the movie but the sound is off.

TEAM LEADER

You want Black Operations confined?

MITAMURA

That's up to you -- use different personnel for different ops -- that way they're all implicated and yet none of them know the whole story.

On the screen is a terrible gunfight. Cars are crashing; men are screaming. Police and gangsters are dying -- Dirty Harry is killing all sorts of people.

MITAMURA

We've located a staging area in Mexico -- platoon strength -- hard cadre -- oriental advisors -- Take it by D-60 total termination.

He hands Team Leader a packet of maps.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

TEAM LEADER

How good's your Intell --

MITAMURA

I think good enough to keep you
alive -- Six men should handle
it -- I did worse in Nam.

TEAM LEADER

What about insertion and
extraction?

MITAMURA

You fly a helicopter?

TEAM LEADER

You know that.

MITAMURA

There's a number on the map --
New York -- Call it and ask for
a taxi.

112 FULL SHOT - PARKING LOT - COURTHOUSE

112

Exec. climbs down from the pole, walks over to the
edge of the building and puts down a telephone company
hard-hat and belt. He walks out into the light -- a
moment later Team Sergeant follows, wearing the hat
and belt -- they walk across the parking lot to their
truck. A police cruiser turns in and passes them on
the way to the jail. The officer waves to them --
Exec. waves back casually. They get in the truck and
leave. The parking lot is empty -- a light summer
breeze blows papers through it.

CUT TO:

113 DRIVE-IN - BRACKETTVILLE

113

We SEE the screen through the windshield -- Clint East-
wood in a windbreaker -- shooting at silhouette targets
on a police range. The RADIO PLAYS -- then DISSOLVES
into STATIC.

MITAMURA (O.S.)

Amazing stuff what your Commo.
men can do -- Smooth --

Another ADVERTISEMENT COMES ON.

MITAMURA (O.S.)

Very good -- you have a good team
it seems.

TEAM LEADER (O.S.)

Thank you, sir.

114 CLOSE SHOT - TEAM LEADER

114

He looks over at Mitamura -- who, being the man that he is, notices.

MITAMURA

Anything wrong?

TEAM LEADER

No, sir -- it's all clear.

Still something is in the air.

MITAMURA

I get the feeling that it's not.

TEAM LEADER

No -- it's just that -- I'd like to ask you a question, sir -- off the record, so to speak -- I mean really off the record.

Mitamura relaxes.

MITAMURA

Go ahead.

Team Leader looks out at the screen -- the action reflecting in broken images across his face.

TEAM LEADER

Are you ever curious? I mean do you ever wonder on these kind of ops -- I mean where your orders come from?

MITAMURA

We're just a weapons system, you and I -- like a rifle or an airplane -- You're the barrel -- I'm the bolt -- someone else the bullet and the trigger.

TEAM LEADER

Yeah but who pulls the trigger -- I know it's not the president -- I've known that a long time. Don't you ever wonder?

MITAMURA

No.

TEAM LEADER

Why not?

MITAMURA

Because I know.

115 CITY STREET - MAYOR

115

The Mayor of Uvalde gets out of his car -- smiles at somebody passing -- says a few words to somebody else.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Team Leader to Honcho -- I have today ordered a full systematic investigation of city officials in Uvalde -- Dossiers will be prepared. Chief among targets is the mayor --

The Mayor walks into a department store. Log passes by smiling at him.

116 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE

116

The Mayor walks off in a secluded corner of the store and talks to a salesgirl -- pretty, about 20 -- Mexican-American. In the f.g. Sara, who works in the linen department, folds towels and stacks them.

CUT TO:

117 INT. BAR - FULL SHOT

117

The Mayor and salesgirl talk in booth -- it is, however, on the up-and-up since they are also accompanied by other city officials -- notably the police chief, mayor's secretary, and several policemen. In the f.g. Team Sergeant mixes drinks.

118 LONG SHOT - MOTEL - NIGHT

118

Asst. Commo and Demolitions sit in a sedan -- it is raining, a dark night -- some distance away is the motel -- a car drives up into its parking lot.

119 CLOSE - DEMOLITIONS

119

He raises a camera with a long telephoto lens -- perhaps 300 mm.

120 POV THROUGH LENS

120

The car stops -- the salesgirl gets out -- CLICK, the SHUTTER snaps -- the motorized DRIVE WHIRRS -- CLICK -- CLICK -- CLICK -- she's inside.

121 CLOSE SHOT - DEMOLITIONS

121

He lowers the camera.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

DEMOLITIONS

Tap into her room line -- get going.

Asst. Commo gets out and disappears into the rain.

DISSOLVE TO:

122 DIFFERENT ANGLE - DEMOLITIONS

122

He sits looking out -- his craggy face blurred in the rain-covered car window -- He turns -- the motel is reflected in the window -- another car comes up, parks in the dark end of the parking lot. He lowers window -- raises camera -- CLICK WHIRR -- CLICK -- CLICK.

123 POV - CAMERA

123

FREEZE FRAMES of the Mayor indistinct -- dark -- blown up with each succeeding shot until his identification is clear.

CUT TO:

124 A LARGE FIELD - JACOBS, PARAU

124

They stand in its center -- it is hard to recognize in the harsh daylight but it is the field that Team Leader jumped into. They stand apart -- the Mexicans huddled together -- Jacobs some yards away looking across the ground for tracks.

JACOBS

Are you sure this is where he saw it, this field? They all look the same at night.

Parau asks the old Man.

PARAU

This field.

JACOBS

Was his son with him?

Again he asks.

PARAU

Yes -- the second time.

Jacobs looks up.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

JACOBS

The second time! -- When was the first time?

Parau asks him -- the Man seems scared.

PARAU

He said -- the first time was a month ago, maybe more -- just like the last -- a plane passed over -- a parachute -- men took it away --

Jacobs walks over.

JACOBS

Doesn't seem right that dope traffickers would make a parachute drop -- unless it was heroin -- and then -- why here -- so close to town?

PARAU

Terrorists?

JACOBS

I don't know -- would they have a plane -- if dope smugglers have a plane I suppose terrorists could hire one just as easily.

PARAU

What-a you think it was -- guns?

JACOBS

How big was the plane?

He asks.

PARAU

Two engines -- black -- just like the ones that fly over here all the time.

JACOBS

Black -- the only black planes are the Army planes from Fort Hood.

He looks at the Man.

JACOBS

Negro?

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: (2)

124

MAN

Negro si.

CUT TO:

125 INT. TEAM LEADER'S HOUSE - DAY

125

Team Leader sits comfortably in a chair looking out his living room window. He is dressed in a bathrobe and reads the Wall Street Journal. A pickup truck drives up outside.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Leader to Honcho -- D-63 -- Have implemented Black Ops at ten hundred hours -- selected strike personnel --

Demolitions gets out of the car -- walks to door -- Team Leader puts down paper. He looks across the room as Melanie leads Demolitions in. He sits down in a large chair. Light Weapons and Heavy Weapons are already there.

TEAM LEADER

All right, gentlemen, what we have here is a hard cadre in training of platoon strength.

He lays out maps on the coffee table and removes a newspaper from a model of the target area, in this case -- a small Mexican ranch.

TEAM LEADER (O.S.)

I want you each to spend as much time familiarizing yourself here as you need -- there will be no copies of these maps and models --

LIGHT WEAPONS

When do we go?

TEAM LEADER

D-60 -- three days.

DEMOLITIONS

What is the operative word?

TEAM LEADER

Termination -- termination with Extreme Prejudice. We'll rely heavily on you.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

He nods.

TEAM LEADER

There's a special problem though.

DEMOLITIONS

Sir --

TEAM LEADER

We have to take out all these people without destroying the buildings -- this barracks right here --

He points to model.

TEAM LEADER

-- and this house -- The whole purpose of this raid is to obtain information on key terrorist personnel here and cached weapons. -- I'd like to do this without firing a shot but I see no alternative.

Melanie quietly moves among them offering iced tea.

DEMOLITIONS

I can do it, sir -- by running a string -- each blast anticipating the enemy's next move.

LIGHT WEAPONS

Where is this place?

TEAM LEADER

Mexico -- we insert at night and extract by dawn.

LIGHT WEAPONS

Good -- I won't be late to work.

CUT TO:

1126 INT. JAIL - CLOSE SHOT - BULLETS

125

Three slugs on a paper blotter -- a ruler lying next to them to show their size. Next to them is another blotter with eight or ten shell casings -- all marked. A hand picks one of the slugs up -- Bill Jacobs holds it up to the light and scrutinizes it. He looks at it a long time -- something about it fascinates him. Behind him sits the young Patrolman (NED) who stopped by the Commo truck.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

He puts the slug down and picks up a shell casing. He puts on steel-rimmed reading glasses and looks at it. He picks up another shell casing.

JACOBS

These come from the cafe or by the road?

NED

By the road -- just like the bullets -- why?

JACOBS

Get me my cartridge headstamp catalogue.

Ned gets up lazily and goes over to a shelf -- Jacobs puts the shell down, then gets one from another box.

NED

F.B.I. or C.I.A.?

JACOBS

C.I.A. Bring that -- it'll have more foreign stuff.

He brings it back.

NED

D.E.A.'s been over that stuff a hundred times.

JACOBS

Yeah -- well why didn't they say anything about these headstamps?

NED

What-a you mean?

He hands one shell to Ned.

JACOBS

This one is from the bastards that shot me -- see it -- see that date: 51.

Ned begins to get intrigued.

JACOBS

And this one is from those by the road where the Mexicans got it -- 43 -- different headstamps -- different lettering -- different marks on the cartridge case.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

126

He gets the books and starts going through them quickly.

NED

So what?

Parau comes in.

NED

So what -- I mean so they were from different guns -- you knew that.

JACOBS

It seems unlikely that they'd have loaded the magazines with different ammo.

He looks puzzled from one book to the other.

PARAU

What the hell is it?

NED

What'd you find?

Jacobs thumbs a couple of more pages.

JACOBS

I can't find this one -- this 43 --

PARAU

You shouldn't be doing this stuff anyway, Bill -- What-a your ballistics in Austin for?

JACOBS

I don't know.

He holds up the shell.

JACOBS

It looks Canadian but I can't find an entry for 1943 -- I don't know.

127 CLOSE SHOT - SHELL

127

CUT TO:

128 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY
D-61

128

Team Leader gets out of his car and goes to a phone booth.

129 CLOSE SHOT - TEAM LEADER

129

He deposits the necessary change.

TEAM LEADER
Credit card call, please.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Number and area code please.

TEAM LEADER
Credit card number 435-168-33 --
Area code 212 -- New York 843-6000.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Thank you, sir.

There is a pause.

OTHER OPERATOR (V.O.)
Rockefeller Plaza -- may I help
you?

TEAM LEADER
Extension 4931 -- Room 331.

OTHER OPERATOR (V.O.)
Thank you.

Another pause -- a RING.

SECRETARY (V.O.)
International Fragrances.

The Secretary's voice is pleasant -- young, uplifting.

TEAM LEADER
Yes -- I need a taxi.

SECRETARY (V.O.)
Oh, yes -- a taxi certainly --
what is your address?

TEAM LEADER
Map 6E -- Grid coordinates 43
north by 62 west --

SECRETARY (V.O.)
And when do you need the cab?

TEAM LEADER
Tonight, 1900 hours.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Seven o'clock -- that will be
fine -- we'll send someone right
over.

TEAM LEADER

Thank you.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. TRAILER PARK - DARK

130

It is almost dark -- A pickup truck approaches the
picnic park -- Two men stand waiting -- Heavy Weapons
and Demolitions. The truck stops -- it is Light
Weapons' truck -- Team Leader gets out.

TEAM LEADER

Let's go!

They quickly start unloading boxes and crates of equip-
ment from the back of the other truck.

131 CLOSE - LIGHT WEAPONS

131

He looks around -- apprehensively -- expertly. The
SOUND of a distant RADIO playing rock music and KIDS'
VOICES can be HEARD. The DOOR SLAMS -- Team Leader
is at his side. He pulls away.

CUT TO:

132 DESERT - NIGHT

132

The truck drives down a long lonely stretch of dirt
road past fields that look familiar -- the landing
site -- It keeps going.

133 LONG SHOT - ROCKS

133

The truck winds up around some rocks and stops.

