

"FIRST BLOOD"

Screenplay

by

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and

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First Blood

FADE IN:

- 1 STILL SHOTS OVER CREDITS 1
An old cracked photograph of young John Rambo holding up a small fish he has just caught. He is eight years old.
- 2 STILL SHOT 2
of a twelve-year-old John Rambo proudly riding a horse.
- 3 STILL SHOT 3
of teenage John Rambo at a junior high school dance.
- 4 STILL SHOT 4
of John Rambo's high school (sophomore year) year book.
- 5 STILL SHOT 5
of John Rambo and a team picture of the high school track team.
- 6 STILL SHOT 6
of John Rambo winning the shotput event.
- 7 STILL SHOT 7
of John Rambo winning the broad jump.
- 8 STILL SHOT 8
of Rambo lifted onto the shoulders of fellow football teammates after winning a game.
- 9 STILL SHOT 9
of Rambo at the final high school prom... he and his date stand beneath a banner that reads:

PROM KING AND QUEEN 1967

- 10 STILL SHOT 10
of Rambo wearing his high school graduation cap and gown... the photo FADES INTO a closeup photo of Rambo dressed in a military green beret special forces uniform.
- 11 STILL SHOT 11
of Rambo in battle gear posing in the jungles of Viet Nam with several battle weary buddies... they are all wearing camouflage makeup on their faces... Rambo is now a sergeant. Next to him is a big black man named Delmar.
- 12 STILL SHOT 12
of Rambo under heavy fire. Screaming orders while helping the wounded into helicopters.
- 13 STILL SHOT 13
of Rambo and several other war buddies standing and blindfolded with their hands above their heads as several Viet Cong soldiers lead them away at gunpoint.
- 14 STILL SHOT 14
the type taken and released to the wire services as propaganda, of Rambo and two other men seated at a table in front of a microphone being interrogated.
- 15 STILL SHOT 15
of Rambo many hard months later staring blankly through the jagged opening of the prison compound barbed wire fence... His hair is long and matted like his beard. His eyes are now the eyes of a much older, harder, and angry man.

The CAMERA MOVES CLOSE on Rambo's pained expression and FADES INTO THE SUPERIMPOSITION:

NOVEMBER 1975

FADE IN:

16 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY (AUTUMN MORNING) 16

A single lane of parched earth, ground to dust by military truck tires -- single wheels, double axles, ROARING low geared ENGINES as the --

17 NATIONAL GUARD CONVOY

powers off the dirt onto the highway, truck after lumbering truck packed with National Guardsmen. On all sides, patchwork farmlands, overshadowed by massive mountain forests. OVERSCREEN --

(17)

CUT

NOVEMBER 1975, SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES --

18 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 18

~~within earshot of the approaching convoy,~~ we see the solitary figure of the kid on the highway shoulder, walking TOWARD US. His jeans and Levi jacket are faded; on the back is an American flag. He wears paratrooper boots that he tucks his pants into. He carries a rolled-up sleeping bag over his shoulder -- just a nothing kid, like the freaks and burnouts one ignores in Chicago or San Francisco. This, however, is American heartland and we wonder if a kid looking like RAMBO is being reckless about his choice of geography. Reckless, too, that flat, unblinking, insolent yet faraway expression in his eyes. INTERCUT with --

19 RAMBO'S POV - BEND IN THE HIGHWAY

Glimpses of countryside with the oncoming hulks and ROAR of the convoy. The sign:

(19)

CUT

HOPE WELCOMES SAFE DRIVERS

Riddled with bullet holes. Milk cows in adjacent farmlands hung with red bunting. Fence post signs:

NO HUNTING

With it, the fallow gardens, junked front yards, chicken coops and broken fences of the sparse "colored section" clinging to edge of a white town. A black woman hurriedly pulls in her wash. A pair of mongrels race to a fence at the highway shoulder, their BARKING MUFFLED by the increasing ROAR.

19A EXT. HOPE - MAIN STREET - DAY 19A *

The Sheriff's car complete with TEASLE cruises through town. He nods genially to people.

*
*

20 RAMBO

20

hesitates now and unshoulders the sleeping bag to observe truck after truck heaving by him, spewing dust and engine exhaust. Glancing back, he sees --

21 REAR OF NATIONAL GUARD TRUCK

21

as it passes. A few Guardsmen have noticed him just long enough to register resentment in their faces.

22 RAMBO

22

stares back for a time, then slowly looks ahead. We have no idea of what might be in his mind, as he re-shoulders the sleeping bag and resumes his walk.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. PASTURE - DAY

23

Rambo walks up an uneven dirt path caused from tire treads and erosion and approaches an old wood frame house with a dilapidated front porch.

24 INT. BLACK FAMILY'S HOUSE - DAY

24

One room, perhaps two. OPEN on the BLACK WOMAN, a dish towel in her hands, staring past a young girl to --

25 SCREEN DOOR

25

the SILHOUETTE of Rambo, backlighted.

RAMBO

Is he here, ma'am, or isn't he?

(no answer)

Excuse me -- if he's in town or something -- could you tell me where that might be -- I mean, where he might be at?

26 WOMAN

26

looks from Rambo to the girl.

WOMAN

Not here --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

(26)

cut

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(to the girl)

Go outside.

The child worriedly moves to the screen door, easing out and around Rambo. Rambo holds the door open. He can't seem to read the Woman's problem.

RAMBO

I wonder if I might trouble you for a glass of water.

INCLUDE the Woman.

WOMAN

... Come in.

... and heads toward her sink as Rambo shyly steps inside, fishing out a pocket worn address book, thumbing it open to the appropriate page, wondering at the possibility of a mistaken address... the little girl looks through the screen door with unabashed fascination.

The Woman hands Rambo a glass of water... He holds out the address book.

RAMBO

Thanks -- You can see he wrote it down there himself. That's Delmar's writing. I'm not on the man's case.

The Woman holds the address book and stares absently at the scrawled address.

WOMAN

That's his writing.

Rambo pulls a weathered snapshot from his jacket. It is plastic coated and curled on the ends as though it has been in and out of his pocket a hundred times.

RAMBO

I told you I wasn't on his case -- He's a buddy -- we were on the same team --

(holds up picture)

See, that's me there. That's Bronson, Ortega, Jorgensen, Czak, Vanforth, Westmore, Jesus, Krakauer -- crazy bastard... Excuse that, please, and there's Delmar.

The little girl at the screen door eases her way in.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

RAMBO

(continuing; smiles)
Delmar was so big we always had to put him behind everybody or he'd take up the whole picture.

WOMAN

Delmar's gone --

RAMBO

... What?

WOMAN

Last summer --

RAMBO

(stunned)
... How?

WOMAN

He got cancer -- took him down to nothin' -- could lift him off the sheet...

Rambo sets the picture on the table and seems to be searching for the right words, but none come. He looks very alone at this moment.

RAMBO

(weakly)
... Sorry -- I'm sorry.

Rambo's eyes fill with pain as he turns in a defeated fashion and leaves.

27 EXT. BLACK FAMILY'S HOUSE - DAY

27 *

as Rambo comes slowly out and down the porch steps, transitting the front yard, toward the gate and the highway shoulder, forgotten in his hand the pocket-worn address book still thumbed open to the appropriate page. He steps from the porch and drops the book in the dust as he moves away.

cut

28 OMITTED
&
29

28 *
&
29 *

30 EXT. SMALL BRIDGE - DAY

(30)
cut

as Rambo walks on along the bridge toward the town,
the shock and the memories building behind his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

(30)
cut

He stops and leans against the railing and stares into the water. With each second, the pain is building in Rambo.

31 SUBLIMINAL CUT (BLACK AND WHITE) - DUSK

(31)
cut *

Rambo, Delmar and two other men are under incredible ground FIRE as they try to reach the bank of a stream or small river... The Americans are running and FIRING at the same time. Two G.I.'s fall... The action is insanely fast -- Rambo RAPID FIRES his M-16 and is hit in the thigh. Still fighting, he writhes on the muddy bank as Delmar scoops him up with one powerful arm and drags him to safety.

32 BRIDGE - DAY

(32)
cut

Rambo, contorting his face, reflectively pounds the thigh that was wounded with his fist, once, twice, again, again.

33 INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

33

Teasle spies Rambo on the bridge. As the car approaches, Rambo pauses at the ENGINE'S SOUND and faces the squad car that is twenty yards away... Rambo starts to move away.

Teasle calls from his car.

TEASLE

Where's the love in? ... Stay
right there.

Teasle stops the car and gets out. Rambo glances at him and seems to size up Teasle in a matter of seconds, then stares off to the other end of the bridge.

TEASLE

(continuing)

Do you know anybody around here?

Rambo, ever so slightly, shakes his head no.

TEASLE

(continuing)

Wearing that flag on your back
and looking the way you do can
get you into trouble around here.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

Rambo remains lost in his own thoughts.

TEASLE
(continuing)
Which way you headed? North or
south?

RAMBO
(softly)
... North.

TEASLE
Get in the car. I'll make sure
you don't head in the wrong
direction.

Rambo gets into the car.

A33 EXT. POLICE CAR - DAY

A33 *

SHOT of police car with Teasle and Rambo inside
passing through town, past the police station, past
the gas station. *

33A INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

33A *

Teasle and Rambo move down the highway. *

TEASLE
Where are you headed? *

RAMBO
... Maybe Louisville. *

TEASLE
And maybe not ... Where do you
sleep? In the woods? *

RAMBO
Sometimes. *

TEASLE
It's safe enough now ... Somebody
from town give you a ride in? *

RAMBO
No. *

Teasle veers the car to the curb. A sign reads: "You
are now leaving Hope. Drive Carefully."

33A INT. TEASLE'S CAR

TEASLE

Where you headed?

RAMBO

Portland.

TEASLE

I thought you said you were headed north.
Portland is south.

RAMBO

I don't know.

TEASLE

Did somebody from town give you a ride in?

RAMBO

No. Is there some place I can get something
to eat?

TEASLE

Sorry. We don't have a Salvation Army soup
kitchen in town.

RAMBO

I'm not looking for a handout.

TEASLE

Good. Then you'll find a diner about 30
miles up the road.

RAMBO

Is there a law against me getting something
here?

TEASLE

Yeah -- me.

RAMBO

Why are you pushing?

TEASLE

What'd you say?

RAMBO

Why are you pushing? I haven't done anything
to you.

TEASLE

First of all, you don't ask questions, I do.
Understand? Besides, I don't want guys like
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TEASLE
d?

RAMBO

TEASLE
said you were headed north.
outh.

RAMBO

TEASLE
y from town give you a ride in?

RAMBO
ere some place I can get something

TEASLE
ve don't have a Salvation Army soup
in town.

RAMBO
looking for a handout.

TEASLE
Then you'll find a diner about 30
p the road.

RAMBO
e a law against me getting something

TEASLE
me.

RAMBO
e you pushing?

TEASLE
you say?

RAMBO
e you pushing? I haven't done anything

TEASLE
of all, you don't ask questions, I do.
stand? Besides, I don't want guys like
(MORE)

that's why. This
a boring town.
we like it. In
it that way.

nk you're staring

er side of town,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEASLE

I don't want a guy like you around.
First thing I know, a bunch of your
friends turn up. Besides you wouldn't
like it here. It's boring, but it's
the way we like it. It's the way we'd
like to keep it.

Oh!

Rambo says nothing and gets out.

TEASLE

(continuing)

I'll give you some free advice. Cut
your hair, clean up and you'll see
people won't bother you so much.
Hope this ride helped you a bit. Good luck.

33A

Teasle drives off. Rambo watches the car for a moment,
then starts back into town. Teasle sees him in the
rear view mirror and brakes suddenly.

33B EXT. POLICE CAR & STREET - DAY

33B

Teasle pulls up alongside Rambo.

TEASLE

Where do you think you're going?

Teasle gets out of car and moves to Rambo.

TEASLE

(continuing)

Hey! I'm talking to you -- Where
do you think you're going? Try to
be nice to some people --

(no response)

Alright, take out some I.D. --

Let's go.

Rambo just starts to walk away. Teasle moves after him
and grabs his arm.

TEASLE

Where the hell are you going?!

Rambo breaks Teasle's grip off easily and stares hard
into the lawman's eyes.

Teasle puts his hand on the butt of his 9mm pistol.

TEASLE

Alright, hard ass.

(takes off the cuffs)

Get against the car.

Rambo continues to stare into Teasle's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

33B CONTINUED: (2)

33B *

TEASLE

(continuing)

I said, get against the car --
How you get there is your choice.

Rambo leans against the car... Teasle pats him down and
finds a throwing knife.

TEASLE

(continuing)

You've got problems now. Why're
you carrying a knife this size?

(MORE)

RAMBO

Hunting.

(CONTINUED)

*Read the scripts
stop on silence!*

33B CONTINUED: (3)

33B *

TEASLE (CONT'D)

Don't play games with me,
understand? What the hell does
anybody hunt with a knife?

*
*

RAMBO

Name it.

*

TEASLE

Alright, turn around.

*

They lock stares and an unspoken challenge is declared.

TEASLE

Get in.

34 INT. POLICE STATION - AUTUMN AFTERNOON

34

Four officers: SHINGLETON, the three-striper with a buzzard-like angularity, sits dispatch, reading a paper. MITCH, pockmarked and not so very long out of his teens, is monkeying around with the coffee machine. GALT, a thirty-year-old built like an upright freezer with a head on it, typing up a report. BALFORD cleans his nails with a paper clip.

*
*

On the CUT, Teasle, carrying the sleeping bag, enters with the cuffed Rambo in tow. He blasts the paint-stuck counter gate open with the heel of his hand.

TEASLE

Get over there -- move!

34A SUBLIMINAL CUT - O.S. TIGER CAGE

34A

Heavy rain. We are looking through a bamboo grate into a vile cesspool that holds Rambo and several other prisoners.

34B INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

34B

Rambo stands in front of the counter that divides the room.

SHINGLETON

(reacting to Rambo)

Talk about sorry-looking humanity.

Rambo quickly eyes several glass-front gun cases that surprisingly house some very powerfully scoped and unscoped automatic para-military rifles, several seven shot riot guns and assorted pistols... on the wall are many stuffed animal heads with Teasle's picture beneath each one posing with the dead animal.

(CONTINUED)

34B CONTINUED:

34B

TEASLE

(flinty sarcasm)

Take this one downstairs and book
him for vagrancy, resisting arrest,
and carrying a concealed weapon.

Tosses knife on the counter.

SHINGLETON

Mike, Galt -- get on it.

TEASLE

... And do something to clean him
up. Smells like an animal.

MITCH

... Let's go.

He herds Rambo toward the open security door. Galt
rises balefully to lend a hand. Teasle starts toward
his office, staring wiltingly at Rambo.

35 INT. POLICE STATION CELL BLOCK - WATER HOSE - DAY 35

It shoots a heavy spray across the concrete floor, past
three empty cells toward the drain at its far end,
above it, a shower head. The man at the nozzle is
PRESTON, a pensioner as much as a cop. Painter's
paraphernalia disorders this place too, and as Preston
works, he keeps a knowing eye on the open door at the
foot of the stairs through which he can see Mitch and
Galt starting to process Rambo.

36 PROCESSING ROOM - DAY 36

Filing cabinets, camera and mug shot screen, charts for
fingerprint analysis, etc.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

Two small windows, with crossed bars, are set high on the wall of the basement. Shafts of light stream through. Mitch uncuffs Rambo as Galt rolls a fresh arrest sheet into the typewriter.

GALT
Name?

Rambo does not reply. Galt and Mitch exchange a glance.

GALT
(continuing)
What's the name?

Rambo remains silent.

GALT
(continuing)
The name?

Rambo looks away.

GALT
(continuing)
You want problems? You came to the right place, buddy. What's your name?

Rambo just stares out of a barred window as the shafts of sunlight cut into the room.

GALT (O.S.)
(continuing)
Last time I'm gonna ask --

MITCH
Galt -- wait!

37 RAMBO'S HAND

37

catches Mitch's hand. Mitch has noticed a section of chain at the base of Rambo's neck and tried pulling it out. The men are frozen eye-to-eye.

MITCH
Easy --! Just want to see what's on your neck.

