

ISHTAR

by
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REVISIONS:

BLUE 10/11/85

FADE IN:

1 EXT. A CLUB 1

2 A sign in front says: "The Song Mart - New Talent Night".
2 INSIDE are pink brick walls, tables, and a tiny stage
with a piano.

A YOUNG MAN of about 20, playing an amplified guitar, is singing with his lips against the mike.

YOUNG MAN

"You took my love, my money,
My coke and my grass,
My 'ludes and my speed,
My horse and my hash,
My acid, my perts..."

The CAMERA PANS the audience as the song ends. Young couples in their late teens and early 20's whistle and applaud. The M.C. comes on.

M.C.

And now, making their third
appearance at The Song Mart -
will you please welcome Acid Rain!

FIVE BOYS of about 18, wearing suits and fedoras, run onstage with their guitars.

LEAD SINGER

(pointing)
"You! You're gonna die!
I! I'm gonna live,
A million years,
Suckin' your blood,
Sippin' your tears,
You! You're gonna..."

DISSOLVE TO:

THREE BLACK GIRLS - SINGING ON STAGE

THE GIRLS

"I'm quittin' high school,
Cause you don't like me..."

DISSOLVE TO:

M.C.

And now--a brand new team--will
you please welcome Lyle Rogers
and Chuck Clarke!

Lyle Rogers and Chuck Clarke run onstage. They are in their late 30's. Chuck is short and Semitic looking. Lyle is tall and looks like white bread. He sits at the piano. Chuck sings.

CHUCK

(singing)

"I'm wond'rin' if it's worth a damn,
Is life an interesting sham,
Don't know what's real since I left 'Nam..."

CHUCK, LYLE UNISON:

(singing)

"Since I left 'Nam..."

TWO COUPLES AT A TABLE

1ST BOY

(to 2nd Boy)

What's Nam?

DISSOLVE TO:

3 INTERMISSION. The lights have come up. The performers and audience mingle with each other. Lyle and Chuck hurry over to a table where a balding, middle-aged man (MARTY) is sitting.

CHUCK

So what did you think, Mr. Freed?

MARTY

I never heard of any of these songs.

CHUCK

Well...they're new. This is a try-out place for new songs.

MARTY

Oh, really? I didn't realize that.

LYLE

What did you think of "Since I left 'Nam"?

MARTY

As an agent?

(he shrugs)

I'll tell you what I told Tony Bennett. Sing songs people already know. That way if they don't like you they still got something to applaud.

LYLE

But...we're songwriters.

MARTY

So what? The Beach Boys weren't songwriters? Anthony Newley isn't a songwriter? If you want to sell songs today you got to have an act with jokes, patter, schtik, seques. Otherwise, frankly, you're old, you're white, you don't have guitars...

rd1-lzz

1-2zz

4

INT. ANOTHER CLUB

4

The stage is smaller, the piano is larger, the M.C. is older.

M.C.

(reading off a card)

And now--appearing at The Audition for the first time-- here are Rogers and Clarke.

There is applause. Chuck and Lyle come on stage. Lyle wears dark glasses. Chuck leads him.

CHUCK

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I'm Chuck Clarke and this is my partner Lyle Rogers.

Lyle says "Hello" off-mike. Chuck grabs him and pushes his face toward the microphone.

LYLE

(into mike)

Hello.

CHUCK

As you see, Lyle has a handicap. But it's a handicap that many great singers and musicians-- including George Shearing, Ray Charles and Stevie Wonder--share.

The audience bursts into applause.

CHUCK

Thank you. Our act tonight is a kind of tribute...

Lyle gropes his way toward the piano.

CHUCK

...to Simon and Garfunkel, one
of the great musical teams
to come out of the 60's...

Lyle crashes into the piano bench.

CHUCK

It's okay. He'll find it.
You know, a lot of people
mollycoddle the blind...

Lyle has gone past the piano and now stands feeling his
way along the back wall.

CHUCK

...and I think it makes for a
lot of self-pity and a lack of
confidence.

Lyle steps off the edge of the stage, smashing into a
table in front.

CHUCK

It's okay, it's okay. He'll
get up by himself. No, please
don't help him, sir. You're
not always going to be there
to help him, are you?

ANGLE - MARTY

He rises quietly from his table and begins tiptoeing out.

CHUCK

Simon and Garfunkel have broken
up but their songbook lives on...

As Chuck speaks, Marty steps into the lounge and closes
the door behind him. He walks quickly to the bar.

MARTY

(to the Bartender)
A spritzer, please.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE LOUNGE - LATER

Marty is at the bar drinking. From inside Lyle and
Chuck can be heard singing.

LYLE, CHUCK O.S.

(singing)

"...I will lay me down,
Like a bridge over troubled waters,
I will lay me downnnn."

There is a finishing chord, then silence, then the sound of scattered applause. The lights come on for intermission and members of the audience begin drifting into the lounge.

1ST GIRL

That was gross.

1ST BOY

I don't get it. Is the blind
guy blind? or what?

A 2ND GIRL

I don't think he was blind. I
think it was supposed to be a
joke.

A 2ND BOY

Well, it's not funny if you don't
know he's not blind. Especially
if you're sitting close to the
stage.

Chuck and Lyle come out and walk over to Marty,
expectantly.

21-12
2-12

MARTY

Nice. Very nice. You did a lot
of work.

CHUCK

Any notes?

MARTY

Use more gestures when you sing
"Hey, Mrs. Robinson".

(Chuck and Lyle
make a note)

And put in more jokes. And don't
just do the Simon and Garfunkel
Songbook.

(Chuck and Lyle
write furiously)

And drop the opening. It's too subtle.
(they look up;
stunned)

Otherwise, I'm very encouraged.

6 INT. ANOTHER LITTLE CLUB - LYLE, CHUCK 6
doing a four-handed version of "American Pie". As they play Chuck turns to the audience.

CHUCK

(to audience)

Jewish princess goes into Tiffany's.
Knocks over a priceless Ming
vase. The manager screams, "What
have you done!" The woman says
"It's alright. I'm not hurt."

LYLE, CHUCK

(singing)

"Took my Chevy to the levy,
But the levy was dry,"

CHUCK

(to Lyle)

How can you tell if a Jewish
princess is a nymphomaniac?

LYLE

If she'll go to bed with you after
she's been to the hairdressers.

CHUCK, LYLE UNISON:

(singing)

"Them good old boys,
Drinkin' whiskey and rye,"

LYLE

(to Chuck)

What's a Jewish Princess' favorite
wine?

CHUCK

(whining)

I wanna go to Miami.

A WOMAN in the audience calls out:

1ST WOMAN

Why don't you do some jokes about
men?

LYLE

(calling back)

What?

1ST WOMAN

(shouting)

Why don't you do some jokes about
men?

CHUCK

Okay. The husband of a Jewish princess is told by his wife that her credit cards were stolen. He decides not to report them because the thief will spend less.

CHUCK, LYLE

(singing)

"Singin' this'll be the day that I die..."

The woman who has shouted at them rises abruptly and starts out. Her escort grabs the check and follows. Lyle stares after them, stunned. Chuck nudges him.

LYLE

(nervously)

How many Jewish princesses...

There are a few "boos" from the audience. Lyle stops.

CHUCK

(to Lyle)

Were you going to ask me how many Jewish princesses it takes to change a light bulb?

ANGLE - MARTY

as he sits watching the stage. There are more "boos".

CHUCK

I'll tell you. Two. One to make the martinis and one to call the super.

Another woman stands up and starts out. A third woman stands up:

2ND WOMAN

(shouting)

How many assholes does it take to do an act?

LYLE

(calling to her)

Hey, don't be mad. We're just kidding.

CHUCK

(to Lyle)

What's the difference between making love to a Jewish princess...

The "boos" rise to a crescendo. A few more women stand up. The lights suddenly come on. The M.C. hurries onstage.

CHUCK
(relentlessly)
...and Jello?

Lyle does not answer. Chuck nudges him again.

M.C.
(to the audience)
Please stay in your seats. I
wasn't here when this act was
screened, and I'm sorry for its
tastelessness...

LYLE
(suddenly galvanized)
Jello moves.

3RD WOMAN
(calling)
Fuck you!

CHUCK, LYLE
(singing the finish)
"Singin' this'll be the day that I die".

EXT. 8TH AVE. MARTY, LYLE, CHUCK - WALKING

LYLE
They hated us.

MARTY
It wasn't a good audience.
(he waves frantically)
Taxi!
(the taxi speeds up)
Look at those bastards - now
they won't stop.

CHUCK
I don't understand what we did
wrong.

MARTY
Nothing. Although it's a good
idea to change the routine if
they boo you. Otherwise I'm
very encouraged.

LYLE
We don't have any routine to
change to.

7 CONTINUED:

7

MARTY

You will. You're growing with every performance.

CHUCK

See...the thing is, we've been living off our savings while we worked on the act, but we're down to nothing now.

MARTY

Really? I got good news for you then. I can get you a booking.

LYLE

(excitedly)

For money?

MARTY

Absolutely.

CHUCK

Where?

MARTY

Honduras. In a hotel where American journalists stay. The last act left because they were nervous about death squads, but there's absolutely no danger if you don't drive through the countryside.

CHUCK

How much?

MARTY

150 lampiras a week. That's \$75 dollars in American money, but it includes room and board.

CHUCK

That's...only 37.50 a week for each of us.

MARTY

That's right. You got a good head for figures. Taxi!

A taxi screeches to a halt. Marty starts in, stops:

MARTY

I also got ten weeks in Morocco at 950 dirham a week. That's \$95.00 in American money, but unfortunately I can only get you airfare from the Canary Islands.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED:

CHUCK

I'll...call you about it in the morning.

LYLE

Me too.

MARTY

Can I drop you somewhere?

CHUCK

No, thanks. I'm gonna walk. I... I've...got some thinking to do.

LYLE

Me, too.

MARTY

Don't think too long. There's a lot of acts that would kill for a booking in Morocco.

He slams the door. The taxi drives off.

8 Lyle and Chuck walk in silence. Chuck stops at a bar. 8

CHUCK

Lyle, do you mind? I kind of wanna be alone to think.

LYLE

Oh. No. Sure. I do too.

9 Chuck walks in. Lyle walks in in back of him. 9
INSIDE Chuck stops.

LYLE

Is it okay? It's the only bar open in this neighborhood. Just pretend I'm not here.

Chuck sits down at one end of the bar. Lyle puts some change in the jukebox. Then sits at the other end of the bar. "One More For The Road" begins playing.

BARTENDER

(to Chuck)

What'll it be?

CHUCK

Bourbon on the rocks.

9 CONTINUED:

9

LYLE
(calling)
Make it two.

CHUCK
(to Lyle)
Don't drink bourbon. You'll
fall flat on your face.
(to Bartender)
Give him a beer.

LYLE
(to the Bartender)
One beer.

The Bartender sizes them up, then starts making the drinks.

LYLE
(singing softly
with the jukebox)
"It's quarter past three,
There's no one in the place,
Except you and me..."

BARTENDER
(sliding the
beer to Lyle)
You two know each other?

The CAMERA begins pushing in on Lyle.

LYLE
Yeah. We have...we had an act
together.

BARTENDER
Oh. No kidding. Have I seen you?

LYLE
No. We were only together five
months. Before that...we were
just guys. With jobs. Who
wanted to be songwriters...

The screen wavers in the time-honored tradition of the
flashback.

11-42
1-52

10

EXT. A STREET - DAY

10

A Good Humor truck moves slowly along driven by Lyle who
wears a white outfit, a bowtie, and a cap. He is singing
to himself and making notes as he drives.

10 CONTINUED:

10

LYLE
 (singing)
 "Hot fudge love,
 Cherry ripple kisses..."
 (he makes a note;
 then looks up
 thoughtfully)
 ...misses...bliss is...this is...
 hisses...

A child runs up to the truck.

CHILD
 I wanna popsicle.

LYLE
 What flavor?

CHILD
 Red.

LYLE
 That's a good flavor.

Lyle climbs out and goes to the back of the truck.

LYLE
 (as he goes)
 ...fishes...knishes...dishes...wishes...

11 INT. LYLE'S APT.

11

Small, hideous. Done in pink and turquoise. WILLA ROGERS, Lyle's wife, sits listening as Lyle plucks his song out on a guitar.

LYLE
 "Hot fudge love,
 Cherry ripple kisses,
 So delisissus,
 I'm lickin' my lips..."
 (he stops)
 Isn't that a great rhyme?

WILLA
 That's nice. I think I'm gonna
 get ties for the curtains. Maybe
 real deep pink ones to pick up
 the throw pillows.

LYLE
 That'll be pretty.

11 CONTINUED:

11

WILLA

I wanted to have the couch
recovered but the upholsterer
said we couldn't afford it.

(suddenly)

I hate having to tell people that
my husband is a Good Humor man.

LYLE

Only in the summer.

WILLA

Selling pretzels ain't no better.
It's all seasonal work.

LYLE

You want to have a baby?

WILLA

No.

(she looks up)

I want to be an interior decorator.

(Lyle blinks)

I want a career. I got talent,
Lyle. I know it. I want to do
something with my life...

LYLE

Okay.

WILLA

I want to enroll in the Pratt
Institute of Design.

LYLE

Okay.

WILLA

It costs seven hundred dollars.

LYLE

Seven hundred dollars?

(slowly)

Well...we got money saved.

WILLA

That means no piano.

LYLE

Well, hell, Willa, you got just
as much right to a career as I do.
I'll just learn to play this better.

(Willa bursts into
tears)

What's wrong, honey?

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED:

14.

WILLIE
(sobbing)
You're so nice to me.

The screen wavers and the scene returns to the present.
12 Lyle still sits at the bar. The jukebox still plays. 12

ANGLE - CHUCK

He sits sipping his bourbon, his eyes far away. The
CAMERA begins pushing in toward his face.

CHUCK
(singing to himself)
"I'm drinkin', my friend,
To the end,
Of an old love affair..."

The screen wavers, then dissolves into another flashback:

13 INT. NICK'S RESTAURANT 13

Chuck sits at the piano, playing "That's Amore". He
finishes with a crescendo, then leans into the mike.

CHUCK
And now, I'd like to play a song
of my own, for Mr. and Mrs. Charles
Thermopolous on their 40th
anniversary.
(singing)
"I want to give you a present,
To thank you for the past,
I want to give you a future,
And at the very last,
I want your fingers closing my eyes,
Cause love's the only thing that never dies."

The audience begins talking to each other. Mr. and Mrs.
Thermopolous sit listening, horrified.

CHUCK
"My life is nearly over,
And time goes by so fast,
I want to give you a present,
To thank you for the past."

He finishes on a minor chord, then rises and goes to a
booth where a blonde of about 30 (CAROL) is sitting.

CHUCK
Hi, baby.

rdl-50
62

13 CONTINUED:

CAROL

That's a beautiful song. When
did you write it?

CHUCK

Wednesday. I shouldn't have
played it for these assholes.
It's so demeaning.

CAROL

(singing)

"My life is nearly over,
And time goes by so fast..."

(tears fill her eyes)

Oh, God, Chuck, I don't
want to get old.

CHUCK

Fucking waiters are screaming orders.
Fucking customers are shoving food
in their faces.

CAROL

I love you, Chuck.

CHUCK

Thanks, baby.

CAROL

You know, if we...lived together
I could help out with money.
You wouldn't have to work full time.
You could concentrate on your music.

CHUCK

I don't work full time now.

CAROL

But...I could take care of you. I
could...you eat so badly. I could
cook for you. And make your life
easier...

CHUCK

My life's not hard. I just have a
lot of pain. I don't know. I'm too
sensitive, I guess. Who the fuck knows.

CAROL

Chuck, do you love me?

13 CONTINUED:

13

CHUCK

Don't do this to me now, Carol.

CAROL

Do what? I'm asking you if you love me.

CHUCK

Carol, you're a wonderful person, I really mean that, a wonderful woman...but I have to be sure you're Miss Right.

(her mouth tightens)

I mean... don't you want to be sure I'm Mr. Right?

A waiter comes over and hands Chuck a note, then points to a table near the kitchen where Lyle and Willa are sitting. Chuck reads the note then looks up.

CHUCK

Hey! This guy says he's a songwriter and he loved my song. Hey!

(he waves at Lyle;
to Carol)

I'll be right back, baby.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 THE RESTAURANT - LATER

14

It is closed. Busboys are stacking the tables. The floor is being mopped. Willa and Carol sit at a table together watching as Chuck and Lyle sit at the piano.

LYLE

(playing and singing)

"I met her and I fell,
I loved her much too well,
She walked out, hello, hell-
O heartbreak".

CHUCK

What about this tempo?

(Lyle slides over;
Chuck plays)

"I met her.....fell,
I loved her.....well,
She walked out.....hell-
O heartbreak".

LYLE

Then I'd need a harder lyric.
 "I met her" and....
 (he drives his fist
 into his hand)
 ...some word that hits you.

CHUCK

How about wham?

LYLE

I met her - wham?

CHUCK

(playing)
 "I loved her - bam,
 "She walked out..."

LYLE

"Slam..."

LYLE, CHUCK

"Heartbreak."

MONTAGE:

15 Lyle and Chuck in Chuck's tiny hi-rise apartment. 15

17
18
19

LYLE, CHUCK

"Software,
 I'm lookin' for software,
 I gotta have software..."
 For my...

16
17
18
19

They look at each other.

CHUCK

Computer is wrong.

LYLE

Machine?

CHUCK, LYLE

(singing)
 "I gotta have software,
 For my machine..."

rdl-62
1-72

16 GREEK RESTAURANT 16

18
20

It is after closing. Lyle and Chuck are at the piano. 18

17
18
19

CHUCK

(singing)
 "Hello..."

20 CONTINUED:

10

LYLE
(singing)
"Hello..."

CHUCK
(singing)
"Baby..."

LYLE
(singing)
"Baby..."

CHUCK
(singing)
"Love you..."