134 DIFFERENT ANGLE

134

Something is in front of them -- the lights are turned
out -- they get out -- Team Leader walks up over a rise
and sees silhouetted before him -- a black Huey copter.
He stands for a moment looking at it as Demolitions
walks by carrying a crate -- followed by Heavy Weapons.

DISSOLVE TO:

135 CLOSE SHOT - TEAM LEADER

135

A web belt is buckled -- A clip is inserted into an M-14 rifle equipped with a Leatherwood ART (Auto Ranging Telescope). Next to Team Leader, Heavy Weapons has a flame thrower laid out and is checking it.

TEAM LEADER

I'll fly for insertion -- Light Weapons will fly out for extraction while I photograph -- If I am killed or wounded command goes to Demolitions -- clear?

The men look over -- nod.

TEAM LEADER

Let's move out.

CUT TO:

136 FULL SHOT - DESERT

136

POV HELICOPTER -- the desert, cloaked in darkness, lit by a half moon, goes by below.

CUT TO:

137 DESERT - MEXICO

137

In the darkness the Huey approaches from the distance and lands in the f.g. The ROTORS swing quietly -- WHOOSH -- WHOOSH -- the turbine has died -- all is soon silent as the ROTORS STOP. CLACK -- the DOOR slides open -- they get out.

CUT TO:

138 LONG SHOT - TEAM

138

They jog silently through the desert with their heavy burdens. They pass -- black figures in dark camouflage and blackened faces -- commando caps obscuring their features.

DISSOLVE TO:

139 CLOSE SHOT - TEAM LEADER

139

He looks coldly into the night with his binoculars -- light reflects in the lenses.

140 POV TEAM LEADER

140

He sees a rancho -- rundown -- never much -- a crude house -- a crude barn which serves as a barracks -- quite like the model he had made. There are several figures standing under lights near the barracks -- several vehicles, an old truck, a jeep, etc. Several hundred yards away is what appears to be a gate -- there is a light over it and another sentry. He follows movement -- a dark figure moves from a building to the vehicles -- if he had not been looking for it, nothing would have been noticed.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

He's almost done -- he's by the cars now.

141 DIFFERENT ANGLE - TEAM LEADER

141

lying flat, looking over the rocks at the distant rancho -- Light Weapons is by his side. They are about 400 yards from the staging area.

TEAM LEADER

All right -- you've got the gate -- take 'em out with your rifle when you hear the first blast.

LIGHT WEAPONS

What about the flame thrower?

TEAM LEADER

Take it with you -- we'll get to it later -- can you handle it?

LIGHT WEAPONS

Got it, sir.

He moves out. Team Leader pulls up his rifle by his side and screws on a bi-pod -- then pushes dirt up in front of him and sets the bi-pod's legs up solidly -- gets himself into a comfortable shooting position -- lays out extra 20-round clips.

CUT TO:

142 CLOSE SHOT - TRUCK

142

Next to the old truck Demolitions crouches -- he can hardly be seen -- Beyond the truck is the barracks -- He gets down flat -- underneath it we SEE -- under the lights a couple of figures chat -- sentries. From under the truck he watches them until they move off into the shadows --

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

Then he pulls his pack to him -- pulls a claymore mine from it and sets its spikes into the soft earth aiming it at the barracks. He crawls back leaving a trail of wires.

CUT TO:

143 CLOSE SHOT - HEAVY WEAPONS

143

He is crouched under the barbed wire of the camp's perimeter with his bazooka -- the rockets are laid out carefully beside him as well as an M-16 with extra 30-shot clips. Demolitions slithers in under the wire where it has been previously cut -- no sound is made in his movements. He pulls himself around -- lays a silenced .22 automatic down and takes up his M-16. He begins screwing sound suppressors onto both their rifles.

DEMOLITIONS

(whispering)

I saw a gook -- N.V.A. or North Korean.

HEAVY WEAPONS

No shit.

DEMOLITIONS

I swear it -- I almost had to take him out -- Jesus!

He finishes with the rifles and pulls the wires in -- begins inserting them into his electrical detonator.

CUT TO:

144 CLOSE SHOT - TEAM LEADER

144

He screws on a Sionics sound suppressor to the barrel of his M-14. Crawls back and sights down on the compound.

145 POV SCOPE

145

Through the A.R.T. Scope we SEE a man walking by the barracks -- Leader ZOOMS the scope so that the upper two stadia wires bracket the man's chest -- then he HOLDS on him with the cross-hairs. 400 yards is a long shot.

CUT TO:

146 CLOSE SHOT - LIGHT WEAPONS

146

He has positioned himself close to the gate. It is manned by a sentry and two other terrorists are in a sand-bagged machine gun emplacement. Light Weapons props his silenced M-16 through the mesquite in front of him and lays out several grenades by his side. He wears the flame thrower.

DISSOLVE TO:

147 CLOSE SHOT - TEAM LEADER

147

He looks to the east -- the sky is just barely lightening -- he looks at his watch.

CUT TO:

148 CLOSE SHOT - DEMOLITIONS

148

He looks at his watch -- Heavy Weapons aims the rocket launcher through the wire.

DEMOLITIONS

Flare!

He leans over and FIRES a flare -- WHOOSH, it's gone.

149 FULL SHOT - COMPOUND

149

Suddenly the compound is bathed in light -- eerie light -- An Oriental screams -- the Mexicans are slower -- chattering in Spanish.

150 CLOSE SHOT - HEAVY WEAPONS

150

HEAVY WEAPONS

Load!

He is quickly loaded by Demolitions and turns and FIRES the next rocket into the house.

CUT TO:

151 MED. SHOT - LIGHT WEAPONS

151

He lines and FIRES -- short BURSTS MUFFLED from the suppressor -- The sentry is ripped up the middle -- dust spurts up across the sandbags -- the men scream and turn the RPD machine gun -- where is this fire coming from? Light Weapons moves quickly off to the side -- a clear shot -- a quick BURST followed by a grenade -- it's all over at the gate for now.

CUT TO:

152 COMPOUND

Men scream in Spanish and run about -- white smoke pours from the barracks and house -- tear gas! The occupants CRASH through WINDOWS trying to get out -- they come out coughing and screaming. Confusion reigns -- the Oriental advisors try and gain control -- there are a few random SHOTS -- a MACHINE GUN BURST -- men scream about Federales attacking -- in general they are milling about in front of and around the barracks.

CUT TO:

153 CLOSE SHOT - DEMOLITIONS

153

He turns his detonator handle.

CUT TO:

154 FULL SHOT - THE COMPOUND

154

The CLAYMORES GO OFF -- like giant shotguns, they tear great swaths in the milling groups of men -- BLAST after BLAST blowing men to shreds by the dozens -- those that escape this run for the cover of the vehicles or a shallow ditch.

155 CLOSE SHOT - DEMOLITIONS

155

He has rightly predicted this -- he turns the handle again.

156 FULL SHOT - COMPOUND

156

Those that were lucky enough to avoid the steel maelstrom of the claymores are blown to bits as the cars go up with plastique turning them into gigantic fragmentation grenades. Those who are even lucky enough to survive this are killed by the concussion as explosive CORD GOES OFF in the ditch.

CUT TO:

157 POV SCOPE

157

Through the scope Team Leader lines on the battle -- a man staggers -- the RIFLE BUCKS -- he falls -- another runs -- a TWO-SHOT BURST brings him to his knees -- another BUCK and he is gone -- The scope SWEEPS the field picking off survivors and wounded.

158 MED. SHOT - DEMOLITIONS

158

He stands up FIRING his M-16 full auto into the smoke and flames.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

Heavy Weapons FIRES another rocket -- this one high-explosive fragmentary -- it has telling effect. He drops the tube and goes for his M-16. Demolitions is changing clips.

DEMOLITIONS

Oh, shit!

159 DIFFERENT ANGLE

159

A jeep roars out of the smoke and hell running indiscriminately over the bodies of comrades wounded and dead. It wheels around towards Demolitions and Heavy Weapons -- three men are in it -- they FIRE sporadically with an R.P.D. They see Demolitions -- he ducks -- Heavy Weapons braces and FIRES, stitching the vehicle, but a BURST catches him spinning him off his feet -- dust spurts up all around.

HEAVY WEAPONS

Jesus! -- Get him!

By the time Demolitions can fire the jeep is roaring down towards the gate.

160 CLOSE SHOT - TEAM LEADER

160

He grits his teeth and FIRES.

TEAM LEADER

(quiet)

Son-of-a-bitch -- son-of-a-bitch.

161 MED. SHOT - JEEP

161

Leader's BULLETS SPANG into the vehicle one at a time -- one man has already fallen off -- suddenly the man firing the R.P.D. jerks violently -- his head thrown back and he topples free. The WINDSHIELD SHATTERS but the jeep bears down on the gate -- Suddenly Light Weapons steps out from the sandbags.

162 CLOSE SHOT - LIGHT WEAPONS

162

He is calm, almost unconcerned -- he FIRES the FLAME THROWER -- it arcs out and incinerates the driver -- the jeep crashes through the barbed wire of the gate and off into an arroyo and EXPLODES.

CUT TO:

162 CLOSE SHOT - TEAM LEADER

162

He looks up from his gun -- it is over. As an after-thought he changes clips while he stands and looks down -- another flare beams brightly, emitting the eerie green light.

163 FULL SHOT - COMPOUND

163

It is over -- in less than two minutes forty men have died or are dying. Smoke hangs in the air and small fires burn. Bodies and smoldering wreckage are scattered all over the killing zone. Heavy Weapons lies on the ground while Demolitions gives him aid. He is shot in the leg.

HEAVY WEAPONS

I think the bone's shattered.

DEMOLITIONS

Just shut up.

A SHOT RINGS OUT -- Demolitions moves quickly, grabs his rifle. It is Light Weapons advancing from the gate shooting wounded. He pauses in the early dawn light and FIRES again.

DISSOLVE TO:

164 FULL SHOT - HUEY

164

The copter descends out of the fading night -- debris scatters in the rotor wash -- it settles and almost before it has landed, Heavy Weapons is loaded aboard by Demolitions; then he loads what they came for -- file cabinets and cases of papers taken from the guerrillas -- plastic maps and logs.

165 FULL SHOT - HOUSES

165

Behind them Team Leader emerges from the barracks with the flame thrower -- he FIRES it into the barracks, then walks to the house and FIRES on it. They both burn brightly. When he is satisfied, he discards the flame thrower and runs to the helicopter. Demolitions is loading the last of the valued materials.

DEMOLITIONS

(yelling over rotors)

What about the rocket launcher
and the extra rockets and mines?

TEAM LEADER

Leave it -- it's Russian -- leave
everything that isn't American.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

He leans in and throws some equipment out -- Team Leader climbs in next to Light Weapons -- Demolitions jumps in back.

TEAM LEADER

Go!

The COPTER rises and CHURNS over the smouldering battlefield and off into the night.

CUT TO:

167 EXT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

167

Psych-Ops stands outside Uvalde's best sporting goods store. Guns, fishing tackle and camping equipment are displayed in the window. Psych-Ops is dressed in a nice light business suit and carries a briefcase. He walks inside.

168 INT. STORE

168

He walks up to the gun counter where a SALESMAN smiles at him.

PSYCH-OPS

Hi, there -- you the owner?

SALESMAN

No -- he's right here -- Al --

Another man walks over.

AL

What can I do for you?

PSYCH-OPS

Hi -- I'm Jim Carlson -- I'm an attorney from Austin and I'm running as a Republican for State Senate -- here, you can read these.

He hands them some pamphlets.

PSYCH-OPS

I'm interested in talking to gun owners and firearms dealers about the Rowley petition -- you've heard of it?

AL

I think I caught something about it on the radio the other night.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

PSYCH-OPS

Yeah -- They've been talking about it every night -- gun control is the issue I'm pushing.

SALESMAN

Gun ownership means a lot around here -- Lot of people would just as soon become law breakers as stand for their guns to be taken.

Psych-Ops smiles, relaxed.

PSYCH-OPS

You don't have to tell me -- I was raised outside of Bracketville -- I'm a gun owner myself and a hunter -- That's why this petition is so important.

He takes out a stack of form letters and hands them to the men.

PSYCH-OPS

All I ask is that you read about the petition and what we're trying to do to maintain your rights and give these to your customers.

The owner has been looking it over.

AL

We'll be happy to.