The tip of Galt's truncheon presses into the flesh of Rambo's cheek. His look invites carnage.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

GALT

You've got three seconds before
I break your face in.

MITCH

He means it.

Rambo slowly relinquishes hold of Mitch's wrist.
Galt tears off chain and reveals a set of dog tags.

GALT

How 'bout that? Hairy here's a
soldier. John J. Rambo. *

Silence. *

GALT

You're going to talk to me, soldier,
I promise you. *

Silence. *

GALT

I'm beginning to dislike you. *

MITCH

I'll run a make on him -- put his
name on the teletype. *

38 OMITTED

39

6

39A

38 *

39 *

6

39A*

40 PROCESSING ROOM

40

Galt and another large cop named WARD are trying to
fingerprint Rambo. The ink is on Rambo's fingers,
but he refuses to place his hand on the police print
card. Ward tries to push Rambo's hand down.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

GALT

Push it!

WARD

It won't work this way. It'll
only smear around.

GALT

Look, you sonofabitch -- put your
hand down there or I'm gonna
break it!

Rambo does not move...

GALT

(continuing; yells)

Put it down!

Galt, massive with anger, expertly brandishes the
truncheon. Rambo moves three yards back. His stance
is slack, his eyes cold and calm.. Galt moves towards
him.

TEASLE

Galt! What the hell's going on?

Galt's stained face tells it.

GALT

Nothing I can't handle. *

WARD

He won't let us print him, Will.

TEASLE

(to Rambo)

Why are you doing this, huh?
Right now you're looking at the
ass end of a ninety-day incarceration
and a two hundred and fifty dollar
fine. *

Rambo has taken measure of Teasle -- the crisp uniform,
the special sidearm, the steely-eyed authority.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

TEASLE

(continuing)

Now you're going into court at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. We're gonna try to make you a little more presentable, so between now and then you can impress the hell out of me by doing exactly what you're told...

(to Galt)

Clean him up.

Exits room.

41 INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

41

Mitch, Galt and a pockmarked deputy named WARD stand outside a cell staring at Rambo.

GALT

Alright -- get those rags off.

Rambo slides his eyes toward Galt. They appear lazy and heavy-lidded, like a lounging reptile.

GALT

(continuing)

I said, get 'em off now!

Rambo looks away -- toward the adjacent cell block. At the precise moment Galt starts to move in, Rambo glides back, slowly taking off his jacket and letting it fall to the floor. Slower still, he goes about removing his jeans. As he steps out of them, Mitch and Galt react to --

42 RAMBO'S THIGH

42

It bears a cruel scar on a field of glazed tissues. Rambo pulls off his sweatshirt, the last of his clothes.

GALT

Hold up your arms and turn around.

Rambo does. His back is criss-crossed by dozens of small, jagged scars.

MITCH

(to Galt)

Jesus -- What the hell's he been into?

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

Nothing from Rambo. A beat, then --

GALT

Who cares.

MITCH

C'mon, Galt, we should report this to Teasle -- God look at that.

GALT

(to Mitch)

You stay here...

(turns to Rambo)

I owe him.

Galt wields his truncheon into Rambo's exposed kidney, and he drops in agony.

MITCH

... Damn, Galt!

GALT

Now the man said to clean him up.

43

INT. CELL BLOCK - RAMBO

43

High-powered firehoses -- spray is plastering Rambo against the cell wall. The hose is held by Preston.

44

MITCH AND GALT AND WARD

44

*

standing by, watching. Mitch does not like the painful treatment being dished out to Rambo, and turns away and lights a cigarette.

GALT

Don't forget to get behind his ears.

45

Omitted

45

*

FIRST BLOOD - Rev. 11/24/81

46 INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

46

Preston sets a chair in the middle of the room. Mitch guides Rambo towards it. Ward is in the background. Preston crosses to the sink and captures some water in the mug which he starts whipping into lather. Rambo's eyes follow his every move.

GALT

(to Preston)

Hurry up -- I wanna get home and eat...

(to Rambo)

... get your ass in that chair!

(as Rambo pauses)

Goddammit, I said -- in the chair!
-- Go on!

Out comes the truncheon, prodding, jabbing. Rambo's eyes flicker dangerously as he attempts to slide away. But then both Mitch and Galt are on him, muscling him into the chair. Galt gets his club around Rambo's neck and pulls him back.

MITCH

Let's forget this and get Teasle down here.

GALT

This guy thinks he's real tough!

MITCH

Can't you see?!

GALT

See what?

MITCH

See the guy's crazy!

GALT

I don't care what he is. Hold him down!

47 RAMBO

47

every muscle in his body tensing, his eyes on --

48

PRESTON

48

Rambo is pinned to the chair -- Rambo is becoming crazed.

PRESTON

Most action we had in months!

GALT

Hurry up!

Rambo's gaze travels to --

49

OMITTED

49

50

EXT. VIETNAM
(SUBLIMINAL - BLACK AND WHITE) POLES

50 *

Cut

Heavy rain. Rambo is naked, except for brown G.I. underpants and dog tags. Rambo's arms and neck are bound to a bamboo yoke with a wire around his neck that restricts any movement. He is painfully hoisted a foot off the ground.

51

RAMBO

51

shakes his head as if to rid himself of a nightmare. PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Mitch and Galt standing on either side of him. The kid's body tenses and begins to tremble. He tries pulling his head away, but Galt grabs a handful of hair and holds him.

PRESTON

... Hold still or you'll cut your own throat.

52

VERY TIGHT - RAMBO

52

reacting to --

53

PRESTON'S HANDS

53

as the straight razor is opened, the blade glinting. It starts towards Rambo's face.

54

EXT. VIETNAM
(SUBLIMINAL - BLACK AND WHITE) RAMBO AND V.C. OFFICER

54 *

Rambo is hung arms spread from a pair of poles. He is

Cut *

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

(54)
CWT

He is filthy and emaciated. The V.C. officer stands alongside Rambo, shouting and spitting on him. The officer pulls out a large knife.

55 RAMBO

55

straining to the maximum. Every vein in his neck is swollen as the razor moves closer.

PRESTON

Hold him tighter! Wanna get this right.

56 EXT. VIETNAM

56 *

(SUBLIMINAL - BLACK AND WHITE) RAMBO AND V.C. OFFICER *

Just for kicks, the officer holds it up so Rambo can see it and slices it across his back many times -- Rambo screams each time he is cut. The CAMERA MOVES IN. TIGHTER on Rambo.

57 RAMBO

57

The scream is erupting from his mouth. It stuns the cops as intended. And what follows happens with incredible speed -- a blurring flash of action.

An unseen crack (like snapping bone) drops Preston like a sash-weight. He goes down as Mitch rises, gasping from the kick to his balls. As he doubles up, a knee to the face snaps him erect, and back on his heels, smashing him into the wall. While Mitch is still reeling back --

Rambo is already dealing with Galt, who is furiously whipping the truncheon. So swift, so sure, so smooth are Rambo's moves one would swear he previously choreographed them in his mind. He evades two swipes and catches Galt's wrist midway through the third. He primes it and lunges back against the grain, throwing the big man ass over heels into a violent smack of cell bars. Ward is eliminated from the brawl with equal alacrity.

*
*

58 STAIRWAY - TEASLE

58

has heard the carnage and is now clattering down toward Rambo who is streaking up. Seeing Teasle, Rambo dives and lifts, catapulting him over his back. Teasle lands hard at the foot of the stairs. The inertia carries him to a sliding stop near Mitch, who is braying and retching with pain.

59 RAMBO'S POV

59

Shingleton is coming in fast, his sidearm drawn. Rambo dives from f.g. hitting the scaffolding supports that surround the door.

*

60 SCAFFOLDING

60

teetering, twisting, disassembling, falling toward Shingleton who looks up in horror. He cries out, reflexively FIRING the GUN as the scaffold disintegrates, planks, paint, cans and steel poles bouncing and rolling across the unconscious man.

61 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY - RAMBO

61

races across the main office. Balford is dealt with. A late-arriving cop, LESTER, is coming through the front door with an armful of supplies. He reacts to Rambo in midair, vaulting the counter. Too late.

*

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 61

Rambo chops the flat edge of his palm across Lester's nose. Lester drops. Rambo grabs his knife still lying on the desk and hits the door without having broken stride.

62 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - RAMBO 62 *

Clad to the waist, he bursts out into the hot glare of the afternoon sun.

63 PASSERSBY, SHOPPERS, MOTORISTS, HUNTERS 63

reacting as they discover the presence of the furious man.

Rambo looks around for his avenue of escape, sees one and sprints toward it.

64 EXT. STREET - DAY - PASSING MOTORCYCLIST AND RAMBO 64 *

A large, helmeted, tough-looking cyclist has made the mistake of slowing down to look. Rambo shoves hard. The cyclist hits the pavement. The back wheel of the fallen bike is grinding angrily for purchase. Rambo muscles it up, mounts and roars off.

65 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - TEASLE 65 *

is charging out of the station house. Galt is a dozen steps behind, operating the bolt of a high-powered rifle. He stops, shoulders it, aims --

66 POV OF RAMBO THROUGH TELESCOPIC SIGHT 66

The kid slaloms traffic as if born to the bike. There are pedestrians everywhere. A smack BLURS us around to --

67 TEASLE 67

hacking the rifle down and taking charge of the weapon.

GALT
I'm gonna kill him!

Now, he sees Galt's face is wild with rage. One streaming eye presages a wicked mouse.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

TEASLE

Get in there and get some help!

Galt grits back his rage and hurries into the station house. During the above, a score of onlookers has gathered. Every eye is fixed on Teasle, as he dashes into a patrol car. Introduce the ROAR OF THE MOTORCYCLE.

68 MOTORCYCLE 68

Its wheels rip across the FRAME, spewing a curtain of gravel, dust and exhaust through which cars are swerving, BRAKES SCREAMING. We hear CRASHING METAL, then see the car fishtailing into our laps, cutting our vista down to a hubcap.

69 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 69

Rambo cycles on into the distance, leaving two wounded vehicles in his wake. A distant SIREN is WAILING and now SCREAMING as Teasle's cruiser shoots by, pursuing the cycle.

70 EXT. HIGHWAY & INTERSECTION #2 - DAY - RAMBO 70 *

He zooms past the YOU ARE NOW LEAVING HOPE SIGN and hangs a breakneck turn onto a dirt road which snakes up toward the distant mountains. The SIREN persists, GROWING LOUDER. *

71 EXT. DIRT ROAD - RAMBO 71 *

grinding the bike uphill. Far behind him, just visible through the dust, Teasle's cruiser turns off the highway to follow. Rambo glances back and spurs the bike overland through an open gate and down a narrow wagon road. This is rough, hilly meadowland, overshadowed by massive mountain forests. Sensing freedom, Rambo glimpses back and reacts to --

72 EXT. WAGON ROAD - OPEN GATE - DAY 72

The cruiser rockets through, demolishing rails with its sidespin, recovering and coming on.

73 EXT. CREST OF HILL - DAY - RAMBO 73 *

Less sure of escape, he powers the bike uphill.

(CONTINUED)

- 73 CONTINUED: 73
He gains the rugged crest and posts through mid-air.
- 74 OMITTED 74 *
- 75 OMITTED 75 *
- 76 OMITTED 76 *
- 77 OMITTED 77 *
- 78 EXT. HILLCREST - CRUISER - DAY 78
Its underside slowly appears and edges over.
- 79 OMITTED 79 *
- 80 EXT. MEADOW - RAMBO CYCLING - DAY 80
The mountain forests are very close now, and the terrain is growing increasingly rugged. At a rise, Rambo slows, stops and REVS. He surveys what is ahead, then looks back.
- 81 RAMBO'S POV - CRUISER 81
It is doggedly picking its way through the meadow, looking mean and battered. We can hear the CYCLE REVS stocking up full power.

- 82 EXT. - STREAM - HILL - DAY - RAMBO 82 *
- ROARS off and down, leaping the bike over a narrow stream and heading into the draw between two densely brushed slopes. The woodland is rising abruptly and so is the draw. The bike is gasping and slowing. It is hanging back before it falls and Rambo jumps free, letting it roll crashing back toward the stream where --
- 83 EXT. STREAM - DAY - CRUISER 83 *
- is appearing. Its front end drops with the land, skidding and braking hard to avoid the stream. The cruiser spins to a violent stop, amid rocks and brush at the water's edge.
- 84 TEASLE 84
- rams his shoulder against the driver's door, but it is jammed. He scrambles across the front seat to the passenger door and out into a rats nest of foliage. He hacks through, dropping and nearly losing balance as one leg sinks knee-deep into the stream. He wades ahead, bringing into view the crashed motorcycle near the opposite bank. Teasle wades across, draws his sidearm.
- 85 PAST CRASHED MOTORCYCLE - TOWARD TEASLE 85
- wading to it, examines it cursorily, looks off toward --
- 86 TEASLE'S POV - MOUNTAIN FOREST 86
cut
- in the fading light, an impenetrable ocean of deep green.
- 87 TEASLE - DRAW 87
- walks into the draw, appraising the steep slope he knows Rambo climbed. Holstering his gun, he cups his hands, calls --
- TEASLE
I know you can hear me. You're over! You're going as far as you're gonna go!
- 88 EXT. FOREST - DAY 88
- Teasle's voice carries on the breeze, but there is no response, only the forest silence. *

*Condensed
11/91-94*

- 89 OMITTED 89 *
- 90 EXT. FOREST - DAY - RAMBO 90 *
- catching his breath on a craggy rise, his gaze scans through the forest and spies an abandoned quarry. He rushes over and sees an old piece of canvas. He quickly cuts a large square in the canvas and fashions a poncho ... tying a worn piece of rope around his waist to cinch the poncho tighter to his body. He flees. *
- 91 EXT. STREAM - DAY 91 *
- Both cruisers come to a jerky stop at the hillcrest. Lester and Mitch emerge. Teasle wades back toward them, observing how both are hurting. Lester's nose is taped and stuffed with cotton. Shiners are growing under his eyes. *

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

TEASLE

He's up there, above that draw.
 Radio in that I want Orval and
 his damn dogs up here. Tell him
 to bring his Dobermans -- It's
 going to rain -- we need dogs that
 can hunt on sight. Lester, I want
 that sawmill helicopter now. If
 anyone gives you any lip, you cite
 'em for obstruction on the spot.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

He stares up at the mountains as the CAMERA PUSHES IN.

TEASLE

(continuing)

We'll get him, no problem.

92 VARIOUS SHOTS - STREAM #2 - DAY - RAMBO

92

*

THUNDER RUMBLES as Rambo hikes upstream, pushing his
 stamina to the limit. The escape and increasing cold
 have taken their toll. Each step is a little more
 arduous, a little less sure. Soon, he misjudges the
 stream bottom and trips forward into a splash landing.
 He rests there, winded, trembling. He is angry with
 himself too -- like a fine athlete gone to seed.
 Quickly, he pushes to a half stand, trembling violently,
 before he moves on, flapping himself for warmth.

93 HELICOPTER - AFTERNOON

93

seen against a cloud-impacted sky, prowling the moun-
 tain, flying quite low as it skims the dense forest
 regions. A voice, magnified by a bullhorn, announces --

*

BULLHORN VOICE

Attention: Anyone in this area.
 Attention: Hunters. There is a
 dangerous fugitive at large and a
 police manhunt is in progress.
 Evacuate this area immediately!

The above is repeated throughout the "copter's" changes,
 of course.

94 EXT. FOREST #2 - DAY
ANOTHER ANGLE - HELICOPTER - SEEN THROUGH BRANCHES

94

*

as it loops down to almost treetop level, shaking the
 upland stretch of forest with its whapping ENGINE ROAR
 and BULLHORN message.

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED:

94

It passes overhead and circles toward another high forest mass.

Now, CAMERA ANGLES DOWN AND SLOWLY MOVES IN on the undergrowth of the forest just passed. For a moment we see nothing more than leaves and branches until they stir and a human figure materializes. He watches the helicopter diminish in the distance.

Now, he moves out, heading toward the peaks. But it is obvious that the camouflage and the 'copter's presence inhibits his progress.