LYLE
(singing)
"Love you..."

CHUCK
(singing)
"Baby..."

LYLE
(singing)
"Baby..."

CHUCK
(singing)
"Do I have an echo,
Or do I have a choice..."

21 EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - CHUCK, CAROL - WALKING

21

It is a cool, crisp day. The leaves are turning. Dogs, cyclists, joggers scamper past.

CAROL
I suppose you're busy this weekend.

CHUCK
Honey, we're working. We've knocked out six songs in four weeks. I don't even talk to the guy when we're not working. You want something to eat?

She nods. Chuck walks over to a stand.

CHUCK
Two pretzels.

21 CONTINUED:

21

The owner turns. It is Lyle.

LYLE

Hi.

CHUCK

Hi.

CAROL

Hi.

22 INT. CHUCK'S APARTMENT - CHUCK, CAROL 22

He is undressing her.

CHUCK

Honey, I didn't even know he had
a pretzel stand. I thought he
was a Good Humor man.

CAROL

I hardly ever see you. This is
the first time we've walked in the
park since....

(she grabs her bra
as he unfastens it)

Don't undress me while I talk.

CHUCK

Why?

CAROL

Because I'm not in the mood to
do anything tonight.

CHUCK

Oh, baby, don't punish me. I'm
so crazy about you.

CAROL

Are you? Oh, Chuck...

She drops her hands. He whips off her bra. There is a
knock. They freeze. There is another knock.

CHUCK

(calling)

Who is it?

LYLE O.S.

It's Lyle. Can I talk to you?

Carol sits up.

22 CONTINUED:

22

CHUCK

(calling)

Can it wait, Ly? I... I'm in bed.

LYLE O.S.

I...I wish you'd let me in, Chuck. I'm kind of in trouble.

CHUCK

What's wrong?

LYLE O.S.

(his voice breaks)

Willie left me.

There is a pause.

CHUCK

Okay. Hold on.

Carol turns on the light. Chuck rises.

CHUCK

(whispering)

Honey, do you mind? He sounds all torn up.

pulling her blouse on. Furiously: .

CAROL

Not at all. I'll just go out the back door. Shall I wait by the garbage?

CHUCK

No. This could take a while.

She leaps to her feet. He grabs her hand.

CHUCK

Were you being sarcastic?

CAROL

What do you think?

CHUCK

I'll call you tomorrow.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 CHUCK'S APT. - CHUCK, LYLE - LATER

23

Lyle sits in a chair, sobbing. Chuck sits on the couch.

LYLE

I'm sorry. It just comes over me in waves every few minutes.

CHUCK

Sure. I understand. Great thing for a songwriter. Pain. I wouldn't give mine up.

LYLE

I'm not sure I could take feeling this bad for long.

CHUCK

Hey - fuck her, you know? You sent her to art school, you gave her a home, and now she's off somewhere making it with an upholsterer. I wouldn't wet my eyes.

LYLE

Nice phrase.

CHUCK

Yeah, let me write it down.
(he makes a note)

LYLE

I don't know what to do now. I don't know what to do without Willa. We've been married since we were seventeen. I never even dated anyone but Willa.

(he breaks down)

Oh, Willa... Oh, Willa, Willa...

DISSOLVE TO:

24 CHUCK'S APT.

24

Lyle sits on Chuck's couch. He wears a robe and has a stubble on his face. Chuck is dressing.

LYLE

...we were happy while I was working in the gas station. We had a little house, and a little garden. I'd come home in the evening and write songs and Willa would quilt. And then the tire factory opened and overnight the population shot up to 35,000.

24 CONTINUED:

24

CHUCK

Could you stand up for a second,
Lyle? You're sitting on my tie.

LYLE

(rising)

So about three years ago I said
"Let's go to New York or Nashville,
Willa. Those're the only two places
to be if you want to sell songs".
So she said New York. So we came
to New York. What a smuck I was.

(he breaks down)

CHUCK

Schmuck.

(Lyle looks up)

It's not smuck. It's schmuck.

LYLE

Sa-muck.

CHUCK

Shmuck.

LYLE

Sssmuck.

CHUCK

Say shh. Like "shh, keep quiet".

LYLE

Shh.

CHUCK

Now say muck.

LYLE

Muck.

CHUCK

Now say Shh and muck together
real fast.

LYLE

Smuck.

CHUCK

(after a moment)

Closer.

LYLE

Gee, you really know the lingo,
don't you?

25 INT. GREEK RESTAURANT - LYLE, CHUCK

25

sitting at a table eating as Chuck expounds.

CHUCK

The way I look at it, people
would rather suffer with what
they have than try the unknown.

LYLE

Oh, is that true.

CHUCK

That's why most men lead lives
of quiet desperation.

LYLE

Oh, is that right.

(admiringly)

Boy, do you have a way of putting
things.

A pretty waitress comes up to the table.

WAITRESS

Anything else?

CHUCK

(eyeing her bosom)

I can think of a couple of things.

(she laughs)

Cute, huh?

(indicating Lyle)

Sharon, you've met Lyle Rogers,
haven't you?

SHARON

Uh-huh.

(to Chuck)

I love the way you sing.

CHUCK

Thanks.

(rising)

I'll be right back.

LYLE

Where you going?

CHUCK

(winking)

The john.

He walks briskly off.

SHARON

He is so great, isn't he?

LYLE

Yeah.

SHARON

His voice...and the way he plays.
And he's got that great body--sort
of like a cat, but wiry.

LYLE

Yeah.

SHARON

And I love his face. It's so...fierce.
He looks like an outlaw, doesn't he?

LYLE

An outlaw?

SHARON

Yeah. I mean, he's got those great
big brown eyes...and kind of a mean
mouth.

LYLE

He's smart, too.

SHARON

Oh, tell me about it. To remember
all those songs?

Chuck strides back. Sharon smiles at him.

SHARON

See you later, Hawk.
(she walks off)

LYLE

Hawk?

CHUCK

The...uh...girls here call me The
Hawk. It's a long story...gang
wars, shit like that. So did you
ask her out?

LYLE

No. She likes you.

CHUCK

Listen, Lyle, I can get a dozen
girls. I want you to have a date.

25

CONTINUED:

25

LYLE

Well, I can't ask a girl out if
she likes you.

CHUCK

(he sighs)

I don't know where to start.

26

INT. SINGLES BAR

26

Chuck and Lyle enter. Chuck walks over to the bar and
sits down next to a girl. Lyle remains standing.

CHUCK

(to the girl)

Hey, that beer's almost gone.
Bartender! Another beer for the
lady.

GIRL

Well, I...thanks.

CHUCK

Nice seeing you here. '

GIRL

Have you seen me here before?

CHUCK

No. That's why it's nice.

(he laughs)

Cute, huh?

(he points to Lyle)

This is my friend, Lyle Rogers.
Lyle, this is...

GIRL

Dorothy.

(indicating a girl
next to her)

This is my friend Safaïï Darma.

SAFAÏÏ

Hi.

CHUCK

Lyle, why don't you sit down
next to Safaïï?

LYLE

Oh. Sure.

Lyle crosses over and sits on the stool next to the 2nd
girl. There is a pause.

CONTINUED

LYLE

That's an interesting name, Safaïï
Darma. Is it French?

SAFAÏÏ

Indian.

LYLE

Oh. Are you Indian?

SAFAÏÏ

No. It's not my real name. My
teacher gave it to me. It means
"pure of spirit and flesh".

rd1-9zx
1-10zx

LYLE

Oh.
(he moves back)

SAFAÏÏ

What do you do?

LYLE

I sell pretzels.

ANGLE - CHUCK, DOROTHY

He is stroking the inside of her elbow.

CHUCK

You are so fucking beautiful.

DOROTHY

Oh, I'm not.

CHUCK

"Oh, I'm not" she says. You
probably had guys telling you you're
beautiful since you could walk.

DOROTHY

You're so crazy, Hawk.

He leans over and breathes in her ear. On the other side
of her hair he sees Lyle watching him.

LYLE

Hi.

CHUCK

Hi.

LYLE

I'm ready to go when you are.

27 EXT. A STREET - LYLE, CHUCK - WALKING

27

CHUCK

You got to give yourself a break.
I mean, you've never been out on
a date with anyone but your wife.

LYLE

But you gotta have the looks, Chuck.
I mean, when you walk into a place
girls just...want you. You've got
that kind of face...kind of mean
looking. But with character. And
the way you walk...you can only do
that with a small body. You ever
heard of a big sports car? I mean
if I looked like you...

CHUCK

You're a good looking guy, too.

LYLE

(stopping)

Hey, I'm not a smuck. I've got a
mirror. I'm whitebread. My face
is too weak. My nose is too small
for my chin. And I just feel so...
tall.

CHUCK

(sighing)

You have so idealized me.

28 INT. CHUCK'S APARTMENT - CHUCK, CAROL

28

Carol sits on end of the couch with her arms folded.

CAROL

I won't stand for it.

CHUCK

I just can't walk out on him, Carol.
The guy cries every ten minutes.
He's like an orphan.

CAROL

I don't give a shit.

CHUCK

Carol...you're not acting like
Miss Right.

(she rises and puts
her coat on)

What are you doing?

28 CONTINUED:

28

CAROL

I'm leaving you.

CHUCK

Okay. I'll call you tomorrow.

CAROL

No. I'm leaving you for good.
I don't want to see you again.
Ever.

CHUCK

(rising)

What are you talking about?

CAROL

What do you care? If you never
see me again it will only be
one time less a week than you
see me now.

CHUCK

Carol...

CAROL

Don't touch me.

She walks out, slamming the door. Chuck stares at the
door, then runs out after her.

CHUCK

Carol! Carol!

29 INT. LYLE'S APT. - 5 A.M.

29

There are hot pink curtain ties at the window and dust
on the tables. Lyle sits on the couch picking on the
guitar and drinking from a bottle.

LYLE

(singing)

"Hot fudge love,
Cherry ripple kisses..."

He breaks down. The phone rings. He looks up, wild-eyed
with hope and lurches for it.

LYLE

(into phone)

Willie! Willie, I... Oh. Hi,
Chuck. ...How'sh...how's
everything.

(he listens; the
bottle falls from
his fingers)

What?

CONTINUED

30 CLOSE-UP - CHUCK ON THE PHONE - DAWN

30

CHUCK

I'm on the ledge outside my
apartment.

The angle widens to reveal Chuck straddling the window
of his apartment, one foot dangling over the sill,
fifteen stories above the ground.

CHUCK

(into phone)

I've been fooling you, Lyle...
and myself.

(he starts climbing
out with the phone)

I don't have any talent. I'll
never make any money. I'll
never find Miss Right and Carol
left me. Carol...the girl I've
been trying to make up my mind
about for five years.

(he begins to
straighten slowly
on the ledge)

I'm a failure. At everything.

31 LYLE - ON THE PHONE

31

He is a new Lyle, crisp, alert.

LYLE

(into phone; coolly)

Don't move, I'll be right over.

CHUCK

Don't call the police. If it
gets in the newspaper the scandal
will ruin me in show business.

LYLE

You got it.

CHUCK O.S.

I mean it, Lyle. If I see a
policeman I'll jump.

LYLE

Right.

(he hangs up; dials)

Operator, get me the police.

(he begins dressing
as he holds the phone)

31 CONTINUED:

31

LYLE (cont'd)

Yes. I have an emergency at 125 E. 55th Street. There's a man on a ledge threatening to kill himself. But you have to go over there undercover. He'll jump if he sees a policeman. ...Right. So use unmarked cars and plain-clothesmen. Maybe park around the block. Walk up casually...

32 EXT. CHUCK'S APT. BUILDING - DAY

32

A crowd has gathered. Five police cars and a fire truck are parked outside. High up, on the 15th floor, Chuck's small figure can be seen on the ledge.

Lyle suddenly races around the corner, then stops as he sees the crowd and the roped-off sidewalk.

LYLE

Oh, no!

He sprints toward the building. A cop steps forward.

COP

Back of the line, buddy. No one's allowed past this point..

LYLE

(pushing past him)

Shoot me.

He runs into the building.

33 INT. CHUCK'S APT.

33

About half a dozen policeman and a rabbi. An elderly couple (Chuck's MOTHER and FATHER) are at the window.

CHUCK'S MOTHER

(screaming out the window to Chuck)

It's not enough that at your age you're still playing piano in a Greek restaurant and writing songs with a Good Humor Man? It's not enough you're not married? Now you're going to kill yourself so everyone can say I was a bad mother.

A POLICEMAN

(horrificed)

Mrs. Clarke, this may not be the best way to talk to him now.

33 CONTINUED:

33

MRS. CLARKE
(screaming at Chuck)
You see? It's starting already.

The door bursts open and Lyle runs in. Two cops move quickly toward him.

1ST COP

Hold it.

LYLE

(panting)
I'm his best friend. I've
got to talk to him.

2ND COP

It's okay. We've got everything
under control.

CHUCK'S MOTHER

(leaning out the
window; to Chuck)
You're killing me!

CHUCK'S FATHER

(leaning out)
Chuck, this is your father.
Mama is very upset.

LYLE - in a sudden daring move lunges past the policeman,
darts to the window, shoves Chuck's parents aside, and
heaves himself out onto the ledge.

RDL-111
1-111

34 EXT. THE CROWD BELOW

34

As Lyle's figure comes out on the ledge, the crowd gasps.

35 ANGLE - CHUCK

35

He stands pressed against the building, staring straight
ahead as Lyle slowly makes his way toward him.

LYLE

(calling)
Hold on! Hold on, Hawk, I'm coming.

CHUCK

Don't come any closer. And don't
call me Hawk.

36 Far below Two firemen begin spreading a net.

36

CHUCK

37 (closing his eyes)
I told you not to tell anyone.

37

37 CONTINUED:

37

LYLE

(as he moves
steadily closer)
I know you did. But I was
afraid I wouldn't get here in
time. Don't be mad at me, Chuck.

A VOICE CALLS:

(from the window)
Chuck! This is Rabbi Peirce...

CHUCK

Oh, my God! Rabbi Peirce is here!

Lyle reaches Chuck. The two men stand spread-eagled
against the building.

LYLE

Gimme your hand, Chuck.
(Chuck does not move)
Come on. I know how bad you feel,
but there are people in the world
worse off than you. Poor people,
sick people...
(after a moment)
People who don't have anyone to
go out on a ledge for them.

There is a long pause, then Chuck reaches slowly over and
takes Lyle's hand. Together, hand in hand, they start
toward the window, two small figures, 15 floors above the
ground.

CHUCK

Lyle?
(a stone falls
out of the facing)
Are you disappointed in me? I
mean, now that you know I'm not
the kind of guy you thought I was.

LYLE

You are the kind of guy I
thought you were, Chuck.
(he kicks gently
at a pigeon)

CHUCK

No, I'm not. I lived with my
parents until I was 32. I've
drizzled my life away...

37 CONTINUED:

37

LYLE

Hey, it takes a lot of nerve not to have anything at your age. Most guys would be ashamed. But you've got the guts to say fuck it...because you'd rather have nothing than settle for less.

CHUCK

(after a moment)

I never looked at it that way.

(he steps over the pigeon)

Maybe...maybe I am the kind of guy you thought I was.

The scene wavers and returns to the present.

38 INT. THE BAR

38

The song on the jukebox comes to an end. Lyle looks over at Chuck. Chuck looks over at Lyle. They rise and walk toward each other. Chuck socks Lyle on the arm.

CHUCK

What do you say we get this show on the road?

(Lyle nods)

Honduras?

LYLE

Morocco. It's safer.

rdl-12zz
1-13zz

39

AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIG - SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT - DAY

39

Under a blazing sun a crew of five archaeologists and a dozen helpers work in the excavation.

One of the archaeologists, a young man with the exotic eyes of a Eurasian (TARIC), unearths an ancient fabric panel decorated with a colored map and several lines of calligraphy. He studies it for several moments, then suddenly calls:

TARIC

Professor Barnes!

An elderly Englishman (PROFESSOR NIGEL BARNES) turns as Taric starts toward him.

40 EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

40

A dozen tents about 20 yards from the digs. A few fires still burn where the crew sit talking and eating.

41 INSIDE ONE OF THE TENTS Professor Karl and Omar stand 41
looking down at the ancient fabric panel.

PROFESSOR KARL
You're certain?

OMAR
Positive. I am proficient in
ancient Arabic. The map
indicates the exact place where
the Twelfth Imam will reappear
after a thousand years of hiding.
The prophecy states that when he
appears...he will restore Islam
to its full glory, then the Great
Judgment will begin...and the
Apocalypse will follow...

There is silence. Professor Karl traces the colorful
design of the map with his finger.

PROFESSOR KARL
This places his reappearance
somewhere in Ishtar.

OMAR
Yes.

PROFESSOR KARL
When does the prophecy say all
this will happen?

OMAR
Before the end of this year.

Professor Karl stares at him speechlessly. Omar's voice
trembles with excitement.

OMAR
It is incredible. It speaks of
two messengers who will find the
maqam al-ghayba, the place where
the Imam has hidden all this time...
and only then will he rise...

(reading)
"...And they shall be honored
by the devout. But if they speak
false, they and all their
descendants shall be destroyed..."

(he looks up)
It's uncanny, isn't it? It says
two messengers, and now we two
have found the prophecy, just as
it foretold...

PROFESSOR BARNES

(quietly)

Don't be a fool, Taric. Any prophecy can be interpreted to fit any facts. We are not two messengers. We are two archaeologists who have found a piece of writing which, if it is authentic, may start a holy war that will wipe out one third of the world...

There is a sudden sound outside the tent and both men freeze. Professor Barnes puts his finger to his lips and points to a small cascade of sand particles sliding under the skirt of the tent toward an indentation just outside.

PROFESSOR BARNES

(in a whisper)

Someone is standing out there.

Taric nods, then picks up a knife and tiptoes toward the back of the tent. Professor Barnes continues talking loudly as Taric kneels and slashes a piece of canvas loose, then crawls out underneath the tent.