PSYCH-OPS

There's a lot of information in there that you probably don't know -- for example -- Do you show your sales registration forms 4473 to the A.T.F.?

AL

We keep them available.

PSYCH-OPS

Well -- that's an infringement of your rights -- you don't have to show those forms without a court warrant.

SALESMAN

You don't eh -- no shit.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: (2)

168

PSYCH-OPS

No, sir -- you keep 'em in a safe
or metal box under lock and key --
the federal government can't look
at those forms without a warrant.
It tells more about it in there --
If you have any questions just call
me -- my number's there.

They are looking the forms over.

PSYCH-OPS

And I'd sure appreciate it if
you could remember me come
election time.

AL

Well -- we will -- thank you
for coming in -- and good luck.

He turns and leaves.

PSYCH-OPS

I'll need it -- we all need any
help we can get now -- Thanks
again.

He leaves.

CUT TO:

169 EXT. DESERT - DAY

169

A motorcycle whines across the desert followed by two more. In the f.g. sits another MOTORCYCLIST, a scruffy youth -- a vagabond passing through the area like the others. The bikes aren't dirt bikes but are road machines. They don't handle well in the loose dirt and rocks -- one of them goes down. The cyclist in the f.g. laughs and takes a long pull on some cheap red wine -- empties the bottle and then smashes the bottle. He starts off after the others.

DISSOLVE TO:

170 CLOSE SHOT - MOTORCYCLISTS

170

They sit together, four of them, and pass joints and cheap wine back and forth -- One of them is already passed out.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

170

FIRST CYCLIST

God, it's hot -- it's so fuckin' hot!

SECOND CYCLIST

Let's go north -- get the shit out of Texas -- Go up to Austin first -- and then north.

FIRST CYCLIST

It's just so hot -- I don't believe it, man --

The Third Cyclist gets up and leaves the group.

171 CLOSE SHOT - CYCLIST

171

He walks up into the rocks to relieve himself -- he's drunk and it is hot -- He's busy urinating on a rock when he sees something distant -- He looks at it -- moves up -- takes a few more steps -- drops the bottle of wine.

THIRD CYCLIST

Motherfuck!

DISSOLVE TO:

172 MED. SHOT - HUEY

172

Two Cyclists stand looking down on the Huey -- black and stark against the rock, a camouflage tarp pulled over it.

FIRST CYCLIST

Maybe we just oughta get the shit outta here.

SECOND CYCLIST

What's in there?

The Third one, the one who found it, climbs out the copter door.

THIRD CYCLIST

Hey, man -- this is heavy shit -- Let's just get outta here -- this is heavy shit.

He climbs back up to the others.

SECOND CYCLIST

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

172

THIRD CYCLIST

Hey, man -- I remember that shit,
man -- I was in the Nam -- this is
a bad place to be.

FIRST CYCLIST

Let's get outta here.

CUT TO:

173 CLOSE SHOT - PHONE BOOTH - DUSK

173

The Motorcyclist who found the helicopter is calling
from a lonely gas station. He looks quite sober now --
his friends wait around him.

THIRD CYCLIST

No -- I don't wanta give you my
name now -- I'll say it again --
I wanta talk to the highest-
ranking cop -- the chief or
highway patrol chief -- that's
all --

Pause.

THIRD CYCLIST

A Ranger -- Texas Ranger? Yeah,
I'll talk to him.

CUT TO:

1174 FULL SHOT - DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

174

Two police cruisers, one of them Jacobs', sit by the
side of a dirt road. A highway PATROLMAN sits in the
marked car with the door open -- Through his window
we SEE four motorcycles. The Patrolman is talking on
the radio.

PATROLMAN

-- Yeah, they're still out there
lookin' in the rocks -- Jacobs
brought a dig along -- Yeah, I
don't figure they'll be more 'n
hour longer -- Why don't we see
you 'round twelve at Denny's --
Yeah -- that's fine --

CUT TO:

175 DESERT - MEN - NIGHT

175

Jacobs holds up a powerful electric lantern -- the others have police flashlights.

JACOBS

Are you sure, now?

The Third Cyclist walks around looking with his flashlight. The others shiver in the cold night.

FIRST CYCLIST

How's it get so goddam cold when it was so fuckin' hot?

JACOBS

You sure?

THIRD CYCLIST

Yeah -- this is it -- it was here --

JACOBS

We can come back tomorrow.

THIRD CYCLIST

It was here, man, I know it, sir -- I was in the Army -- I know how to look at things --

Jacobs walks closer.

JACOBS

You had a couple of joints -- were you doing other numbers?

THIRD CYCLIST

No, sir -- wine.

JACOBS

(sympathetically)

Maybe you just saw it -- like you were back in the war -- little high an' all.

THIRD CYCLIST

They weren't in the Nam -- We were all smoking the same shit. You don't see the same things like that -- Don't you ever get high?

JACOBS

There's no tracks -- no nothin' -- just like the wind had been blowin' for years --

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

175

THIRD CYCLIST

(softly)

Yeah -- well the shit I found was
so heavy I saved you something --

He reaches into his pocket. Jacobs turns his li
on him.

THIRD CYCLIST

I don't want nothin' more to do
with this shit -- I left this
crap in the Nam -- I'm done --
I was honorably discharged -- That
Huey didn't have no numbers on it
-- except inside -- Here's the
fuckin' number.

He hands him a piece of ripped fabric with serial num-
bers on it -- stencilled in silver.

THIRD CYCLIST

Just leave me out of it now -- I
don't wanta be a witness or nothin'.
I'm gettin' outta here tonight.

CUT TO:

D-51
THE PENTAGON
WASHINGTON, D.C.

176 EXT. PENTAGON

176

Colonels Mitamura and Black walk through a parking lot
with the Pentagon looming behind them. Their sergeants
follow at a respectable distance.

MITAMURA

Black Operations have revealed
a wealth of information -- names
and schedules of events --
everything we could've wanted.

BLACK

What about the enemy's counter-
moves? Aren't they likely to
replace agents named and change
plans?

MITAMURA

The buildings were burned during
the raid --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

175

MITAMURA (CONT'D)

They can never know how much we have or who has it -- for that matter, they'll never know who really did that operation.

They walk up under some trees where two majors and a general wait. Mitamura and Black salute -- the others are more lax, but return it.

BLACK

General Snider -- Colonel Mitamura, sir --

SNIDER

Sir --

They shake hands and start to walk down a shaded path.

MITAMURA

It's my understanding, sir, that you've been placed in charge of Talon-Vise.

SNIDER

Yes -- we're hoping to widen the maneuver's objective and get more units involved -- the Air Force has decided to use the games as a major exercise in tactical air resupply.

BLACK

That's fine, sir -- these will be quite extensive games, then -- they will involve armored incursions into the border area?

SNIDER

Certainly -- wherever we can arrange the space -- Civilian permission is getting harder every year.

MITAMURA

Well, that's what we can offer you, sir.

Snider turns to Mitamura -- looks him over.

(CONTINUED)

SNIDER

(trying to be
friendly)

Colonel -- I hope you'll pardon
me -- but -- what do you do
exactly -- I know Black here
from 82nd Airborne and Rangers
-- but...

MITAMURA

Special Forces, sir.

There is silence -- Mitamura looks coldly at the
General -- there is an obvious difference between
them -- The General is old -- a staff officer -- a
doddering martinet. Mitamura is of a newer, more
elite order. Even though he outranks him, the General
is clearly intimidated by this man.

SNIDER

Go on, Colonel -- I'm sorry to
have interrupted.

MITAMURA

We can get you civilian permissions,
sir -- we've already started.

SNIDER

What do you mean?

MITAMURA

The games started for us months
ago --

SNIDER

The games -- Talon-Vise under
whose orders?

MITAMURA

I'm not disposed to say, sir.

Snider is aghast at this -- They stop.

SNIDER

Are you telling me that your
Green Beenies are operating in
my training exercise without my
knowledge!

MITAMURA

I'm afraid so, sir.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED: (3)

176

SNIDER

That's preposterous! Insulting --
it's -- it's dangerous!

MITAMURA

Possibly, sir -- May I call your
attention to the fact that previous
operations have been carried out
in this manner?

SNIDER

What operations?

MITAMURA

I'm not disposed to say, sir.

BLACK

Gentlemen -- do you remember in
the early sixties when the
Strategic Air Command claimed
their bases impregnable to
assault or subversion?

They nod and mumble.

BLACK

Special Forces penetrated many
of those bases -- as training
operations of course -- the
operations were concluded when
the base commander was photographed
with a cocked .45 at his head --
Now you don't expect Special
Forces to tell you what they're
going to do -- otherwise, where
would be the test, gentlemen?

SNIDER

Colonel Mitamura -- why are you
not wearing a green beret?

MITAMURA

(smiling)

I never wear it in Washington, sir.

SNIDER

Why not?

MITAMURA

It attracts too much attention,
sir.

CUT TO:

D-50
EL PASO

177 FULL SHOT - EL PASO INTELLIGENCE CENTER

177

Jacobs gets out of his car in front of a modern three-story building -- It is the El Paso Intelligence Center (E.P.I.C.), a nerve center and clearing station for the D.E.A., the Border Patrol and elements of other more clandestine government agencies. The D.E.A. man we saw earlier greets Jacobs; they shake hands and go inside.

CUT TO:

178 INT. E.P.I.C.

178

They ride up an elevator and as its doors open onto a large room filled with desks and computers, they get out. A red light flashes on the ceiling as they get out.

JACOBS

What's that thing flashing for?

D.E.A. MAN

It means somebody's here who hasn't been security cleared.

JACOBS

Who?

D.E.A. MAN

You.

They walk up to a large bank of computers. Jacobs takes out the piece of quilted fabric from the helicopter.

D.E.A. MAN

That it?

JACOBS

Yep.

D.E.A. MAN

Funny, Bill -- why didn't you take it to your lab in Austin?

JACOBS

It'd take awhile and I thought I'd wait till I got an answer.

JIMMY

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

JACOBS

It's a piece of fireproof lining from the cockpit area of a helicopter -- let's see -- an HU-1B, if I'm not mistaken -- I believe they call them Hueys.

D.E.A. MAN

This the helicopter you were talking about on the phone?

JACOBS

Yep.

D.E.A. MAN

Well, you didn't tell me you had this.

JACOBS

Nope -- Let's get to it.

He hands it to Jimmy.

DISSOLVE TO:

179 MED. SHOT - JACOBS

179

He sits on a couch looking through the doors at the computer room. Secretaries and clerks file by. It is late in the afternoon and the shadows are long. The red light pulsates over his head. He looks up at it momentarily transfixed.

GIRL (O.S.)

Mr. Jacobs?

He looks around -- a young GIRL -- a secretary, stands there.

GIRL

Is there anything I can get you, Mr. Jacobs? -- Mr. Powers may be quite some time.

Jacobs looks at her strangely. She has a nice skirt on but the belt is twisted.

JACOBS

Ma'am.

GIRL

Yes, Mr. Jacobs.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

She holds her hands up and twirls around almost like a fashion model -- there is the black butt of a Smith and Wesson M-59 against her trim waist.

JACOBS
Regulations, I suppose.

GIRL
Yes, Mr. Jacobs.

The elevator doors open and the D.E.A. Man comes out -- he's got his coat on.

D.E.A. MAN
That's it for today, Bill.

JACOBS
Whatta you mean?

D.E.A. MAN
They're closed in Washington -- we'll have your answer first thing in the morning, I expect. What're your plans -- you gonna fly back?

JACOBS
I drove.

He gets up -- puts on his hat.

D.E.A. MAN
All this way -- well, I don't suppose you're gonna drive back tonight, are you -- We can call you tomorrow.

JACOBS
I'll stay over.

D.E.A. MAN
Yeah -- that'd be the easiest.

The elevator doors close.

CUT TO:

180 FULL SHOT - RAMADA INN - NIGHT

180

Jacobs walks out of the office and down five or six doors. His car is parked outside. He opens his room and goes in.

181 INT. ROOM

181

He closes the door -- walks through the room and doesn't bother with any lights -- He goes to a door that connects to the next room -- opens it -- The next door is locked -- he fishes for his skeleton key -- jiggles it in the lock and opens it. He looks out onto the other side of the hotel -- an alley. He carefully opens the door and starts out.

CUT TO:

182 INT. SLEAZY MOTEL

182

Jacobs is signing in -- he hands the card and some money to the Mexican CLERK.