95

EXT. FOREST #2 - DAY
VARIOUS SHOTS - FOREST - POSSE

95

Three Doberman tracking dogs pull ORVAL, a young, hard-looking hunter, rapidly uphill. Teasle and Shingleton are next, followed by Mitch, Ward and Balford, a young reserve officer whose jocular spirits suggest a day of sport shooting with the boys. Teasle and Shingleton carry small walkie-talkies and both occasionally shoot worried looks through the treetops to the gathering storm clouds. It is obvious that these men are well acquainted with the terrain. They move quickly and surely in contrast to Rambo.

SHINGLETON

(jogging)

Won't be much longer, Will. You'll have him skinned, stuffed and hangin' on your wall.

TEASLE

Just keep moving.

Orval's dogs swerve towards Ward. He recoils.

WARD

Don't get those dogs near me, Orval. I don't trust the bastards.

ORVAL

(smiles)

Then keep moving 'cause they can eat and run at the same time.

Just then, the dogs strain against their leashes and veer off in a radical direction change.

ORVAL

(continuing)

Look at that.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

WARD

What?

TEASLE

He's headed straight up to the summit.

ORVAL

Straight for it.

BALFORD

(to Mitch)

Summit. He tells us this guy's dangerous. Hell, what he is is dumb.

SHINGLETON

But he's got some stamina. I'll say that much. *

MITCH

This whole thing is no good. *

BALFORD

Why? *

MITCH

No good -- I'm tellin' ya. There was three of us holding him down and he went through us like we weren't even there! *

96 EXT. FOREST #3 - DAY - RAMBO

96 *

moving cautiously but steadily up grade, hugging the trees for cover, his eyes constantly searching the sky for sight of the prowling 'copter. Rambo stands there for a moment, straining to hear, to fix the distance separating them, then removes a compass from the handle of his knife.

RAMBO

(heaving)

C'mon, get your breath -- get your breath! Which way?

(looks at the compass)

North.

97 EXT. FOREST #3 - DAY - POSSE

97

*

Its pace is determined by the energy of the dogs who have the scent and are lunging furiously at it.

98 EXT. FOREST #4 - HIGHER ELEVATION - DAY - RAMBO

98

*

kneels at the forest edge, surveying --

99 ROCKS

(99)
cut

They rise in a steep craggy wall where this stretch of forest ends. Cloven through the wall is a narrow pass not much wider than a man's shoulders.

RAMBO

Get through it -- Get through it!
Don't get tired, c'mon!

He again searches the sky for a chopper, then moves out and up through the rubble of rock toward the summit pass.

100 VARIOUS ANGLES - THE PASS - RAMBO

(100)
cut

Rambo works his way up the chimney-like incline, eventually reaching --

RAMBO

... Faster!

- 101 THE SUMMIT - MEADOW OF PROMONTORY - DAY

(101)
cut

As Rambo hoists himself up and over the final narrow niche and stands at the summit's edge, we see that it opens onto two thousand yards of exposed, boulder-strewn grassland, surrounded on all sides by a grey, fulminating sky. It is running, not hiding country, and as Rambo leaves the pass, he is doing just that, crossing the open ground at a full run.

101A EXT. - WOODED SLOPE - DAY

101A *

Rambo runs down a thickly wooded slope. Suddenly, he breaks out of the woods to find himself, to his horror, on the edge of a precipice looking down a deep gorge with a ROARING river at its bottom. *

RAMBO

What the hell! You trap yourself! *
Dumb bastard! ... Gotta get out. *
Gotta get out. *

His head snaps around and he starts back in the direction from which he's come. But now he's brought up short by the SOUND OF THE DOGS, closer now, and augmented by the occasional SHOUT OF SOMEONE in the posse. *

- 102 OMITTED 102 *
- 103 EXT. CLIFFSIDE WOODS - DAY 103 *
- Rambo realizes backtracking would take him right into the arms of the posse.
- Shedding his camouflage, he reverses his field again and races to the far edge of the promontory.
- 104 EDGE OF PROMONTORY - RAMBO 104
- reaching the edge of the precipice. He runs along the edge looking for a way down. *
- 105 RAMBO'S POV FROM THE LEDGE - CLIFF FACE 105
- dropping one hundred sheer feet to a knot of treetops and rock.
- RAMBO
... Don't think -- move.
- 106 RAMBO 106
- mulling over his options. There are none. He studies the cliff face, looking for handholds, crevices, outcroppings.
- 107 EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY - RAMBO 107
- slowly works his way down, finding holds and testing them, sometimes dangling by his fingertips, his shoes scratching for purchase.
- SHORT DISSOLVE TO:
- 108 CLIFF FACE - RAMBO 108
- has managed to cover some forty feet...

(CONTINUED)

- 108 CONTINUED: 108
 ... and is inching slowly downward when the first WHAPPING SOUNDS OF THE HELICOPTER are heard. He looks around frantically. No sight of the chopper yet. Just the SOUND which places it somewhere in the vicinity.
- 109 EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY 109
 hovers above the forest edge near the pass.
- 110 HELICOPTER'S POV - POSSE 110
 filtering into the pass. Teasle is signaling it onward toward the promontory. *
- 111 EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY - RAMBO 111 *
 descends punishing inches at a time, fingers bloody, sweat running into his eyes. The DRONE OF THE HELICOPTER is gathering volume now and he looks frantically about, trying to spot it. It suddenly appears above him with a deafening CLATTER.
- 112 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY - PILOT AND GALT 112 *
 Sunglasses only partly disguise the swollen side of Galt's face. Galt looks away, and the PILOT reacts to something he sees over his outside shoulder. He raps Galt's arm and points toward it.
 PILOT
 On the cliff --
- 113 HELICOPTER'S POV - RAMBO 113
 hanging on the cliff face, looking back.
- 114 HELICOPTER - PILOT AND GALT 114
 Galt tears off his glasses and drags out the high-powered H.K. 91 scoped rifle from behind the seat.
 PILOT
 What're you doing?
 GALT
 Just bring it around!

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

PILOT

He's unarmed.

Galt is expertly threading his arm through the rifle sling and twisting around to keep Rambo in view.

PILOT

(continuing)

I didn't come up here for that.
We're just supposed to spot him.

GALT

Bring it around!

The Pilot angles the chopper away from the cliff face, rising above the embankment. He indicates the walkie-talkie --

PILOT

Just get on that radio and tell
Teasle we spotted him.

GALT

Just fly where I tell you!

PILOT

I didn't come up here for this!

Galt grabs the Pilot by the shirt collar. The Pilot is terrified by Galt's rage.

GALT

You listen, If that sonofabitch
makes it down, you've lost him and
you'll answer for it! Hear!

115 CLIFF FACE - RAMBO

115

Given time by the inexplicable behavior of the chopper, he has worked his way several body lengths down. Now, the ROAR is back and he twists around to see --

116 THE HELICOPTER 116

shuttling around and hovering alongside the face of the cliff. Galt is no more than twenty-five yards away, taking aim. The chopper is bouncing and jostling in the air currents of the cliff.

117 PILOT AND GALT 117

GALT

Hold it steady!

PILOT

I can't -- we're in a thermal draft!
Jesus, Galt, he's stuck there.
He can't go anyplace.

The pilot reaches over, touching Galt's forearm. Galt hacks the hand away and shoulders the rifle.

118 GALT'S POV - OVER RIFLE SIGHT - RAMBO 118

The target rises, falls and wanders with the unsteadiness of the helicopter.

GALT'S VOICE

Get closer and hold it steady!

PILOT'S VOICE

I told you -- we're in a draft. We're
too close to the side of the gorge.

119 GALT 119

stares balefully at the Pilot.

GALT

You fly this thing right or I
swear I'll break your neck!

Intimidated, the Pilot tries steadying the chopper. Galt snaps off his seat belt to stretch for a cleaner shot. He puts his eye to the sight. He leans way out of the chopper.

CRACK. Galt FIRES.

120 RAMBO 120

ROCK EXPLODES near his back.

- 121 GALT 121
grimaces, sets for another shot as the chopper drifts.
- 122 RAMBO 122
Rock explodes two feet from his head.
- 123 EXT. PROMONTORY MEADOW - DAY 123
Teasle and the posse have halted, reacting to what they hear. *
- 124 OMITTED 124
- 125 TEASLE 125
hollers into his walkie-talkie.
TEASLE
What the hell's going on
Galt? Respond -- what the hell're
you doing? *
- 126 HELICOPTER - PILOT AND GALT 126
Through the walkie-talkie holstered on Galt's belt --
TEASLE'S VOICE
Sound off! What's going on up
there? What're you people doing?
The pilot makes a vain grab for the walkie-talkie on
Galt's belt, but it is holstered on the far side.
Galt FIRES. ✓
- 127 RAMBO 127
Rock explodes above his head. CARANG! Inches from
his face, stone fragments nicking him. Rambo spits
away the dust only to see the chopper sway and drift
a bit, then swing in and hover closer than ever. In
desperation, he looks down.

- 128 RAMBO'S POV 128
A horrifying drop to sharp rock. The closest treetop, a lush fir, is yards from the cliff and thirty feet below him.
- 129 HELICOPTER - PAST GALT AND RAMBO 129
As Galt FIRES, Rambo pushes off and falls, spreading like a diver.
- 130 EXT. TREETOP - DAY - RAMBO 130 *
plunges down, crashing through top branches and cracking to a stop against a stout limb, and then falls to the ground. He bellows with the pain of impact and grabs at his arm, which is badly cut. *
- 131 HELICOPTER - PILOT AND GALT 131
PILOT
Oh, Jesus -- he's dead?
GALT
I can't see him.
PILOT
He's dead!
GALT
Swing around!
- 132 HELICOPTER 132
moves forward, rises, arcs around, swoops down and back toward the treetops.
- 133 RAMBO 133
fighting off pain, nausea, nestled against the tree trunk. Now, in b.g., the chopper approaches, skimming low. Alerted by the ONCOMING ROAR, Rambo's face contorts with a rage so great that it seems to anesthetize the pain of the gaping wound on his arm. *
- 134 HELICOPTER - GALT 134
scanning the ground, treetops. Suddenly he points down.
GALT
There! Get in close!

135 PAST RAMBO - TOWARD HELICOPTER 135

closing in, maneuvering for position. Rambo huddles as close to the trunk as possible. The DIN of the hovering CHOPPER is so great that Rambo does not hear the next SHOT, but bark and branches splatter around him. *

136 HELICOPTER - PILOT AND GALT 136

Galt is directing the pilot with gestures: "Back it up! -- Take it lower! -- Steady the mother!" Now he leans out of the cockpit for a closer shot.

137 RAMBO'S POV - THE HELICOPTER 137

Galt leaning out of the cockpit, setting himself.

138 SUBLIMINAL - EXT. VIETNAM - DAY - RAMBO (B. & W.) 138 *

imagining he is back in 'Nam and is being fired upon by a sniper.

139 PAST RAMBO - TOWARD HELICOPTER 139

slowly settling, steadying. Galt setting to aim it down Rambo's throat. Rambo grabs a rock as Galt leans from the incredibly close chopper. Rambo hurls the rock with all his strength. *

140 PILOT AND GALT 140

The rock hits the chopper's windshield in front of the Pilot. He recoils and the chopper dips steeply to one side. Galt, already leaning from the chopper, starts to fall. The Pilot gapes in horror as Galt teeters, then lurches out -- *

The following occurs in RAPID SHOTS -- *

141 OMITTED 141 *

142 RAMBO

142

- 143 RAMBO'S POV - GALT 143
 falling end over end straight down toward him, hitting the upper branches of the tree, crashing through.
- 144 GALT'S BODY 144
 as he falls through, hitting the earth with terrible, breaking force. *
- 145 RAMBO 145 *
 scrambles down the cliff towards Galt's body, enduring the stabbing pain from his badly bleeding arm. *
- 146 OMITTED 146 *
- 147 OMITTED 147 *
- 148 RAMBO AND GALT 148 *
 Rambo strips Galt's body of his broken rifle and jacket. The SOUND OF THE POSSE is almost directly above as Rambo frees Galt's rifle. He flicks a glance up at the cliff, then he races for the cover of the rocks behind him. *
- 149 PROMONTORY EMBANKMENT AND LEDGE - DOGS, ORVAL AND TEASLE
 are the first to appear at the rim of the embankment. *

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: 149

They slip-slide down the slope to the ledge, the helicopter rises in front of them out of the gorge. *

149A BASE OF CLIFF - THE ROCKS-RAMBO 149A *

Rambo is huddled against a rock. His arm is stained from a constant flow of blood. He unscrews the handle of his knife and removes a length of nylon fishing line and a small fish-hook. Without a moment's hesitation, he begins to sew the wound up. *

150 LEDGE - DOGS, ORVAL AND TEASLE 150

reach the edge and stare down. The dogs sniff the spot where Rambo lowered himself over, circle to see if the scent goes anywhere else, and return to the edge BARKING in frustration.

ORVAL

Jesus Christ! Look! *

Teasle grabs a pair of binoculars. *

151 POV FROM EMBANKMENT EDGE 151

Galz's body, one hundred feet below.

152 THE LEDGE - RAMBO'S POV 152

Seen from far below. *

Shingleton, Ward and Balford join the others, stand there staring down. PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Rambo on his knees, his attention on the activity on the ledge. He counts the number of bullets left in the rifle's clip. Five. He returns them to the clip and looks back at the ledge.

RAMBO

(distraught)

-- What did you start? What'd you start, man? You left this! You left this! What the fuck are you doin', man?

Rambo sets the rifle down and walks out of his cover.

153 LEDGE - TEASLE, ET AL. 153

trying to make sense of the carnage.

WARD

Poor bastard.

153 CONTINUED:

153

BALFORD

I can't figure it out -- How'd he
fall out?

WARD

What does it matter? He's dead.

ORVAL

C'mon, let's nail ass -- He can't
be far.

WARD

Sheriff! Look!

154 EXT. BASE OF CLIFF - DAY

154

Rambo steps out of the rocks. Teasle and his men
look at the unarmed man.

155 THE LEDGE - TEASLE

155

BALFORD

Looks like he wants to turn himself
in.

155A EXT. BASE OF CLIFF - DAY

155A

Rambo steps out of the rocks.

RAMBO

There's one man dead. It's not my
fault. I don't want any more hurt.

TEASLE

Give yourself up. Stay where you are.

RAMBO

I haven't done anything.

TEASLE

Don't move or I'll shoot you.

RAMBO

(moves away)

I haven't done anything.

Teasle fires a shot.

156 CLEARING

156

Rambo is grazed along the temple area and spins violently to the ground ... bloodstains between his fingers as he covers his wound, and dodges for cover as a RAIN OF BULLETS falls around him. He dives out of sight.

157 THE LEDGE

157

All the men are FIRING at the tree line, accomplishing nothing but tearing up good timber.

TEASLE

Hold your goddamn fire!!! -- Hold it!

157A EXT. GORGE - DAY

157A *

The deputies are gathered around Galt's body which is splattered on the rocks. Teasle takes some moss off Galt's face and rises. He pulls out his walkie talkie. *

TEASLE

Sheriff to base. Come in. *

LESTER (V.O.)

Go ahead, Will.

TEASLE

Lester, we're down in the gorge. *
Galt's dead alright. Repeat. Galt's *
dead. We're hot on this guy's trail. *
Where the hell's that goddamn chopper? *

LESTER (V.O.)

He won't come, Will. And anyway, it's *
raining like hell down here. The *
storm's coming your way. *

(CONTINUED)

158 OMITTED

158

159 LEDGE - TEASLE

159

TEASLE

I don't give a goddamn what's coming my way. Just get that chopper back here now. I don't want Galt's body left out here all night.

*
*
*
*

LESTER (V.O.)

I'll do what I can. Listen, Will, we sure picked one hell of a guy to mess --

(static)

-- came over the teletype a few minutes ago -- he's ...

(static)

... 'gressional medal --

TEASLE

Lester. Lester. You're breaking up. I didn't copy. Say again. Over.

*
*
*

LESTER (V.O.)

Teletype, Will -- Congressional medal of honour -- Green Beret.

(static)

-- kid's a full war hero.

And right on top of this.

WARD

Jesus, that freak?