PROFESSOR BARNES

(to an imaginary Taric)

Well, there's no sense talking about it anymore tonight. We'll take it into town on Monday. Fifty per cent of the fragments we've found are forged anyway....

He breaks off as the sound of a pistol cracks through the desert night. There is a scream and then, suddenly, the night outside is alive with the sound of voices and movement.

rd1-13zz

1-14zz

42

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

42

VOICES

"What's happening?"

"What is it?"

The words are echoed in Arabic, then in English and French. There is another shot, then answering fire. In the night, lit only by stars, the campsite is a sudden mass of confusion and broken cries.

A PLUMP MIDDLE-AGED ENGLISHWOMAN screams as she stumbles across the body of a dying Arab.

CONTINUED

A YOUNG MAN IN EYEGLASSES, still tying his robe, looks blindly down at the blood gushing from his throat where it has been slashed.

UNDER THE SCREAMS AND GUNFIRE there is the sound of a car starting as TARIC, still clutching the ancient map, pumps crazily on the gas pedal of a battered jeep. Bullets splatter the fenders. Suddenly the motor catches and the car lurches ahead, the sand spraying wildly around it.

DISSOLVE TO:

- 43 TARIC'S JEEP as it races across the desert... 43 *
- 44 ...then drives into a tiny oasis town and screeches to a halt outside the lone hotel. Taric leaps out without turning off the ignition. 44 *
- 45 INSIDE THE LOBBY Taric races past the startled desk clerk and up the narrow stairs two at a time. He sprints down the hallway to a peeling green door and fumbles the key into the lock. 45 *
- 46 ONCE INSIDE THE ROOM he locks the door, then holding the map in two trembling fingers, as though it were a deadly icon, he looks around wildly for a place to hide it. 46 *
- 47 ON THE STAIRWAY leading from the lobby, a pair of dust-covered boots move slowly, deliberately, one step at a time, following in Taric's footsteps. 47 *
- 48 INSIDE THE ROOM Taric, his face knotted with concentration, works feverishly on something just below frame, pausing every few seconds to listen. 48 *
- 49 IN THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE, the dust-covered boots move soundlessly along the worn carpet toward Taric's door. 49 *
- 50 INSIDE THE ROOM Taric, his body soaked with sweat, is speaking on the phone. The map is no longer in sight. 50 *

TARIC

(into phone)

...I have hidden it, Shirra...

(there is a

clicking sound)

I can't tell you where over the phone. But I will meet you...

The last word gurgles in his throat as the flimsy door is smashed open and a knife rips through him. He falls back slipping in his own blood, then looks up at his murderer, his eyes filled with triumph.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED:

50

OMAR

(whispering; exultantly)
 You will not find it. Now no
 one will find it except the
 messengers of God.

51 EXT. A LARGE TWIN ENGINE PROP PLANE - FLYING 51

On the side of the plane are the words "AIR-SICILY".

52 INSIDE THE CROWDED PLANE Chuck, Lyle and a surly 52
 looking Egyptian sit three across in the rear. Chuck
 and Lyle are singing from a piece of sheet music.

CHUCK, LYLE

(in harmony)

"Let's meet on the road to Morocco,
 Outside of the tunnel of love..."

The plane suddenly shivers. There is a loud thunk...
 then a Stewardess's voice comes over the loudspeaker in
 Arabic, English and French.

STEWARDESS

Please buckle your seatbelts and
 extinguish all smoking materials.
 Those passengers holding tickets to
 Morocco and Algeria, please consult
 an Air-Fez agent inside the terminal.
 We are about to begin the descent
 into Ishtar.

REI-147
 1-22

53 INT. THE TERMINAL - ISHTAR 53

The tiny airport is a madhouse. Lines of screaming
 passengers stand at the ticket window, demanding that
 their reservations be honored. Ishtar handlers toss the
 luggage in heaps on the ground. Passengers lunge to get
 them.

Chuck and Lyle, each carrying a suitcase, struggle over to
 a bench against the rear wall of the terminal and
 collapse.

LYLE

I'll find the Air-Fez agent.
 You watch the luggage.

CHUCK

Okay. Here's fifty dirham. See
 if you can pick up some coffee.
 (as Lyle starts off)
 Ask how much it is before you order.

Lyle disappears into the crowd. Chuck wipes his forehead and takes out the "Road To Morocco" sheet music.

CHUCK

(singing softly)

"The funny streets are nice and dark,
The music is unique,
You can be the kidnapped girl,
and I can be the sheik"...

He shifts over as a beautiful effeminate young boy in a loud print jacket sits down next to him, then stiffens as their eyes meet. The boy gives him a long burning look out of wonderful smoldering eyes framed by long silky lashes, then moves closer. Chuck looks around nervously. The boy continues staring at him. Chuck rises, the boy rises.

THE BOY

(whispering)

Please...help me.

CHUCK

I...I'm with someone. She's in the bathroom...

THE BOY

Please, I beg you. I am in desperate need.

CHUCK

(firmly)

Look, I'm very flattered but I'm...
uh...straight. I'm not proud of it
...and I'm not ashamed of it. I
mean, I respect your way of life,
but it just isn't mine. That doesn't
mean that mine is any better or worse...

He breaks off as the boy turns his back to the terminal so that he faces the wall and whips open his shirt. Under it is an ace bandage. He pushes down the ace bandage. Under it are two nicely shaped breasts. Chuck stares at them.

CHUCK

(in the voice one
uses as a child)

Look what you have.

THE BOY

(softly)

I am a woman.

CHUCK

(whispering)

Yes.

THE BOY

And I beg you to do me a favor.

(she closes her shirt)

You look like a man who's not
afraid of adventure, perhaps
even welcomes it.

Chuck looks around the small airport crowded with Arabs,
Turks, beggars.

CHUCK

(as if in a dream)

Your life is in danger, right?

THE BOY

(gasping)

Yes, how did you know?

(Chuck shrugs)

I am a dead woman if I'm recognized.
And I must get to Marrakech today.

CHUCK

You want my passport, right?

THE BOY

Yes. And your jacket.

CHUCK

Uh-huh.

THE BOY

And the contents of your suitcase
in exchange for mine. I will
return them to you in Marrakech.

CHUCK

Uh-huh.

THE BOY

But the important thing, the thing
that will mean my life...or my
death, is that you do not report
your passport lost for at least
six hours. By then I will have
reached my destination.

CHUCK

See...here's the thing...

(swallowing)

I...I've got to be in Marrakech
by Saturday.

CONTINUED

THE BOY

Today is Friday. The American Embassy will issue you another passport in a few hours.

CHUCK

Let me...just check this out with someone...

THE BOY

No! Above all, you must tell no one of this. No one. Not even your wife.

CHUCK

(quickly)

I'm not married.

THE BOY

(softly)

What is your name?

CHUCK

Hawk. It's short for The Hawk. Little incident with a gang. Lucky shot. The name just stuck.

THE BOY

The Hawk...it is a very bold name, a brave name. But perhaps...this is too much to ask, even of a man with so brave a name?

(she looks down,

then up into his eyes)

Is it?

(softly)

Does the hawk fly?

He stands staring into her eyes.

rd2-2zz
2-3zz

54

ANGLE - LYLE

54

He walks out of the restaurant carrying two coffees and maneuvers his way to the bench where he left Chuck. Chuck is gone and so are the two suitcases. His eyes widen with panic.

LYLE

(calling)

Chuck! Chuck!

CONTINUED

He stops as he sees Chuck stagger out of the Men's Room carrying both suitcases and wearing a print jacket.

LYLE

Chuck!
(he hurries
toward him)
I got our tickets...
(he stops and
stares at the jacket)
What did you do? Go shopping
while I was gone?

CHUCK

No. I...yes.

LYLE

No kidding? Nice jacket. See?
I'd look like a truck in that
jacket.

CHUCK

Listen, let's not jump on the
next plane like two middle-aged
businessmen.

(He gestures around
the hot, crowded
airport)

Let's take in the sights, have a
bite to eat...

LYLE

(looking around)

Why?

CHUCK

Because we're in Ishtar. Because
this is an adventure. How many
Americans get to go to Ishtar?

LYLE

It's 102 degrees outside.
And it smells.

CHUCK

This is why Americans have a bad
name in Europe. This attitude
about hygiene. There has to be a
paper strip across the toilet,
there has to be a little white
bag over the glass...

54 CONTINUED:

54

LYLE
This isn't Europe.

CHUCK
Look, you go on to Martakech. I'm going to check my suitcase and do a little sightseeing.

LYLE
For how long?

CHUCK
About six hours.

55 EXT. MAHARABI, THE CAPITAL OF ISHTAR - DAY

55

It is an ugly little place, a mixture of cheap new high-rises and narrow, unpaved streets. The heat is excruciating. The flies are everywhere. Chuck stops at an open market.

CHUCK
Want something to eat?

LYLE
Uh-uh.

A camel forces them up against a building, as the driver pushes his way past. Lyle inhales, then looks incredulous. Chuck pats the camel. It spits at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

56 ANOTHER STREET IN MAHARABI, ISHTAR

56

Street vendors hawk cheap souvenirs. The noise is deafening. Chuck and Lyle carry their jackets.

CHUCK
Look at this street. Did you ever see anything like this?

LYLE
We've been on this street twice.
(he looks around)
A Good Humor Man could clean up here.

A black Lambretta suddenly turns the corner and stops and two men in black shirts get out. The crowd is instantly silent.

56

CONTINUED:

56

CHUCK

Must be cops. I wonder if
they speak English.

LYLE

Let's ask them. Maybe they
can recommend a good restaurant.

Chuck and Lyle start toward the Two Men, who push past them without even looking and stop in front of a cowering vendor. The vendor breaks into a shrill stream of speech as the two men grab him and throw him into the back seat of the car, then get in after him and drive off. The Lamberta is gone as quickly as it came. Gradually, movement and sound start again. A veiled woman runs to the empty stand and throws herself across it, sobbing.

CHUCK

Emotional people.

LYLE

Yeah. What time is it?

CHUCK

(checking his watch)

Four o'clock.

He glances at Lyle, then puts his hand in his pocket with elaborate casualness. He gasps.

LYLE

What?

CHUCK

My passport is gone.

LYLE

What!

CHUCK

That's funny. I know I had it
when I left the airport....

LYLE

Oh, no!

CHUCK

Don't get panicky. We'll just
report it to the Embassy. I can
get another one in 24 hours....

rd2-32
2-52

57 INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CHUCK, LYLE, A CONSULATE

57

CONSULATE

Not on Friday. And not in Ishtar.
You're lucky the planes are flying.
This country is on the brink of
civil war.

There is a moment of silence.

LYLE

(suddenly)

Oh, no! No, no, no, no, no!

CHUCK

Calm down, Ly.

LYLE

(hysterically)

We'll lose our booking. We'll
be canceled! We'll be fired!
We'll be stuck in Ishtar with
no money and no job!

There is another moment of silence.

CHUCK

(suddenly springing up)

Oh, my God! What have I done?

LYLE

Listen, it was an accident....

CHUCK

I don't believe me!

He punches his fist into the acoustical tile wall. It
goes through revealing a startled dark-skinned man in the
next office.

CONSULATE

Mr. Clarke...

CHUCK

(turning on Lyle)

You've got to go to Marrakech
without me.

LYLE

Who? Me?

CHUCK

You've got to do a single till
I get there.

57 CONTINUED:

LYLE

A what?

CHUCK

A single.

LYLE

But they hired us as a team.

CHUCK

Yes, but now they don't have anyone.

(Lyle shakes his
head wildly)Listen, it's Marrakech. It's not
that easy to pick up an American
act in Marrakech. One of us is
better than nothing.

(Lyle backs away;

Chuck grabs him)

Lyle, you've got to do this.
It's the only chance we have of
keeping our booking. Don't make
me responsible for ruining our
careers, Lyle. I can't handle it.(Lyle makes an
inarticulate sound)Lyle, please! It's the only thing
we can do.

58 EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - LATE AFTERNOON - LYLE

58

He walks down the stairs carrying his suitcase. From an
upper window Chuck, holding a massive stack of forms,
waves goodby.

59 EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - NIGHT - CHUCK

59

walking wearily down the steps. A taxi pulls up and he
gets in.101-52
1-72

60 EXT. THE ISHTAR HOLIDAY INN - THE TAXI

60

pulls up and Chuck gets out. The Driver gets out with
him and picks up his suitcase.

CHUCK

Uh...don't carry it, because I
don't have much left for a tip...(the driver nods
and starts forward)

Uh... don't... Oh...God...

61 INT. THE HALLWAY OF THE ISHTAR HOLIDAY INN 61

Chuck walks along behind the driver who is still carrying his suitcase, then stops in front of a room with the door open.

62 The Driver walks in and sets the suitcase down. An Ishtari Maid is inside cleaning. 62

CHUCK
(to the Driver)
Let's see...we said four dollars.

The Driver nods. Chuck counts out four dollars, then sighs and hands him another dollar.

DRIVER
May your camels never weary and
your daughters grow fat on the
rich cheese of your goats.

CHUCK
Thanks. Have a nice day.

The Driver leaves.

MAID
I am done in only a moment.

CHUCK
That's okay. Take your time.

As Chuck watches, horrified, she goes to the dresser and wipes out the dirty glasses with toilet paper, then puts little white bags over them that say "sterilized". Then she goes into the bathroom, flushes the toilet, and puts a thin strip of paper over the seat that says "sterilized".

MAID
(proudly)
Now everything is sterilized. Just
like how you do in America.

CHUCK
I wouldn't be surprised.
(he hands her
some zahkatz)

MAID
May your loved ones prosper and
may those who would harm you
die of the pox with blackened
tongues and never enter paradise.

CHUCK
That's--very nice of you.

CONTINUED

She goes out. Chuck reaches into his print jacket and takes out a wad of zakhatz and a twenty dollar bill. There is a knock on the door and he opens it. A pleasant looking man in a suit (JIM HARRISON) stands there.

JIM HARRISON

Hi. My name is Jim Harrison. I heard there was another American staying here and I wondered if I could buy you dinner. I'm from New York.

CHUCK

Me too.

(they shake hands)

Great meeting you. I'm starved.

63 INT. CAFE - CHUCK, JIM HARRISON

63

sit on the floor, eating off a low table with their hands. Their faces are covered with grease. Chuck eats ravenously.

JIM

Gee, you're the first guy in show business I've met here.

(he wipes his hands
and takes out a
notebook and pen)

Do you mind? It's for my kid.
Just make it "To Jim".

CHUCK

Sure.

(signing with a flourish)

Nice pen.

JIM

Keep it. You can buy me a drink
when I get to Morocco.

CHUCK

Well...thanks.

(he pockets the pen)

What are you doing here, Jim?

JIM

I'm with the C.I.A.

CHUCK

Interesting work?

CONTINUED

JIM
It's okay. It's pretty tough
at the moment because the
Communists are trying to instigate
a coup against the Emir and take
over Ishtar.

CHUCK
(incredulously)
Why?

JIM
That's how it works, Chuck. If
they get Ishtar today, tomorrow
they get North Africa.

CHUCK
Why?

JIM
Because that's how it works. So
every once in a while when an
American comes over here we ask
him to keep his eyes and ears open
for us and we pay him a little
something. You'd be surprised
how many harmless conversations
are actually the first step
toward recruiting agents for
left wing organizations. Some
guy starts talking to you about
the poverty and injustice in
Ishtar, he could be saying just
what he means or he could be
feeling you out, seeing if he
can dupe you into becoming an
agent for a so-called "people's"
movement.

CHUCK
(there is a pause)
When you say you pay him a little
something...

JIM
\$150 a week. It's not much, but
you can't set a price on democracy.

CHUCK
No. Although \$150 a week is a start.

201-10
1-91

64 TRAVELING SHOT - MARRAKECH

64

pink and beautiful in the fading light.

65 The camera holds in front of the Chez Casablanca Hotel and Lounge. Through the window we see Lyle talking to the Manager. He gestures dramatically as he tells the story of Chuck's lost passport. 65

66 INT. CHEZ CASABLANCA HOTEL - LYLE, THE MANAGER - NIGHT 66

LYLE

...I probably won't be very good
but you can deduct half our dirham...

MANAGER

Thank you. But it would be better
if you were very good.

(he hands him a key)

You share room 101 with Mr. Clarke.
Welcome to Marrakech.

67 INT. A ROOM IN THE CHEZ CASABLANCA - LYLE 67

asleep with the lights out. After a moment, there is a faint creaking sound, then another. Lyle's eyes open and he peers into the darkness. A figure is moving slowly through the room toward the dresser.

He lies motionless for a moment then, in one lightning move, he leaps out of bed, tackles the figure and wrestles it to the ground.

It is the "boy", still wearing Chuck's jacket. Lyle looks down at the small black object the boy has dropped and picks it up. It is Chuck's passport.

LYLE

You dirty little thief.

BOY

(in a soft hurried voice)

I found it, and then when I
asked around I was told that the
owner was staying at this hotel.
I hoped for a reward.

LYLE

What do you think I am, an idiot?

The boy lunges for the door. Lyle grabs him, pushes him to the floor and rolls over on top of him.

LYLE

Don't try it.

(contemptuously)

I'd kill you in a fight. You're as soft as a girl.

BOY

(whispering)

Please, I meant no harm, I'm telling the truth.

LYLE

You found a passport that was lost in Ishtar and then asked around Marrakech for the owner and someone happened to know where he was staying?

BOY

Yes. I...I found it lying on the street outside the Chez Casablanca...and the manager told me the owner was staying here. But I became frightened that someone might think I had stolen it...that is why I came in as I did...

LYLE

(calmly)

You think I'm a big dumb hick American, don't you?

The boy tries to squirm out from under him but Lyle pins him down more firmly with his body.

LYLE

If you'd really asked the manager about Chuck you'd know he was still in Ishtar. He can't get a new passport until Tuesday.