CLERK

Senor Williams.

JACOBS

That's right -- don't disturb me
-- I'm mucho tired -- comprende?

CLERK

Si.

Jacobs takes the key and leaves.

183 INT. ROOM

183

Jacobs sits on the bed of his rundown room with the phone.

JACOBS

Police call number 434-2231 --
Ranger Headquarters, Austin.

He waits.

JACOBS

Ranger Headquarters? Lab, please
-- Ranger Bartlett -- all right
-- Bob, this is Bill -- Yeah --
Yeah -- no, I'm not in Uvalde --
Did you find out anything about
that piece of the helicopter?

Pause.

JACOBS

Definitely came from a Huey, eh --
you're sure on that -- You check
Bell Aircraft?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

JACOBS (CONT'D)

Three days at least, eh -- well
-- keep at it -- no, nothing
important -- say hello to Marsha
-- yeah -- you come down my way
sometime -- thanks a lot, Bob --
talk to you in three days.

He hangs up.

DISSOLVE TO:

184 EXT. EL PASO - DAWN

184

The sun breaks over the jagged mountains.

185 FULL SHOT - ALLEY

185

Jacobs walks back up the alley to the Ramada Inn --
passes his room and gets into his car. Drives off.

CUT TO:

186 INT. E.P.I.C.

186

The elevator doors open -- Jacobs walks out -- the
secretary is there as well as a full staff, even though
it's quite early in the morning. The young secretary
with the gun looks up at him, surprised -- then smiles.

GIRL

Mr. Jacobs --

JACOBS

Surprised to see me?

GIRL

We didn't expect you until later,
Mr. Jacobs.

She reaches over and presses a button -- the flashing
light goes on -- Jacobs looks up to the light and back
at her -- she avoids his glance. The D.E.A. Man comes
over -- also very surprised.

D.E.A. MAN

Bill -- my God, we didn't expect
you.

JACOBS

That's what she said.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

D.E.A. MAN

We thought you'd left last night.

JACOBS

Why'd you think that?

D.E.A. MAN

Well -- I went by your motel and you weren't there.

JACOBS

How'd you know where I was staying?

D.E.A. MAN

I saw your car.

JACOBS

A lot of cars look like that -- you had me followed! -- Why?

The D.E.A. Man is caught -- the secretary pretends not to notice anything.

JACOBS

Why? -- Level with me -- now!

He looks down.

D.E.A. MAN

All right -- I'll level with you -- Washington asked us to keep an eye on you.

JACOBS

Why?

D.E.A. MAN

'Cause of that shooting -- it's for your own good, Bill. They could hit you again anytime.

JACOBS

Who?

D.E.A. MAN

The 23rd of September -- the terrorists -- who else?

JACOBS

You sure that's all?

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (2)

186

D.E.A. MAN

That's all.

They seem relieved.

D.E.A. MAN

I don't blame you for being edgy
-- I guess you get that way after
what happened to you.

JACOBS

Yep.

D.E.A. MAN

Your report came in first thing --

He goes to a desk and picks it up.

D.E.A. MAN

I guess your informant was off.

He hands him the fabric.

D.E.A. MAN

This didn't come from an Army
helicopter -- didn't come from
a helicopter at all -- there's
no Huey or any other helicopter
ever made that had these serial
numbers on it -- Must've been
out of some kind of plane -- or
a foreign helicopter -- You
better see your informant again.

Jacobs reaches out and takes the fabric.

JACOBS

I guess I was barking up the
wrong tree -- thanks anyway.

D.E.A. MAN

Guess so -- You know where your
informant is now?

JACOBS

Nope.

He smiles and turns into the elevator. He looks at
the secretary.

JACOBS

You can turn that thing off now,
ma'am -- I'm gone.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (3)

186

The doors close.

CUT TO:

D-42 DAYS

187 FULL SHOT - CITY HALL

187

A sedan drives up and stops in the parking lot of City Hall. Logistics and Exec. get out. They wear business suits and carry briefcases.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Team Leader to Honcho -- Have today initiated final phase of subversion against the Mayor and his office. Feel confident in total success of operation.

They walk into the building.

188 INT. MAYOR'S OUTER OFFICE

188

They walk in. An old SECRETARY smiles at them and Exec. walks forward.

EXEC.

My name is Reynolds -- I called yesterday from San Antonio.

She looks at her schedule.

SECRETARY

Oh, yes -- and you're from --

EXEC.

The Department of Defense.

She buzzes the Mayor -- he answers.

SECRETARY

The gentlemen from the Department of Defense are here.

He doesn't answer, instead, his door opens and he stands looking gracious.

MAYOR

Gentlemen -- come right on in -- come right in -- Should I call the City Manager?

(CONTINUED)

EXEC.

No, sir. I think this will be sufficient.

MAYOR

All right -- Anything you'd like -- coffee -- a beer?

EXEC.

No, thank you, sir.

MAYOR

June -- bring some coffee in anyway -- come right in, gentlemen.

They follow him into his offices -- large -- plushly furnished for a mayor of a town of Uvalde's size. He ushers them to a couch.

MAYOR

Here -- sit down here.

LOGISTICS

Thank you.

He pulls up a chair near them.

MAYOR

Now -- just explain once more where you're from, gentlemen.

EXEC.

The Department of Defense.

LOGISTICS

Actually, sir -- we're attached to the Defense Intelligence Agency -- the D.I.A.

He pulls out a wallet and shows the Mayor his I.D., marked with all manner of red security clearances.

MAYOR

The D.I.A.? I've never heard of that -- Is it like the C.I.A.?

LOGISTICS

Yes -- but we work mostly on internal matters, sir.

He sits back.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR

Well -- what is it I or my little town here can do for you?

LOGISTICS

Well, sir -- in simple terms -- you've heard about the Army maneuvers scheduled for the end of next month -- Operation Talon-Vise?

MAYOR

Yes, my City Manager talked to a man at Ft. Hood, I believe.

Exec. lays out a map on the coffee table between them.

EXEC.

Well, sir -- now, Talon-Vise is the largest operation of its nature the Army's ever conducted in the Southwest --

He looks up at the Mayor, smiling.

EXEC.

Quite a program, sir.

MAYOR

What is it you want from --

EXEC.

Oh, yes -- well, as you can see by the map -- your town is in a neutral area -- a sort of Belgium in the historical sense -- and that's what we want.

MAYOR

What is?

EXEC.

Your town, sir -- We want the force that can muster the tactical advantage to be able to take your town -- an armoured sweep -- National Guard and regular army -- they'd be very well behaved.

MAYOR

War games here?

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: (3)

188

He seems caught off balance -- Log smiles.

EXEC.

Why, yes, sir -- you're really
one of the main objectives --
We're here to get your permission.

LOGISTICS

You have that authority as a
representative of the people of
Uvalde.

MAYOR

What are you asking -- what
would it involve?

EXEC.

Tanks, trucks, planes -- helicopters
-- the kids would love it -- and
there are some small civil
ramifications.

MAYOR

And what are they?

Exec. sits back -- Log. places some papers in front of
the Mayor.

LOGISTICS

All we need is your signature.

MAYOR

This is preposterous! -- What
are these small civil ramifications?

EXEC.

Sealing the town for 24 hours
and instituting martial law.

The Mayor stand up outraged.

MAYOR

You must be crazy! -- How dare
you come in here and transgress
upon the rights of --

Log. takes out a dossier -- opens it -- a closeup of
the Mayor in a bar.

MAYOR

-- of the people of -- Uvalde.

(CONTINUED)

LOGISTICS

This is your picture, isn't it
-- this is you?

The Mayor stares at it -- Log. turns through pictures of the Mayor with his girlfriend at lunch -- talking on the street -- entering the motel in the rain -- leaving the motel room -- picture of the girl -- a blurred shot through a window -- the Mayor appears naked.

LOGISTICS

Do you have any knowledge of a
Cheryl Ruiz -- female chicano --
aged 24 -- occupation secretary?
Did you not meet her at the
following places -- let's see --
the Cactus Lodge Motel on the
nights of --

EXEC.

Did the following conversation
take place between you and Miss
Ruiz?

He pulls a small cassette recorder from his briefcase and turns it on. It is the Mayor and his mistress talking intimately.

LOGISTICS

A married man -- a father of
children -- a pillar of the
community -- Let's talk about
the State Highway Commission and
the right of contracting for
Interstate 6 -- approximately
April of last year.

He turns more pages in the dossier.

LOGISTICS

Do you know a Mr. Charles Bernell --
Bernell Quarry and Construction --
Everyone in this area knows Charlie
Bernell -- Did he not deposit \$22,000
in an account for Uvalde City
Management -- What is Uvalde City
Management?

EXEC.

Why is your wife a major shareholder
in Texas Sun Trucking --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EXEC. (CONT'D)

-- a subsidiary of the original
Bernell Brothers Transport Company?
What about the books relating
Brackettville irrigation reservoir
-- those books are in rotten shape.

He points at the photocopied pages.

EXEC.

Someone doesn't know how to add,
Mr. Mayor. If I didn't know what
a fine judge of character you are
-- I would say this office is a
den of thieves.

LOGISTICS

Oh, no -- that's severe -- really
severe.

The Mayor has sat down.

EXEC.

Do you want us to play you some
other tapes -- are you tired of
these?

In the background we can HEAR the MAYOR and his
MISTRESS in an obscene sexual encounter.

EXEC.

We have others -- that black
waitress over in Brackettville
-- what's her name?

LOGISTICS

I'll look it up for you.

He leans down -- starts flipping through pages.

LOGISTICS

Paid off state police officials
on your daughter's drug arrest --

MAYOR

Stop it --

LOGISTICS

Here we go --

MAYOR

Stop it!

(CONTINUED)

He reaches over and smashes at the cassette -- picks it up and breaks it furiously against his desk.

LOGISTICS

(to Exec.)

He broke your tape recorder.

EXEC.

Why did you do that, Mr. Mayor -- that costs thirty-five dollars.

The Mayor puts his face in his hands and then glares up at them.

EXEC.

Here, sir -- take it.

He closes the dossier -- pushes it to him along with several extra cassettes.

EXEC.

There's only one copy, sir -- a regular moral disaster -- one copy though, but I suggest you read it carefully before burning it -- especially the last part.

MAYOR

What's that?

EXEC.

That's our operational analysis of your methods of behaviour -- It details how and why you were caught so easily and it goes on to show you how you can do all of these things right -- and never get caught again.

LOGISTICS

If you study it well, sir, you may save yourself a lot of embarrassment -- There are correct procedures, you know.

MAYOR

You're monsters -- you men are monsters.

LOGISTICS

We didn't do any of those things -- we just asked you to cooperate with your government.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: (7)

188

He holds the papers before him again.

LOGISTICS

Show him where to sign -- have
you got a pen, sir?

CUT TO:

189 INT. BAR - NIGHT

189

The bar is crowded -- it's a hot night. Team
Sergeant finishes making a tequila sunrise and gives
it to an attractive GIRL who's sitting with NED, the
young state cop.

TEAM SERGEANT

Anything more?

NED

Another beer -- draft.

TEAM SERGEANT

Right, sir.

He gets it down the bar -- As he does, Light Weapons
ambles in -- carefree -- jovial -- dirty clothes.
He has a friend with him -- a young MEXICAN from the
gas station.

LIGHT WEAPONS

Cerveza mi amigo?

MEXICAN

Si -- Dos Cervezas.

TEAM SERGEANT

Right away.

Light Weapons chats amiably in Spanish with his
Mexican friend. Team Sergeant takes back the beer
to Ned -- When he reaches them he sees that the Girl
is staring dumbstruck at Light Weapons.

190 CLOSE SHOT - GIRL

190

She just stares -- looks like she's seen a ghost --
she has.

NED

What is it -- What the hell are
you staring at.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

190

GIRL

That man over there.

Ned looks over.

NED

Yeah -- he's the mechanic at
that truck-stop out of town.

She gets up and goes over to Light Weapons -- he
doesn't see her. When she is about three feet away,
she stops.

GIRL

Steve.

Light Weapons freezes -- stiffens, cut off in the
middle of a sentence.

GIRL

Steve.

He strains to stare ahead -- then turns his head
slowly to look at her. His eyes register shock, but
soon are controlled.

GIRL

What -- what is this, Steve?

LIGHT WEAPONS

Are you talking to me, ma'am?