*

MITCH

I knew there was something about that guy.

*
*

TEASLE

Lester. Are you sure that's a correct read-out? Over.

LESTER (V.O.)

Double-checked it -- it's right -- what do you want to do? Over.

TEASLE

I want you to do what I told you to do. Get that chopper back here now. Out.

*
*
*

159 CONTINUED:

159

He slips the switch. Silence. Every eye is on him. The first drops of rain start to fall. Mitch regards Teasle balefully.

MITCH

A Green Beret war hero! Great!
That's just great!

*
*

WARD

Why don't you shut your mouth?

*

TEASLE

What's the matter with you guys?
He's just one man who's wounded.

*
*

BALFORD

Those Green Berets are real bad
asses.

*
*

MITCH

Don't you think we should get the
State Police up here?

*
*

Teasle pulls Mitch towards Galt's body.

*

TEASLE

Look at him, boy! Goddamn it!
Just open your eyes and look at
him! He and I were friends when
your Momma was still wiping your
ass! You listen to me! He's
dead now! Look at his brains!
He's dead because of that
Goddamned psycho out there! Now
you listen to me, boy! And you
listen good! I'm gonna pin that
Congressional medal of honour to
his liver! With you or without
you!

*
*
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*
*
*

BALFORD

I'm ready when you are.

He rises.

5

- 160 CLOSE - TEASLE 160
staring up at the lightning and THUNDER.
- 161 EXT. SKY - DUSK 161
boiling with dark clouds. Light rain.
- 162 EXT. FOREST #5 - DUSK 162
Hours have passed. Rain splashes through leaves and
branches.
- 163 EXT. FOREST #5 - DUSK 163
Rambo is seen hacking small branches into points.
- 164 EXT. FOREST #5 - DUSK 164
Teasle and the men are in hot pursuit.
- 165 EXT. FOREST #6 - DUSK 165
Rambo is shredding his clothing and tying twigs and
other camouflage onto his shirt.

166 EXT. FOREST #6 - NIGHT - TEASLE AND THE OTHERS 166 *

The rain is coming down much more heavily now and the sky is dark. CAMERA PANS Orval and the dogs as Teasle leads the men.

167 BALFORD AND WARD - OTHERS IN B.G. 167

ORVAL

They're losing the scent.

TEASLE

Keep moving!

MITCH

Let's get out before it floods over!

BALFORD

Shut up and move!

MITCH

What if he circled back.

WARD

So what. Move, you goddamn pansy.

MITCH

Put your gun down and I'll show you who's a pansy. *

WARD

(lowers his gun)

C'mon -- He thinks he's Galt now. *

TEASLE

(grabs Ward)

What the hell are you doing! Just keep moving! *

MITCH

The man's gone! *

TEASLE

I said move!

Up ahead, in the flashing lightning, Rambo's outline is seen by Orval and the dogs.

ORVAL

There! There!

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

BALFORD

Kill him!

TEASLE

(to Orval)

Turn 'em loose!

Orval frees the dogs.

ORVAL

(to dogs)

Attack!

Balford FIRES at the outline of Rambo as Orval and the dogs charge forward. TWO SHOTS THUD into two of the dogs jolting them backwards. THREE SHOTS EXPLODE into Orval's legs, catapulting him into the mud...

ORVAL

(continuing)

I'm hit -- Oh goddamn, I'm hit!

TEASLE

Get down!

The men flatten out as the last Doberman leaps at Rambo, who is camouflaged. The other men are FIRING at Rambo. Rambo retreats into the woods with the dog snarling viciously on his heels.

ORVAL

Kill him!

168 ORVAL

168

stretched out, his legs blown open, rain running down his face.

ORVAL

Kill him!

Suddenly the dog's demonic GROWLS and SNARLS are cut short... The lawmen are consumed with the unnerving silence.

BALFORD

(prone position)

Where did he get a gun?

168 CONTINUED:

168

They look hard at the form of Rambo, which is nothing more than a shirt propped across a pair of sticks, their faces staring down at Balford in shocked silence as the sky unloads upon them with vengeance.

169 TEASLE

169

Teasle crawls over to Orval in a combat fashion.

ORVAL

Get him! Damn it. Get him!

TEASLE

(to the men)

Put a tourniquet around his legs.
Move!

ORVAL

Look at my legs -- Kill him!

170 MITCH, WARD, BALFORD

170

hugging the ground.

WARD

Where'd he get a gun? *

TEASLE

It's gotta be Galt's. But he's
out of ~~ammo~~!

MITCH

How do you know?

TEASLE

'Cause whatever he stopped that
last dog with wasn't a bullet...
I want everybody to spread out --
fifty yards apart. There's
no way out of this canyon except
through us. *

MITCH

We're not gonna find him in this! *

TEASLE

Don't tell me what you don't know --
(to Orval) *

We'll be back soon. *

WARD

Let's do some huntin'! *

170 CONTINUED:

170

MITCH

You dumb bastard? We ain't huntin'
him, he's huntin' us!!

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

- 171 FOREST - SERIES OF ANGLES TO COVER - NIGHT 171
 What's happening now is this: The storm has turned into a cloudburst -- OPEN CLOSE on Mitch struggling against the downpour.
- 172 FOREST - NIGHT 172
 Rambo is seen dodging through the blackness.
- 173 FOREST - WARD 173
 Gripping his rifle and tense with fear, he moves deeper into the forest.
- 174 BALFORD 174
 moving through the downpour, his head constantly turning left and right.
- 175 SHINGLETON AND TEASLE 175
 rubbing the rain from their eyes as they scan the darkness.
- 176 FOREST 176
 A flash of lightning and the image of Rambo is seen moving through the downpour.

177 TEASLE

177

gets just a glimpse of Balford moving too slowly.

TEASLE
Keep moving, Balford.

BALFORD
I'm moving out -- I can't see a
damn thing.

TEASLE
Just keep moving. I'm
gonna flank left another fifty
yards.

177A EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

177A

A pair of muddy hands reach around Mitch's neck in a death lock. Mitch drops his weapon and begins to sag, eyes nearly bugging from their sockets. Mitch screams.

178 FOREST

178

Teasle, Ward, Balford and Shingleton freeze and then break charging forward to the WAILING of Mitch.

179 FOREST - RAMBO, MITCH

179

Rambo hits Mitch with a pair of forearm smashes on Mitch's collarbone that leaves him writhing on the ground. He empties Mitch's gun and hurls it away. We see a glimpse of Rambo as he dodges away.

180 WARD, BALFORD, SHINGLETON AND TEASLE

180

The men are fifty yards apart as they charge towards Mitch's screams.

181 FOREST - NIGHT

181

Ward is bolting full ahead when suddenly from what appears as soaked forest ground cover, a hand rises up and grabs the back of Ward's foot. He tumbles. Rambo rises from the forest floor and blends into the night.

WARD
Son of a bitch! Here! I see him!
Over here!

182 FOREST - NIGHT

182

Balford, Shingleton and Teasle freeze as Ward's screaming emanates from a different direction than Mitch's.

BALFORD

What the hell's going on!

WARD (O.S.)

Over here!

TEASLE

It's Ward! Spread out -- I'll go this way -- you get to Ward!

Teasle charges through the darkness and lightning.

183 FOREST - NIGHT

183

Balford is closing in on Ward's yells.

Balford freezes and looks at Rambo whose form is again detected in the flashing lightning. Rambo stands as an inviting target deliberately.

Balford FIRES HIS RIFLE at Rambo who rolls and springs away.

184 FOREST - TEASLE - NIGHT

184

With the skin-crawling SOUND of the wounded men's pleas filling his ears, Teasle pauses.

TEASLE

Who's firing? Who the hell's firing?!

185 FOREST - BALFORD - NIGHT

185

The young cop FIRES the last of his clip in Rambo's direction and he hears a body fall... Ward cries out in pain.

WARD (O.S.)

I'm hit! Hit!

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185

Ward holds his side and collapses on the ground holding his side.

WARD

(continuing)

Get him! He's over here!

186 TEASLE

186

He heads for the gunfire.

BALFORD

I got him!

He charges forward to claim what he thinks is the fallen Rambo.

BALFORD

(continuing)

I got him!!

Running towards the MOANING SOUND, Balford plunges full force into a row of eight needle sharp branches that have been fashioned into spears and embedded across the trail.

The spears are driven deeply into Balford's thighs. He is pinned into an upright position.

As he wails in agony, Rambo's face comes INTO VIEW clearly for the first time and it has an horrific effect... Rambo's face is caked with mud and so smeared that barely any white skin is showing... around his head is a headband that stems the flow of blood from his bullet wound. His body is covered with forest camouflage except for his arms that are also covered with mud... Balford grits his teeth and almost snarls at Rambo.

BALFORD

(continuing; shatteringly)

Go on -- kill me. Go on! I ain't beggin' -- kill me! Go on!!

Rambo empties Balford's gun and leaves.

187 FOREST - TEASLE - NIGHT

187

Teasle and Shingleton rush in the direction of Balford's voice. Branches cut his face.

BALFORD (O.S.)

- 188 FOREST - NIGHT 188
 Shingleton is hearing MOANS in three directions. He turns one way, then another. He heads toward Balford.
- 189 OMITTED 189
- 190 FOREST - TEASLE - NIGHT 190
 He follows Balford's wailing and sees him twenty yards ahead.
- TEASLE
 Shingleton! I've found him!
 Shingleton! Over here!
- 191 FOREST - NIGHT 191
 Shingleton is running toward Teasle's voice. He runs past a wide tree. A make-shift garrot is suddenly around his neck and he is yanked backwards.
- 192 FOREST - NIGHT 192
 Teasle is lowering the agonized Balford to the ground. His moaning, plus that of Mitch, Ward, Orval and Balford is pushing his mind to the breaking point... He now hears the STRANGLED CRIES of Shingleton.
- TEASLE
 Shingleton! Where are you!
- Teasle moves away from the moaning Balford.
- 193 TEASLE 193
 instinctively makes a move to go out to him; is driven back to cover by more lightning.
- 194 TEASLE'S POV - FAST PAN 194
 Rocks and trees. No life. No movement. The sky goes dark again. The THUNDER spends itself. Only the SOUND OF RAIN.

- 195 BACK TO SCENE 195
- Then, adding to the nightmarish quality of the moment, a FAINT CRY -- A MOAN. It startles Teasle. Shingleton? Or Rambo -- baiting? He swiftly makes his way to the edge of the outcropping and looks. Shingleton is pinned to a tree by a garrot that holds him by the neck to the tree. His hands are fastened behind his back by a pair of handcuffs. Each pitiful moan stabs at Teasle who remains hunched, staring out at the sight of Shingleton and the many cries for help. *
- 196 LOW ANGLE - PAST SHINGLETON - TEASLE IN B.G. 196
- An almost imperceptible struggling of the body, the sporadic moans. *
- Finally the lightning comes. Rambo sprints INTO VIEW and disappears. Teasle springs to a half crouch and FIRES. BULLETS rain down on Rambo. Bark rips off trees near his head. The ground kicks up near his feet. *
- 197 TEASLE 197
- charging away from the outcropping, past Shingleton, FIRING his pistol in the direction of Rambo.
- 198 OMITTED 198 *
- 199 OMITTED 199 *

- 200 FOREST - TEASLE 200
 charging towards position closer to where he believes
 Rambo is. *
- 201 OMITTED 201 *
- 201A OMITTED 201A *
- 201B OMITTED 201B *
- 201C OMITTED 201C *
- 202 FOREST - TEASLE 202 *
- The lawman stares over a narrow opening in the canyon
 and down a steep incline into the flow of a rather
 strong stream current. *
- 203 CLOSE - TEASLE 203
- His face expressionless. He rushes forward and looks
 for the fallen Rambo.
- 204 THE STREAM 204
- The lawman scans the dark water.
- 205 THE FOREST EDGE - TOWARD TEASLE 205
- He looks in a 360 degree circle and sees no trace of
 Rambo.

TEASLE

You goddam coward -- you're mine,
 understand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

205A EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

205A

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Rambo kneeling in
the downpour studying Teasle in darkness ...
Rambo slowly fades back into the darkness.

*
*
*

206 OMITTED

206

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

207 OMIT

207

208 EXT. FIELD HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

208

A number of vehicles are haphazardly parked -- cruisers representing both Hope and the State Police and other local police, ambulances, food wagon, army trucks and jeeps, etc. Two tents have been erected: a First Aid tent and a three-wall affair will be designated as the Communications Centre.

State Troopers in ponchos keep traffic-gawkers moving along.

National Guardsmen are in evidence, some huddled around open fires.

A helicopter bearing the dead body of Galt rides overhead, then lands on an improvised pad. TV newsmen rush up to film the scene.

Some of Teasle's deputies, lying on stretchers are located into the waiting ambulances.

A State Trooper vehicle pulls up: Captain Kern gets out and goes to the First Aid tent.

208A INT. FIRST AID TENT - DAY

208A

An attendant works on Teasle's cuts and scrapes. He's changed his clothing. Kern enters.

KERN

Only good thing to come out of this mess is the business they're doin' in town. Reporters are drinkin' the place dry.

Kern studies Teasle closely, shakes his head.

KERN

(continuing)

Will, you look like you're ready to keel over. Why don't you go home -- it's my problem now.

TEASLE

(looks up)

Your problem? Dave, don't give me any of that jurisdiction crap!

(CONTINUED)

208A CONTINUED

208A

Kern stifles an immediate reply, rises.

KERN
You overstepped, Will. If you'd called
me in the first place --

ATTENDANT
You want me to step outside?

KERN
(snaps)
Just finish up what you're doing.

Teasle's eyes are glued grimly on the ambulances that are
driving up to take his men.

KERN
Why didn't you leave the kid alone
in the first place?

TEASLE
Do you think the kid waltzed into town,
announced he was a congressional medal of
honor winner and just for a goof I decided
to lean on him? Christ man...I treated him
like he was a neighbour's kid I was doing
a favor for...

KERN
What did you do Will?

TEASLE
(intense suppressed anger)
I booked a man on vagrancy and resisting
arrest. I did my job.

KERN
You seem pretty well motivated on this
one.

TEASLE
Go look at my men and you'll see how
motivated I am. If that doesn't do it,
go talk to Art Galt's widow.

KERN
I hear you...listen Will, I got 25 men
I could bring in from Monroe.

An appreciative look from Teasle - an amalgamation of
forces. Lester unobtrusively enters the room.

(CONTINUED)

208A CONTINUED

208A

TEASLE

There's a lot of ground to cover. I want to build a net so tight he'll never get out.

209
thru
213

OMITTED

209
thru
213

214 EXT. FIELD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

214

A Government car pulls up. The driver, TRAUTMAN, leans out and addresses a TROOPER directing traffic.

TRAUTMAN

(to a Trooper)

Where do I find the officer honchoing this operation?

TROOPER

That'd be Chief Teasle.

(indicates)

I'd try the First Aid tent.

TRAUTMAN drives across the bridge and parks the car. With no hat and with a raincoat over his uniform we have no idea who he is, although his affable manner doesn't conceal his military bearing.

As Trautman walks towards the First Aid Tent, he passes a T.V. commentator taping a news item. Other T.V. and news people are in evidence.

COMMENTATOR

-- He is hiding somewhere in this rugged, mountainous terrain. What still remains unexplained is how the former Green Beret came into possession of the weapons with which he allegedly killed one deputy and tried to kill six others. Only their skilled training in law enforcement techniques saved their lives, and word has it that the fugitive will be in custody in a matter of hours.

215 INT. FIRST AID TENT - DAY

215

The Attendant leaves.

LESTER

Sir...uh Sherrif...you should know...I heard the...I was...

TEASLE

Lester spit it out for god's sake.

LESTER

Galt and them, they were hard on the kid. Mitch told me.

KERN

Assholes.

TEASLE

That doesn't make one goddamed bit of difference. If one of my deputies gets outta line with a prisoner, the prisoner comes to me with it and if it's like he says, then I kick the deputies ass...me...the law...that's the way its done...you start fucking with the law and all hell breaks loose...

He slaps the table angrily for emphasis.

TEASLE

(continuing)

I mean whatever possessed the good lord in heaven to make a man like Rambo.