BOY

(bewildered)

But, that can't be true. A passport can be issued in a day.

LYLE

Not on a week-end, you little sap. And now I'm turning you over to the police.

BOY

(crying)

No! Please! They will put me in jail. My family will starve. I am their sole support.

LYLE

(gruffly)

Don't hand me that crap! I don't believe a word of it.

The boy suddenly lifts up his head and kisses Lyle for a long soft moment on the mouth. Lyle blinks, stunned, and then suddenly grabs him in his arms and kisses him fiercely. The boy arches his body up. Lyle groans softly-- they kiss for a long moment, then Lyle leaps up as if shot, rubs his hand across his mouth and staggers back against the wall.

BOY

(softly)

Thank you.

He turns and darts out the door. Lyle remains where he is, too horrified to move.

LYLE

(in a whisper)

Oh, my God! Oh, my god!

rd2-9zz
2-10zz

68

EXT. CHEZ CASABLANCA - NIGHT

68

A poster in the window says "Rogers and Clarke opening tonight". The word "Clarke" has been crossed out.

69

INT. CHEZ CASABLANCA

69

There are a few Moroccans and a great many inexpensively dressed, middle aged Americans wearing badges that say "Charter". The M.C. wears a fez.

M.C.

And now, from the team of Rogers and Clarke...Rogers!

There is a round of applause and Lyle comes onstage and sits down at the piano. The spot jerks down after him and misses his face. He plays a chord.

LYLE

Thank you very much.

(another chord)

Like to sing you a few songs from the Simon and Garfunkel Songbook now.

(a chord)

Hey, glad you like 'em too.

(a chord)

So call out your favorite Simon and Garfunkel songs...

(a chord)

Cause I know 'em all, and I take requests.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED:

69

A VOICE FROM THE HOUSE
 "The Yellow Rose of Texas"!

Lyle plays another chord.

LYLE
 That's not a Simon and Garfunkel song.

OTHER VOICES - CALLING
 "Strangers in the Night"! "That
 Old Black Magic"! "Rhapsody in Blue"!
 "That's Amore!"

LYLE
 See if you remember this one....
 (singing)
 "Hey, hey, Mrs. Robinson,
 Jesus loves you more than I can say,
 Hey, ney, ney..."

There are catcalls from the audience. Flop sweat begins rolling down Lyle's face. Suddenly, Chuck's voice rings out from the house.

CHUCK
 (singing)
 "When the moon hits your eye
 Like a big pizza pie,
 That's Amore..."

Lyle looks up dazed. The audience applauds. Then, gradually, as Chuck sings, Lyle begins following him on the piano...

DISSOLVE TO:

CHUCK - his jacket hanging over one finger, his tie loose, sings as Lyle plays behind him.

CHUCK
 (singing)
 "Strangers in the night,
 Exchanging glances,
 Strangers in the night..."

DISSOLVE TO:

CHUCK - singing and tap dancing as Lyle plays. The entire audience has joined in.

CHUCK, AUDIENCE: SINGING
 "...Next day on your dressing room,
 They paint a star,
 Let's go, on with the show,
 Let's go, on with the show!"

69 CONTINUED:

69

There is wild applause. Chuck and Lyle bow, then run off.

LYLE

How did you get here? It's not Tuesday.

CHUCK

I met a guy in Ishtar who had pull with the Embassy. Hey, listen to that hand. We're a hit, Ly!

41-102
2-111

DISSOLVE TO:

70 CHUCK, LYLE - LATER

70

as they make their way through the club after the show. Members of the audience call out "Good show" and "bravo". A LARGE MAN IN A TURBAN comes up to them.

MAN IN TURBAN

I am Annad bin Ali, the Calid of Assari. It was I who called out "The Yellow Rose of Texas."
(he hands Chuck a card)
Should you ever wish to entertain in my worthless palace...

A FEMALE TOURIST

(calling)
We just loved it.

CHUCK

Thank you! Thanks very much.
(to Lyle)
I bet we could have any woman in this club.

LYLE

Not me. Women don't like me. Maybe they sense something.

CHUCK

Go get some sleep. You get cranky when you're tired. I'm gonna drive around for a while...try to come down off this high.
(clapping him on the back)
This place could change our lives.

71 EXT. CHIC CASABLANCA - CHUCK

71

as he walks out of the club, looks furtively around, then gets into a small rental car and drives off.

72 EXT. MARRAKECH - CHUCK - NIGHT 72

He drives through the gaudy, star-filled Moroccan night, his eyes fixed on a slip of paper.

73 INT./EXT. THE OASIS - AN OUTDOOR CAFE - NIGHT 73

Jim Harrison sits at a table drinking a glass of mint tea. He looks up as Chuck enters and sits down.

JIM

Hi. Hope you didn't have too much trouble finding it.

(handing him a stack of bills)

Tens, fives and ones...as you requested.

CHUCK

Thanks.

(he takes it)

Listen, I feel a little funny...not telling Lyle about this. I mean, where am I going to say the money came from?

JIM

Don't tell him about the money.

CHUCK

(shocked)

I would never hold out on Lyle.

JIM

You're holding out on him now. You told him you were going for a drive and you came to this meeting.

CHUCK

Well, that's because...

(he stops)

How do you know what I told him.

Jim reaches over and takes the pen he gave Chuck out of Chuck's pocket.

JIM

This.

CHUCK

That pen?

JIM

(wearily)

This is a microphone.

73 CONTINUED:

73

CHUCK

(astonished)

You bugged me.

JIM

We had to. We had to be sure you didn't know what was involved when you helped Shirra Assel get out of Ishtar.

CHUCK

Shirra...Assel...?

JIM

Chuck, Shirra Assel slipped into Marrakech yesterday using your passport. Please don't deny it. Just listen to what I have to say. Miss Assel is a left wing agent. Three days ago her brother was killed after finding a map that could...destabilize the entire Middle East. It could certainly cost us Ishtar. We can't afford that, Chuck. Especially now that Morocco has signed a pact with Quadaffi.

CHUCK

Is that near here?

JIM

(staring at him)

Quadaffi is a person. He rules Libya.

CHUCK

Oh, yeah.

(stubbornly)

But that's near here, isn't it?

JIM

(after a moment)

Yes. Every Intelligence Agency with ties in the Middle East is looking for that map. And we have reason to believe that Shirra Assel has it. We have to find her quickly, Chuck--before they do.

CHUCK

(nervously fingering
Shirra's jacket)

See, here's the thing, Jim. I don't know where she is.

rd2-11zz
2-13zz

CONTINUED

JIM

I know you don't, Chuck. But we're pretty sure Lyle does.

CHUCK

Lyle?...Rogers?

JIM

Chuck, we have reason to believe that Lyle is a left wing agent.

CHUCK

Jim, get off this road. Believe me. You're heading straight for wa-wa land.

JIM

What if I told you that the night Shirra Assel arrived in Marrakech she went to your hotel room and spent nearly half an hour with your room-mate. And we're almost certain there was a sexual encounter between them. When she left her clothes were torn, her shirt was out, and she was breathing heavily. There's a very good possibility that Lyle was recruited as an agent during that encounter.

CHUCK

Don't be silly. Lyle would never become a Communist. He's from the south. And I don't think Shirra Assel is that kind of girl.

JIM

She's a suspected terrorist.

CHUCK

Granted. But that doesn't mean she sleeps around. And now come you don't know what happened in that hotel room. Didn't you bug that too?

JIM

We couldn't. The hotel is a headquarters for a leftist organization posing as Sufi Muslims. It's impossible to infiltrate.

CHUCK

Our hotel?

r61-112

2-142

73 CONTINUED:

73

JIM

Yes. Who booked you in there by the way?

CHUCK

Marty Freed. Our agent.

JIM

(writing it down)

What do you know about him?

CHUCK

(rising)

Look, keep the money. I don't think I want to do this.

JIM

Chuck, don't make a decision now. Give it a day. If you decide to contact me, use this beeper.

(he hands it to him)

It's solid silver.

CHUCK

I won't be using it.

(he studies the beeper)

Solid silver?

74 INT. CHUCK AND LYLE'S ROOM - LYLE

74

in bed, tossing and turning in his sleep. The door to the room opens slowly and a figure steps inside and begins tiptoeing silently toward Chuck's still unopened suitcase. There is a sudden rending crash as Lyle huris himself across the room and lands on the intruder. Then he rises and turns on the lamp. Shirra Assel sits there clutching Chuck's suitcase.

LYLE

What's the matter with you?

Can't you find another room to rob?

She rises shakily. Lyle backs up against the door.

LYLE

Don't come near me, I'm warning you...

She studies him for a moment...then begins walking slowly toward him.

LYLE

Look, I don't want to hurt you...

She continues walking. Lyle's eyes widen in panic.

LYLE

Stay back!

She steps up to him and puckers her lips in a kiss. Lyle socks her. She goes down.

LYLE

Now, I didn't hit you hard
because I'm bigger than you
are. But don't try that again.

She staggers to her feet. He looks her over.

LYLE

What are you? 16? 15? You're
just a kid. Your voice is still
changing. What kind of life is
this--breaking into rooms, stealing,
kissing guys on the mouth. Don't
you think you should be doing
something...younger?

SHIRRA

Yes...but poverty has made me old.

LYLE

(after a moment)

Well, poverty'll do that.

(he reaches into
his pocket and takes
out some bills)

Here. I don't have a lot of cash
on me, but...here.

(he puts the money
on the floor)

You take that. Buy yourself
something that's fun. Like a
kite. Or a fishing pole. Your
dad ever take you fishing?

SHIRRA

My father is dead.

LYLE

Oh. I'm sorry. So's mine. That's
tough...not having a father.

SHIRRA

(her eyes grow hopeful)

I have no one to protect me. I am
laughed at and beaten for what I
am...and I cannot defend myself.

LYLE

Well, that's not right. That's terrible.

(he looks at her
small, abject figure)

Tell you what. The next time
someone hits you, you do this.

He puts his fists in front of his face. She stares at him.

LYLE

Come on. Put 'em up. You don't
want to be a sissy. There are
too many bullies in the world.

(he circles her,
bobbing and weaving)

Come on. This'll change your life.

She slowly raises her fists. Her face is incredulous.

LYLE

That's a boy. Now jab with your right
...that's it. Put your thumb in or
you'll break it when you connect...
that's right...now keep dancing...
that's the idea...

He dances in with a series of light jabs, then connects
with her chin. She goes down. Lyle stands over her.

LYLE

Boy, have you got a glass jaw.

He puts his hands under her armpits and begins hauling her
up. She whispers quickly into his ear.

SHIRRA

Listen to me. The room may be wired.
Your room-mate is a C.I.A. agent.
He gave me his passport in Ishtar...

LYLE

Are these breasts?

SHIRRA

Please, listen. You have seen
Ishtar. You have seen the poverty,
the injustice, the death squads.

(he moves his hands
down her body)

These are the things the C.I.A.

SI-142
2-152

SHIRRA (cont'd)
supports by keeping Emir Yousef
in power.

(he feels her hips)
For God's sake, forget my body.
I am begging you to give me the
chance to overthrow a tyrant.

LYLE
I'm not gay!

She looks at him for a helpless moment, then begins to
weep.

LYLE
What is it? Did I hurt you?
I'm really sorry...

SHIRRA
That's not why I'm crying. I'm
crying because you're so insensitive.

LYLE
That's why Willa used to cry.
(he touches her hair)
I'm sorry...

SHIRRA
Please. You are kind. The
privation and torture of thousands
can end if you will return the
contents of my suitcase to me.

LYLE
Where are they?

SHIRRA
(pointing to Chuck's
suitcase)
In there. I gave them to your
room-mate when we exchanged jackets.

LYLE
No, you didn't. You've got that
all wrong. Chuck bought that
jacket. And he lost the passport.
And he's not a C.I.A. agent, he's
a songwriter.

SHIRRA
Then why am I wearing his jacket?
Yes! Look at it. It is his.
Where did I get his passport?
How did he get to Morocco in only
24 hours? Why is he at the Cafe
Oasis right now--accepting money
from the C.I.A.

74 CONTINUED:

74

LYLE

You've got a lot of tricks, don't you? First you're a guy...and you have Chuck's passport, then you're a girl and you have his jacket...now you're trying to get me to give you his clothes.

SHIRRA

I have his clothes. They are in my room. Open the suitcase if you don't believe me...

A sudden soft whistle comes from outside. Shirra starts.

SHIRRA

He is returning. I beg you...say nothing of this visit. It means my life. If you decide I am telling the truth, go to the camel market in Shali Benimal and find Muhammad. Tell him you wish to buy a blind camel. He will contact me.

(she looks burningly
into his eyes)

The dome of the Emir's palace in Ishtar is gold. The people have never seen a refrigerator.

She turns and glides out the door.

75 EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE - CHUCK

75

He turns into the corridor just as Shirra disappears around a corner.

76 INT. THE ROOM - LYLE

76

in bed with his eyes closed. Chuck tiptoes in, takes out the stack of bills and hides it under the carpet. Then he picks up the suitcase and tiptoes into the closet. Lyle stares after him, stunned.

77 INSIDE THE CLOSET Chuck struggles to boost the suitcase up to the shelf...and knocks off a small black booklet. He picks it up and stands staring at it for several moments. It is his passport. Slowly he raises his eyes and looks toward the room where Lyle is.

77

78 INT. LYLE AND CHUCK'S ROOM - DAWN

78

Both men are sleeping. After a moment, Lyle opens his eyes and gets carefully out of bed, still dressed in the clothes he wore last night, and tiptoes very quietly out of the room. As the door closes Chuck leaps up and begins hurling himself into his clothes.

79

EXT. CHEZ CASABLANCA HOTEL - MORNING

79

Two men in fezzes stand on the corner, talking. A Chauffeur sits in a parked Renault reading a newspaper. A Cabdriver dozes peacefully in his taxi.

Suddenly, the door to the Chez Casablanca opens and Lyle hurries out. Instantly, the two men in fezzes stop talking, the Chauffeur drops his newspaper, a grey Audi pulls out of a driveway, two Beggars on the corner rise, and the Cabdriver opens his eyes. A moment later Chuck rushes out of the hotel, still tucking in his shirttail, and falls in half a block in back of Lyle.

Lyle strides ahead, oblivious to the procession behind him, studying the cars parked in the street. Suddenly he stops in his tracks. Chuck jumps into a doorway, the two men in fezzes stop, the two beggars sit down on the sidewalk, the Renault hits the Audi, and the taxi swerves up on the curve to avoid them.

Lyle turns and walks briskly back in the direction he came from, passing Chuck in the doorway. He stops and stares at him. There is a soft crash behind him.

CHUCK

Hi.

LYLE

Hi.

CHUCK

I...wonder who lives here. Have you ever wondered that? about strange houses? who lives in them?

LYLE

(slowly)

I was coming back to get you.

CHUCK

I just ran out to get you. I woke up and saw you were gone and I realized you didn't know where the car was parked.

LYLE

I was going to take a walk.

CHUCK

Oh. I thought you were going to take the car. Because the keys were gone.

(they stand staring
at each other)

Well...let's walk.

80 EXT. A LARGE OPEN MARKETPLACE - VENDORS, ACROBATS, 30
SNAKE CHARMERS, STORYTELLERS, CHUCK, LYLE

walking among the stands, alert to each other's every move. The tip of Chuck's beeper glistens in his pocket.

CHUCK
Fantastic place, huh?

LYLE
Yeah. I wonder what a pretzel
stand would gross here.

Several more men have entered the marketplace, wary-eyed,
black camera cases dangling from their necks.

CHUCK
Did you know that in Russia
Communists can't go into business?

LYLE
Did you know that in Ishtar the
dome of the Emir's palace is gold...

30A The CAMERA zooms in toward a van as they pass it. 30A

81 INT. A VAN - JIM HARRISON, 2 AGENTS 81

listening to Chuck and Lyle over an electronic bug.

LYLE'S VOICE O.S.
...and the people have never
seen a refrigerator?

CHUCK'S VOICE O.S.
Did you know that Quaddafi has
signed a pact with Morocco?

One of the agents puts his hands over his face.

THE AGENT
I can't believe these men may
control the fate of the Middle East.

82 EXT. THE MARKET PLACE - LYLE, CHUCK 82

walking. A young Arab in a Michael Jackson T-shirt
(ABDULLAH) comes up to them.

ABDULLAH
Spices for the mind?

CHUCK
No, thanks.

22 CONTINUED:

31

ABDULLAH

Kif? Hashish?

CHUCK

Hashish?

LYLE

No, thanks.

ABDULLAH

You need a guide? I am Abdullah--
whatever you think it's worth.

CHUCK

No, thanks.

ABDULLAH

(falling in with them)
I will show you the Berber market.
Bedouins with blue paint on their
faces.

CHUCK

Look...buzz off.

ABDULLAH

I have a sister in the United
States. You know Philadelphia?

A 2ND ARAB suddenly appears.

2ND ARAB

You need a guide? Only 11
dirham.

CHUCK

We're turning here.

93 They turn into a series of incredibly narrow, walled 81
streets, lined by shops on either side and teeming with
beggars, tourists, tradesmen, peddlers, pushcarts,
donkeys. Abdullah follows behind them.

ABDULLAH

This is the old city...

CHUCK

Don't guide us. We don't want
to be guided.

Several shopkeepers try to grab them as they pass.

83 CONTINUED:

83

SHOPKEEPERS:

"Come in! Only to look."
 "Genuine kilim rugs. Very cheap."
 "Bracelets? Leather? Only look..."

ABDULLAH

Walk quickly and do not look at
 the shopkeepers.

A YOUNG BOY holds up some shoelaces with painted tips.

BOY

Beautiful thin belts. Only one
 dirham.

ABDULLAH

Or the peddlers.

CHUCK

Don't advise us. We're not
 paying you.

A SHOPKEEPER steps out of his shop and blocks their way.