GIRL

Steve -- it's you -- what's
going on?

LIGHT WEAPONS

Steve? -- No, ma'am, you must
have me mistaken for some other
fella -- my name's Bob, ma'am
-- Bob Chadwick.

GIRL

No -- no, you're Steve Biddle.

LIGHT WEAPONS

Well, now, ma'am, I sure wish I
was -- but I'm happy to meet you
anyway.

He holds out his hand. Ned walks up -- always the cop.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED: (2)

190

LIGHT WEAPONS

Hello, officer -- we had a little mistaken identity here.

GIRL

Why are you lying to me, Steve -- he's lying.

NED

Come on, Kathy -- let's stop bothering the man.

LIGHT WEAPONS

No trouble, officer -- no trouble.

She walks back with Ned, staring at him.

NED

You must've made a mistake.

KATHY (GIRL)

I couldn't -- I just couldn't -- what's happening to me?

Light Weapons -- speaks quickly to his friend and puts some money on the bar -- takes his bottle of beer and leaves -- The whole time Team Sergeant has been watching quietly.

NED

See -- now you must've scared him -- he's leaving.

KATHY

It was Steve.

NED

Who was Steve?

KATHY

A boy I knew in college -- in Florida.

NED

How well did you know him?

KATHY

We lived together for two years.

Ned puts down his beer -- looks to the door -- Light Weapons is gone.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED: (3)

190

NED

Well -- he sure didn't know you.

KATHY

He shouldn't -- he was killed
five years ago -- in Viet Nam.

CUT TO:

191 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

191

Melanie waits by a tree outside the hospital. Jacobs
drives up -- she gets in his car. They leave.
Medic watches a window.

192 INT. CAR

192

She sits across from him. He drives, looking straight
ahead.

JACOBS

How long do we have?

MELANIE

All night.

JACOBS

He's away again.

MELANIE

Washington -- government contract
certification.

JACOBS

How long will he be gone?

MELANIE

Three days --

JACOBS

We could go to your house -- so
that you'd be there when he calls.

MELANIE

No -- I don't want that -- I
couldn't -- be at my house with
you.

JACOBS

What if he calls?

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192

MELANIE

I'll go back tonight -- we have time -- we have enough time.

JACOBS

That's what you want -- that's the way it has to be -- I'm not one to ask things to be any different than they are.

MELANIE

I know that.

CUT TO:

193 EXT. HOUSE TRAILER

193

It is Bill Jacobs' home -- a house trailer on the outskirts of town -- his house and tracking dogs are kept next to it. A light goes on in the trailer -- silhouetted against the window a woman's naked form passes.

194 INT. TRAILER - BEDROOM

194

Jacobs lies in bed -- the room is dimly lit. He lights a cigar, relaxes -- takes a drink of whiskey, listens to the NIGHT SOUNDS. Through the door in the next room he watches Melanie dress -- admires her tight body.

MELANIE

What're you thinking about?

JACOBS

Work.

MELANIE

You never tell me about work -- It must be interesting work -- exciting.

JACOBS

It don't get you rich -- but it could have. Look at me -- I live in this thing -- got a couple of good dogs and a fine horse -- a car, and an engraved gun. But I could've had my hands in a lot of pies -- Not that I abstained altogether -- no sir --

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED:

194

MELANIE

Don't tell me that you're corrupt
too, Bill --

JACOBS

A little -- but women have always
been my only real vice.

MELANIE

Did you ever bribe or steal public
funds?

She comes back in the room -- fixes her hair -- sits
on the edge of his bed.

JACOBS

Yeah -- but I was so bad at it
everyone knew it -- I spent the
money -- It didn't matter -- No,
in the long run the work and the
town were all that mattered -- It's
my town.

MELANIE

You seem disturbed.

JACOBS

Well -- some things have been on
my mind.

MELANIE

What things?

He looks at her.

JACOBS

It's not you. It's kinda like I
don't trust anyone anymore. I'm
not as sure of things as I was.
Something's changing -- something
big is changing.

He looks over sharply.

JACOBS

Like tonight even -- strangest
thing happened.

MELANIE

What?

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED: (2)

194

JACOBS

Girlfriend of Ned's came into
the jail about eight with him.
She was really all worked up --
Seems she'd seen an old
boyfriend that was killed in
the war -- sure of it, too --

MELANIE

Maybe she was drunk.

JACOBS

No -- she wasn't drunk -- strange
thing is I believed her -- you
can tell after a while when someone
really believes themselves -- I
mean, this girl had seen this boy.

MELANIE

What did she want -- for you to
go chase a ghost?

JACOBS

No -- they were filling out a
missing persons report -- Ned
didn't care -- he just wanted to
get laid -- but I believed her --
I believe she did see that boy --
I just don't trust anything anymore
-- even myself.

MELANIE

You trust me.

JACOBS

Oh, hell no -- you're cheatin' on
your husband -- and with someone
like me to boot -- No, ma'am, not
at all --

He smiles warmly at her.

CUT TO:

195 EXT. DESERT - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

195

Team Leader is talking on the phone at a desolate
abandoned gas station.

TEAM LEADER

Light Weapons was compromised.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

MITAMURA (V.O.)

Where -- how?

TEAM LEADER

Some girl he knew in college --
Last night in a bar -- the girl
filed a police report -- Jacobs
picked it up -- called Washington
this morning asking for service
records.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

Where is he now?

TEAM LEADER

My house.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

Get him out -- now -- you'll just
have to work short -- keep your
eye on Jacobs -- Can't you
compromise him?

TEAM LEADER

No, sir -- he can't be subverted --
we'll just have to keep going
around him.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

He's damn good, isn't he?

TEAM LEADER

Yes, sir.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

I sure hope he doesn't get any
closer.

D-30

196 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

196

Team Leader and Exec. watch as a helicopter approaches
in the darkness and lands in the desolate field before
them. Team Sergeant and several of the others help
load boxes into the copter as the rotors spin. Last,
Light Weapons shakes hands with Team Leader and the
others. It is a crisp matter-of-fact handshake -- no
regrets -- no mistakes -- He's done his job and now
it's time to leave. Heavy Weapons walks him to the
copter aided by a cane. They shake hands -- smile at
each other.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

196

LIGHT WEAPONS

Take good care of my cane.

HEAVY WEAPONS

I will -- I hope we get to work together again --

LIGHT WEAPONS

Thank you, sir -- good luck.

The helicopter lifts off and flies away. The helicopter is gone.

CUT TO:

197 EXT. CHEVROLET SHOWROOM - UVALDE

197

A HEAVY BALDING MIDDLE-AGED MAN of Mexican descent is selling a pickup truck to a farmer. They are arguing about price -- extras -- taxes -- etc.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Target -- Black -- ops Robert
Manuel Ortig -- car salesman --
unmarried U.S. citizen -- Call
leader cadre instructor -- 23rd
September Movement. Personnel --
Demolitions -- Object -- Terminate
with Extreme Prejudice.

He gets into his car -- starts it -- drives out into the street where it EXPLODES -- blowing itself up into the air and apart.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Results -- successful.

CUT TO:

D-27

198 EXT. LARGE FARMING AREA - OUTBUILDINGS - DUSK

198

Medic and Psych-Ops drive up in a car -- Medic gets out -- looks around.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Target -- Black Ops Raymond Verdugo
Union Leader -- Unmarried -- U.S.
citizen -- Cadre Commissar,
Emiliano Zapata Brigade.

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

Psych-Ops goes inside an office carrying a small box of Ivory Snow detergent and a gasoline can.

He works quickly -- empties a wastebasket -- pours in Ivory Snow -- an equal amount of gasoline -- stirs with a ruler -- climbs up on desk -- takes light fixture from light -- unscrews bulb -- brings it to wastebasket which now contains a thick jellied solution -- napalm. He cuts around bottom of light bulb with glass cutter, removes bulb, revealing filament. He fills the bulb with napalm, then using a tube of contact cement he reassembles the bulb and sets it down to dry.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Previous affiliations -- 23rd of September Movement -- Mexican national -- trained in Cuba and North Korea.

Quickly he spreads the rest of the napalm around the door -- on the walls and floor -- Leaves the wastebasket nearby -- then with a small spray can of red paint -- he writes Viva 23rd of Sept. -- Viva La Revolution on a wall -- covering a small picture of President Ford.

Finally he climbs back up on the desk and screws in the light -- then he backs out the door.

199 CLOSE SHOT - LIGHT SWITCH

199

All that remains is for someone to turn on the lights.

CUT TO:

200 LONG SHOT - OFFICE - NIGHT

200

Two cars drive up -- some men get out -- a union official and several workers. He leads them up to his office. They go in.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Personnel -- Medic -- Psych-Ops --
Object -- Termination with Extreme
Prejudice.

The office EXPLODES internally -- fire belches out the windows -- a man runs out on fire -- some of the others are caught, too.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Results -- Successful.

CUT TO:

D-26

201 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

201

A state highway project -- Road builders -- heavy equipment moving. A group of men discuss plans over the hood of a car. The plans are folded up -- a young dark-haired man takes them and gets into the car -- waves to the others and leaves.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Target -- Black Ops Donald Cresta
-- Labor contractor -- State
Highway Commission project.

202 CLOSE SHOT - CRESTA

202

He drives in his car across the desert -- passes a truck on the main highway -- picks up speed.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Agent is Cuban -- trained in Soviet
Union -- heading up squad for
control of roads into and out of
area -- a cadre leader --

He glances in his rearview mirror -- a pickup truck is approaching at a high speed -- pulls around to pass.

203 MED. SHOT - TRUCK

203

As it passes the car Team Sergeant and Heavy Weapons stand up in the back. They have Communist bloc AK-47 assault rifles.

They FIRE.

204 CLOSE SHOT - CRESTA

204

He screams -- BULLETS RIP through the metal and glass.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Object -- Termination of agent
with Extreme Prejudice.

205 DIFFERENT ANGLE - POV TRUCK

205

The car careens wildly -- the two men FIRE in short controlled BURSTS until it crashes through the center divider -- spins end over end and EXPLODES on the opposite lanes. They pull away, leaving a pillar of smoke in the distance.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Result -- Successful.

CUT TO:

206 INT. - CLOSE SHOT - TELEVISION SET

206

A T.V. NEWSMAN from Houston reads from a dispatch.

NEWSMAN

-- Another terrorist-style execution took place outside of Brackettville early this morning. The fourth such killing in ten days. Texas State Police, F.B.I. and other law enforcement officials converged on the scene this morning.

A telephone company office is seen. Police cars in the parking lot. A body is wheeled out shrouded in a plastic bag on a stretcher. Other shots show the blood-stained parking lot with the outline of a man on it. Numerous police and newsmen mingle about taking pictures -- among them, the D.E.A. Man, Parau, and Bill Jacobs.

NEWSMAN

-- An office of the Central Texas Telephone Company. The victim was an employee -- a lineman for the telephone company. It is suspected that the victim, a William Foley of Brackettville, accidentally came upon the terrorists as they were trying to tamper with telephone equipment.

Shots of a bullet-riddled truck -- Bullet holes in a wall -- a window, etc. -- The same scrawled Viva 23rd September on the car.

NEWSMAN

F.B.I. officials doubt that this was the same style of execution as last week's terrorist shootings around Uvalde --

An F.B.I. MAN talks to a reporter.

F.B.I. MAN

No -- there was no evidence of prior planning -- there was no reason as far as we can tell to kill Mr. Foley. But these people have warned repeatedly in their communiques that innocent people would get hurt and I think that's what we've got here --

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

206

Jacobs crosses in back of the man.

TEAM LEADER (O.S.)

There -- there's Jacobs again.

Team Leader is REVEALED watching the television as more details are given. Melanie washes the dinner dishes.

TEAM LEADER

How long was he down there?

MELANIE

I don't know. I haven't heard from him today.

TEAM LEADER

He's on to something -- he's too damn good -- He's too damn smart.

MELANIE

What's it matter? -- If we have to we can stop him.

He turns to look at her.

NEWSMAN (V.O.)

The Department of Defense has announced that it is considering cancellation of the War Games scheduled to begin in two weeks but no word yet is final.

TEAM LEADER

I'm surprised at how you can say that.

MELANIE

Why?

TEAM LEADER

He's a good man -- an innocent civilian -- don't you have any feelings for him?

