

JERICO

An Original Screenplay

by

Marlon Brando

*Anders Gornier / Marlon Brando
Rita Moreno = Mook
Marlon Brando = Billy*

COPYRIGHT # _____
W.G.A. REG. # 367094

The Property of:
MARLON BRANDO
Brando, Kraft & Co.
11940 San Vicente Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90049

SECOND DRAFT

4/7/88

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SOMEWHERE NEAR MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA - DAY

1

A rather wide-angle shot of a bucolic scene. A church in the distance is in the center of our screen. The camera moves forward slowly as we hear the tinkling of distant cumbia music along with distant sounds of cocks crowing, dogs barking. The CREDITS run as the shot tightens. A third of the way through the CREDITS, the camera focuses on the bell tower, then on the bells. There are THREE of them.

As we CLOSE on the three bells, they begin to move in sequence; tolling a 'carillon', the call to Mass. But there's something wrong with the bell in the center - it emits a soggy, thudding SOUND, making the whole effect strangely sinister.

2 INT. CHURCH - DAY

2

CREDITS continue as CAMERA tracks through the pews, past the altar, into the BELL ROOM at the base of the tower. Three young ALTAR BOYS are pulling away at the bell-ropes. The boy in the middle is looking up with a quizzical expression, as a PRIEST enters.

PRIEST
Pull harder, Juanito.

Boy tries to pull harder. Nothing happens. The same soft bonging is heard.

PRIEST
Move away, and let me do it. You see,
you just simply have to pull harder.

He pulls harder and nothing changes.

PRIEST (continued)
The rope must be tangled. Go up and
see.

CREDITS continue as the boy ascends the tower. END OF CREDITS as the boy arrives at the bells. He looks up into the middle bell.

3 ALTAR BOYS POV: The bell has as strange clapper: a human head crowned with a halo of flies. A maggot makes it's way out of one nostril as the priest below gives another pull, and the head bangs back and forth with its peculiar muted SOUND.

3

The boy withdraws in horror, nearly falls and stumbles back down the stairway. He crosses himself as he cries out.

3 CONTINUED:

3

BOY

Father! Father! My God! My God!

4 INT. LARGE MANSION, MEDELLIN - BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY

4

Seated at the table, tastefully appointed with crystal and silver utensils, DON ANGEL DE LA LUZ, an elegant Colombian aristocrat, is making an effort to read the morning paper over the din of an argument between TWO YOUNG CHILDREN. The argument centers around who has the right to the jam jar. A newspaper has hidden the face of DON ANGEL. The paper is whipped aside to reveal it. He is a man imperially slim, dignified, arranged in a well-cut, white suit. His style and manner bespeak the breeding of an aristocrat. A burst of parental gunfire follows.

DON ANGEL

This is the last time that I'm going to remind you children that you are either going to conduct yourselves properly, with good manners, or you're going to be sent out to eat with the dogs. Is that clearly understood?

The two children, roughly 5 and 7, in plaintive duet, accuse each other of not being willing to relinquish the jam pot.

DON ANGEL

This is the end! One more word and you're both going to your rooms.

He takes refuge behind his paper. The children continue to squabble. Suddenly there appears on the white suit, near Angel's shoulder, a muffin covered with jam. He leaps to his feet and yells as loud as he can.

DON ANGEL (continued)

Milena, where are you? Milena, I want you here this instant!

Camera follows as he bangs through the kitchen door, newspaper in one hand, glasses in the other, where his wife, CARLOTTA, and the maid, MILENA, are.

DON ANGEL (continued)

You see? You see? Carlotta? What kind of children have you brought up? They've turned into monsters!

(to Milena)

Get me a fresh jacket. And let me express my gratitude and thanks for allowing me to have a quiet and pleasant breakfast.

4 CONTINUED:

4

In the other room, we hear children fighting as the maid rushes upstairs.

CARLOTTA

I'm terribly sorry, mi amor.

Camera follows as he bursts back through the door with Carlotta after him into the breakfast room. There is general turmoil - children yelling - counter accusations. Angel stalks toward the foyer, flinging his strawberry-stained jacket on the floor.

DON ANGEL

I want the children to have their lunch with the dogs! I want them to eat with the dogs, you understand?

5 CAMERA follows Don Angel downstairs to a black Mercedes. CHAUFFEUR and PERSONAL BODYGUARD standing by. He wears a fresh white jacket.

5

DON ANGEL

(as he goes down the stairs to the limo)

If they're going to behave like animals, they're going to eat with the animals.

Don Angel's feet leave a trail of red jam-prints on the pale stair-carpet.

6 EXT./INT. DON ANGEL'S CAR, ROAD TO MEDELLIN - DAY

6

Don Angel and a nattily dressed English gentleman, BRIGHTON, with smooth, steady eyes that are about a quarter of the way closed. Don Angel sighs, cleans his glasses with his handkerchief, and holds them up against the light before putting them on.

DON ANGEL

I read about your rather tasteless exploit in the paper this morning.

(quoting from the paper)

"Head of American undercover drug agent rings the bell for Mass."

The car joins a caravan of bodyguards. The Chauffeur talks on the radio.