SHOPKEEPER

I am very poor and hope for an
 education. You are American
 capitalists. Please buy some
 djellabas.

LYLE

This guy's got some technique.

ABDULLAH

(softly)
 My uncle sells kilim rugs in the
 next sock. I can get you a price.

CHUCK

We're going in here, Abdullah.
 Thanks for the tip.

As they step inside the shop, the men following them
 stop and peer, tourist-like, at the merchandise
 displays, their eyes simultaneously watching the
 djellaba shop and each other.

84 ANGLE - 2 MEN IN FEZIES

84

each wearing what looks like a complex hearing aid.

1ST MAN IN FEZ

The KGB is here. I recognize
 two agents.

84 CONTINUED:

84

2ND MAN IN FEE

The ones dressed as cabdrivers?

1ST MAN IN FEE

No, the ones dressed as Arabs.
The ones dressed as cabdrivers are
Arab agents. I also recognize
two guys from Turkish Intelligence.

2ND MAN IN FEE

In the seersucker jackets?

1ST MAN IN FEE

No, the Bermuda shorts. The ones in
the seersucker jackets are tourists.

(suddenly laughing)

Do you remember when Yousevsky
disguised himself as a cowboy and they
shot him...and all he would say was
"don't let me die in these foolish boots"?

2ND MAN IN FEE

(without smiling)

Yes.

23-22
3-12

85 INT. DJELLABA SHOP

85

filled with Turkish swords, djellabas, burnooses,
Moroccan hats. The owner hands Chuck and Lyle their
packages.

OWNER

Fourteen hundred dirham.

CHUCK

(to Lyle)

Too bad you don't have a girl.
These would make nice presents.

LYLE

Yeah. Who are you going to give
yours to?

CHUCK

My mother.

OWNER

Thirteen hundred dirham.

The two Tourists in seersucker jackets walk in.

LYLE

Too bad you can't afford something
better for your mother. You
should try socking some money away.

85 CONTINUED:

25

OWNER

A thousand dirham--but I can
go no lower.

The two Tourists step up behind Lyle and Chuck with guns.

1ST TOURIST

Behave normally. We have guns
pointed at your back. No! Don't
put your hands up, you idiot!...

86 INT. THE VAN - JIM HARRISON, 2 AGENTS

26

growing rigid as they listen.

1ST TOURIST V.O.

...walk out casually, talking to us.
We will instruct you as you go...

JIM

(quickly into
a microphone)

Fer--rad--A--Alert...

87 EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE DJELLABA SHOP

27

The two men in fezzes suddenly tense as Jim Harrison's
voice leaks out of their earpiece.

JIM V.O.

...birds are being netted, hunters
unknown...

They begin moving forward. The other agents stiffen.
Suddenly Chuck and Lyle walk out of the djellaba shop
with the two "Tourists".

2ND TOURIST

(chattily; to Lyle)

Where are you from?

LYLE

Sweetpea, Georgia.

2ND TOURIST

I am from near there. You know
Vermont?

There is a sudden breathy thud and the 2nd TOURIST
pitches forward, blood spurting from his back.

CHUCK

Pardon?

87

CONTINUED:

87

LYLE

Are you okay?

A 2nd shot rings out and one of the Cabdrivers falls.
The first Tourist turns and fires at the Chauffeur who
has shot the Arab.

LYLE

What's happening?

CHUCK

Run! Run!

88

They turn and sprint wildly down the street. Another
shot rings out behind them. The Chauffeur falls.
Up ahead two men in suits and turbans begin running 88
in their direction. Behind them the remainder of their
followers race toward them, guns drawn.

LYLE

I don't believe this!

CHUCK

Will you run!

89

They turn and dash around the corner dodging peddlers, 89
pushcarts, beggars, children.

LYLE

Excuse me...pardon us...coming
through...

CHUCK

Move it, lady...outa-the-way...
sorry, kid...

Abdullah, the guide, falls in beside them.

ABDULLAH

This is the residential section...

CHUCK

You're hired.

Another shot rings out.

LYLE

Get us out of here alive and
you've got double your price.

ABDULLAH

Whatever you think it's worth.

He grabs their arms and swings them against a wall as
half a dozen shots ring out.

90 There is bedlam in the street; peddlers run with 90
 their pushcarts, donkeys run with their loads; men,
 women and children shout and scramble for safety. A
 wild-eyed man in a suit and tie squeezes off a shot at
 Chuck. The bullet whizzes past Chuck's ear and hits a
 man in a turban who is about to throw a knife at him.

CHUCK

This can't be happening.

91 At one end of the street six men in turbans struggle 91
 toward them. At the other end a horde of Agents in
 fezzes, Hawaiian shirts, djellabas and cabdriver hats
 push and shove their way forward.

ABDULLAH

This is the shop of my uncle
 the rug dealer...

CHUCK

Not now.

ABDULLAH

Oh, yes. Now.

He opens the door to the rug shop and hustles them
 inside. The Men In Turbans and the horde of Agents
 increase their pace. The Men In Turbans reach the
 rug shop first and kick the door open.

92 INSIDE several Arab helpers and a Fat Shopkeeper 92
 have just finished rolling up two huge rugs. The
 Turbaned Men put their guns against the Fat Man's head.

FAT SHOPKEEPER

(imperturbably)

Can I help you?

The running footsteps of the other Agents can be heard,
 drawing closer. The Turbaned Men exchange a glance,
 then, wordlessly, hoist the two heavy rugs to their
 shoulders.

FAT SHOPKEEPER

No! You must not take those rugs.
 They are being shipped to Bloomingdale.

93 They push him aside and run out of the shop. A 93
 volley of shots greets them. A voice cries out in
 Russian.

RUSSIAN VOICE O.S.

The Americans are in the rugs!
 Don't hit the rugs!

94 The Fat Man and his six Arab helpers look up. Two 94
of them are Lyle and Chuck now wearing the djellabas
they bought earlier. The third is Abdullah.

FAT SHOPKEEPER

This way, please.

95 He leads them quickly to the back of the shop and 95
up a flight of stairs to the roof. Surrounding it
are other rooftops, some the same height, some lower.

FAT SHOPKEEPER

Go quickly. When they find out
you are not in the rugs they
may return.

(he embraces Abdullah)
May Allah be with you.

He hurries back down the stairs.

ABDULLAH

We will go over the rooftops. My
car is parked at the other end of
the Medina.

In the distance there is the sound of loud, surprised
voices as one of the rugs drops and unrolls.

CHUCK

Alright. Let's go!

Abdullah makes a terrifying leap and lands on the next
rooftop. Chuck stares after him, then turns to Lyle.

CHUCK

You go first.

LYLE

Jump!

96 One after the other the three men jump from roof to 96
roof as the streets below fill up with running men,
weapons drawn, searching the pushcarts, tearing the
veils away from women's faces.

97 As they reach the last rooftop, Chuck misses his 97
footing, flails wildly, then rolls off the roof and
grabs the ledge. He hangs by his fingertips a few feet
above two men in Hawaiian shirts who are searching a
pushcart.

1ST MAN IN HAWAIIAN SHIRT

(in Arabic)

Look!

97 CONTINUED:

97

2ND MAN

Where?

A bullet strikes the 1st Man and he falls. Abdullah and Lyle grab Chuck's wrists and yank him up to the roof.

ABDULLAH

Through here.

98 He opens a door in the roof and they crawl through into a cafe where several Moroccans sit eating and drinking. The Moroccans look up curiously as Abdullah, Chuck and Lyle walk quickly through and out the door. 98

99 A battered jeep is parked outside. Abdullah opens the door and they tumble in. The car shoots away from the curb before the doors are closed. 99

ABDULLAH

Where to?

LYLE

The camel market in Shall Benimal.

101-41
1-62

100 EXT. A GOLDEN DOME 100

atop the Emir's palace in Ishtar. Below it the streets are less crowded, the black Lambrettas more numerous. Armed soldiers stand on every corner.

101 A HELICOPTER 101

circles the dome, then lands in the palace courtyard. Jim Harrison crawls out.

102 INT. THE PALACE - EMIR YOUSEF 102

Two Guards lead Jim Harrison into the room.

EMIR YOUSEF

Jim Harrison! My old friend!
Please be seated. Mint tea?
Kerwa? Coca-cola?

JIM

No, thank you for your overwhelming hospitality, your excellency, but I have a helicopter waiting. May I speak...briskly?

EMIR YOUSEF

Oh, please.

102 CONTINUED:

102

JIM

Three hours ago your men tried
to kill two Americans in Marrakech...

EMIR YOUSEF

What! I am shocked and saddened.
Who were they?

JIM

They were your men. They were
carrying the Khalishnikov rifles
we sold you.

EMIR YOUSEF

No, I mean who were the Americans.

JIM

Oh, your Excellency, must we go
through this. Those...those two
men are pawns. Their only value
is as a link to Shirra Assel and
the map.

EMIR YOUSEF

Jim, my old friend. I know nothing
of any of this and I am sickened
and stunned--however!--when two
Americans on their way to Marrakech
arrive in Ishtar by way of Air Sicily,
and within minutes make contact with
the most hunted fugitive in the
country and give her a passport, I
would hardly call them pawns.

JIM

Your Excellency...

EMIR YOUSEF

Already their escape today is being
called a miracle. Next they will
be hailed as the two messengers of
God. Then Shirra Assel will give
them the map and the left will use
them to lead the uprising against me...

JIM

Your Excellency...

EMIR YOUSEF

You do not understand what you are
dealing with here. These are
fanatically devout Shites for whom
the Twelfth Imam is the messian.

EMIR YOUSEF (cont'd)
They are waiting for him to reappear.
They are waiting for the Apocalypse
to begin the way you are waiting for
the Armeggedon. But with much more
anticipation naturally.

JIM
Your Excellency...

EMIR YOUSEF
Perhaps it would be wiser--and I
speak only as an Arab shaykh descended
from the first Bedu--if you began
destroying those who would take my
throne instead of worrying about
keeping them alive.

JIM
Your Excellency...
(he waits; surprised)
May I speak?

EMIR YOUSEF
Oh, please.

JIM
What...what good will it do to
neutralize these two Americans?
The map will still exist.

EMIR YOUSEF
Yes, but they won't.

JIM
I...I...see.

EMIR YOUSEF
Once the people see that God does
not work miracles for those who oppose
me, but that they are executed as
ordinary political prisoners...

JIM
No. That can't be arranged. If
they die it has to be unofficially.

EMIR YOUSEF
I want it known. Just as their
escape was known.

JIM

You can make what you will of it after they're dead, but their death can't be at our hands. Congress will have a fit if they uncover another C.I.A. hit list.

EMIR YOUSEF

(after a moment)

How they die is unimportant. So long as their bodies do not disappear. I want no more rumors.

JIM

I understand.

EMIR YOUSEF

And it must be done by the week-end. I am planning to meet with Quadaffi on Monday. He calls me every day.

JIM

The United States government will not be blackmailed. However...I see no difficulty in meeting your timetable.

(he rises)

I...I hope you'll think over what I said.

EMIR YOUSEF

(suddenly mild)

Of course, my old friend. And you must come and tell me what is in your heart whenever your time is free. I enjoy these discussions.

(he rises)

The week-end?

JIM

(after a moment)

The week-end.

He turns and walks quickly out of the room.

rdl-6c
3-7-

103 EXT. ABDULLAH'S CAR - DAY

103

as it sputters to a stop outside the small, noisy town of Shali Benimal. Camels crowd the tiny market square. Buyers and sellers argue over prices. There is a tacky hotel, a few run down buildings, a few women in semi-western clothes wearing the unmistakable air of hookers. Lyle gets out of the car.

103 CONTINUED:

103

LYLE

I'll be back in an hour.

CHUCK

Right. I'll be here.

He hurries away. Chuck peers out after him. Abdullan takes out a pipe.

ABDULLAH

Would you like some kif while we wait? Do not worry that it will cloud your judgement. I have been smoking it all day.

CHUCK

Uh...thanks.

(he takes the pipe)

I think I'll walk around for while.
See the town.

ABDULLAH

(lighting a 2nd pipe)

Excellent. You will see everything more clearly with kif.

Chuck gets out of the car and walks quickly in the direction Lyle took. He spots him up ahead, then ducks into a tacky HOTEL as Lyle glances over his shoulder.

104 ANGLE - LYLE

104

He turns back, satisfied that he is not being watched, then tentatively approaches one of the camel sellers in the square.

LYLE

Uh...Muhammad?

(the Seller looks
him over...then nods)

You're kidding? You're Muhammad? The
first time up and I hit a home run?

(the Seller looks at
him blankly)

I want to buy a blind camel.

The Seller frowns uncertainly and points to his camels, speaking in a stream of rapid Arabic.

LYLE

No, no.

(pointing to himself)

American. You speak English?
English?

The Seller turns to another Arab standing nearby and says something in Arabic, pointing at Lyle. The 2nd Arab turns to a 3rd Arab and says the same thing in Arabic, pointing at Lyle. In a moment all the Arabs are speaking at once and pointing at Lyle. One of them comes forward.

ARAB

(to Lyle)

I am speaking English. You tell me...

(he points to the

Seller)

...I tell him.

LYLE

Tell him I want to buy a blind camel.

The Arab blinks, then turns to the Seller and translates what Lyle has said in Arabic. The Seller stares at Lyle for several seconds...then smiles shrewdly. He turns to the translator and delivers a long speech in Arabic.

ARAB TRANSLATER

(to Lyle)

He will find you a blind camel.

He also knows of a camel with a

crippled leg and no teeth. He will

sell you both at a special price.

Would you like a dead camel?

LYLE

No, no. Tell him I just want a blind camel. He'll know what I mean.

The translator turns to the Seller and delivers Lyle's message. The Seller shrugs...then holds up his forefinger to Lyle in a gesture meaning "wait".

105 CLOSE SHOT - A WINDOW IN THE HOTEL

105

Chuck's face peers out.

105 He is sitting in a small rented room, smoking the pipe of kif, and watching Lyle in the square below. Suddenly, the door bursts open...and Shirra Assel marches into the room. She wears olive drab and a beret. A cartridge belt is slung over her shoulder. She is holding a submachine gun.

106

SHIRRA

So your friend told you about Muhammad. And you, no doubt, told the C.I.A. That is what I thought might happen.

(she waves the gun)

On your feet.

106 CONTINUED:

106

Chuck turns his head and looks at her, then slowly rises.

SHIRRA

That's far enough. Stop there.

I warn you...

Chuck continues toward her. She aims her gun at the ground and fires off a round. Chuck waits until she is done, then keeps coming.

SHIRRA

One more step and I'll kill you.

CHUCK

Big loss.

He takes the gun away from her, stands it in a corner and goes back to the bed.

SHIRRA

Are you crazy? Do you want to die?

CHUCK

I won't die. Not with the way my life is going. It wouldn't be worth it.

SHIRRA

(slowly)

Have you no fear?

CHUCK

No.

(he puffs)

SHIRRA

I...I have been looking for you.

CHUCK

Why? Is your life in danger again? What do you need this time? A donor heart?

SHIRRA

I...want the contents of my suitcase.

CHUCK

In the closet at the Chez Casablanca.
(he tosses her a key)
Help yourself.

106 CONTINUED:

106

SHIRRA

(picking up the gun)
Don't play with me. I am not such a fool. Half an hour after you left this morning I broke into your room and stole the suitcase. The map was not in it.

CHUCK

Oh, is that where the map was?
(he chuckles)

SHIRRA

You gave it to Jim Harrison, didn't you? The C.I.A. has it.

CHUCK

No, I didn't tell him about the suitcase.

SHIRRA

You lie!
(Chuck shrugs)
You lie! You went through the suitcase. You found the map. You gave it to Jim Harrison...

CHUCK

Hey, shoot me or lower your voice. And stop throwing Jim Harrison up to me. The only reason Jim Harrison hired me was because you recruited Lyle as a Communist. I gave you the passport. I carried all your stuff into Ishtar. Why didn't you recruit me as a Communist. Wasn't I good enough?

SHIRRA

(staring at him)
I don't know what you're talking about.

CHUCK

Yean, yeah, yean. Well, forget it. What's done is done. Lyle is your Communist so go bother him. I don't care anymore.

There is a long pause. Then she slowly lowers the gun.

SHIRRA

Are you...can you be telling the truth.

CHUCK

Hey, don't bother. You've got a right to pick who you want. It's a free country. No thanks to you and Lyle.

SHIRRA

(in a whisper)

My God, you are telling the truth.

She sits slowly down on the bed.

CHUCK

And don't sit on the bed. It's too late for that now.

SHIRRA

Listen to me. The things in that suitcase came from my brother's room. I packed them the night he was killed. His...his body was still in the room.

CHUCK

(shifting uncomfortably)

Oh. Well...I...I'm sorry.

SHIRRA

He called me before he was killed. He told me he had hidden the map. But he couldn't tell me where over the phone. It was tapped. I... heard him being murdered. I heard him.

CHUCK

(patting her gingerly
on the shoulder)

Well, that's...that's awful.

SHIRRA

I drove to his hotel like a madwoman. I hoped...I prayed...I begged him to still be alive. I kept saying "don't die, Omar. Wait for me. Please wait".

(Chuck puts his
arm around her)

When I got to his room he was dead. He...couldn't wait, poor Omar.

His body was still warm...and he was smiling...and I knew...I knew he was smiling because he had hidden the map where no one could find it. He was smiling at me. It was our last secret.

(Chuck puts his other arm around her)

I knew from what he said on the phone that he had hidden it in his things...in his books or papers...somewhere in his things. I grabbed them all and put them in his suitcase and I put on his clothes so I would look like a boy... and I ran. I was hunted almost from the start. I never even had a chance to look through the things I had packed. When I met you at the airport...you were my last hope. If you had said no to me I would be dead.

There is a long pause.

CHUCK

Gee, I...I wish there was something I could do.

SHIRRA

There is. Tell no one I do not have the map. It means my life.