MELANIE

Do you have any feelings for me -- I mean beyond the operation -- that's what we're here for, aren't we -- the operation.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED: (2)

206

TEAM LEADER

Yeah -- but --

MELANIE

But you didn't want to say it.
Look, it's not pleasant and you
know that better than I do.

He turns back -- the news has gone on to something
else.

MELANIE

How long have you been doing this?

TEAM LEADER

Five years.

MELANIE

It doesn't get any easier, does
it?

TEAM LEADER

No.

CUT TO:

D-15

207 FULL SHOT - HALLWAY - CITY HALL

207

The Mayor and his secretary come out of their offices
with the City Manager. Jacobs comes down the hall.

MAYOR

Bill.

JACOBS

What is this?

He waves a piece of paper at the Mayor.

MAYOR

What?

JACOBS

This memo of yours regarding the
Army games -- this part about
martial law!

MAYOR

We're cooperating with the Defense
Department -- you know that.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

JACOBS

Did you take this up with the
City Council?

MAYOR

We voted on it.

JACOBS

Why wasn't I informed?

MAYOR

You were -- right there -- that's
all I have to do, Mr. Jacobs.

He is obviously angered and walks by Jacobs.

JACOBS

The shit's gonna hit the fan when
the people who actually live here
find out! Did you ever think of
that?

The Mayor just continues.

MAYOR

You can read the directive, Mr.
Jacobs -- and I'll expect you to
comply with it.

Jacobs stands there -- angry -- frustrated.

CUT TO:

D-14

208 MED. SHOT - JACOBS

208

Jacobs looks at the shell casing again -- examines the
headstamps and markings.

JACOBS

Hello -- Bill Jacobs -- Good --

Flips one of the shells up nervously. Parau comes in.

JACOBS

Come over here and sit down.

Parau does.

JACOBS

What I'm going to tell you you're
not going to believe -- so I'll
start easy.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED:

208

He takes the piece of cloth from the helicopter out.

JACOBS

Remember this --

PARAU

Sure.

JACOBS

It came back from Austin two weeks ago with a report. They said it definitely came from a Bell helicopter -- a Huey. The Bell people themselves said so -- All we have to do is find said helicopter -- we've got the serial number -- easy.

He shakes his head.

JACOBS

Not so easy -- Austin inquired with Bell and through Washington -- Washington said that no helicopter of that serial number ever existed and Bell changed their opinion and said that they must've made a mistake -- What color was the helicopter according to our boy's story?

PARAU

Black -- no markings.

JACOBS

Negro -- si?

Parau nods.

Jacobs then picks up a file. It has pictures of Light Weapons -- much younger, in uniform.

JACOBS

Remember that crazy report Ned's girlfriend filed --

He shows it to Parau.

JACOBS

Steve Biddle -- Service record -- killed in action 1973 -- Vietnam -- Army Special Forces -- Body never recovered.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED: (2)

208

He throws it down on the desk. Picks up the shell casing.

JACOBS

.9 mm 1943 Canadian -- Remember no listing -- you know why?

PARAU

No.

JACOBS

Because there was no .9 mm Canadian military ammunition made in 1943 -- Somebody made this -- see the marks on the case -- from an extractor on an Ingram submachine gun.

PARAU

So what're you getting at? -- we thought it was a U.Z.I.

Jacobs picks up a flattened bullet.

JACOBS

Bullets taken from the Brackettville shooting two days ago and that dead terrorist the day I was shot four months ago -- 150 grains roughly. What's a standard .9 mm bullet? -- 125 grains at about 1300 feet per second from a submachine gun -- Well -- I made up some 150 grain loads and I sent 'em to Austin to chronograph -- they just called me -- you know what they got?

PARAU

About 1200 probably.

JACOBS

Less -- 1050-1100 -- less than 1200 -- Do you know what goes 1200 feet per second?

PARAU

The speed of sound.

JACOBS

You're getting it. These rounds were fired from an Ingram submachine gun -- but what's more important -- a silenced Ingram submachine gun.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED: (3)

208

PARAU

Make your point, Bill.

JACOBS

Only one military organization
in the world uses such a weapon.
Special Forces -- the Green Berets
-- They use black helicopters, too
-- I think the army's fucking
around down here!

CUT TO:

209 EXT. TRAILER PARK - CLOSE SHOT - COMMO

209

Commo is sitting in the back of his camper, the door
is open -- Exec. and Log. stand by. Commo has
earphones on.

JACOBS (V.O.)

I think the Army is fucking
around down here.

He turns off the machine -- looks at the others.

COMMO

We better get Leader.

CUT TO:

D-11

210 INT. TEAM LEADER'S HOUSE - CLOSE SHOT

210

Team Leader listens to a tape of what Commo has
recorded with one earphone. Log., Exec., and Melanie
sit and wait near him. He puts the earphones down
slowly.

TEAM LEADER

Go back to the trailer park --
Make sure Commo scrambles his
phone calls and get everything!
I'll be there in an hour. Let's
move out.

The two men go to the door.

TEAM LEADER

No one else is to know about this
-- clear.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

210

EXEC.

Clear, sir.

They leave. He paces slowly -- Melanie watches him.

MELANIE

What can you do?

TEAM LEADER

I think you know what I have to do -- Dammit -- this was supposed to be a training exercise! A game -- that's all!

MELANIE

If it's a game -- you've been playing pretty rough -- I don't know exactly what these 'black ops' are and I don't want to -- but more is at stake here, isn't it?

TEAM LEADER

Yes.

He grabs his jacket and goes.

CUT TO:

211 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - TWILIGHT

211

a different desolate phone booth -- Team Leader drives up fast -- gets out -- slams the door. A look of disgust is on his face but more than that he looks weary -- tired of some weight that is pressing him down. He goes into the phone booth -- dials silently. The wind blows outside, bits of paper flutter by -- it's a strange twilight -- as if the world were going to cease tomorrow.

TEAM LEADER

Leader here.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

Go on.

TEAM LEADER

The shit is hitting the fan.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

The one we worried about?

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED:

211

TEAM LEADER

Yes --

MITAMURA (V.O.)

How far could it go?

TEAM LEADER

All the way -- He's on to us --
Total compromise -- We can be
laid open.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

In all phases -- all levels of
the ops?

TEAM LEADER

Eventually -- yes.

There is a long pause.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

How long have we got?

TEAM LEADER

Yesterday.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

Where was the leak?

TEAM LEADER

No leak -- everything went fine
-- he's just good, that's all --
better than any of us figured.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

I'll need higher authority --
I'll contact you through Commo
in twenty minutes --

TEAM LEADER

Got it, sir.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

212 TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

212

Team Leader waits with Commo -- Some of the others
sit on the benches in the distance -- chatting and
drinking beer.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED:

212

A burst code machine begins receiving a message. Commo takes it -- Team Leader waits eagerly. Commo finishes it.

COMMO

I'll have to decode it.

He takes out his coding device -- begins writing. He finishes -- hands the message to Team Leader. Team Leader leans against the truck -- he knew from the outset what it would say.

213 CLOSE SHOT - MESSAGE

213

Handwritten carefully by Commo --

-Terminate with Extreme Prejudice-

He crumples it up.

CUT TO:

214 LONG SHOT - CITY HALL PARKING LOT

214

Jacobs is SEEN arguing with the Mayor and the City Manager in the parking lot -- they are screaming at each other but nothing can be heard because it is REVEALED that we are sitting in a car looking out a window. Demolitions sits impassively in the front seat silhouetted against the scene. Jacobs argues in the distance -- a small figure.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Target -- Black Ops --

Demolitions raises a camera -- snaps a picture.

FREEZE FRAME of Jacobs.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Bill Jacobs -- Texas Ranger --

The CAMERA CLICKS again and again -- the SHOTS become CLOSER and CLOSER -- more grain.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Target is in compromising position to operations -- Action necessary to protect the aims of operations in the interests of national security.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

214

Finally the SHOTS just BECOME DOTS.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

Target is a civilian with no
foreign affiliations.

215 FULL SHOT - CAR - MUNICIPAL BUILDING - AFTERNOON

215

Jacobs' car drives up to him, Parau is driving.
Jacobs gets in and slams the door. They leave.

216 INT. CAR

216

Parau looks over at him worried. Jacobs is angry,
frustrated.

PARAU

Home?

JACOBS

I guess so.

PARAU

I checked out that kid who worked
in Melendez's gas station.

JACOBS

Yeah.

PARAU

Well -- he gave a lot of references
to Melendez -- Cessna in Wichita
-- Aircraft mechanic in the army --

JACOBS

Did Melendez check him?

PARAU

He looked at some letters signed
by a vice-president -- I called
up there.

JACOBS

Yeah --

PARAU

Never heard of him.

Parau looks over at Jacobs.

PARAU

Bill -- why don't we drive up to
Austin tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

216. CONTINUED:

216

JACOBS
You're getting paranoid.

He smiles at Parau.

JACOBS
Don't worry -- it's good for you.

They pull up in front of Jacobs' trailer.

217. FULL SHOT - TRAILER

217

The wind blows through the trees, the dogs bark and howl. Jacobs gets out -- stops -- looks around. The shadows are long and something bothers him.

PARAU
What is it?

JACOBS
I don't know --

He walks over to the kennel -- the hounds yelp and howl but quiet down as he comes close. He looks closely at one -- the dog's tail wags but only a little while and then it starts barking again. Jacobs looks out over the kennel and sees his horse in the corral. He watches it stomping around in an agitated manner -- the wind blowing up dust. The dogs bark sporadically. He looks over at the trailer -- it is dark, in shadow. A shiver runs down him. He walks back to the car.

PARAU
Something wrong, Bill?

JACOBS
I'm not going in there.

PARAU
What?

JACOBS
I felt this once before -- at night on Iwo -- I just know -- I'm not going in there.

He gets in car.

218. INT. CAR

218

He looks hard over at Parau.

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

218

JACOBS

Let's get out of here!

Parau starts and they pull away, Jacobs watching the trailer as they go.

PARAU

You're getting crazy, Bill.

JACOBS

Turn on the highway -- we're going to Austin.

219 FULL SHOT - HIGHWAY

219

The car roars past a small shopping center -- with a 7-11 store.

220 INT. STORE

220

Inside Sara works at the checkout stand -- she sees the car go by and turn onto the on-ramp of the interstate highway. She finishes ringing up a sale.

SARA

Could you excuse me for a second, sir?

An old man stands with his money out. She goes quickly to a phone.

CUT TO:

221 EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

221

The car roars by in the fading light, its headlights boring a hole into the gloom. It passes an arroyo out of which leads an access road. A pickup truck pulls out of the underpass and up onto the access road and follows the car.

CUT TO:

222 INT. CAR

222

Jacobs looks out into the darkness.

JACOBS

I don't believe it, really -- Maybe it's all just a lot of coincidental crap.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

222

JACOBS (CONT'D)

I'm going to have a hard time explaining it in Austin -- Can you imagine what those old boys are gonna say to me.

PARAU

Look, Bill -- maybe it is just a bunch of crap -- maybe we're both going nuts -- maybe we oughta go back -- I mean, we're crazy to be doing this -- we're going crazy -- maybe somebody put something in our water -- I don't know.

He looks over at Jacobs.

JACOBS

You better keep going.

223 POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

223

They pull up to some blinking red lights -- road work -- heavy equipment alongside the road.

JACOBS (O.S.)

I mean, I don't even trust the D.E.A. boys -- or that asshole mayor of ours. I don't trust anybody -- What the hell they doing here?

PARAU

Put those pipes under the bridges for flash flooding -- you can bet somebody's putting something in their pocket.

Suddenly they come to a barricade and a detour sign -- well lit. Jacobs looks down the barricaded highway.

JACOBS

Nothing looks wrong here -- They're always blocking these things up after we pay for 'em.

224 DIFFERENT ANGLE

224

They pull down onto the dirt access road below the built-up embankments of the highway. It is dark here.

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED:

224

JACOBS

Did you see that sign back there?

PARAU

What sign? -- the detour?

JACOBS

It didn't say Department of Public
Safety on it!

PARAU

What a you mean?

JACOBS

Get off this road!

PARAU

What?

JACOBS

Now!

They've come to an arroyo.

PARAU

I can't -- we'll go over -- nowhere
to go -- what the hell's --

JACOBS

Jesus -- get out -- jump! Jump!

Jacobs opens his door and rolls out.