TRAUTMAN

God didn't make Rambo. I made him.

All three men are taken aback. Kern looks nervously at Teasle, who is fascinated.

TEASLE

Who the hell are you?

TRAUTMAN

Sam Trautman. Colonel Samuel Trautman.

He goes over and shakes both of their hands. Trautman hands Teasle credentials.

TEASLE

What do you want here Colonel ...we're kind of busy.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED

215

TRAUTMAN

I've come about my boy.

KERN

Yours?

TRAUTMAN

John Rambo. I recruited him, trained him, commanded him in Vietnam for three years. I'd say that makes him mine.

216 EXT. FOREST #7 - DAY

216

Rambo is in a large tree. He is exhausted, but his eyes begin to grow wide. Voice comes over Galt's radio lying on the ground beside him.

RADIO OPERATOR'S VOICE

---access road and firebreak in the area. We have air coverage from all districts. The National Guard is on alert and ready to move -- Now, no one wants to see any more bloodshed.

Rambo's attention is centered on a buck moving below.

217 INT. FIRST AID TENT - MORNING

217

Teasle looks at Trautman's credentials. Then back at Trautman. Teasle doesn't like him. Trautman doesn't seem to mind.

TEASLE

Why send a full bird Colonel to handle this?

TRAUTMAN

The army thought I might be able to help out.

TEASLE

Well, I don't know in what way. Rambo's a civilian now. He's my problem.

TRAUTMAN

You see. You don't understand. I'm not here to rescue Rambo from you. I'm here to rescue you from him.

(CONTINUED)

Teasle nods. He appears to be less than overwhelmed.

TEASLE

Well, Colonel. I appreciate your concern, and I'll try to be extra careful.

217A EXT. FOREST #7 - DAY

217A

Moving through the underbrush and dense forest is the buck...Still in the tree, Rambo tenses his body and almost imperceptively removes his boot knife, never removing his eyes from the buck.

217B EXT. FIELD HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

217B

TRAUTMAN

You picked the wrong man to push.

TEASLE

No Trautman, he picked the wrong man.

TRAUTMAN

The boy is a heart attack. He may be the best Special Forces ever produced. Whatever you're going to throw at him here, he's been through a lot worse in a lot worse places than this.

Trautman takes a piece of paper out of his pocket and hands it to Teasle.

TRAUTMAN

You're lucky to be breathing.

TEASLE

Is that right?

TRAUTMAN

Strictly speaking, he shouldn't have slipped up...I'm amazed he let you and your posse live.

TEASLE

That's great. You want to see why your machine blew its gasket. What happens to a few stray civilians is a detail in the report.

(CONTINUED)

TRAUTMAN

This is what Rambo did to a garrison of NVA regulars. By himself. This is what he got the Medal of Honor for.

Teasle reads the document.

TRAUTMAN

It's the official version so they left out the nastier details.

TEASLE

It makes you wonder how we lost the war.

TRAUTMAN

It does, doesn't it.

TEASLE

Yeah. It was probably all those ordinary soldiers. What'd you guys call 'em? Grunts.

TRAUTMAN

Only when we were in a good mood.

7C EXT. FOREST #7 - DAY

217C

The intensity builds as the buck moves almost directly under Rambo...Rambo inches forward.

217D INT. TENT - DAY

217D

TRAUTMAN

I'm trying to make you see but you don't want to...you've run across an expert in guerilla warfare--a man who's the best with guns, knives, bare hands. He can ignore pain - ignore weather, live off the land, eat things that would puke a billygoat.

218 EXT. MOUNTAIN

218

The buck is in perfect position and Rambo pounces on its back. A wild fight commences.

219 INT. FIRST AID TENT - DAY

219

TRAUTMAN

In Vietnam, his job was to dispose of enemy personnel. To kill. Period. Win it all by attrition. Rambo was the best.

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED

219

TEASLE

You're as sick as he is. You talk about skill at killing like it's being able to play the violin.

TRAUTMAN

Call it perspective.

TEASLE

We've got a lot to thank you for. Turn this kid into a killer, then turn him loose at home. Now this town is paying the price.

TRAUTMAN

Look, Sheriff, I'm just trying to help.

TEASLE

O.K. Now that you've got us all scared what do you and Special Forces think I ought to do with your killer out there?

TRAUTMAN

Let him go.

TEASLE

What?

TRAUTMAN

For now. Defuse the whole situation. Defuse him. Provide a little gap, let him slip through, then, put out a nationwide APB. They'll pick him up in Seattle or somewhere, washing cars. No fight, nobody else gets hurt.

TEASLE

I do my own work and I don't figure the best way to do that is to close my eyes and hope this guy goes to Seattle.

TRAUTMAN

If you send people in there after him, they're going to die.

TEASLE

We may be just a small town Sheriff's department, but we're expected to do our duty just like our heroes in the Special Forces.

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED

219

TRAUTMAN

In Special Forces we teach our people to stay alive in the line of duty.

TEASLE

No shit? I never thought of that.

TRAUTMAN

You want a war you can't win?

TEASLE

You figure 200 men against your boy is a no-win situation for us.

TRAUTMAN

If you're going to send that many men, don't forget one thing.

TEASLE

What?

TRAUTMAN

A good supply of body bags.

Trautman walks out. CAMERA HOLDS on Teasle. He is unsettled by his loss of control and what it may have revealed to Trautman. Grasping for something to counter-attack with --

TEASLE

Trautman!

220 OMITTED

220

6

6

221

221

222 EXT. FIRST AID TENT - TRAUTMAN

222

turns to find Teasle coming after him, Kern follows.

TEASLE

I'm not sure just which side you're on. Maybe you're here to cover your ass. But if you're serious about taking him out clean, come with me.

He walks off, beckoning Trautman to follow.

223 EXT. MOUNTAIN OVERHANG - DUSK

223

Rambo enters and drops the huge buck and from his pocket removes dry weeds and unscrews the cap of his knife and removes a metal match...He strikes the match and lights the dry weed. The bored voice of the state police radio operator is heard over the walkie-talkie laying nearby. Rambo ignores it.

RADIO OPERATOR

State police to John Rambo -- acknowledge please -- John Rambo, acknowledge please, over.

224 INT. COMMUNICATIONS TENT - DAY

224

RADIO OPERATOR

(tired note)

State Police calling John Rambo. Do you read? Acknowledge.

He waits for the response he knows isn't coming, then continues with the litany.

In the background, we see Trautman, Teasle and Kern approaching.

RADIO OPERATOR

(continuing)

I just want to explain your situation to you. You are surrounded. All possible exits have been blocked, every highway, every road and firebreak.

The approaching trio enter the tent.

RADIO OPERATOR

You have our word that your service to the country will be taken into consideration and that you will receive fair treatment. Just respond and we can work everything out. Over.

Leans back.

TEASLE

He took a radio off one of the deputies.

KERN

He has to be listening. If I was in his position, I'd try and pick up some information, maybe catch some cross talk.

(CONTINUED)

TRAUTMAN

Of course he's listening, but he's not going to break radio silence.

TEASLE

Not for us. But he might do it for you. He's your boy.

TRAUTMAN

I can try.

TEASLE

Maybe you can talk him into sparing all our lives by giving himself up.

TRAUTMAN

I'll do what I can.

TEASLE

We'll at least be able to get a position on him. That is if you don't mind setting him up for us.

TRAUTMAN

Setting him up for you? That's like bringing pigeons to the cat.

224A OMITTED

225 INT. MINE - DUSK

224A *

225

Rambo scrunches close to the flames, stretches out, cradles his head on his arm and closes his eyes. We sense him drifting into half-sleep, his face reflecting the circus of his mind. He partly mutters, partly sings the music in his head.

RAMBO

"Purple haze in my brain,
'Bout to drive me insane ..."

226 FLASHBACK - INT. NEBRASKA BAR - SAIGON - NIGHT

226

Jimi Hendrix' "Purple Haze" blasting from the strobing JUKEBOX as a dozen Saigon beauties (mini-skirts, shorts, tube and tank tops) mix it up with enlisted men in civvies -- dancing, drinking, blowing dope --

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED:

226

Subjective CAMERA PANNING faces, old men of nineteen, seasoned whores of sixteen before we find the particular, uncommonly beautiful Vietnamese prostitute and --

MATCH CUT TO:

227 HER

227

slowly descending upon Rambo, her rich hair falling forward, as his hands tenderly caress and stroke and give love, as if he were pretending it weren't cash and carry.

They begin to make love and he strokes her hair... as he moves down to kiss her...

*
*
*

228 OMITTED

228

*

229 INT. MOUNTAIN OVERHANG - NIGHT

229

*
*

TRAUTMAN'S VOICE

Covey Leader calling Raven. Come on, Raven --

*
*

Rambo is startled, then instantly guarded, as he pulls his hands down from face. The code words are familiar -- even the filtered voice. Still, he throttles the impulse to respond. The static-punctuated silence has an unsettling effect.

*

TRAUTMAN'S VOICE

(continuing)

This is Covey Leader to Raven. Talk to me, Johnny.

*

230 OMITTED

230

231 RAMBO

231

Instinct and training at work.

TRAUTMAN'S VOICE

Covey Leader to identify Baker team.

Rambo -- Messner -- Ortega --

Coletta -- Jorgensen --

Danforth -- Berry -- Krackauer.

(beat)

Confirm? This is Colonel Trautman, please acknowledge.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

During this, Rambo's expression has grown reflective, his thoughts far away. He nods absently as though Trautman could see.

RAMBO

(to Trautman)

...They're all dead, Colonel.

TRAUTMAN'S VOICE

Rambo! Are you alright? Over?

RAMBO

Baker team -- They're all dead, sir.

TRAUTMAN

Not Delmar Berry -- Berry made it.

RAMBO

Berry's gone.

TRAUTMAN

How?

RAMBO

Got himself killed in Nam and didn't know it. Cancer ate him down to the bone. Got defoliated with orange once too much. Delmar ate nails, man! He had muscles in his shit. After all he came thru...

TRAUTMAN

I'm sorry to hear that. It's good to hear your voice, Johnny. It's been a long time.

Rambo stands and paces. The radio stays on the ground. Rambo is deep in his own mind.

TRAUTMAN'S VOICE

(continuing)

Rambo, you've done some damage here. But they don't want any more trouble. That's why I'm here. I can come up and fly you the hell outta there -- just you and me. We'll work this thing out together. Nobody's going to bother you.

(CONTINUED)

TRAUTMAN'S VOICE

Fair enough?

RAMBO

Where'd you come from?

TRAUTMAN
(off-guard)

...Fort Bragg.

RAMBO

Tried to get in touch with you, but those
guys at Bragg just never knew where to
find you.

TRAUTMAN

Well, they kicked me upstairs. I'm
shining a seat in Washington with my
ass.

RAMBO

I really wanted to be a civilian, Colonel.
I tried ... you have to take a lot of shit
being a civilian. I wish I was back in
Bragg.

TRAUTMAN

(trying to avoid subject)

...We'll talk about it when you come in.

RAMBO

...Can't do that.

TRAUTMAN

We aren't sending you out to waste friendly
civilians.

RAMBO

Friendly civilians? Here's no such thing.
Ask the sheriff if he's friendly...or the
sheriffs in the last fifty towns.

TRAUTMAN

I'm your friend, Johnny. I know you. I
was there, knee deep in it with you ...the
piss and blood. I kept watch on your ass.
Hell, Johnny, bailing you out of trouble
might get to be a whole life's work for me.

(CONTINUED)

FIRST BLOOD - Rev. 1/11/82

231

CONTINUED

231

RAMBO

Wouldn't be any trouble except for that kingshit cop.

Teasle stiffens ... eyes are on him.

RAMBO

(continuing)

The man kept pushin', sir.

TRAUTMAN

You did some pushing of your own.

RAMBO

They drew first blood, not me.

TRAUTMAN'S VOICE

Rambo, it doesn't matter who drew first blood. Let me come in and get you outta there.

(no response)

Rambo? You still reading me?

Rambo is not reading him. He sits in a dazed silence. His hand finds the walkie talkie and turns it off. HOLD on the faraway expression in his eyes before ...

232
thru
234

OMITTED

232
thru
234

235

INT. COMMUNICATIONS TENT - DAY

235

An awkward, uneasy silence here. Furtive glances exchange.

(CONTINUED)



235 CONTINUED:

235

TRAUTMAN
(half-heartedly)
Skill Leader calling Raven -- Rambo
-- Acknowledge.

TEASLE
... Now we get him by way.

He slowly exits the tent. Trautman flicks off the walkie-talkie and grins.

DISSOLVE TO:

236 CREST - MORNING

236

Rambo sits way above the swarming humanity below him. He wears a headband and appears to be mentally transported back to the jungles of Vietnam. He is humming the song, "Purple Haze".

d

237 CLOSE - TELEVISION COMMENTATOR - EARLY MORNING

237

COMMENTATOR

-- units of the National Guard
in conjunction with state and
local police began infiltrating
the rugged, mountainous terrain
early this morning...

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED:

237

PULL BACK to reveal the COMMENTATOR being photographed and recorded by the team of a mobile unit. The media has been granted access to an area on the opposite side of the road from the Field Headquarters. Cars, reporters and tape recorders, photographers, and the mobile TV unit. Mostly they're just milling around, waiting for developments.

COMMENTATOR

(continuing)

What still remains unexplained by local authorities is how and where the former Green Beret came into possession of the weapons with which he allegedly tried to kill six policemen. But only their skilled training in law enforcement techniques saved their lives, and word has it that the fugitive will be in custody in a matter of hours.

238 TRAUTMAN

238

His eyes are on --

239 TEASLE

239

standing alone, watching truck after truck of National Guardsmen move past. One by one the trucks swing away from Field Headquarters. Trautman comes along-side.

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED:

239

Teasle starts to say something about that, checks himself. Too much has already been said.

TEASLE

(continuing;
turns to Trautman)

Why couldn't you guys control
this bastard -- Now we gotta
do your dirty work. If he was
so good why the hell did he
leave the service? *

TRAUTMAN

Because he wanted to be an
ordinary workaday civilian
-- like them -- like you. *

It catches Teasle off guard. Before he can respond --

TRAUTMAN

(continuing)

He's not crazy -- not in the
sense you're thinking, Teasle.
... But he does have to be
stopped and I want the person
who does it to be someone who
understands him and goes through
his pain with him.

He downs the rest of his drink, pours another shot.

TEASLE

What are you covering up, Trautman?
The man's insane -- I served with
a lot of guys like this -- guys
already on the edge when they
joined up. But you took him anyway.

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED:

239

TRAUTMAN

No matter what you think, he was right for what we needed.

TEASLE

Then you turn loose a guy that can't do anything else but kill.

TRAUTMAN

Spare us the horseshit, Teasle! It was a matter of 'field expediency' -- Our job was to kill. Period. Nothing else. That's what Rambo was trained to do and did exclusively for nearly three years. He did everything we asked of him and more. Including spending the last four months as a prisoner in a V.C. tiger cage -- which occasionally doubled as a latrine. But he hung tough. He was under control. That is, until you started him up again.

Trautman hoists his coffee.

TEASLE

I didn't start anything.

TRAUTMAN

I didn't come here without any background.

TEASLE

What background?

TRAUTMAN

Really gave them hell in Korea didn't you?

TEASLE

What the hell are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

TRAUTMAN

Marine Corps Master Sergeant
 Wilfred Teasle -- Purple Heart,
 Bronze Star, extraordinary bravery
 at the Chaisin Reservoir campaign,
 awarded the Distinguished Service
 Medal -- only thing higher is the
 Congressional Medal of Honor --
 and he got it. Christ, you're as
 military as he is -- that's how
 this damn mess got started... And
 for all your talk, I don't believe
 you've got the guts to meet him
 again one on one, because no matter
 what has happened to his mind, he's
 something you could never be,
 Teasle -- the best.

TEASLE

... What he is, is dead.

Teasle seems almost on the verge of striking Trautman,
 but instead turns and moves away.

240 EXT. MOUNTAINS - SERIES OF CUTS - NATIONAL GUARD TROOPS 240

cautiously probing the mountains, forests.