CHUCK

That means your life too?

SHIRRA

Yes. I am a member of the party that opposes the Emir. That means the life of anyone in Ishtar. Without the map I will be killed on sight.

CHUCK

You're kidding. Does the C.I.A. know about this?

SHIRRA

(she stares at him; then gently)

Hawk, this is an ancient, devious world, and you are from a young and innocent country. Promise me that you will keep my secret without trying to understand it.

106 CONTINUED:

106

CHUCK

Well...sure. If it means your life.

SHIRRA

It does.

(she holds out her hand)

Thank you for all you have done for me.
Perhaps some day we will meet again.

CHUCK

Some day! Are you kidding? We'll
meet every day. This is only the
beginning.

SHIRRA

(she smiles)

You are a true American.

CHUCK

Yes.

(he lets her hand go)

I knew you were a nice girl.

107 EXT. SHALI BENINAL - LYLE

107

He is walking through the market place leading a
saddled camel. On his head is a burnoose. On his
feet are a pair of backless slippers. In his arms
are several packages.

Chuck hurries past him, his eyes fixed on the market
place.

LYLE

Chuck!

Chuck stops, looks around...then suddenly sees Lyle.

CHUCK

Lyle?

LYLE

(nervously)

Hi. I bought a few things.

(handing him packages)

This is a hand dyed Tuareg gown...
and this is a burnoose...do you
like these slippers? They cost
practically nothing...

CHUCK

What are you doing with a camel?

LYLE

It's a long story. He's...one of the things I bought.

CHUCK

What do you mean? You bought a camel?

LYLE

No. I...they sold him to me. I can't explain.

The camel turns and walks into Chuck.

CHUCK

Hey!

LYLE

Easy there, Belakhim. Easy boy... or...girl.

The camel backs away from Chuck into a hooker. The hooker staggers then looks hopefully at Lyle.

LYLE

Sorry, Miss. He's a little nervous.

The camel walks into Chuck again.

CHUCK

What the fuck is the matter with him? Is he blind?

LYLE

Yes. But he's in perfect condition. He was used for drawing well water up a track.

CHUCK

Are you crazy?

LYLE

It's...I don't think I'm supposed to have him permanently. I think it's...kind of a signal.

The camel suddenly screams.

LYLE

One of his teeth is bad.

CHUCK

Lyle, get rid of the camel and let's get you out of the sun....

107 CONTINUED:

107

LYLE

The sun can't hurt me. I've got
a burnoose. Oh, God...
(he looks around
anxiously)
I have a feeling something went
wrong...and now I own a blind camel.

The camel crashes into a small group of men and screams.

LYLE

Don't walk so fast. It hurts his
tooth when I pull on the rope.

CHUCK

(suddenly, softly)
Keep walking and don't turn around.
And keep your voice down.

RD3-10c
-11c

LYLE

What is it?

CHUCK

The guy in the seersucker jacket that
didn't get shot this morning. He's
here with some of the guys in turbans.

LYLE

What are they doing here?

The man in the seersucker jacket stops one of the Camel
Sellers and speaks to him in Arabic. The words
"American" and "English" can be heard distinctly.

CHUCK

I think they're looking for us.

LYLE

I think you're right.

CHUCK

Give me the other burnoose.

LYLE

Here. Walk behind Belakhim's
hump so they won't see you.

Chuck falls back so that he is blocked from the men by
the camel's hump. The camel sways into him.

CHUCK

(softly)
Hold him steady.

LYLE

I am but I can't hold him too
tight because the rope hurts his...

The camel screams again. The turbaned men look over
toward it.

CHUCK

Alright, loosen the rope, loosen
the rope. Don't let him scream again.

Lyle loosens the rope. The camel sways into Chuck again.

LYLE

Are you alright?

CHUCK

Fine.

He moves out from behind the camel's hump, his burnoose
slightly askew.

LYLE

Boy, you look great, Hawk. You
look just like an Arab. I wish
I could look like that.

CHUCK

So do I. Because you're not fooling
anyone. The guy who sold you the
camel has probably described you
down to your socks.

(he glances around)

Take the gown you bought, go
behind the building and put
it on. Give me the rope.

LYLE

Okay. But hold it down. He doesn't
like it when you hold it up.

CHUCK

Will you go.

Lyle hands Chuck the rope and moves toward the
building. Belakhim screams. Half the square turns
around. Chuck lowers the rope.

A VOICE BEHIND HIM:

How much for your camel?

Chuck whirls. Jim Harrison stands there.

108 CONTINUED:

109

CHUCK

Oh, thank God. Am I glad to see you.

JIM

(softly)

Lower your voice and point at the camel as we talk.

CHUCK

(pointing to Belakhim's head)

How did you find me?

JIM

(touching Chuck's beeper)

This.

CHUCK

This is a bug too?

JIM

Only at close range. We use it basically to track with.

(he inspects

Belakhim's hooves)

The men in turbans are members of Emir Youssef's army. They're out to kill you.

CHUCK

(pointing to Belakhim's tail)

I thought Emir Youssef was our guy.

JIM

(inspecting Belakhim's teeth)

He is. But he doesn't like the idea that your room mate is working with a known Communist... Hey!

He jerks his hand back as Belakhim snaps at it.

CHUCK

Don't touch his mouth. One of his teeth is bad.

(glancing around)

I'd like to discuss the Shirva Assel situation with you, Jim. As one agent to another, I've heard that the Emir is a prick.

JIM

Really? Well, we'll have to look into that. But the main thing is to get you out of town before you're recognized. Do you know anything about the desert?

108 CONTINUED:

108

CHUCK

(pointing to Belakhim's hump)
Yeah. That's where Las Vegas is.
Cute huh?

JIM

Yes. You can stop pointing now.
(he hands him
a package)

There are two canteens and a
compass in here. You and Lyle
head out of town and keep walking
South-east. In about an hour you'll
come to a Haridan oasis. You can't
miss it. We'll pick you up there.

(he gasps in pain)

Move the camel! Move the camel!

CHUCK

Move him where?

JIM

Anywhere. He's on my foot.

Chuck tugs at Belakhim's rope. Belakhim screams and
turns sharply, cracking heads with Jim.

JIM

What the hell is the matter with
this camel. Is he blind?

CHUCK

Yes. Let's go over these directions
again before Lyle comes back.

103-112
3-112

109 EXT. LYLE - BEHIND THE BUILDING

109

He is wearing a cheap, badly dyed blue gown and trying
to wrap a matching blue cloth around his head. His
skin is blue where the dye has rubbed off on it. A
young Barber boy steps up behind him. It is Shirra.

SHIRRA

Do not turn around.

(Lyle jumps)

Give me the cloth. I will wrap
it around your head as we speak.

(she wraps)

Treat me haughtily, like a servant.

(Lyle lifts one eyebrow)

Your life is in danger. Take
your friend and start walking
into the desert.

(she slips several

necklaces over his head)

109 CONTINUED:

SHIRRA (cont'd)

Drop these beads as you go. When you can no longer see the town, stop. Wait until night and then follow the beads back. They are golamine beads. They glow in the dark.

LYLE

(looking down
at the beads)

Can I have a map instead?

SHIRRA

There is no map of the desert.
Everyone uses golamine beads.

LYLE

What about birds and wind?

SHIRRA

The birds in the desert eat only
flesh, and there is no wind.

LYLE

Oh. Okay. Will you be here when
we get back?

SHIRRA

Yes...yes, I will be here. Now go.

He turns to her. His head and the lower part of his face are covered with blue cloth. He speaks in a muffled voice.

LYLE

I think about you all the time.
I...I imagine you dressed like a
girl, walking with me...

SHIRRA

We will talk of it tonight.
Go quickly now.

Lyle turns and walks quickly away.

110 Shirra watches him for a moment, then hurries to a doorway set in the ancient wall and knocks, three slow knocks. The door opens and she walks into a courtyard.

110

111 INSIDE, several young men and a few women, all in khaki, all armed, stand waiting. An elderly man lies on a rug in the sun. It is Professor Barnes.

111

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED:

111

SHIRRA

It is done.

HAKIM

Then we are safe. I listened to Harrison and the Hawk speak in the market place. The map was not mentioned.

SHIRRA

I told you he would say nothing.
He gave me his word.

2ND YOUNG MAN

And twenty minutes later Jim Harrison appeared here.

(she turns away)

Shirra, we had no choice. It is a pity that you told him we do not have the map--but you did. If he talks we will all be dead by tomorrow. And our families.

SHIRRA

(to Professor Barnes)

And you, Professor, you agree with them? You also think it was necessary to send two men into the desert to die, rather than trust one of them.

PROFESSOR BARNES

I don't think I have a say in this, Shirra. I'm not part of your politics. I don't really like the use you're making of this map.

SHIRRA

But as a man.

PROFESSOR BARNES

(after a moment)

As a man...who is profoundly grateful for having been nursed back to health by you and your friends...I would not advise you to risk their lives, and the lives of hundreds, on the word of a paid informer.

SHIRRA

(slowly)

God help me. Perhaps you are right. Perhaps it is better to kill two men than two hundred. But it is much harder.

112 THE DESERT - CHUCK, LYLE, BELAKHIM - WALKING

113

under a blinding white sky. There is a vast silence.
The soft trudge of their footsteps seems to be the
only sound in the universe.

LYLE

Hot, isn't it?

CHUCK

Yeah.

Lyle drops a bead. They walk on in silence. Lyle
drops another bead.

CHUCK

How come you're dropping beads?

LYLE

What?

CHUCK

How come you're dropping beads?
Are your necklaces heavy?

LYLE

No, I...I just thought...I'd make
a trail. That's how people find
their way out here. They drop
these beads. Then when it's dark
the beads shine and they follow
them back.

CHUCK

What if they want to keep going
forward?

LYLE

(after a moment)
Then the beads don't help.

CHUCK

(after a moment)
So I guess it's good that I
bought a compass.

LYLE

You bought a compass?

CHUCK

Yeah.

LYLE

When?

112 CONTINUED:

111

CHUCK

When I bought the canteens.

LYLE

You bought canteens?

CHUCK

Yeah.

He takes out two small canteens and hands one to Lyle.

CHUCK

But just take a sip at a time.
This water has to last us an hour.

LYLE

Why? What happens in an hour?

CHUCK

In...an hour? We run out of water.
No, but seriously, I hear...
there's an oasis an hour outside
of Shali Benimal.

LYLE

Oh, good. We can wait there till
it's dark and then follow the beads
back to town. I don't think it's
smart to keep going into the desert.

CHUCK

Well, let's see. Let's see where
we are by the end of the day, and
then...

LYLE

...we'll decide.

CHUCK

Right.

113 They glance at each other shrewdly, then go on
walking. Chuck checks his compass. Lyle drops
a bead.

113

LYLE

Heat knocks you out.

CHUCK

Tired?

LYLE

Yeah. I think I've got to stop
for awhile.

113 CONTINUED:

113

CHUCK

Well, let's not stop now. Ride
the camel if you're tired.

Lyle looks up at the ornate wooden saddle on Belakhim's
hump.

LYLE

How do you mount him?

CHUCK

Jump. I'll give you a boost.

They stop the camel and Chuck crouches and locks his
hands. Lyle takes a running jump, springs off Chuck's
hands and falls over the saddle. Chuck grabs his ankles.

CHUCK

Okay, I've got you. Now can you
get one leg over?

Lyle kicks one leg aimlessly in the air.

LYLE

Pull me back toward you.

Chuck grabs Lyle's ankles and tugs. Lyle does not move.

CHUCK

What kind of saddle is this?

LYLE

Unsanded wood.

Belakhim suddenly begins walking briskly to the left.

LYLE

Whoa. Whoa, Belakhim.

CHUCK

This way boy!

LYLE

Whoa.

CHUCK

He's going the wrong way. He's
got to go to the right.

He turns Lyle's legs to the right.

LYLE

Well, don't steer him with me.

113 CONTINUED:

113

CHUCK

He's got to go this way. Southeast.

LYLE

I think I better get down. All the blood is rushing to my head.

CHUCK

Here...

He puts his hand under Lyle's chin and tilts his head up.

CHUCK

Better?

LYLE

Yeah.

CHUCK

Okay, you ride until we get to the oasis and I'll hold your head up.

LYLE

Chuck...

CHUCK

We can't stop now. We're nearly there.

(he pulls Belakhim's rope with his free hand)
Southeast, goddam you!

rd3-13z
3-15z

33-13z
4-1z

114 CLOSE SHOT - AN ELECTRONIC MAP

114

Jim Harrison and two C.I.A. agents sit watching a small blip of light dance erratically on the map. There is a bruise on Jim's forehead. His foot is wrapped in a bandage.

1ST AGENT

Funny pattern. Are they drunk?

JIM

No. The camel is blind.

2ND AGENT

You're kidding.

JIM

(looking down at his bandaged foot)

No.

114 CONTINUED:

114

They watch the blip dance north...then south...then west...then south-east again.

1ST AGENT
(staring at the map)
How long before they're inoperative?

JIM
Well, they're going southeast so the sun is going to keep getting stronger. By tonight they'll be out of water and miles from a well. By tomorrow morning they should stop moving. By tomorrow afternoon they should be dead.

1ST C.I.A. AGENT
This is a tough hand.

JIM
One of the toughest I ever drew.

115 THE DESERT - LYLE, CHUCK, BELAKHIM

115

Lyle is still lying face down over the camel. Chuck trudges beside him holding up his head. Lyle groans softly with every step. Every few yards he drops a bead.

CHUCK
I can't figure this out. We should have hit that oasis an hour ago...
Oh, no you don't!
(he struggles briefly with the rope)
This son-of-a-bitch is too damned mean to go south-east.

LYLE
(whispering)
Sip.

Chuck puts the canteen to Lyle's lips. Lyle sips then drops a bead. Chuck staggers.

LYLE
Night soon. Follow beads back.
Stop camel now.

CHUCK
No, no. We'll hit it any minute now...
(he pulls on the rope)
It's this fucking camel. Can you ride head down for awhile? It would be easier to lead him from in front.

115 CONTINUED:

115

LYLE

No! Heat...blood...get stroke!
No, no!

CHUCK

Okay.

LYLE

Head up.

CHUCK

Okay, okay.
(he wipes his face)
Okay.

Suddenly, he sways and his eyes roll up in his head.

LYLE

Chuck!

Lyle grabs the cloth of Chuck's djellaba as he falls and holds his unconscious body up.

LYLE

(frantically)
Chuck...Chuck!

He watches in horror as the djellaba begins riding up over Chuck's shoulders.

LYLE

Oh, no.

Then up over his head.

LYLE

Oh, no.

The djellaba continues to climb slowly up over Chuck's body until Chuck slides out of it and falls face down in the sand.

LYLE

Oh, no!! Chuck! Chuck! Whoa!

Belakhim walks steadily on, his rope now dangling free in front of him. Chuck's body lies motionless in the sand, both canteens sprawled at his side.

LYLE

(calling)
Chuck! Take sip of water! Wake up.

116 A buzzard sails overhead and settles down a few feet 116
from where Chuck is lying.

117 LYLE 117
No! Not dead! Just resting!

118 Another buzzard settles down beside the first. 118

119 LYLE 119
No! Get away! Shoo! Whoa!
Chuck! Open eyes! Chuck!

Belakhim suddenly steps on the rope and lurches to a halt. Struggling vainly against his own weight he slowly brings himself to his knees. Then, having finally met his master, he sits submissively in the sand.

Lyle pulls himself off the saddle with a ripping sound and begins crawling toward Chuck.

LYLE
Hold on. Hold on, Hawk.

120 Panting with exhaustion, he reaches Chuck's body and 120
stretches his hand out for the canteen.

121 A buzzard walks over to him. 121

LYLE
(to the buzzard)
Are you crazy? I'm moving!

122 He carefully uncorks the canteen and holds it to 122
Chuck's lips. After a moment Chuck opens his eyes.

CHUCK
Is this the oasis?

LYLE
Does it look like an oasis?

Chuck looks around.

CHUCK
Yeah, look at the birds.
(suddenly)
Are those vultures?

LYLE
Yeah. You fainted. I guess they
thought you were dead.

CHUCK
You mean...they're here on spec?

122 CONTINUED:

122

LYLE

Yeah. I think it's very important
not to get run down here. We can't
just wander around looking for an oasis.

rd4-6zz
4-7zz

CHUCK

I just don't understand. It's
an hour southeast of Shali Benimal.
You can't miss it.

LYLE

Who told you that?

CHUCK

I can't tell you.

LYLE

I see. Well, we missed it.

(he raises his
canteen)

So here's to the beads.

CHUCK

Wait! Are you crazy? That's our
only water.

LYLE

So what? It's almost night. In
a few hours we'll be back in Shali
Benimal. We don't need water at night.

CHUCK

(looking yearningly
at the canteen)

Are you sure it's safe to count
on a lot of beads for a trail?
What if there's a wind?

LYLE

There is no wind in the desert.

CHUCK

Who told you that?

LYLE

I...can't tell you.

CHUCK

I see.

(they stare at each
other, then suddenly)

Well, hell...

(he raises his canteen)

To the beads.

CONTINUED

CHUCK

I can't tell you.

(after a moment)

Well, hell...if she said it...

(raising his canteen)

To the beads.

They drink the water, then drop the empty canteens and stagger to their feet, leaning on each other. The vultures do not move.

4-72

4-82

4-112

4-42

123 EXT. SHIRRA'S COURTYARD IN SHALI BENHAL

123

Two of the young men in olive drab are guarding the door. Inside the house, Shirra and the others stand in front of a color-coded map, listening to one of the young men (JABIR). Shirra smokes a cigarette, her eyes distant. Professor Karl sits watching her.

JABIR

We will leave for Ishtar on Friday morning. Friday night we will take over the transmitter. Asad and I will broadcast as the two messengers of God and promise the Shiites that when the Emir falls we will follow the map to the maqam al-ghayba of the Twelfth Imam and he will rise.