BRIGHTON

My lack of taste is the reason you engaged in my services, Don Angel. You want Washington to get the message, don't you?

6 CONTINUED:

6

DON ANGEL

Yes, Brighton I want them to get the message. But I'd rather keep the Almighty out of the picture, unless I explicitly invite him in.

BRIGHTON

I shall make a note of it.

(taking out a notepad)

Now - about the hospital, let me refresh your memory. It is a 600 bed establishment. The total cost, which you are covering, will be about 48,000,000 pesos.

7 INT. STATE DEPT. CONFERENCE ROOM, WASHINGTON, D.C. 7

In attendance are the DIRECTOR OF THE CIA (JEFFERY McMANN), the DEPUTY DIRECTOR (KENNETH BARTOK), SEVERAL STATE DEPT. HEADS, TWO SENATORS, and SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET, in addition to SEVERAL UNDERSECRETARIES.

SENATOR YOUNG

I understand. I understand, but with all due respect to the cogent arguments that the Director of the CIA has presented here...

(a nod in McMann's direction)

...I must tell you plainly that the president is determined to see that his position on the war on drugs is properly implemented and carried out to the letter.

A YOUNG MAN seated behind McMann who is taking notes, excuses himself to go to the bathroom as the Director speaks heatedly.

MCMANN

Senator, are you accusing the CIA of being lax in that war?

SENATOR YOUNG

Mr. McMann, all I'm saying is you're frustrated by your own policies; 'Drugs are bad, but Communism in South America is worse'... Correct?

8 INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY 8

The bathroom door opens. The young man from the State Department enters. looks carefully in all the stalls and goes over to another man, Morley, who is urinating.

8 CONTINUED:

8

YOUNG MAN

Aha! Is Buddha smiling today?

MORLEY

Buddha will smile after he sees the laughing lettuce.

YOUNG MAN

You really think I was gonna stiff you for a hundred and fifty bucks?

(as he takes out money
and puts it on the
urinal)

Are you sure you've got your dick on the outside of your pants? You're really gross, Morley.

Morley takes out a vial of cocaine and gives it to the young man.

MORLEY

Snort this sitting down. This is right off the donkey's back.

The young man enters a stall and, leaving the door ajar, proceeds to snort a hefty line of his purchase.

YOUNG MAN

(imitates W.C. Fields)

You're a gentleman and a scholar, and it's a pleasure doing business with you.

MORLEY

(zipping up his pants,
calls out)

Rick, suppose you were notified that you're going to take a urine test next week?

In the nearby stall, the young man reacts with signs of anxiety.

YOUNG MAN

What do you mean? Have you heard something?

With a dry laugh, Morley produces a plastic contraption from his pocket as the young man exits the john, wiping his nose.

MORLEY

How about this little sweetheart?

(as he demonstrates)

You get some virgin urine from your kid, right?

(more)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

MORLEY (Cont'd)

You fill this little bag up and then you place it under your arm thusly. The tube goes down inside your undies and is taped to your dong. Now, the moment arrives when you're handed the bottle, all you do is press your arm to your side and - presto!

(he demonstrates)

Only \$59.99 direct from the factory. Which is me.

YOUNG MAN

I'm interested.

9 INT. STATE DEPT. CONFERENCE ROOM, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY 9

The Director of the C.I.A. is addressing the second senator as the young man re-enters.

MCMANN

...Senator, the cocaine industry accounts for 80% of Colombia's exports. We cannot risk undermining either this economy or this government, beleaguered as it is by communist insurgents, even though we know it's owned by the drug traffickers. It is frustrating, indeed.

A number of VOICES start up. The CHAIRMAN bangs his gavel and points at Senator Young.

SENATOR YOUNG

McMann, get off your high horse, willya? These drug lords, these sonsabitches, are pissin' on us, okay? We have to show a couple of 'em that we're plumb outta patience, and we have a very long arm, and now and again we're prepared to ram it where the sun don't shine, sir.

Hoots of laughter and applause greet this fresh approach.

10 CLOSE UP: DON ANGEL EXT. HOSPITAL SITE, MEDELLIN - DAY 10

Don Angel with Brighton, Dr. Perez and the architect, Sr. Guzman, standing there with various aides.

GUZMAN

...and over there, in the west wing will be the radiological unit, which Dr. Perez tells me will be the best in Colombia.

10 CONTINUED:

10

DR. PEREZ

Let me tell you, Don Angel, that if the country had ten good men as dedicated as yourself, it could solve almost all of its problems.

DON ANGEL

I can't tell you what a pleasure it is to see a long-held dream of mine nearing realization.

FREEZE FRAME: DON ANGEL, smiling urbanely.

11 INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - DAY

11

The Deputy Director of the Agency, RICHARD B. BARTOK is talking to three men: LLOYD RASMUSSEN (also known as TINKERBELL) a field agent (40ish), DAVID SCHULTZ, a senior operations planner (45), and ARNOLD CORBIN, an analyst (35).

The FREEZE FRAME of Don Angel is a glossy 8'x 10' photo. Bartok slides it across the table to Tinkerbell, followed by other shots.