DISSOLVE TO:

241 FOREST #8 241

in woodlands dense enough to squeeze out the sun.
 CAMERA MOVES DOWNHILL across the darkness toward the
 SOUND of a RUNNING STREAM. Sunlight filigrees the
 heavy overgrowth lining the bank.

242 STREAM BANK - BUSHES 242

We see no one until leaves rustle and the camouflaged
 figure of Rambo rises up from the shaggy bank. He
 stands at the very point of a turn in the stream, gazing
 off at several hundred yards of current flowing down-
 stream. His senses are riveted there on something he
 hears before we hear it, too -- bushes cracking,
 unintelligible voices, the stream waters broken with
 splashing.

- 243 RAMBO'S POV - DOWNSTREAM SKIRMISH LINE 243
 A single Guardsman materializes along the shallows, then another, then more along the opposite bank, then the phalanx of Guardsmen, guiding on the stream as they angle upland.
- 244 RAMBO 244
 watches a moment longer, calculating their rate of advance, then withdraws, following the bank up to a second vantage point which looks upstream. VOICES, THRASHING and SPLASHING emanate from here, too.
- 245 RAMBO'S POV - UPSTREAM - SKIRMISH LINE 245
 The soldiers appear in the distance -- an unflankable wall of them.
- 246 RAMBO 246
 With unsurprise, he maneuvers back, turns away from the stream and moves rapidly upland into the darkness of the woodlands.
 Turning, Rambo comes face to face with a young boy who freezes with fright.
- 247 BOY 247
 A fourteen-year-old kid dressed in a red hunting outfit, standing on a bluff, staring down. He is too transfixed by the sight of Rambo to run or operate his "broken" shotgun.
- 248 RAMBO 248
 The knife instinctively flies to his hand, aims. Frozen target -- sure kill. But with a release of breath and a muttered oath Rambo's muscles slacken and the knife drops. He can't smack that stupid kid whose mouth is open a full second before the scream reverberates from the bluff.

BOY

PA -- PA -- PA!

Of course! Hunters with the kid.

(CONTINUED)

- 248 CONTINUED: 248
- If he tried moving up that way he'd be an easy target even for them. Rambo's eyes dart back toward the woods and the skirmish line he knows is advancing up from the stream. He turns back towards the mine as SHOTGUN BLAST sprays the dirt above him.
- 249 BLUFFS 249
- The ADULT HUNTERS with the boy are excitedly FIRING their SHOTGUNS at the fleeing Rambo.
- 250 FOREST - SKIRMISH LINE - SERIES OF CUTS 250
- Guardsmen reacting to the SHOTS and the SHOUTING of the HUNTERS. Then double-timing it toward the source of the commotion.
- 251 EXT. FOREST #9 - DAY - RAMBO 251
- He sprints through the woods trying to make it to the caves.
- 252 EXT. FOREST #9 - DAY 252
- Guardsmen seem to gather from every direction and take up the chase. Some FIRE at the fleeing Rambo.
- 253 EXT. MINE - DAY - RAMBO 253
- He sprints towards a dilapidated bridge that lies at the base of the mine entrance. BULLETS kick up to the right and left of Rambo as he hurdles the missing section of the bridge and rushes to the mine's entrance. The ground FIRE intensifies.
- 254 GUARDSMEN 254
- The weekend soldiers continue to chase even though some are becoming winded and others actually try to reload their weapons while running.
- 255 INT. MINE - DAY - RAMBO 255
- He tears into the mine's entrance and moves quickly down a long tunnel. He snatches a small makeshift torch and lights it in the low burning fire.

256

EXT. MINE - DAY

256

The Guardsmen begin to arrive at the entrance. They FIRE into the blackness. Their flashlights cast long shadows.

257

FAMBO

257

The BULLETS spark off the wall near Fambo, who with his small torch rushes deeper into the center of the mine.

257A

INT. COMMUNICATIONS TENT - DAY

257A

Teasle and Kern are at the radio.

TEASLE (frantic)

They... they what? Whatever they do just make sure... make sure they wait before they get him. I mean don't kill him. We want him alive.

He turns away and addresses Kern.

TEASLE

(continuing)

Come on.

They exit the tent.

257B

EXT. FIELD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

257B

In the space between the communication tent and the medical tent, Trautman can be seen covering with reporters.

Trautman reacts to the sight of Teasle and Kern rushing out of the tent.

TEASLE (to Trautman)

They're on him... I guess you deserve to see how your boy ends up.

They all climb into the helicopter and it takes off.

258

GUARDSMEN

258

More men gather outside the mine... The attitude is almost recreational; bored citizens looking for action and getting it in aces.

GUARDSMAN

(ad lib)

C'mon, let's get him... He can't go much further... Blow his ass up!

259 RAMBO

Rambo is at the end of the tunnel... BULLETS tear away at the eroding walls and timbers.

Rambo frantically searches for another outlet, but there is none.

260 OMITTED

261

262 GUARDSMEN

A LT. MORGEN, a plump fellow of thirty, shoves his way near the mouth of the cove.

LT. MORGEN

Keep firing! Some of you guys start to ease in on the other side.

GUARDSMEN

Not me.

LT. MORGEN

We've got him pinned! Now start moving inside.

GUARDSMEN

I do this part-time. I ain't dying in here. How do you know he isn't just waiting for us to come inside.

LT. MORGEN

Rambo -- This is Lt. Morgen, National Guard Leader. I'm giving you thirty seconds to come out.

Lt. Morgen waves to another group of Guardsmen.

LT. MORGEN

(continuing)

Smith, Caswell, Billings, you've got the grenades. Bring them here.

(to Rambo)

This is your last chance to come out.

(to him men)

If he doesn't want to come out, we'll keep him in there.

(CONTINUED)

262 CONTINUED

262

GUARDSMAN

Shouldn't we wait?

LT. MORGEN

He's a killer, and I'm in charge here. Caswell -- throw the grenades.

The three Guardsmen pull the pins and heave the grenades down the tunnel.

263 RAMBO

263

He has heard that sound a thousand times before and he curls into a tight ball as the GRENADES EXPLODE.

The mine collapses, dumping tons of rock with a deafening roar that nearly shatters his eardrums. He finally looks up to see how much rock has fallen and chokes on the dust.

264 GUARDSMEN

264

They begin to gather in larger numbers and gape at the wall of rock with almost childlike wonder. All the men flash their lights on the cave-in.

GUARDSMAN

Damn

GUARDSMAN #2

He ain't going nowhere.

GUARDSMAN #3

D'you think it killed him?

265 INT. MINE - DAY - RAMBO

265

Stares at a faint beam of light that radiates through the dust. The light leaps in through an opening of nearly a foot between the fallen rock and the mine's roof.

GUARDSMEN VOICES

Should we start digging him out?

LT. MORGEN (O.S.)

We'll wait until the other authorities get here -- Just keep your lights on these rocks in case there is any movement.

(CONTINUED)

265 CONTINUED

265

Rambo looks up and in the light he notices the dust is being sucked away behind him... Spotting the glowing ember until a small flame ignites and he moves several paces back and notices the flame is being pulled downward.

He bends low and sees a fissure in the rock and slides his knife in his belt and squeezes between two walls. The strip of rock under his shoes is slippery and wet and tilting downward. The orange reflection from his torch glistens on the wet rock and shows Rambo where the walls taper down into a widening funnel.

266 GUARDSMEN

266

The Guardsmen are in force around the rockpile. Some are taking pictures of one another with Instamatic cameras while posing with their rifles.

267 RAMBO

267

In the near darkness Rambo drops a stone down the funnel and counts.

RAMBO

One -- two -- three.

It strikes bottom with a HOLLOW SOUND. He eases one foot into the hole, then the other. He supports himself on his elbows as his legs search for a ledge or a crack. He begins to lower himself down. When his arms are nearly outstretched, his foot comes to rest on the upper rung of a ladder.

267A OMITTED

267A

268 EXT. CAVE MINE - DAY

268

The Helicopter lands nearby and Trautman, Kern and Teasle appear.

TEASLE

Those turkies.

Kern and Teasle walk up to the new wall of rock, near Morgen.

MORGEN

I was taking no chances.

The silly "man's gotta do what a man's gotta do" tone in his voice is irritating.

(CONTINUED)

MORGEN

There's no way you can get a dozer up here so I guess somebody'll have to dig him out.

TEASLE

You made the mess, it's your clean up.

MORGEN

(whining)

Why, my guess is it's a good two days work.

TEASLE

Well then I guess your C.O. is gonna want you to get into it right away.

Trautman has walked to the mouth of the cave.

Kern and Teasle cross to Trautman.

KERN

I'm sorry it had to happen this way, Colonel.

TEASLE

Buried by a bunch of goddamed weekend warriors. I thought he was supposed to be the best you ever turned out.

TRAUTMAN

However he may have ended up, there was a time when he was very special.

TEASLE

Bullshit, special, my ass, he was just another drifter who broke the law.

TRAUTMAN

Vagrancy, wasn't it? That ought to look real good on his gravestone at Arlington. John Rambo, Congressional Medal of Honor winner, survivor of countless incursions behind enemy lines, killed for vagrancy in Jerkwater, U.S.A.

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED

268

TEASLE

Don't give me that, Trautman. He killed a police officer, crippled two others.

TRAUTMAN

You're goddam lucky he didn't kill all of you.

TEASLE

Just lucky, I guess. Us and the Viet cong.

KERN

Shut up, Will.

TEASLE

I'm sick of this bullshit. Special Forces. The goddam wonder boys. They're tougher than you, smarter than you, except they lose. This guy comes waltzing in here, full of advice about how we have to let this maniac go so we can save our ass. Well we didn't and we saved our own ass. The best man lost and he doesn't like it.

Teasle walks off. Trautman goes to the mine entrance.

269 OMITTED

269

270 INT. MINE - DAY

270

Rambo lowers himself gingerly on another run of the ladder. It bends, but holds. He steps on another rung, and it splits. He breaks through three more before he stops. The SOUND of his fall THUNDERS through the chamber and startles him.

Touching bottom, he moves several paces and into a wider fissure. He spies a rusty pick leaning against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

270 CONTINUED

270

The flickering torchlight casts eerie shadows on the wall. He moves around the corner and comes upon the repulsive form of a skeleton. He is revolted by the bones that are tinted orange by his torch.

He steps over the perfectly arranged bones and heads into another fissure where the SOUND OF WATER fills his senses. His torch burns lower as the increasing dampness.

Rambo is on the verge of panic as he wanders into the total unknown. He increases his speed. With his torch diminishing, he arrives at another fissure and a swirling stream. He enters the moving water and hunches over since the ceiling is only inches above his head.

271 OMITTED

271

272 OMITTED

272

273 INT. SUBTERRANEAN STREAM - RAMBO

273

in that hunched over posture, wading against a black, icy current, seeking its source and soon finding it, a small cataract spilling down through an aperture between massive bulwarks of rock. Dead end.

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED:

273

Rambo's body sags as he stares helplessly at the impenetrable wall of stone confronting him. Then he turns and looks back at the current he fought against to get here. Suppressing a wave of claustrophobic panic, he starts wading back.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

274 INT. SUBTERRANEAN STREAM - RAMBO

274

wading with the current, duck walking low clearance and once again meeting up with the breeze which flutes its way through the caverns and now moves along with the current until --

The rock ceiling abruptly ends, and the stream roars into the echo chambering --

275 CATHEDRAL

275

Domed ceiling rises high above the channel which surges its length, foaming up over a broad shelf before vanishing into unpassable rock. Above the shelf, a black hole in the cavern wall many times the width of a man and into which the breeze reeds and whistles. CAMERA PANS BACK to the stream's inlet where Rambo stands surveying the chamber and the breeze which points the way toward the hole above the shelf.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

276 SHELF - RAMBO

276

Muscles up from the rushing stream and stops to rest below the hole. Here the breeze whips at his hair and beard, and Rambo imitates the whistling. He well knows he's found the way out, and his strength renews as he begins making his way into the black hole, feeling his way when --

A black flurry explodes from the hole, squeaking soughing wings, heads, teeth -- BATS -- hundreds of them spin crazily about him. Rambo beats them away as he falls back to the ledge, flailing, swatting insanely, batting the pests away. His shirt! Something in there! He digs inside his collar, grabbing it, snapping its brittle back and violently heaving it away.

(CONTINUED)

276 CONTINUED:

276

Trembling now, with total revulsion, he stares up at the hold and the bats circling the cathedral. His mouth opens long before his cry reverberates upon rock.

CUT TO:

~~COMPLETED~~
277 EXT. HOPE POLICE STATION - LATE AFTERNOON 277

A cruiser, with Lester behind the wheel and Teasle in the passenger seat, pulls up and parks. They get out and head into the station. A few passing pedestrians pause to cast curious glances at Teasle.

TOWNSPEOPLE

Great, Will! Heard you took care
of that boy real good!

Teasle nods and enters the station.

278 INT. POLICE STATION - FULL SHOT 278

Aside from Preston, who holds down the dispatcher's spot, it is painfully empty of personnel. The scaffolding has been stacked to one side and the painting paraphernalia is still in evidence.

Preston looks around as Teasle and Lester enter. It is an awkward moment for both Preston and Teasle.

PRESTON

How you doin', Will?

Teasle heads into his office, closing the door behind him. Lester and Preston exchange looks.

279 INT. TEASLE'S OFFICE 279

Teasle sits reading the phone messages, leaning back and closing his eyes, succumbing to exhaustion and emotional defeat. He then sits upright and quickly exits the office.

280 CATHEDRAL - RAMBO 280

kneeling on the ledge, hands clenched, eyes closed, concentrating, fighting back the revulsion.

(CONTINUED)

280 CONTINUED:

280

A paroxysm of shivering betrays his thoughts. He looks up at the pest hole and his expression sours.

RAMBO

(a husky whisper)

Keep going -- keep going.

Anchoring his elbows in his groin, he hunkers over to squeeze back the shaking.

He is gathering himself -- like a karate-ist hyping himself to chop bricks.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

281 INT. CATHEDRAL - RAMBO

281

His concentration intense, body rocking slightly, eyes closed --

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

282 INT. CATHEDRAL - RAMBO

282

Some profound feeling stirring inside him, readying him. His eyes open and he is moving -- up and into the pest hole.

283 PEST HOLE - SERIES OF SHOTS

283

Squeaking, swarming bats, beating wings. Rambo crawls, feeling his way in the blackness, swatting the pests away from his face, digging them out of his hair, beard, shirt.

Suddenly the bats swarm, as one, and lift off. Rambo stops, looks up. Realizing he can stand, he does, gazes up into --

284 CHIMNEY

284

The bats are circling upward, flitting across the craggy (very climbable) walls of the sixty-foot chimney into a cleft of pale, afternoon sky.

285 EXT. BLUFFS - BATS - DAY

285

The swarm bursts from the cleft in the rocks almost directly above --

- 286 THE NATIONAL GUARD ENCAMPMENT 286
- which is being set up near the collapsed mine. Supplies are being carried into the area by Guardsmen, who are unloading trucks parked a couple miles away.
- 287 GUARDSMEN'S POV - BLUFFS 287
- CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS UP AND IN on the cleft. HOLD as Rambo's head rises INTO VIEW and stops at the eyes which peer down at the encampment, then off into --
- 288 FOREST HORIZON 288
- The sun backlighting distant peaks.

~~289 OMITTED~~

~~289~~

~~290 OMITTED~~

~~290~~

INSERT: 12/7/81
INT. ANTLER'S BAR - DAY

Teasle comes in. There are murmurs of "Hello" and "Good job" from the bar.

Trautman studies his drink. Teasle appears next to him. Sits down.

TRAUTMAN
(dryly)
Have a seat.

Teasle has an utterly preoccupied, subtly agitated manner.

TEASLE
If I was abrupt before,
I'm sorry ...

But he doesn't sound sorry, it's more like a formality. Trautman knows that between the two of them, he, Trautman, did more of the harsh talking.

TRAUTMAN
None of that makes any
difference now, does it?

TEASLE
(impatiently)
I guess not. I suppose ...
I just ... I feel like ...

TRAUTMAN
(completing the thought)
You got gypped. You got cheated
outta your chance.