PROFESSOR KARL

That will be rather difficult to do without the map, won't it?

JABIR

By the time we are asked to produce it Ishtar will be ours.

PROFESSOR KARL

You'll be slaughtered. A few hundred guerrillas and a mob of angry Shiites against an army trained and equipped by the Americans...

JABIR

You under estimate us, Professor. We have a network of mercenaries, tribesmen, from the Khyber Pass to the Sahara, all starting for Ishtar tonight.

PROFESSOR KARL

Armed?

123 CONTINUED:

123

HAKIM

The desert is filled with dealers in black market arms. They descend like vultures at the scent of revolution. They will be armed.

PROFESSOR BARNES

I see. Well...you've thought of everything. Except, of course, the possibility that the two Americans will survive...and let out that you don't have the map.

HAKIM

I have thought of that too. That is why I put a price of 20,000 dirham on their heads this afternoon.
(Shirra whirls)
If they survive the desert they will not survive that.

SHIRRA

You...you are a murderer!

HAKIM

And what are you? Or do you think a bullet is crueler than what they face now.

SHIRRA

(after a moment)

No. No, nothing is crueler than what they face now.

She turns abruptly and runs out of the room.

rd4-4zz
4-5zz
4-11zz

124 THE DESERT

124

The sky is lavender now. Purple shadows sculpt the sands. Chuck and Lyle are sitting astride Belakhim who is still sitting down. Chuck shivers in his bright print jacket.

LYLE

Getting nippy.

CHUCK

I don't see any beads shining, do you?

LYLE

Well, it's not dark yet.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED:

124

There is a pause as they both stare up at the sky.

LYLE

(suddenly)

Oh, my God!

CHUCK

What?

LYLE

We're going to miss our show!

CHUCK

Oh, no!

LYLE

Oh, yes!

CHUCK

Oh, shit.

LYLE

Oh, well, this is it. We'll be blackballed at the Cret Casablanca. We'll never be able to play Morocco again. They'll call Marty. Word will get out. No one will give us another booking. What have you done!

CHUCK

What have I done! Are you blaming this on me?

LYLE

Yes.

CHUCK

On me?

LYLE

Yes! You're a spy! That's why everyone wants to kill us.

CHUCK

Oh, this is a joke. Do you think these guys are after us because I'm a spy? They're after us because they think you know where Shirra Assel's map is.

LYLE

Whose Shirra Assel Map?

CHUCK

Don't play sucker games with me. You're not selling watered-down gas to some schmuck in Sweetpea, Georgia now. This is the Hawk talking. You think I don't know you spent half an hour alone with Shirra Assel in our hotel room.

LYLE

Oh, is she the guy in your jacket? with your passport? that you said you lost in Ishtar?

CHUCK

Yeah. Oh, now I suppose you don't know her name.

LYLE

I don't.

CHUCK

And you don't know anything about the map.

LYLE

What map?

CHUCK

The map that could cost us Ishtar and inflame the Middle East.

LYLE

No, I don't. That's your department. You're the one who takes money from the C.I.A.

CHUCK

It's our money. It's for both of us.

LYLE

I don't want it. I don't think it's right to take money for helping to keep the Emir of Ishtar in power. He's a bad guy.

CHUCK

Oh, knock it off, will you. Brown-nosing the Commies won't get you my girl.

124 CONTINUED:

124

LYLE

Your girl! How did she get to be
your girl. I mean...if...if she's
 anybody's girl...

(more firmly)

it's the fella you're sitting in
 back of.

CHUCK

You poor puss. Don't you have any
 sense of reality. Do you think you
 can get a girl away from me?

(Lyle blinks

away a tear)

Well, don't cry. Was I too tough
 on you?

LYLE

I'm not crying. A piece of sand
 blew in my eye. Cry! You don't
 get it. She likes me. She gave
me the golamine beads. She told me...

(he stops)

A piece of sand blew in my eye?

There is a stirring and ruffling of sand.

CHUCK

What...what does this mean?

A growling sound begins to swell and a thin sheet of
 sand blows up around them.

LYLE

This...this must be one of those
 once-in-a-lifetime things. Like
 the glaciers melting.

125 The growling sound rises to a shriek. The sands
 shoot up like spray and suddenly the entire desert
 floor seems to rise in the air, whirling in the
 howling wind, turning the evening black. Chuck and
 Lyle sit clinging together, heads down in the raging
 wind.

125

126 Suddenly Belakhim rises.

126

LYLE

No, no. Not now!

CHUCK

This fucking camel!

DISSOLVE TO:

127 THE DESERT - NIGHT

127

The wind still rages. Every once in a while the swirling sands part and Chuck and Lyle can be seen bouncing along on Belakhim.

DISSOLVE TO:

128 THE DESERT - DAWN

128

A great hot yellow-white circle is rising rapidly in the sky. The wind has died down. Chuck and Lyle, covered with a fine layer of sand, cling wearily to Belakhim.

129 After a moment Belakhim steps on his rope and forces himself to the ground again. 129

CHUCK

This son-of-a-bitch. Now he sat down.

They crawl off the camel...and fall to their knees. Lyle rises carefully, his legs still apart and holds a hand out to Chuck.

CHUCK

But don't pull me. My hips are locked.

They reel up and stand bow-legged in the sand, looking up at the sky.

LYLE

It's gonna be a scorcher.

CHUCK

(suddenly)

Look!

130 In the distance a truck can be seen shimmering on the sand. Several camels are tied nearby. 130

LYLE

Could it be a mirage?

CHUCK

We both see it, how can it be a mirage.

Two men with blue skin ride past them on camels. They are dressed in blue gowns and head dresses identical with Lyle's. A MAN with a machine gun comes around the side of the truck and checks them over, then motions them around to the other side of the truck.

CHUCK

(softly to Lyle)

Go to the truck and try and get some water. But be careful because they may be looking for us. So act like an Arab. And, whatever you do, don't talk.

LYLE

Then how can I ask for water?

CHUCK

Use sign language. Pretend you're a mute. Be inventive. And keep your head down.

LYLE

Why?

CHUCK

Because there are no blue-eyed Arabs.

LYLE

You do it.

CHUCK

I can't. Look how I'm dressed.

LYLE

Take my clothes. You've got the brown eyes.

CHUCK

Yeah, but you've got the blue skin. And that's the ticket those guys got in on. Go on, will you, what's the big deal? Just get us a canteen with some water.

Lyle pulls the blue cloth around his face, lowers his head and walks quickly toward the tent. Chuck crouches behind the camel.

131 The man by the truck looks briefly at Lyle's blue skin and motions him around. Then he turns and looks directly at Chuck. Chuck begins busily fussing with Belakhim's saddle. The man with the machine gun walks toward him and speaks in an English accent.

131

ENGLISHMAN

Hey! You!

Chuck stares at him frozen.

ENGLISHMAN

Are you the auctioneer?

CHUCK

Uh...yes.

ENGLISHMAN

You understand English?

CHUCK

Uh...yes.

ENGLISHMAN

Great. We're in business.

244-112

4-132

132 EXT. BEHIND THE TRUCK

132

A German and an Arab stand at the back of the truck beside a pile of huge weapons. A little distance off Lyle stands, head down, with a small cluster of tribesmen who watch him, fascinated as he enacts thirst.

The Englishman walks around the end of the truck leading Chuck.

ENGLISHMAN

Here's our boy. His name is Hakim.

GERMAN

Thank God. Listen, Hakim, these Berbers are all from different tribes with different dialects. They don't understand Arabic...or each other. And we don't understand them. I hope to God you do.

CHUCK

Yes. I understand all Berber dialects.

At the sound of Chuck's voice Lyle's head shoots up.

GERMAN

We'll pay you 200 dirham for the job.

CHUCK

May Allah fatten your flock and engorge your loved ones.

THE ARAB

Wa alikum as-salaam, Hakim.

CHUCK

(bowing)

Shoom-zali.

132 CONTINUED:

132

THE ARAB

Khoom-zali?
(to the others)
This is not Arabic.

The other two look at Chuck. The Englishman picks up the machine gun.

CHUCK

I speak no Arabic. I am a Berber from the North...of here. Early on I was sent by my tribe to trade with other tribes...the delft of our hills. There I learned from each tribe his...dialect.

GERMAN

How did you learn English?

CHUCK

We had much delft. Even as you come here to trade, my sahkar sent me there. You know Philadelphia?

The three men stare at him silently. Then the Arab motions the other two aside. Chuck glances at Lyle, whose eyes are wide and unblinking with panic. The three men return.

THE ARAB

Hakir, we want you to close your eyes and put your hands at your side and tell these men that their camels have been stolen.

CHUCK

(after a moment)

Pardon.

ENGLISHMAN

With your eyes closed and no gestures of any kind, tell this bunch that on the other side of the truck you saw their camels being stolen.

(he raises the gun)

Do it.

CHUCK

Surely.

Chuck puts his hands at his side and closes his eyes...then opens them.

CONTINUED

CHUCK
What am I supposed to say again?

ENGLISHMAN
(aiming the gun)
Do it.

CHUCK
(closing his eyes)
Ai-yai-yai-yai-yai! Chaim putz
neh-kchatz foya.

The Berbers stare at him in utter bewilderment.

LYLE
(suddenly)
Neh-kchatz foya! Ai-yai-yai-yai!

He puts his hands to his cheeks and rocks his face, then grabs the hand of the blue-skinned man standing next to him and drags him around to the other side of the truck, shouting "Neh-kchatz foya!". After a moment, the other tribesmen follow, their voices filled with curiosity.

ENGLISHMAN
(to the Arab)
Well, they understood something.

THE ARAB
I don't believe it.

CHUCK
(coldly)
They understood everything. But some say "Oh, my God! What?" and others say "But I just saw my camel, he was fine" and still others say "What did he say?"

Lyle re-appears, head down, walking rapidly, followed by the bewildered Berbers whose voices are now somewhat irritated.

ENGLISHMAN
(lowering his gun)
Sorry, old man. But a translator who speaks all Berber dialects and English, but no Arabic...

THE ARAB
I tell you he is a fraud.

132 CONTINUED:

132

ENGLISHMAN

Well, they don't seem to think so.

(he turns to Chuck)

Hakir, tell these wallahs that our weapons come straight from the Saharawi desert. Tell them the Americans give the Ishtari new weapons but these are better because they've already been tested in battle.

(Chuck blinks)

Keep hitting the "used is better than new" idea. They'll buy it.

rd4-13zz

4-14zz

Chuck turns to the frowning Berbers.

CHUCK

Uh...meh-meh tsalukchas Ishtari
Roshinkas mit mandlin...

He breaks off as the Berbers begin to call out to him, shaking their heads, shrugging, pointing to their ears. Chuck turns to the Englishman.

CHUCK

They say they cannot believe their ears and do you really expect them to swallow such nach-nach? Others shrug and question your sanity. First the camels...now this.

ENGLISHMAN

(he whistles)

Tough crew. Alright, here's what we've got that's in good condition.

As he speaks the Arab and the German demonstrate the weapons behind him.

ENGLISHMAN

First lot; rifles and ammo...
American M16's, German Heckler
Koch's, Russian Destryrarev H.M.G.'s...
Next lot; weapons and ammo...light
mortars, shoulder borne anti-aircraft...

133 INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - THE MAP

133

Two Agents sit in front of it watching the now stationary blip. Jim Harrison enters.

1ST AGENT

You called it, Jim. It stopped moving about 20 minutes ago.

CONTINUED

JIM

Good. We're right on schedule.

He flicks a switch on the electronic board. A light flashes and the sound of a helicopter fills the room. Jim speaks into the flashing light.

JIM

01-1-4-01, this is Circuit Breaker. Come in, 01-1-4-01...

A VOICE comes out of the board.

VOICE

I read you, Circuit Breaker.
This is 01-1-4-01.

JIM

The expiration date is nearly due on those packages, and the sender wants an I.D. So track them with the chopper and if they've expired keep the buzzards off until we pick them up in the truck. If they're still viable, seat it. We don't want to be associated with this mailing.

VOICE

Will do. Direct route?

JIM

Try not to fly over any area where you'll be sighted. The Ishtari are using American choppers to pick off gunrunners and mercenaries, and we don't want to be associated with that either.

VOICE

Will do. Contra-indications?

JIM

The rumor is that the left has put out a 20,000 dirham reward for foreclosure on both targets, so if you see any other mailman back off, because we certainly don't want to be associated with that.

VOICE

Will do. Anything else?

133 CONTINUED:

133

JIM

That's it. Over and out.

He flicks off the switch. The room is quiet.

1ST AGENT

Jesus, they've only been here four days and everybody wants them dead.

JIM

Amazing, isn't it?

64-142

4-152

134 THE DESERT - BEHIND THE TRUCK

134

Chuck, Lyle, the Tribesmen, the Englishman, the German and the Arab are still there. Weapons litter the sand. The Berbers are now talking at the top of their lungs to each other. Chuck, his clothes rumpled, his hair wild, waves his arms at them.

CHUCK

Azo! Azo! Azo!

ENGLISHMAN

(wearily)

Now what?

CHUCK

They are impatient and restless. They wonder when the water will be passed.

ENGLISHMAN

Scraw the water. We're not selling water. Start the bidding.

Chuck licks his lips, picks up a light mortar and calls in the sing-song voice of the auctioneer:

CHUCK

Ah el cho no lo mincha sha la zu fi-ee...

LYLE

(calling out)

Fi-ee!

Chuck points to Lyle.

CHUCK

Fi-ee machim, fi-ee olive, fi-ee gimnel...

There is the sound of a helicopter in the distance. The three men and the Tribesmen freeze. The German grabs a pair of binoculars and looks up.

GERMAN
(to the others)
It's American. Hurry! Load
the truck.

The Arab, the Englishman and the German begin shoving
the weapons back in the truck. The Tribesmen rush to
their camels.

CHUCK
What...what is occurring?

ENGLISHMAN
(as he loads)
Three arms dealers and half a dozen
Berber mercenaries have been spot
so far by Ishtari pilots flying
American choppers. If you're smart
you'll run for it.

CHUCK
An American chopper?

135 INT. HELICOPTER - JEFF, THE PILOT

135

They are scanning the desert below. The sound of
beeping fills the helicopter.

PILOT
I think we've hit some gunrunners.

JEFF
Stay back.
(he frowns)
Something must be wrong with the
beeper. This can't be their location.

PILOT
(staring down)
We've been sighted. Look at them go.

Far below the truck can be seen racing off into the
desert. Men on camels ride in every direction.
Weapons lay scattered on the sand. Only two men
remain, waving at the helicopter.

JEFF
Son-of-a-bitch.

PILOT
What?

JEFF

It's them.

PILOT

With the gunrunners?

JEFF

Let's get the hell out of here.

PILOT

They don't look dead to me.

JEFF

Let's go.

136 SLOW Lyle and Chuck wave furiously as the
helicopter rises and flies off.

136

CHUCK

Oh, shit! They didn't see us.

LYLE

And we didn't get water.

CHUCK

Yeah, but we got these.

(he studies the guns)

I bet these babies are worth a
couple of canteens.

LYLE

You mean you want to drag these
around with us until we find
someone with two canteens?

CHUCK

Lyle, that chopper was looking for
us, I'll bet you anything. The
C.I.A. knows we're lost because
we didn't show up at the oasis.
If we can just stay alive for
another few days they'll find us.

(Lyle looks at the guns)

Wouldn't that be great? To get out
of here and go home.

LYLE

Yeah. I wanna go home.

134-135
4-82

137 EXT. ISHTAR

137

The soldiers now patrol the streets, rifles at
ready. Army vans have been added to the black
Lambrettas. The Araas move like shadows, their
faces wary and alert.

139 The CAMERA begins moving in toward the golden dome 112
of the palace and stops at a balcony overlooking
the city. Emir Yousef stands looking down at the
tacky hodge-podge that is Ishtar. Jim Harrison's
voice speaks from inside the room.

rd4-2z
4-9z

139 JIM 139
Your Excellency...

EMIR YOUSEF
Jim Harrison! My old... What
happened to your foot?

JIM
I...uh...fell. Your Excellency,
you've given me a very delicate
task, and there's no way I can
accomplish it if I have to leave
Morocco every few hours.

EMIR YOUSEF
Then may I speak briskly?

JIM
Please.

EMIR YOUSEF
My agents report that the desert
scum who have been hired as
mercenaries are scheduled to
reach Ishtar by Friday. Have
you heard this?

JIM
Uh...we've heard that rumor, yes.

EMIR YOUSEF
Then Friday is the day of the
uprising.

JIM
There...is that possibility, yes.

EMIR YOUSEF
Might it not be better if you shared
your information with me. It is I,
after all, who am going to be
overthrown.

JIM
Your Excellency, I assure you that
the C.I.A. is doing everything in
its power to keep you safe. There
are 25,000 American advisers in
Ishtar...

44-9z
4-10z

EMIR YOUSEF

I am not reassured: The C.I.A. did everything in its power to keep Anwar Sadat and the Shah safe. And how safe were they?

(Jim is silent)

Are the two American messengers of God dead yet?

JIM

When I left Morocco they were very close to being inoperative.

EMIR YOUSEF

But are they dead?

JIM

I can check.

EMIR YOUSEF

Yes, check. I want to announce their deaths tonight.

JIM

That's...that's a little ahead of schedule.

EMIR YOUSEF

So is the uprising.

JIM

Your Excellency, the announcement of the deaths of these two men...

EMIR YOUSEF

...who have made me look foolish, and strengthened the belief that God has a hand in my overthrow... what of them?

JIM

We...want their deaths to be from natural causes.

EMIR YOUSEF

A bullet in the desert is not unnatural when there are so many mercenaries and gunrunners about.

(softening)

There is a hadith that goes "The enemy of my enemies is my friend." These men are my enemies. Just as Libya is yours.

(Jim tenses)

I will broadcast tonight?