PARAU

What, Bill?

Jacobs is going out --

JACOBS

Jump!

Parau kicks his door open and goes out.

225 FULL SHOT - JACOBS

225

He rolls down the embankment -- Parau following thirty
feet ahead -- The car rolls on down the road. Jacobs
comes up on one knee in time to see two dull dirt
explosions next to the car which has started off the
road. The second blast turns the car over and it
crashes end over end into the deepest part of the
arroyo.

226 MED. SHOT - JACOBS

226

Parau runs back towards him. The car lights on fire -- there is a burst of automatic weapons FIRE -- several more -- short, precise -- the wreckage of the CAR EXPLODES, bursting into light which silhouettes Parau as he runs towards Jacobs.

JACOBS

Drop! Get down!

227 CLOSE SHOT - PARAU

227

He runs with a mad sense of fear on his face -- the light from the fire reflecting in his eyes.

228 POV SCOPE - PARAU

228

Through the ART scope on an M-14 we SEE Parau -- a small figure at 2-300 yards range. The SCOPE ZOOMS -- brackets him from head to groin with stadia wires -- then the crosshairs center on his back. The rifle jumps in recoil -- dust flies up beyond him -- again.

CUT TO:

229 FULL SHOT - JACOBS

229

He rolls back into the arroyo as a BULLET spouts a geyser of dust from the embankment -- Only the SHARP CRACK of it breaking the sound barrier is HEARD. There is no way to tell where it is coming from. Another CRACK -- Parau grabs his shoulder -- looks around surprised -- another doubles him at the stomach -- another kicks up dirt around his legs -- two more tear through his coat with blood, flesh and bone -- He is on his knees shaking -- looking for Jacobs but seeing nothing.

PARAU

Bill -- Bill -- Oh Jesus God --
Oh, please don't leave me -- Oh,
please -- don't leave me --

He falls shaking spastically to his hands -- another CRACK lifts him momentarily and then he collapses.

VOICE

Where's the other?

ANOTHER VOICE

I thought he was in the car.

230 CLOSE SHOT - JACOBS

230

Jacobs rolls down through the brush -- his gun is drawn -- he crawls on his stomach under brush through cactus. He can hear movement behind him on the highway -- a light arcs out through the dark -- a short BURST of SUBMACHINE GUN FIRE.

VOICE

Check the car again, it's going out.

OTHER VOICE

All right, set up for an area search -- watch your field of fire.

Jacobs crawls further from the flickering light.

231 DIFFERENT ANGLE

231

He crawls along the bottom of the arroyo -- the light flickers behind him. A car speeds by on the highway going the other way.

VOICE

(distant)

Is that barricade down -- get it down -- all we need is someone else down here.

THIRD VOICE

Weapons -- are you deployed --

Jacobs scrambles away from the last voice, which seems dangerously close.

OTHER VOICE

(distant)

Deployed for search.

VOICE

(distant)

All right -- watch your own fire -- keep it quiet until we kill him.

Suddenly all is quiet again -- Another car can be HEARD in the distance. Jacobs moves as quietly as he can -- the fire has been totally put out and it is very dark. They are out there somewhere and he knows it. Not since Iwo has he felt like this -- knowing someone is out in the dark looking to kill you -- someone who is very good at it.

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED:

231

JACOBS

(whispering)

Got to get to the road -- only
chance the road.

He crawls parallel to the highway back towards the detour. Suddenly he stops -- freezes -- he hears something. There for a brief second on the top of the embankment is the black silhouetted figure of a man -- moving fast crouched -- he is gone. Jacobs holds his gun out in front of him -- little use -- a .44 Magnum, the most powerful handgun in the world -- nothing against these guys. He crawls on.

232 DIFFERENT ANGLE - JACOBS

232

He is near the edge of the dirt road -- suddenly he sees it -- lights -- the lights from a car coming down the road -- they must have failed to take down the barricade. He crawls ahead quickly -- the lights grow larger in size -- distinct now -- bouncing and creaking along the dirt road -- He gets to his feet -- the shafts of light are right over his head -- getting closer now -- he can see it -- he runs forward, crouched low waiting for the small crack of the silenced bullet. There it is -- a pickup truck -- he dashes in front of it waving his hands wildly.

JACOBS

Stop! -- for God's sake stop!

The driver brakes hard, the truck skids to a stop -- dust billows up into the light. Jacobs ducks back into the darkness. The driver gets out.

DRIVER

What the hell is -- Sir? --
Sir --

He steps into the light himself -- a youngish man wearing a windbreaker. Jacobs steps into the light again from a different place -- the man turns and Jacobs can see his face.

233 CLOSE SHOT - MEDIC

233

The light gleams off his smooth Oriental features. He stares at Jacobs.

234 CLOSE SHOT - JACOBS

234

He opens his mouth in horror.

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED:

234

JACOBS

You!

MEDIC

You!

Suddenly Medic's hand goes into his jacket and comes out with an Ingram .380 machine pistol, bringing it up in a quick brutal arc. Jacobs spins into the darkness -- Medic FIRES a high-pitched snarling BURST -- Jacobs' gun comes up from his side and EXPLODES in light -- once -- twice -- Medic is gone. The SHOTS still ECHO.

VOICE

(distant)

Take him somebody, dammit!

Jacobs pulls open the passenger door and dives in. His hand quickly goes for the lights but before he can get them out a CRACK is HEARD as the first high-powered 7.62 BULLETS RIP through the glass and metal. Luckily the truck is running -- he grabs the wheel, shifts into reverse and works the gas pedal with his hand.

235 FULL SHOT - TRUCK

235

It careens crazily backwards zigzagging out of control -- almost going over the edge. It is these sporadic wild gyrations that save Jacobs -- as sustained accurate fire is difficult with no light.

VOICE

Get a flare up -- get some light on him!

But it is too late -- Jacobs has reached a wide spot and spins the truck around -- slams it into gear and roars away -- BULLETS CRACK into it and tear up the earth around it -- but he is soon gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

236 EXT. TEAM LEADER'S HOUSE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

236

Jacobs stands in the f.g. looking at Melanie's house. A car is in the driveway and lights are on. He moves forward cautiously. It is a pleasant summer night -- crickets and birds are out -- in the distance CHILDREN'S VOICES -- someone plays a PIANO. He moves quickly around the back of the house.

237 DIFFERENT ANGLE

237

He quietly opens a gate -- slips around the corner to where he can see into the living room. Melanie's husband (Team Leader) is on the phone -- papers are spread out around him at the dining room table. She does the dishes. Jacobs looks over to the bedroom -- it is dark. He moves.

CUT TO:

238 MED. SHOT - BEDROOM WINDOW

238

Jacobs has taken off the screen and in the expert manner known only to burglars and police -- opened the window without a sound -- he slips inside.

239 INT. BEDROOM

239

It is dark -- he moves carefully and crouches near the open door -- a hallway leads to the living room. He can hear Melanie and her husband talk occasionally but cannot make out anything -- Her husband seems to be talking on the phone and then talking to her. A TELEVISION PLAYS. Jacobs waits.

240 CLOSE SHOT - JACOBS

240

He crouches in the dim light. His head is injured -- above the eye -- a cut and several bruises. He hears nothing for a while and then FOOTSTEPS -- they get louder -- they are light, feminine -- hers. She stops -- if only she'll come down the hall -- the footsteps retreat -- back into the living room -- Jacobs lets his breath out. Suddenly they come back -- closer -- positive -- she's coming down the hall. He ducks back behind the bed. She enters the room -- goes right through without turning on the light and into the bathroom -- and turns on the light. Jacobs moves around quickly to the bedroom door. He goes a couple of steps down the hall until he can see Team Leader's reflection in the glass of the large living room window. He ducks back into the bedroom.

241 CLOSE SHOT - MELANIE - BATHROOM

241

She lets her hair out and combs it -- looking at herself in the mirror. She is combing when she stops -- hears something.

VOICE
(whispering)
Melanie.

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED:

241

She starts to turn and from the other side a hand comes around her mouth as Jacobs steps in. She gasps and wrenches in fright but he holds her so she can't make a sound.

JACOBS

(whispering)

Melanie -- don't make a sound --
calm down -- calm down -- it's
me -- calm down.

Her eyes are wide with terror. Jacobs releases his grip.

JACOBS

(whispering)

I had to grab you like that --
don't be afraid.

He lets go of her.

MELANIE

(whispering)

What are you doing? What is
this?

JACOBS

(whispering)

They tried to kill me -- they
killed Parau. You're the only
one I can trust -- you've got to
help me.

She steps back from him.

MELANIE

Who -- who tried to kill you?

JACOBS

The Army -- I can't explain it
now -- You've got to help me --
will you? Will you?

MELANIE

I'll help you.

JACOBS

All right -- get rid of your
husband quick -- anything -- send
him out for something -- tell
him you need aspirin -- anything.

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED: (2)

241

She stares at him.

JACOBS

Can you do that? -- you've got to do it.

MELANIE

I'll try.

She goes by him, watching him all the while. He follows her into the bedroom.

MELANIE

Stay here -- or stay in the bathroom.

She goes out and closes the bedroom door. He sits on the bed -- waits. He hears them talking but the TELEVISION seems to be even LOUDER. Then he hears nothing for a while -- the tension builds on him -- builds unbearably -- just the SOUND of some inane TV SHOW. Finally he hears the front DOOR CLOSE. He waits a while more for the footsteps -- they don't come -- finally he hears the CAR START and DRIVE AWAY. Still longer he waits -- he stands up.

242 ANOTHER ANGLE

242

He perspires -- finally the FOOTSTEPS -- light, feminine. The door opens -- she still doesn't turn on the light -- she walks past him. Stands with her back to him.

JACOBS

What'd you tell him -- how much time have I got?

MELANIE

This is crazy, Bill --

JACOBS

It won't be crazy after I tell you about it -- after I show you.

As he speaks to her a shadow appears behind him in the doorway. The shadow grows and becomes a man -- Team Leader with a long barrelled pistol.

JACOBS

I know it sounds crazy -- It'll sound crazier when I start telling you everything, but you've got to trust me --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED:

242

JACOBS (CONT'D)

-- there's no one else you can trust -- you have no idea what they're doing -- I don't even know why.

She turns around. Team Leader stands silhouetted in the doorway behind him.

JACOBS

You've got to believe me.

He reaches for her -- she moves deftly to the side.

MELANIE

Take him!

Jacobs doesn't understand -- he sees her looking at the door, whirls around -- sees a man with a gun. His hand instinctively goes for his own. There is a puff -- NOISE -- He screams in pain and grabs his arm and goes spinning to the floor.

MELANIE

Finish him! Do it!

TEAM LEADER

Get his gun.

Jacobs stares up in shock -- she expertly disarms him. Blood pours out of his shattered forearm. He stares into the long thick barrel of a High Standard Military H.D. .22 caliber automatic -- silenced. The favorite weapon for assassination teams of the C.I.A. and Special Forces.

MELANIE

Finish it -- you're compromising.

JACOBS

You? -- You?

MELANIE

Do it!

TEAM LEADER

Get in the other room.

MELANIE

What're you waiting for?

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED: (2)

242

TEAM LEADER

(yells)

In the other room! -- That's an order!

She hesitates.

TEAM LEADER

An order!

She goes -- he kicks the door shut.

JACOBS

You're one of them -- she was, too.

TEAM LEADER

Get up -- now!

He gets up.

TEAM LEADER

Mister -- you haven't got a chance -- not one chance -- your luck has run out -- move over to the window!

JACOBS

Kill me here -- like I was breaking in.

TEAM LEADER

You don't know what I'm gonna do.

JACOBS

(resigned)

You're gonna kill me -- I know that -- just -- just tell me why -- I deserve to know why.

Team Leader lowers the gun slightly.

TEAM LEADER

Army Special Forces, sir -- but you already know that -- Why did you have to be so goddamned good? You could've let someone else be good for you.

He pauses, lowers his gun.

TEAM LEADER

I'm not going to kill you --
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED: (3)

242

TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)

-- somebody is -- You're going to be killed -- tonight -- tomorrow -- the next day -- somebody's going to kill you -- but it's not gonna be me.

He points the gun at the window.

TEAM LEADER

Get going, old man -- You just run 'cause that's all you've got left is to run.