TEASLE
It's worse than that. I got
this empty feeling. I'm
supposed to be protecting
people against ... violence
... but I would have been
perfectly happy to tear that
boy limb from limb.

TRAUTMAN
Doesn't sit well with the badge.

TEASLE
I don't kill. I stop men from
killing. Right?

(CONTINUED)

TRAUTMAN

It can get fairly confusing sometimes. In Vietnam, you can bet Rambo and me got pretty confused. Well, we had orders. When in doubt, Kill. It's all summed up in that immortal line: "I had to destroy the town in order to save it." But hell, you're a civilian You can go back to your house and your wife and your life now ... You aren't under any pressure to figure this all out ...

TEASLE

What about you ... what did you figure out, Colonel? If I had let you have your way with the kid, what would you have done? ... Wrapped him in your arms and given him a big sloppy kiss or would you have blown his head off? ... When a machine malfunctions, you junk it, don't you?

TRAUTMAN

I couldn't answer that till the moment I faced him!

There is a long pause.

TEASLE

Yeah ... well ... I read you ... just as well we didn't get a chance to find out. You have a ride to the airport.

TRAUTMAN

I can handle it.

TEASLE

Well, it hasn't been what I'd call a pleasure but ... have a nice life, Colonel.

They shake hands.

TRAUTMAN

Good luck!

291 EXT. NATIONAL GUARD ENCAMPMENT - (NEAR MINE) - DAY 291

ANGLING DOWN from the cleft. Campfires are going, pup tents being erected, etc. The last of the supplies are getting hauled up from the O.S. trucks as the guardsmen are picking their way through the forest.

292 FOREST - SUPPLY CARAVAN 292

The tail end of it is passing us by; radios, digging equipment, tenting being packed uphill by guardsmen. CAMERA EASES past them, picks up Rambo concealed in the brush, spitting distance away, observing the chain of men advancing from a now discernible fire road with a stopped convoy of National Guard trucks.

293 FIRE ROAD - TRUCK CONVOY 293

The last of the supplies is crossing the narrow, muddy, wheel-rutted road on the backs of the last half dozen guardsmen, while four DRIVERS secure their 2 1/2 ton rigs for travel.

The fifth and LEAD DRIVER stands at the open door of his truck, impatient to get rolling. PAN from his face across mounting drivers to CATHCART, who is fiddling with the tailgate of the last truck.

LEAD DRIVER

Let's move it fer Chrissakes!

He secures the gate, races around to the cab, hops in. ENGINES ROAR.

294 INT. TRUCK CAB - CATHCART - DAY 294

As he fires his engine, then reacts to the sudden appearance of Rambo. Terror freezes Cathcart as Rambo opens the door and maneuvers inside and puts the knife to his throat. *

Cathcart seems incapable of functioning. The other trucks are already rolling. *

RAMBO

Drive! *

Trembling Cathcart fumbles the truck into gear. They roll.

- 295 FIRE ROAD - SERIES OF CUTS 295
- The trucks, nearly filling the width of the narrow, muddy road, slowly snake downhill.
- 296 INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - DAY 296
- Rambo cranes a look through the windshield, then settles back. He examines the contents of the cab, with its civilian amenities stashed about: fruit, milk, cigarettes, zippo lighter, fig newtons. Cathcart's M-60 and ammo belt sit dead in the rack, holding damp sweat-socks up to dry. Rambo opens the milk carton and drinks hungrily. He finishes to find Cathcart staring at him.
- 297 FIRE ROAD - TRUCK CONVOY 297 *
- The convoy continues wending its way down the road heading for a sharp curve.
- 298 OMITTED 298 *
- 299 FIRE ROAD 299
- The third and fourth trucks are moving into the curve. The gap between them and Cathcart's truck is widening.
- 300 INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - THROUGH WINDSHIELD DAY 300
- We see the fourth truck disappear around the bend. Ease around to pick up Rambo as he one-hands the wheel and stretches his foot onto the brake over Cathcart's boot. The truck grinds to a stop.
- RAMBO
- ... Go home.
- Cathcart hurries out of the truck. Rambo takes the wheel.
- 301 OMITTED 301
&
302 302

303 EXT. ROAD - CATHCART 303

on the road, stares at the truck lurching back into control and moving away. *

304 INT. CAB OF FOURTH TRUCK - THE DRIVER 304

is reacting to the absence of Cathcart's truck. Annoyed, he slows his rig, squints into the rear view mirror, then relaxes as the grille appears. He accelerates to convoy speed.

305 FIRE ROAD - THE CONVOY 305

moves steadily ahead, the fifth truck closing the gap.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

DE

- 306 FIRE ROAD - THE CONVOY 306
- threading its way along the switchbacks, down the mountain. AS CAMERA PANS with convoy, it PICKS UP a State Police cruiser heading up the road. The lead truck pulls over to give the cruiser as much room as possible. The other trucks follow suit.
- 307 INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - DAY 307
- duplicating the action of the other drivers now sees the cruiser slowly squeezing past the convoy, heading his way. Rambo ducks low, pretending to busy himself with some problem under the dash. The cruiser inches past. Rambo sits up, glances at its reflection in his sideview mirror.
- RAMBO
(grudace)
Damn!
- Stuck! The road is much too narrow to allow him to pass the other trucks. He has no choice but to sweat it out.
- 308 FIRE ROAD - THE CONVOY 308
- continues down the road at its irritatingly cautious pace, Rambo stuck in the last position.
- 309 EXT. CAVE - DAY 309 *
- As the guardsmen work below, Teasle has hiked up the hill and inspects the rock formations for possible escape routes. *
- 310 INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - DAY 310
- drives, keeping one eye fastened on the rearview mirror. He reaches for Cathcart's sock-adorned M-16 and the ammo belt. With one hand, he expertly starts loading.
- 311 EXT. FIRE ROAD - STATE POLICE CRUISER - DAY 311
- snaking up the rutted road in the opposite direction.

- 312 EXT. INTERSECTION - RAMBO CONVOY - DAY 312
 approaches a two-lane paved access road which intersects the fire road. The lead truck turns onto it.
- 313 INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - DAY 313
 driving, then reacting to the sight of the wider, paved road. He throws the truck out of gear, primes the engine to a ROAR. As the truck nears the intersection, Rambo double clutches and floors it! The truck shoots ahead.
- 314 EXT. ACCESS ROAD - THE CONVOY - DAY 314
 Rambo's truck pulling out of line, powering along the outside, passing truck after truck. The drivers react to what they suppose is Cathcart going nuts.
- 315 INT. STATE POLICE CRUISER - THROUGH WINDSHIELD - DAY 315
 OVER THE SHOULDERS of the State Police Troopers as the figure of Cathcart, heading back to the encampment, appears ahead. He turns, sees the cop car, waves his arms frantically. The cops trade a look.
- 316 INT. HOPE POLICE STATION - FULL - DAY 316
 Lester is brewing some coffee. Preston is dozing at the dispatcher's desk. Teasle remains in his office, behind closed doors. The RADIO COMES TO LIFE with some introductory STATIC.

TROOPER'S VOICE

S.P. car one Charlie five to Central. We still on that three-way hook-up?

CENTRAL VOICE

Roger. Still working. What's your story, Steamboat?

TROOPER'S VOICE

Looks like somebody pulled the plug too soon. That Rambo guy's on the loose again...

On Lester's reaction --

CUT TO:

- 317 EXT. ACCESS ROAD - CATHCART'S TRUCK - DUSK 317
 burning up the asphalt. The road eventually branches off onto a three-lane highway. A sign points to Martison. FOLLOW Rambo until he swings the truck onto the highway.
- CUT TO:
- 318 EXT. NATIONAL GUARD ROADBLOCK - DAY (DUSK) 318
 A lot of frenetic activity here as a roadblock is set up. Red warning lights mounted on crates in front of the jeeps. Guardsmen with rifles being positioned on the flanks.
- 319 EXT. HIGHWAY - CATHCART'S TRUCK - DAY (DUSK) 319
 barreling.
- 320 EXT. FIRE ROAD - STATE POLICE CRUISER - DAY (DUSK) 320
 coming down, nearing the intersecting access road. Cathcart can be seen in the rear seat.
- 321 INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - DAY (DUSK) 321
 catches first sight of the National Guard roadblock, still some distance away. The news is obviously out. He tromps on the gas.
- 322 EXT. ACCESS ROAD - STATE POLICE CRUISER - DAY (DUSK) 322
 skidding onto it from the fire road, accelerating hard, turning on its flashers and SIREN.
- 323 EXT. NATIONAL GUARD ROADBLOCK - GUARDSMEN - DAY (DUSK) 323
 crouched, rifles up. The monster hurtling down the highway toward them is moving faster than any deuce and a halfer was ever meant to -- and showing no sign of being intimidated by the roadblock.
- A DOZEN BURSTS OF RIFLE FIRE tear into it but miss the vital organs as the truck plows through the crates and jeeps, heaving them aside. The truck careens, fish-tails, regains balance and ROARS ahead.

- 324 INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - DAY (DUSK) 324
 GUNFIRE is still clipping at the back of the rig. The cab has been shot up, the windshield spider-webbed, and steam pours from the hood. Rambo checks the rearview mirror, sees nothing in pursuit, but knows it won't be long. Darkness is falling rapidly.
- 325 EXT. JUNCTION OF ACCESS ROAD AND HIGHWAY - NIGHT (DUSK) 325
 The State Police cruiser is joined by second cruiser. They scorch the highway, SIRENS WAILING.
- 326 INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - NIGHT (DUSK) 326
 squints through the damaged windshield toward --
- 327 RAMBO'S POV - ROAD SIGN 327
 It reads: "HOPE WELCOMES SAFE DRIVERS"
 The rig surges past the sign. A moment later another sign:
 "GAS -- ONE MILE"
- 328 EXT. HIGHWAY - CATHCART'S TRUCK - NIGHT (DUSK) 328
 steam gushing from the hood, ROARS PAST CAMERA.
- 329 INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - NIGHT (DUSK) 329
 With the growing darkness, he can see pinpoints of red appearing in the mirror. They are still miles back.
- 330 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT (DUSK) 330
 The station, which sits on the edge of the highway, is closed and night lights cast pale illumination across the canopied drive. In distant b.g. the headlights of Cathcart's truck appear.
- 331 INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - NIGHT 331
 His gaze alternates between the road and rearview mirror.

(CONTINUED)

- 331 CONTINUED: 331
He now one-hands the wheel, stuffing the ammo belt into his shirt and threading the M-60 over his shoulder. He peers through the windshield. *
- 332 RAMBO'S POV - THE GAS STATION 332
as the truck closes in on it!
- 333 INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - NIGHT 333
braces himself, floors the accelerator.
- 334 EXT. GAS STATION - CATHCART'S TRUCK - NIGHT 334
The massive two and a half tonner suddenly veers in from the highway, heading directly for the pumps at full speed. The first impact shears the pumps from the island. The truck then crashes hard into the canopy struts, bringing the overhang twisting and smashing down around the rig which hangs up in the fallen beams, stalling.
- 335 ANGLE AT THE WRECKAGE 335
Gasoline gushes from the severed pumps, coursing down the drive toward the highway.
- 336 WRECKAGE CATHCART'S TRUCK/GAS STATION - RAMBO 336
scrambles from the cab. He can hear the faint SOUND OF SIRENS WAILING in the distance. He snaps Cathcart's zippo lighter open, sparks the flame and tosses it.
- 337 WRECKAGE 337
It bursts into flame. Gasoline trails ignite into fire streams that streak across the drive onto the highway.
- 338 RAMBO 338
races into the sodden field that borders the highway as --

- 339 THE GAS STATION 339
 goes up in a series of THREE EAR-SHATTERING EXPLOSIONS that hurl a ball of flame and debris across the highway, turning it into an impassable inferno.
- 340 RAMBO 340
 illuminated by the flames, pauses for a fleeting look, then turns and takes off across the field toward the distant lights of Mattison. HOLD until he is swallowed up by darkness.
- 341 EXT. HOPE POLICE STATION - TEASLE, LESTER AND PRESTON - NIGHT 341 *
- 342 EXT. CAVE - NIGHT 342 *
 Guardsmen and worker look at the flames boiling into the blackness of night several miles away. CAMERA MOVES IN on Teasle, who stands by himself. *
- 343 TEASLE'S POV 343 *
 across the forest towards town, miles away, the brilliant glow of the blaze lighting up the night sky. *
- 344 EXT. GAS STATION - THE TWO STATE POLICE CRUISERS - NIGHT 344
 are brought to a shuddering stop by the flames which continue to boil out onto the highway, liquefying the asphalt.
- 345 EXT. "THE ANTLER" - TOWARD POLICE STATION - NIGHT 345
 where Teasle drives up and gives some hurried instructions to Lester and Preston. They scramble into Lester's cruiser, dig out and speed down the main drag, heading for the fire.
- 346 TRAUTMAN 346
 who studies Teasle intently, waiting for some sign, some confirmation of his suspicions.
- 347 TEASLE 347
 Trautman's eye but gives him nothing. He turns

348 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT 348

The troopers from the first cruiser are running around the fire by way of the field, trying to get a closer look at the burning truck. The driver of the second cruiser is following in his vehicle -- or, rather, trying to, because the car almost immediately becomes mired down in the spongy earth, its wheels spinning and spewing mud.

349 EXT. HOPE MAIN DRAG - FULL - NIGHT 349

Two fire engines are streaking down the street, BELLS CLANGING, SIRENS SCREAMING. A procession of civilian cars is already forming and heading for the fire.

350 EXT. FIELD - RAMBO - NIGHT 350

Camouflaged by darkness he moves steadily across the field. In distant b.g. the fire rages.

351 INT. TEASLE'S OFFICE - TEASLE - NIGHT 351

stands at the opened gun case fitting cartridges into a clip.

ANGLE WIDENS as Teasle turns to find Trautman standing in the doorway. Ignoring the remark, Teasle continues loading the clip. Trautman observes this for a moment, then --

TRAUTMAN

If I were you I'd forget what you're thinking and clear out while you can.

TEASLE

You clear the hell out, Trautman!

TRAUTMAN

The kid isn't gunning for me.

TEASLE

What are you talking about? You set it up and now he's coming -- and that's the way I want it!

Finished loading the clip, he slips it into the pistol, works the action so that a bullet is in the chamber.

(CONTINUED)

351 CONTINUED:

351

TRAUTMAN

What the hell is it going to take
to convince you?

Teasle gives him a look, locks the gun case, flicks
off the lights, moves past Trautman into the main
office.

352 MAIN OFFICE

352

Teasle crosses to the rifle rack, unlocks it, goes
through the business of selecting a piece under
which --

TRAUTMAN

Why do you want to die here tonight
-- because that's what's going to
happen.

TEASLE

We'll see who buries who!

TRAUTMAN

There's only one person in this
room with half a chance --

(at Teasle's look)

Not because I'm that much better
than him. It's because I'm the
closest thing to family that he
has left.

(beat)

That may be all the edge I need.

TEASLE

(revolved by the
implication)

Get out of here, Trautman.

TRAUTMAN

What makes you so bent on doing
this?

TEASLE

I had respect in this town.

TRAUTMAN

You still do.

TEASLE

Not like before that son of a
bitch came.

(CONTINUED)

352 CONTINUED:

352

TRAUTMAN

You think this is going to get
your respect back?!

TEASLE

That and more -- now this is the
last time to get the hell out.

353 EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT

353

At the periphery of Hope; paddock and chicken coop territory marked by junked cars, HOWLING DOGS and day-old mud. Firelight illuminates the far horizon, the lights of town the near. Headlights fill the connecting highway as vehicles race out to battle or witness the blaze, and this tableau appears to be our focus until the night blackened figure explodes into f.g., FILLING THE FRAME. It is --

354 RAMBO

354

running hard and low, threading his way through this Daverick terrain which could ambush him with an open trench or wire fence. He is perhaps half a mile from the rear of the buildings lining MAIN STREET. FOLLOW him past a patchwork of clothes-lined yards and smoke-sheds and fallow gardens. Suddenly the loudspeaker voice jumping out of nowhere brings him to a dead stop.