139 CONTINUED:

139

JIM
(after a moment)
Yes, your Excellency.

4-102
5-12

140 THE DESERT

140

THE SUN is directly overhead now, blinding in the mid-day sky. Belakhim's rope is tied around Lyle's waist. Several weapons have been tied to his saddle.

141 Lyle and Chuck are crawling on the sand. Chuck's jacket has been turned inside out and tied around his head. Lyle's headcloth is down over his eyebrows. Both men move feebly.

CHUCK
Water...

LYLE
My lips are on fire.

CHUCK
"With my desire..."

LYLE
"For you".

Chuck runs a dry tongue over parched lips.

LYLE
We could use...a mirage now, huh?
Big fountain...cool water...

CHUCK
Good song, mirage song.

LYLE
Yeah. "Is it really you I see,
smiling at me?"

CHUCK
"Is it really you I...hear,
Laughing...my dear?"
(to Lyle)
Bridge.

LYLE
(singing)
"Let me taste the water,
Let me drink the wine,"

CHUCK
(singing)
"If you're not my daughter,
Will you be mine?"

141 CONTINUED:

141

They laugh in cracked voices. Chuck suddenly sobs.

LYLE

Don't. Don't cry. We need every drop.

CHUCK

"Is it really you I kiss,
Softly like this..."
(he breaks down)
What have I done with my life?

LYLE

Not now, Chuck.

CHUCK

No children, no wife...

LYLE

Chuck, this isn't really a good time to get depressed.

CHUCK

You're right. I don't know what's wrong with me.

LYLE

Think of the up side. We're not living lives of quiet desperation.

CHUCK

I just...I guess I just have the blues.

LYLE

(singing)
"Hey--all the folks that don't have money,
Are they poor,
Oh, well sure,"

CHUCK

Good rhyme.

LYLE

(singing)
"But that's not poverty, baby,
That's not the not of the have-not blues,"
Take it.

CHUCK

(singing)
"They have not-a-got soles on their shoes,
But I have not-a-got you,"

141 CONTINUED:

141

LYLE

Oh, yeah!

CHUCK

Love song, ladies and gentlemen.
Change of pace.

(singing)

"I'd like to thank Muhammad,
For prophesying you,"
Take it.

LYLE

(singing)

"And...baby, while I'm on it,
I'll thank Allan, too."

CHUCK

This is some of our best work.
Have you got a pencil?

LYLE

Yeah, but I don't have the energy
to get it.

They crawl on in silence. The sun looms.

CHUCK

I wonder where we are.

Lyle studies the jacket on Chuck's head, then places his
finger on it.

LYLE

Here.

CHUCK

Don't lose it, Lyle. I'm not
depressed anymore. We can still
be saved.

LYLE

Stop crawling for a minute.

Chuck stops. Lyle traces his finger along the jacket.

LYLE

This is really clever. It shows
you where you are in terms of the
sun. I mean you don't know where
you are in terms of where you are...

CHUCK

Don't scare me, Ly. You're all
I have.

ds-12
5-12

141 CONTINUED:

141

LYLE

So help me God. The lining of
your jacket is a map with all the
stages of the sun.

(he taps Chuck's head)

First it's blue...so it's night.

...then it's grey...

(he taps Chuck's
ear)

...then there's a big white sun...

Chuck suddenly tears the jacket off his head. A panel of
the lining is Omar's map.

CHUCK

It is a map.

LYLE

Well, yeah. When I start seeing
things it won't be maps.

CHUCK

This must be the map! Shirra's map.

(Lyle looks at him
blankly)

The map, the map, the map! The map
that everyone's looking for.

LYLE

You mean the map that could cost us
Ishtar and inflame the Middle East?

CHUCK

Yeah.

LYLE

She used it to line her jacket?

CHUCK

Schmuck, it's not the real lining.
Look at this thread. It's a different
color...and it's all crooked and sloppy.
This is the way I saw.

LYLE

Can I...can I give it to her with
you?

CHUCK

Yeah.

(after a moment)

That means we can't tell the
C.I.A. about it.

141 CONTINUED:

141

LYLE

No. It's not their map.

CHUCK

It's her map.

LYLE

Yeah.

CHUCK

She's gone through enough.

LYLE

Yeah. She must be going through a lot now if she heard about that wind.

CHUCK

Yeah.

(a pause)

That...that was a weird one.

LYLE

Yeah.

Another pause.

CHUCK

No one...no one even mentioned it during the auction.

LYLE

No.

(suddenly)

And they didn't shine.

CHUCK

What didn't?

LYLE

The beads. They didn't shine.

CHUCK

How do you know? They were probably in Kansas five minutes after the wind hit.

143-32
5-42

LYLE

Yeah, but the beads on my necklace didn't shine. And they're the beads I've been dropping.

There is a pause.

141 CONTINUED:

141

CHUCK

That's right. I...I don't remember
them shining last night.

(after a moment)

In fact...I remember them not shining.

There is a long silence.

LYLE

Aw, gee.

CHUCK

(slowly)

She...was afraid I'd tell the C.I.A.
she didn't have the map.

They sit looking dumbly down at the beads and the map.

142 INT. HELICOPTER - JEFF, THE PILOT

142

The beeper grows in volume as they fly. Jim holds a
high-powered rifle and speaks into the two-way radio.

JEFF

We're approaching the target.

JIM'S VOICE

Come in as low as you can. They'll
hold still for you. I want those
bullets to look like they came from
the ground. Let's cash in on that
10,000 dirham reward and lay this
on the left.

PILOT

I have them sighted.

Lyle and Chuck can be seen below, waving the jacket
and headcloth and shouting.

JEFF

Take her down.

143 ANGLE - LYLE AND CHUCK

143

They stand panting with exertion, looking up at the
helicopter descend.

LYLE

They see us.

CHUCK

They're landing.

143 CONTINUED:

143

The helicopter slowly comes down. Jeff leans out of the window with the rifle. Chuck waves.

LYLE

Chuck, there's...a guy pointing a rifle at us.

CHUCK

He's not pointing at us. He's just riding shotgun in case there's trouble.

144 The helicopter continues to descend. Jeff aims the rifle.

144

145 Through the sight we see Chuck and Lyle.

145

ANGLE - LYLE AND CHUCK

LYLE

Chuck...he's aiming at us.

CHUCK

Will you stop being paranoid?

The helicopter dips down to about 12 feet. Jeff puts his finger on the trigger. Lyle suddenly shoves Chuck to the side and begins running. There is the sound of a rifle shot.

LYLE

Run!

146 INT. HELICOPTER

144

JEFF

They've split. Go for the one in blue, the other one's just standing there.

The helicopter turns toward Lyle.

147 ANGLE - LYLE

147

as he runs in a jagged line toward Salakhim. Chuck stands there.

CHUCK

(shouting)

What's happening?

LYLE

They're trying to kill us, smuck!
Run! Run in a crooked line toward the camel.

147 CONTINUED:

147

CHUCK

You mean those pricks are trying to
kill us too?

LYLE

Run!

CHUCK

Let's get 'em.

Chuck begins running, wildly zig-zagging across the
sand toward Belakhin.

148 INT. HELICOPTER

148

PILOT

They're both running now.

JEFF

(into radio)

01-1-4-01. Request permission to
use an AK 47 on both targets.

JIM'S VOICE

This can't look like an official
liquidation.

JEFF

It won't. Plenty of submachine
guns have been sold to the
Berbers. Jim, I don't know how
much energy they've got. They
could suddenly drop or this could
take all day.

JIM'S VOICE

(after a moment)

Alright. Use it.

JEFF

(to the pilot)

Where are they?

PILOT

They're both behind the camel.

JEFF

Take us over.

rd5-4z
5-52

149 ANGLE - SHOT CHUCK, LYLE

149

crouching behind Belakhin. They have taken the weapons
from his saddle and are loading them.

149 CONTINUED:

149

CHUCK

This goes in here.

LYLE

No, I was watching. This goes
in here. That goes in there.
Don't you know the difference
between a cartridge and a shell?

CHUCK

Do you?

LYLE

Sure. We did a lot of shooting
in Sweetpea.

150 INT. HELICOPTER

150

JEFF

You're too high. Come down.

PILOT

No one's going to measure whether
the guy who shot them was six foot
or sixteen.

JEFF

I wish this goddam thing was mounted.

He puts his finger on the firing button of the machine
gun. A gun barrel appears above Selakhim's hump.

PILOT

What's that?

There is a sudden blast of fire and a wheel spins off the
chopper.

JEFF

What the fuck!

PILOT

Jesus Christ! They're firing at us.

JEFF

Up! Up! Go up!

151 The helicopter rises.

151

152 ANGLE - LYLE, CHUCK

152

CHUCK

You're a great shot.

152 CONTINUED:

152

LYLE

(modestly)

Well, I used to hunt every day
before the tire factory opened.
Let's load the SAM-7 and the Soltan.

153 INT. AN OFFICE IN THE AMERICAN EMBASSY - ISHTAR

153

It is outfitted with transmitting equipment and a
steel door. Jim Harrison speaks into a transmitter.

JIM

What!

JEFF'S VOICE

They're using submachine guns.
We've lost a wheel.

JIM

Alright, back off and stay in
contact. I'm sending in a Phantom
and a second chopper for back-up.
Over and out.

(he punches out)

Son-of-a-bitch.

154 EXT. DESERT - LYLE, CHUCK

154

They have loaded the guns and are dragging them away
from Belaknim who is still lying in the sand.

CHUCK

(panting)

Fucking camel. He'd rather get
shot than move when you ask him.

LYLE

Actually, I kind of admire that.

CHUCK

Me too.

There is the drone of an airplane in the distance.

155

LYLE

155

Here they come.

CHUCK

(squinting up)

Oh, it's a plane this time.

LYLE

And a helicopter. Two helicopters.

155 CONTINUED:

155

They stare up at the approaching aircraft.

LYLE

Isn't this amazing? Nothing ever happened to us...I mean, Willa left me and we played a couple of clubs...

CHUCK

...but nothing to write home about.

LYLE

Right. And now we're gonna die in the desert shooting at planes.

CHUCK

(singing)

"But that's not the not of the have-not blues,"

LYLE

"Folks have not-a-got money or shoes."

CHUCK

We didn't need a pencil.

55-52
5-71

156 ANGLE - TWO HELICOPTERS, A PHANTOM

156

One of the helicopters has a wheel missing. The 2nd has two submachine guns mounted on it.

157 INT. 1ST HELICOPTER - JEFF, PILOT

157

Jeff looks down at the tiny figures of Lyle and Chuck...then frowns as a jeep becomes visible, racing across the sand toward them.

JEFF

(into transmitter)

There's a jeep moving in very fast toward the target. Hold your fire until it passes.

158 INT. PHANTOM - A PILOT AND A GUNNER

158

PILOT

(into radio)

I read you, Sir.

159 ANGLE - LYLE, CHUCK

159

They are watching the jeep as it races toward them in the shimmering heat.

159 CONTINUED:

159

CHUCK

Now, there's a guy who wants to
kill us bad enough to drive all
the way across the desert.

LYLE

(shouting at the car)

What are you gonna do--try and make
it look like a traffic accident.

The car shoots straight toward them and Chuck and Lyle
swing the guns toward it. It screeches to a halt a few
yards away and a voice from inside calls out.

VOICE

Do not shoot! It is your guide!

Abdullah gets out of the jeep with two canteens.

LYLE

Abdullah! How did you find us?

ABDULLAH

You are only a few miles from
Shali Benimal. And, fortunately,
I had a paying passenger.

160 The plane banks and begins its dive. The helicopter 160
begins firing.

161 ABDULLAH 161
Oh, my. I see you are still in
trouble.

Lyle begins firing the light mortar. Chuck aims the
shoulder borne missile. A body falls in beside them
and begins firing a submachine gun. It is Shirra
Assel in her olive drabs and beret.

162 EXT. PLANE 162
as it pulls out of the dive.

163 PILOT 163
I'm not going down that low again.
Someone down there knows how to
use a submachine gun.

164 ANGLE - CHUCK, LYLE, SHIRRA, ABDULLAH 164
Abdullah is now behind a mounted machine gun.

ABDULLAH

What do I press?

164 CONTINUED:

164

LYLE

The button.

SHIRRA

(to Chuck)

Do you know how to use the SAM 7?

CHUCK

No.

SHIRRA

I do. Take the machine gun.

She hands it to him and crawls behind the light missile.

165 The plane dives, the helicopter ascends.

165

166

SHIRRA

166

Let them come in close. When I give the signal--fire. If I have brought about your deaths--we will die together.

ABDULLAH

Wait a moment...I am only a guide.

SHIRRA

You are an Arab warrior. We are all warriors. That is our birthright from the desert.

ABDULLAH

Perhaps one more pipe of kif.

SHIRRA

Now! Fire!

167 The desert is suddenly filled with exploding orange fires.

167

168 INT. 1ST HELICOPTER

168

Jeff speaks into the transmitter.

JEFF

I don't know what you had in mind, but this is no longer covert. We are now overtly firing on two Americans...and God knows who else.

JIM'S VOICE

Mission over. Move it out. Quick. While we can still say we made a mistake.

169 ANGLE - CHUCK, LYLE, ABDEL, SHIRRA

169

Chuck and Lyle stand, shouting at the departing aircraft.

CHUCK

Fuck you!

LYLE

Fuck you twice!

CHUCK

And two more from our friends.

rd5-7xx
5-13xx

170 THE CHEZ CASABLANCA - NIGHT

170

A charter bus is parked outside, several army cars, an official limousine.

171 In the window is a poster of Lyle and Chuck.

171

172 INT. CHEZ CASABLANCA

172

The room is packed. Marty sits at a table, looking vaguely surprised. The Caid of Assari sits at a table with his entourage. There are several other tourists. The rest of the audience consists of men in grey suits and short haircuts and U.S. soldiers and Marines. Two ARMY SOUND MEN wearing earphones are busily tucking cables into corners. There are microphones all over the stage and a boom mike in the center.

173 A FOUR STAR GENERAL sits in the back with Jim Harrison watching as a Waiter leads Shirra Assel and Abdel through the room.

173

GENERAL WESTLAKE

Isn't she one of the guerrillas?

JIM

(his eyes are very bright)

No. She was, but there was a split.

GENERAL WESTLAKE

Well, then...who represents the guerrillas?

JIM

No one. The guerrillas don't count without the map. The Shiites don't like them any more than they like us, but they thought they had the map that the two messengers of God would follow to the maqam al-ghayba...

CONTINUED

GENERAL WESTLAKE

Don't...explain it to me again. It's one of those things you either get the first time or you don't get at all.

C. comes on stage wearing a button in his ear.

M.C.

Ladies and gentlemen, we are recording tonight's show and, if Allah is willing, it will become an album. So please express your enthusiasm freely. And please take your seats.

Shirra and Abdel stand at Marty's table.

SHIRRA

(to Marty)

I am Shirra Assel, I am their friend.

ABDEL

I am Abdel, I am their guide.

MARTY

I'm Marty Freed, I am their agent.
I would get up but I have such jet lag.

The M.C. holds up his hand. The lights dim. An expectant hush settles over the room.

GENERAL WESTLAKE

(whispering to Jim)

Do we get the map for this?

JIM

(whispering)

No, They've put the map where no one can find it and if anything happens to them it will be sent to the KGB. But if Yousef agrees to Shirra Assel's reforms and we back their albums, they've agreed not to sell it to anyone else.

M.C.

And now--by popular demand--
The Messengers!

174 He brings his hand down smartly and Chuck and Lyle 174
run out wearing messenger caps. The audience bursts
into wild, raucous applause. The soldiers and marines
cheer. The C.I.A. men whistle. The tourists, caught
up in the response, applaud and pound on the tables.
Marty looks around, blinking.

CONTINUED

174 CONTINUED:

174

CHUCK, LYLE
 (singing and playing)
 "Long time waiting,
 Long time gone,
 Long time standing at the pier..."
 (they rise, still
 playing)
 "Long time no see, baby,"
 (they play their heads
 with their knuckles)
 "Long time no hear..."

There are cheers.

ANGLE - HARRISON, GENERAL WESTLAKE

They watch incredulously.

DISSOLVE TO:

LYLE SINGS AS CHUCK PLAYS

LYLE
 "I look to Mecca
 And I see,
 The place where we lived,
 And the funny old tree
 We sat under when you first said to me,
 'I think I'm fallin' in love.'"

GENERAL WESTLAKE
 Jim, I...I know this is very important
 to you fellows. But I will not ask my
 men to do this as a regular assignment.
 I'd rather fight it out with the guerrillas.

JIM
 General, it's not just Ishtar. That
 map is a potential red flag to 60
 million Shiites in the Middle East.
 We may be talking about a series of
 uprisings. A series of Iran...

CHUCK
 (plucking a guitar)
 Like to sing you a few songs from
 the desert now. See if you've ever
 felt like this.
 (singing)
 "I feel so small,
 When I look at the Stars,
 How big is Venus..."

LYLE
 (plucking)
 "How big is Mars?"

200-112
 3-112

174 CONTINUED:

174

CHUCK

"I feel so small,
When I look at the sky,
How big is heaven..."

LYLE

"How big am I?"

General Westlake's jaw drops. A pinpoint spot suddenly
hits Shirra.

CHUCK

This is for a very lovely lady
of the left...

GENERAL WESTLAKE

This is unbelievable.

LYLE, CHUCK

(singing)

"Hey--all the folks that don't have money,
Are they poor,
Oh, well sure,"

Shirra sits in the spotlight watching them motionless.

LYLE, CHUCK

"But that's not poverty, baby,
That's not the not of the have-not blues,
Folks have not-a-got soles on their shoes,
But we have not-a-got,
Not-a-got not-a-got..."

They do a little soft shoe. Shirra suddenly bursts into
tears.

MARTY

What is it?

SHIRRA

(sobbing)

I think they're wonderful.

LYLE, CHUCK

"We have not-a-got you."

The credits roll.