Jacobs moves slowly to the window holding his bleeding, shattered arm. He climbs out -- never taking his eyes off Team Leader whose gun hangs in his hand at his side. Then he's gone and Team Leader drops the gun on the bed and sits down -- staring at the wall -- He waits this way for a while until the door opens and Melanie comes in --

MELANIE

You let him go -- you compromised -- you broke.

TEAM LEADER

Yeah -- I guess so.

MELANIE

Why?

He looks up.

TEAM LEADER

We were supposed to be defending people like that -- good or bad -- that's what we used to do. He'd of put it down defending us.

MELANIE

You've broken -- you know what they'll do to you.

TEAM LEADER

What does it matter -- I'm already dead -- I was killed at Bac Liu, Cambodia, 1974 -- I'm already dead and besides, I'm tired.

CUT TO:

243 EXT. JACOBS' TRAILER - NIGHT

243

Jacobs moves quickly and carefully through the trees, approaching his trailer. The wind blows in the trees, he notes. He stays downwind of the dogs and carefully avoids the front drive where a pickup truck waits in the shadows. He works his way around the corral. Carefully he grabs a saddle from under his horse trailer and even more carefully he opens the corral gate -- The horse is the only one to notice and its ears perk up and it looks at him.

CUT TO:

244 THE DESERT - NIGHT

244

Jacobs rides out across the trackless desert towards the coming dawn --

CUT TO:

245 DAWN

245

He rides bent over in the wind -- there is nothing here -- it might just as well have been a hundred years ago -- A man on the run -- wanted by stronger forces -- running south -- He rides over an arroyo and stops. There is a hint of dust in the distance -- it billows for a second.

246 CLOSE SHOT - JACOBS

246

He's unarmed save a .22 caliber Derringer that he carries in his boot -- he reaches down and pulls it out.

247 CLOSE SHOT - DERRINGER

247

He closes his hand around it.

248 FULL SHOT - JACOBS - DESERT

248

Again he looks in the direction of the dust. Suddenly a trail of it appears closer. He turns his horse away -- digs his feet into its flanks -- the horse has gone all night and is slow to respond but breaks into a run.

249 CLOSE SHOT - JACOBS

249

He whips it feverishly with his reins -- screaming and kicking.

250 FULL SHOT

250

It is to no avail for as the horse thunders across the edge of the arroyo, dust begins to kick up around it -- more and more geysers of it with no sound save the small telltale CRACK. More hits until the horse stumbles and goes down coughing in a hail of silent automatic weapon fire. The horse and rider tumble end over end into the arroyo and finally lie still. Their dust hangs in the air.

251- CLOSE SHOT - JACOBS

251

His mouth is open and his eyes wide. He doesn't appear to breathe -- he looks grotesque in death only as one that has died violently can. Blood seeps out of the still quivering horse.

252 ANOTHER ANGLE

252

From above on the edge of arroyo -- a shadow grows in the early light. The rising dawn causes it to stretch and cover the twisted corpses below. It is a figure with a rifle. It stops -- begins to raise the rifle.

253 CLOSE SHOT - JACOBS

253

The shadow falls across his glazed eye. Suddenly he whirls about and extends his hands and FIRES the Derringer twice. The shadow wavers on his face. His mouth hangs open in shock as the shadow disappears with a FALLING SOUND and tumbles down the arroyo, the RIFLE CLATTERING on the rocks. Jacobs' expression grows even more stark and frozen as the body rolls down to him and comes to rest at his side. The face staring lifelessly up at the dawn. The long black hair -- the brown eyes -- Melanie.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-5

254 MONTAGE - NEWSPAPERS

254

A pile of newspapers lying in a stand -- The headlines blare out "Texas Ranger Kills Mistress" etc. -- Substories go on to tell how the semi-nude body of an attractive Uvalde woman was found in the desert after having been shot by a gun believed to be in Bill Jacobs' possession -- Another story reports how a large quantity of contraband drugs and weapons were found in Jacobs' trailer -- A further headline claims that the ranger, Jacobs, was definitely involved in exchange of narcotics for arms with terrorist groups --

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED:

254

-- Further details uncover a bank account in Midland, Texas, under Jacobs' name with \$100,000 in it, etc.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

Target was not terminated during operation but sufficiently compromised by following counter-measures as to lose credibility and effectiveness as a threat to either Operation Columbus or its cover Operation Talon-Vise -- Results -- successful.

D-3

255 EXT. RESERVOIR - NIGHT

255

Psych-Ops, Exec., and Demolitions drive up along the edge of the reservoir and get out. Exec. goes down to the edge and pours a gallon bottle of liquid into the reservoir.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

Seventy-two hours before operations were to be completed a chemical and organic agent was instilled into the fresh water system of Uvalde which would insure an epidemic of mild dysentery thus lowering morale -- causing widespread absences from key positions and in general making resistance more difficult.

D-2

256 EXT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - NIGHT

256

The door is locked -- it is night -- a figure is SEEN on the roof -- he comes to the back of the store where a pickup truck waits. He lowers a large object down to Team Sergeant in the bed of the pickup.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

On the night of D-2 all stores engaged in the sale of firearms were successfully burglarized for records and forms 21473 -- those pertaining to firearms ownership and sale -- Also all petitions signed by suspected firearms owners were gathered.

CUT TO:

257 MED. SHOT - TRAILER PARK

257

In the back of the largest camper, Exec., Team Sergeant, and Cmmo work sorting papers and copying them on their printer and checking other lists.

(CONTINUED)

257 CONTINUED:

257

MITAMURA (V.O.)

By dawn of D-1 the team had a pretty good idea of the whereabouts of every firearm in the target area and of the identity of their owners.

CUT TO:

D-12 HOURS

258 FULL SHOT - ULVALDE

258

Three army trucks and two jeeps drive down a side street in Uvalde. They pull up behind an empty shopping area. The backs of the trucks are thrown open -- hard, sharp, elite troops pour from the trucks with rifles and riot equipment.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

At 12 noon D-1 troops of the 85th Infantry Division (Rangers) entered Uvalde -- The troops were of a counter-insurgency nature under the direct command of myself and my staff and JUTFA.

They file into an empty store.

CUT TO:

D-5 HOURS

259 LONG SHOT - RADIO STATION - DESERT - NIGHT

259

A lonely radio station in the vast dark night. In the f.g., a pickup truck pulls up. Several dark unidentifiable figures get out, walk towards the station.

CUT TO:

260 CLOSE ANGLE - PICKUP TRUCK

260

Log. sits in the cab of the truck -- looks down at the radio station -- looks at his watch -- turns on the RADIO. The RADIO PLAYS a familiar Linda Ronstadt song. He waits -- looks at the station -- the song ends.

RADIO (PSYCH-OPS)

That was Linda Ronstadt -- that girl has pure sex in her -- This is Fred the Head taking over for Lonesome Bob, who has just taken seriously drunk --

The SONG BEGINS -- Log. smiles.

CUT TO:

261 CLOSE SHOT - COMMO - VAN - DESERT

261

plugged into the fence -- Commo works his jamming and overriding electronics gear. Sara and Asst. Log. are with him.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

Five hours before commencement of Ops, local communication networks were seized and distant stations were jammed or over-ridden -- television was ignored until news hour and then jammed.

CUT TO:

262 FULL SHOT - UVALDE - NIGHT

262

A deserted street in the shopping area -- one of the army trucks is parked there -- Several of the infantry in full battle gear (black berets, rifles, tear gas) watch from a darkened store.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

It was reported on all stations that due to a terrorist attack on Army personnel --

The truck BLOWS UP in a fireball that lights up the surrounding neighborhood.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

-- the governor upon a request from the mayor of Uvalde and Chief of Police was declaring Uvalde under martial law --

A SERGEANT steps out.

SERGEANT

Move out!

The elite infantry (Rangers) pour out of the store and deploy into the town.

D-DAY 12 MIDNIGHT

263 MONTAGE

263

The Rangers aided by local police and state Highway Patrolmen, round up all firearms by house-to-house search without warrant. Resisters or malefactors of any kind are rounded up and put into waiting trucks -- They are taken to a deserted drive-in movie lot and compounded there under guard by soldiers carrying automatic weapons.

264 FULL SHOT - DRIVE-IN - DAWN

264

Numerous men mill about inside and look through barbed wire that has been strung up around them. A woman comes to the entrance demanding in Spanish to see her husband. She is told sternly to go home and moved aside as another truckload arrives.

D+6 HOURS

265 MONTAGE - STREETS OF UVALDE

265

They are empty -- only police cars and jeeps patrol -- papers blow on an early morning wind. A soldier walks down the sidewalks alone with his rifle.

D+10 HOURS

266 FULL SHOT - MAIN STREET UVALDE - DAY

266

People are gathered in small groups on the sidewalks but there is no real activity -- they ask questions about the night before in hushed tones. They are interrupted by a mumble -- deep, of many ENGINES. Around the corner comes the 15th Armored Infantry Texas National Guard. They are the first unit to enter Uvalde on Operation Talon-Vise. The lead tank stops and is met by the commanding officer of the Rangers.

267 CLOSE SHOT - OFFICER

267

He climbs up on the tank and talks to the tank commander as the rest of the armored infantry ride through.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

Ten hours after official commencement of operation, the infantry commander turned over the town of Uvalde to the lead units of the 15th Armored Division -- the town was declared 'pacified' -- all resistance had ceased.

268 CLOSE SHOT - DEMOLITIONS - EXEC. - LOG.

268

They stand with other civilians watching the tanks roll by. Kids wave at the soldiers who wave back.

EXEC.

I don't want any part of this --
I'm gonna see somebody about this
-- they can't do this here.

LOGISTICS

What kinda shit is this?

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED:

268

MAN

They took my brother to jail for
once owning a deer rifle.

LOGISTICS

You get a lawyer, mister -- I
sure am.

MAN

What can you do? That's the
goddamned army.

EXEC.

I'm gonna do something you can
fucking bet on that -- they can't
do this here.

They go on arguing -- stirring up resentment for the
hell of it.

MITAMURA (V.O.)

Operation Columbus ended on D+1.
The team was extracted successfully,
concluding the operation of 7th
Special Forces in the continental
United States.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

269 FULL SHOT - TROOPS

269

Seventh Special Forces are again SEEN assembled on a
jungle runway somewhere in South America. The CAMERA
SLOWLY TRACKS down the line of men -- their faces
impassive. The shadows are long but the day is still
hot. The men are dressed for battle -- green berets
-- camouflage -- web equipment. A BAND PLAYS another
South American march and various foreign generals
inspect the elite unit. Decorations are given,
commendations are made.

NARRATOR

The Official Report for Operation
Columbus stated the following:
Casualties were minimal when
considered in light of the effect
and importance of the operation.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

269 CONTINUED:

269

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The effectiveness of unconventional warfare techniques proved exemplary. Even in the final phases when casualties had been incurred and the team was without its leader --

Some of the men in the formation are recognizable -- Light Weapons, Demolitions, Team Sergeant, etc.

NARRATOR

-- its combat potential remained unchanged.

CUT TO:

270 FULL SHOT - UVALDE

270

Life goes on as usual, cars drive down the streets, people mill about, nothing has changed. The Operation like a storm has come and passed.

NARRATOR

The White Phase of the operation was completely successful -- the target area was deemed a 'pacified hamlet' and turned over to conventional forces by the appointed time.

271 MONTAGE - PEOPLE

271

The people of Uvalde -- gas station attendant, housewives, businessmen, children.

NARRATOR

The section of the report pertaining to the Black Ops is at present classified and not available. The grey phase of the operation revealed that many Americans at present are easily subject to subversion, and espionage. Most actions by the team were met entirely with apathy or fear --

CUT TO:

272 MED. SHOT - DESERT - JACOBS - DUSK

272

Bill Jacobs crawls out from under a makeshift lean-to where he slept in the day and prepares to move south by darkness.

(CONTINUED)

272

CONTINUED:

272

He is haggard, beaten, grizzled about the face. His forearm and wrist are swollen from infection, his boots are shredded.

NARRATOR

There were outstanding instances,
however, of resistance --
Resistance and spirit --
Reminiscent of a stronger national
fiber -- Effective resistance --

He heads south -- staggering along through the
mesquite and cactus -- south where pursued men have
always run -- south to Mexico.

JACOBS

(under his breath)

Get to Aqua Verde -- find a
friend -- a man has to have a
friend -- one friend.

FADE OUT.

THE END