TEASLE'S VOICE

Attention all pedestrians -- clear
the streets immediately and remain
indoors until further instructions.
This is a Police Department order --

355 INT. POLICE STATION - TEASLE - NIGHT

355

directs his loudspeaker message to the smattering of
people who dot the main drag.

TEASLE

(into microphone)

-- For your own safety --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

355 CONTINUED:

355

TEASLE (CONT'D)

-- clear the streets immediately
and remain indoors until further
instructions.

(beat)

That means everyone! Let's move
it!

The handful of hangers-back outside the Antlers, drift
back into the bar, as do the gawkers farther on down
the street.

356 RAMBO

356

The voice is unmistakably Teasle's and it confirms
and simplifies like no road map ever could. The
perverse humor of it rises into Rambo's eyes.

357 RAMBO'S POV - THE TOWN

357

over the continuing BULLHORN VOICE. Corridors of
light and activity appear between the back of build-
ings which essentially stand in darkness.

358 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT - TRAUTMAN

358

The Colonel, armed with an M-16, moves around the
perimeter of the jailhouse.

359 EXT. GAS STATION.- FIRE SCENE - NIGHT

359

Vehicles are bottlenecked at both sides of the fire
which continues to block the highway. National Guard
trucks and State Police cruisers having tried their
hands at circling the blaze are hopelessly bogged down
in the sodden fields.

On the town side of the highway, Lester and Preston
have been unsuccessfully trying to unclog civilian
traffic which hinders the activity of the firefighters.
Lester stands at the door of his cruiser, talking into
the radio mike.

LESTER

It's a mess. Whether he's still
inside that truck or what --

350 INT. JAIL - NIGHT

360

Lester's voice filters through the radio speaker.

LESTER'S VOICE

-- we can't get anywhere close
enough to find out.

CAMERA PANS FROM the radio TO the back of the main room where Teasle is methodically double-bolting the rear door. He kills the lights back there, too, then proceeds toward the desks and dispatch area where, in the manner of a man with a plan, he concentrates harsh light on the entrance. He raises the volume on the radio, enlarging Lester's voice which has continued throughout the above.

LESTER'S VOICE

(continuing)

Will, nobody knows how many
reservoirs are under those gas
pumps, and I've got traffic jammin'
up. We can't push 'em back -- No
one's listening to me, Will -- if
that blows again --

Teasle has started toward the loft ladder, but he moves quickly to the radio and flips the switch.

Teasle flips back the switch. Lester's voice is replaced by HEAVY STATIC which is broken into by State Police CROSS-TALK, much of it coming from units trapped on the National Guard side of the fire.

Under this skrim, Teasle takes a final appraisal of the room and starts up the stairway to the loft.

361 LOFT - TRAPDOOR

361

Teasle opens the bolt and throws the hatch open to a rectangle of night sky. With his sidearm and rifle, he starts up the ladder to the roof.

362 EXT. JAIL - FULL - NIGHT

362

Lights burn brightly from the front windows, perhaps too brightly. CAMERA PANS BACK ALONG the corridor of a nearly deserted Main Street -- PAST eerie anticipating faces behind door and window glass -- ALONG the closed shops with window and cheerful advertising lights.

- 363 MAIN DRAG - REVERSE ANGLE 363
- A chain of overhead streetlights (the sort J.C.'s festoon for Christmas) extends the length, terminating just beyond the face of the jail. Call (the jail and surroundings) the south of town. Rambo is advancing from the north.
- 364 STREETLIGHT (NORTH END) 364
- The globe NEARLY FILLS THE FRAME before CAMERA RAPIDLY PULLS BACK, revealing our position, a darkened walkway between buildings. Rambo's SILHOUETTE rises into f.g., the M-60 at his shoulder.
- 365 STREETLIGHT (NORTH END) 365
- ONE SHOT erases it, sending a shower of glass onto the pavement.
- 366 REACTIONS 366
- Terrified faces behind windows.
- A brave man brandishes a shotgun, and his sane wife struggles him back.
- 367 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - TEASLE 367
- positioned behind the parapet atop the jail roof, looks north, observing the chunk of darkness in the chain of streetlights. It has truly begun and as much as his hands tremble on the rifle, Teasle won't be suckered.
- 368 RAMBO'S POV - MAIN DRAG 368
- From the cover of shadow, we view the closed storefronts, the bank, the grocery, the brightly lighted jail still a block or two to the south. CAMERA ANGLES AROUND TO Rambo's face, intense with calculation. He well knows Teasle is laying for him. He knows, too, that the Chief is annealing his fear, but how long -- how much can the monkey take.
- One final sweep of the eyes before the M-60 comes to his shoulder and he takes aim.
- 369 BANK (NORTH END) 369
- A barrage of M-60 FIRE EXPLODES ITS WINDOWS and triggers the ALARM.

370 STREETLIGHTS (NORTH END) 370

The same BARRAGE DEFTLY BLASTS SERIES OF LIGHTS from their wires, pitching this end of town into near darkness.

371 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - TEASLE 371

reacts, sighting his rifle to the north, straining every sense for sight of him. GUNFIRE AND SHATTERING GLASS snap Teasle's head to the south. The streetlights there are gone and another ALARM IS CLANGING, all of it confusing his sense of the kid's approach.

He quickly sweeps around from south to north. The street is deserted of all life save the maddening ALARMS. A game of nerves. Sweat is soaking Teasle's shirt and standing on his face. His mouth works against its dryness and his tongue traces his upper lip, savoring the taste of sweat. The vividness of his eyes describes the frighteningly delicious advance from fear to "battle high."

GUNFIRE rakes the north of town, to the south, window LIGHTS SHATTER. Each spasm of fire snaps Teasle's head side to side until the definition of Main Street submerges into near darkness.

TEASLE

(to himself)

... Keep comin'.

372 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - RAMBO 372

crouches in darkness one block north of the dazzling jail lights. He anticipated return fire by now and is rather puzzled by the silence. A crooked little smile works across his mouth. Perhaps the Chief is learning.

Rambo moves low across the pavement, using the cover of a parked car to get the narrow angle on the neon tube-work of the Antler's Bar, nearly across the street from the jail. He FIRES a covering volley and races silently to the opposite pavement which runs flush with the jail still one block south.

373 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - TEASLE 373

reacts to the glass still falling from the front of the Antlers.

(CONTINUED)

- 373 CONTINUED: 373
- He rises to one knee, sighting the rifle along the street below but seeing no one. Then he freezes as plate glass SHATTERS, setting off a third ALARM. Close -- half a block north. He scrambles along the parapet to the roof corner, sighting the rifle barrel into the sliver of pavement he can cover from this close angle. He waits.
- 374 EXT. BACK OF JAIL - NIGHT 374
- Several decades of highway wrecks form an auto graveyard which haphazardly covers the scrubby fields of fifty yards or so behind this section of Main Street. Trautman and his weapon have been stationed here for some time, guarding Teasle's back, but ON THE CUT, Trautman is circling from south to north, repositioning on the azimuth of the third alarm to intercept Rambo.
- 375 INT. GUN AND TACKLE SHOP - NIGHT 375
- The windows are SHATTERED and the burglar ALARM is deafening. What we see on SEVERAL CUTS is four swift and distinct pieces of action INTERCUT WITH Teasle and Trautman.
- The butt of the M-60 crashes display cases loaded with hunting ammunition.
- Rambo's hand is on the roll of wrapping paper, unreeling yard upon yard onto the floor.
- Lamp oil and kerosene tins are upended, pouring their contents over the ammunition boxes.
- The Zippo lighter ignites, putting flame to the wrapping paper.
- 376 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - TEASLE 376
- sighting toward the pavement as fire glow begins spreading its halo. Sensing a shot, he edges out, craning to increase his angle.
- 377 EXT. TOWN - NIGHT - TRAUTMAN 377
- moving north, stops as the fire glow illuminates the back windows of the gunshop.

(CONTINUED)

- 377 CONTINUED: 377
- His gaze instinctively snaps toward the rooftops, for some glimpse of a silhouette. The kid should be maneuvering, for the high angle, but he isn't. He's got another route in mind.
- Trautman now bolts south, retracing his course through the wrecks.
- 378 RAMBO (SUBJECTIVE CAMERA) 378
- running through yards, past the backs of buildings, hurtling hedges and low fences. We have no idea of his course or geography until the lights of the jail loom up across the street and a quarter of a block north. Rambo has circled back behind the Antlers and well past it. He checks his M-60.
- 379 INT. GUN AND TACKLE SHOP - NIGHT 379
- Fire engulfs the interior and the ammunition cabinets are white with heat. Shotgun shells are the first to heat and EXPLODE and CONTINUOUS AMMUNITION DISCHARGES will continue throughout the following.
- 380 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - TEASLE 380
- disoriented at first by the BARRAGE OF SHOTGUN SHELLS suddenly understands what has been done and almost grins with rueful respect.
- 381 EXT. GUN AND TACKLE SHOP - NIGHT 381
- Firelight streams from the crashed windows as the BARRAGE increases, discharging a lethal HAILSTORM into Main Street which comes alive with RICOCHETS. Two seconds -- four seconds -- the shop's volatile contents (kerosene, alcohol, propane, black powder -- take your pick) and the fire combine into an EXPLOSION which funnels flame out across Main Street, backlighting --
- 382 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - TEASLE 382
- who lunges back against the parapet, shielding himself from the sudden wash of light. He has reacted fast and well except for the tip of the --

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- 83 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 383
- RAMBO runs and hides behind a garbage can. The explosion. TEASLE pokes his head up from the corner of the roof, to see what has happened, then ducks down again.
- Rambo spots him, then runs back down the alley.
- 384 OMITTED 384
- 385 EXT. JAIL - NIGHT 385
- We are in CLOSE on the darkened front windows as they SHATTER under a rain of M-60 FIRE.
- 386 INT. JAIL - NIGHT 386
- M-60 FIRE RIPS the light fixtures TO SHREDS, throwing the room into half-light licked by the firelight from the gun shop.
- 87 EXT. POLICE STATION 387
- M-60 fire explodes the front doors and the window next to them. TEASLE runs across the roof, reacting to the gunfire.
- 388 INT. JAIL ENTRY - RAMBO - NIGHT 388
- slams a fresh ammo belt into the M-60 and hesitates for an instant, straining for some sound of movement from the roof. His eyes have already found the open trapdoor.
- 388A INT. JAIL - TEASLE - NIGHT 388
- Rambo's form is outlined in the shadows and Teasle raises his rifle. As he positions himself, his foot makes a scraping sound.
- 388B INT. POLICE STATION 388
- RAMBO walks from the corner to the filing cabinet and stoops down. TEASLE spots him and fires. Rambo runs. Rambo shoots up toward the skylight. Teasle falls down through the skylight.

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39 ru J4	OMITTED	389 thru 404
405	INT. JAIL - NIGHT	405
	EXTREME CLOSEUP RAMBO raises the rifle slowly to his shoulder.	
405A	CLOSEUP - RIFLE	405A
	Rambo's finger slides deftly into place.	
405B	TEASLE	405B
	Contorts in pain, but never removes his eyes from Rambo's insane expression.	
	TEASLE	
	Go ahead. Go ahead, you crazy son of a bitch. Finish it! Finish it!	
5C	RAMBO	405C
	His body tenses. The rifle is positioned perfectly. His eyes burn with anticipation.	
	TRAUTMAN (O.S.)	
	...Rambo!!	
405D	RAMBO	405D
	He whips around with his heart in his mouth staring dead into Trautman's eyes. He turns back to Teasle.	



FIFST BLOOD - REV. 12/21/81

5E CLOSEUP - RAMBO

405E

The veins in his neck bulge, the anticipation of the sure kill starts to overwhelm him.

TRAUTMAN

Rambo...don't do it!

405F TRAUTMAN IN DOORWAY

405F

TRAUTMAN

If you kill him it's over. You have no chance, do you understand me. You have no chance.

405G RAMBO

405G

His body shakes more violently as he struggles to quell the urge to destroy his enemy.

TRAUTMAN

Please, I'm not asking for him, I'm asking for yourself - don't do this! Don't kill him!

Rambo lowers the gun and turns in a fury to Trautman.

RAMBO

Where the fuck were you?

405H RAMBO & TRAUTMAN

405H

All the spotlights are trained on the building -- what appears to be a small army waits to move in ---

Trautman moves towards Rambo...Trautman assumes an attitude of a not-so-confident father trying to regain the confidence of a disinherited son.

TRAUTMAN

I'm here now. No one's going to hurt you out there. Let's wind this up.

Rambo still remains frozen with his weapon at PORT arms. His eyes glaring with frightening intensity into Trautman's.

TRAUTMAN

I'll order the chopper and fly you back to Bragg.

(CONTINUED)

405H CONTINUED

405H

RAMBO

They're not lettin me fly anywhere!

TRAUTMAN

They will - that's why I'm here.

A spotlight shines through the window. Rambo ducks.

TRAUTMAN

Hold your fire!

The National Guard and Troopers stand outside waiting.

406
thru
412

OMITTED

406
thru
412

413 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

413

Rambo is pulling guns out of the cupboard.

TRAUTMAN

Think about what you're doing.

RAMBO

...How're they positioned?

TRAUTMAN

---The building perimeter's covered -- there's no exit.

RAMBO

Firepower?

TRAUTMAN

Nearly two hundred men. Maybe forty armed with M-16's. Why the hell did you have to start this?

RAMBO

I didn't.

TRAUTMAN

The hell you didn't. This cop pushed hard, but you could've walked. Let me tell you something, Rambo, you did everything you could to make this private war happen. Well now you've done enough damage. It's over. Do you understand?

He walks toward the window.

TRAUTMAN (continuing)

Take a look at them out there. Look at them Rambo. Look at them. If you don't end this now, they're gonna kill you. You are going to die here. Is that what you want?

RAMBO ducks out the window.

RAMBO

Nothin is over! You just don't turn it off. It wasn't my war! They asked me, I didn't ask them!!! I killed what I had to kill to win. Come home ready to kiss the ground and see all these maggots at the airport protestin' me -- spittin' -- callin' me woman killer, babykiller -- where were you? Why didn't anybody set them straight?

TRAUTMAN

That's all in the past, Rambo.

RAMBO

Civilian life is bullshit -- genuine bullshit/ In the field we had a code of honour! You watch my back - I watch yours. Back here there's nothin!

(continuing)

Man, I can drive tanks, I can fly gunship, I was in charge of million dollar equipment...and I can't even keep a job parking cars! Everytime somebody looks at me wrong, I want to wipe the ground with their face! There's just no honour on the street... nothing!

TRAUTMAN

Rambo listen to me! Everything you believed in wasn't wrong -- goddamn it, it was necessary!

Rambo sits.

RAMBO

Where the hell's Danforth? We were always talkin' about Vegas and this Chevy he wanted to buy. '58 Candyapple red...He said, 'We gonna cruise till the tires fall off!

J

414 OMITTED

414

415 OMITTED

415

416 INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

416

RAMBO

We set world records for fire fights and after five months in the bush, we gotta week of R and R in Saigon... We were going into this bar, and this kid, carrying this shoeshine box runs up saying, 'Shine, please, shine.' Joey said, 'Yeah' and I went to get a couple of beers. The shine box was wired - the kid opened the box and Joey changed shape - it blew their bodies all over the bar!

RAMBO

(continuing)

There's blood and pieces of him all over me. I tried to hold him together, but his insides kept slipping through my hands. Joey screamed, 'What about my Chevy! I wanna drive my Chevy!' I said, 'With what? I can't find your fuckin' legs! He got quiet and died quiet. I still dream about it. Listen man, I dream this shit almost every night - sometimes I wake up and don't know where the fuck I am. I don't talk to anybody for hours ...days sometimes. I try to block it out of my mind, but I can't...

Rambo begins to sob uncontrollably and Trautman guides him by his shoulder.

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7 EXT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

417

Rambo is escorted out of the Police Station by Trautman followed by Kern and Guard.

They reach the bottom of the stairs where Teasle is being attended to by ambulance men.

They walk down the street, where the National Guard and Police have surrounded the building.

Rambo looks at the National Guard and Troopers as he walks to the jeep.

They watch him.

Trautman and Rambo get in the jeep. They drive away.

The Troopers and ambulance leave and begin to resume order.