BARTOK

Gentlemen, this is called the Duke Wayne premise. What has always made sense to the American people is to see the bad guy nailed, and nailed good.

TINKERBELL

You're gonna need a big nail for this one.

Bartok shoves a FILE over. Tinkerbell opens it, as Bartok moves another FILE, old, gray and bulging, to center table. Schultz reads from a memo.

SCHULTZ

Okay. As a result of disclosures to the grand jury investigating General Noriega last year, Angel de la Luz was indicted not only for drug trafficking, but also the murder of two D.E.A. agents in Colombia, in 1987.

(he looks up)

This guy is the biggest of them all.

TINKERBELL

(leafing through file)

Jesus - have you read his laundry list? Over five hundred personal bodyguards... mined perimeter defenses, half-a-dozen gunships...

(more)

TINKERBELL (Cont'd)
and he's got the M-19 guerrillas
covering his ass, too.

CORBIN
Commie guerrillas. He pays them off.

BARTOK
Well, we feel he may be vulnerable.
(looks at his watch)
I have a meeting. But the Chief is
keen to figure out some kind of sexy
approach to this with maximized media
potential. We're calling it operation
Lean Meat.
(getting to his feet)
David, I'd like a rough scenario by
Friday.

SCHULTZ
Sure, Kenneth.

The three men go through the motions of standing as Bartok
exits briskly. Then, they slump back.

TINKERBELL
I think my brain is leaving my cranium.
Not only are we supposed to extract
this guy, we gotta get him on the
Johnny Carson show. Once again, it's
armadillo shit and Neilsen ratings.
This is -

CORBIN
(interrupting)
Okay, guys. Option one, we go in with
all four feet, i.e., a surgical strike
in liaison with a National Security
hit team.

TINKERBELL
You mean Delta? Or a Seal-7 outfit?

CORBIN
Well, I can't reveal that, even if I
knew.

SCHULTZ
(impatiently)
It's not in the cards. We'd hear the
scream of 'Yanqui Imperialism' all the
way to Terra del Fuego. Arnold, I
think we know what the boss has in
mind, or he wouldn't have dumped that
file on us.

(more)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

SCHULTZ (Cont'd)

(he points)

What's so scary about it? Is it
booby-trapped?

Corbin drags it over. With a show of mock caution he opens
it. He blows into it.

CORBIN

A little dust, that's all.

(he reads)

"Jericho."

TINKERBELL

Gimme a break. Billy Harrington? Are
you joking?

SCHULTZ

Tinkerbelle, we seldom joke around here.
You know him?

TINKERBELL

You know I knew him, in Saigon. David,
I wish you wouldn't call me that.

SCHULTZ

I'm sorry Lloyd, these old code-names
can stick like shit to a blanket.
'Jericho' is a case in point.

CORBIN

Plus he blew out an entire wall of some
prison in Ethiopia.

(rifling through file)

Anyway, it's generally agreed he was
the best singleton in the business.
The stuff in here speaks for itself
-he planned and prepped all his own
ops, and he delivered with monotonous
regularity. Umpteen commendations,
from the Lumumba hit back in -

TINKERBELL

Oh, come on! The guy's a basket case!
He's been out of it for years, man he
ended up in a psycho ward, stuffed with
thorazine - is that in there? Junked
out of his skull -

CORBIN

It's in here. Classified 'morally
deregulated' - it's all in here. He
headed up thirteen Phoenix missions
-that's how you met him, right?

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

TINKERBELL

Correct. I was on one of his backshooting teams. Boy, was he ever the grim reaper.

SCHULTZ

Later - after his, ah, de-activation, you were assigned to 'babysit' him, weren't you? In '82?

TINKERBELL

For fourteen months, and I assure you, David, the surveillance of a zoned-out, superannuated hermit in a Mexican village is no fun. Whatever he was on, it wasn't adrenalin. You must be nuts.

A momentary pause. Schultz glances at Corbin: then, patiently:

SCHULTZ

Tink - I mean, Lloyd - there are persuasive reasons why we feel Jericho is our guy. First, he is a true singleton, used to operating with no backup and zero accountability. Secondly, Colombia is his back yard, he knows the turf - we think he may know Don Angel, in fact.

CORBIN

Yes. For example, a woman he knew intimately is currently Don Angel's chief liaison with the commie guerrillas - she's a singer, well known nightclub singer, under the name 'La Bandita.' She's usually called 'Mook,' that's M-O-O-K.

Corbin produces from the file a couple of PHOTOS, showbiz style, of a fiery-looking Latin lady. Tinkerbell glances at them.

TINKERBELL

How colorful. What makes you think she still gives a flying fuck about Billy Harrington?

(throwing down photos)

Are you serious about this? What if-

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

SCHULTZ

(impatiently)

Lloyd, there's a whole, what shall I say, political aspect here which makes Jericho the priority choice for this. Only I'm afraid it's classified, okay?

(casually...)

Oh, Corbin, when you brief Lloyd, fill him in about the book, will you?

Tinkerbelle gets to his feet. So does Corbin, carrying the huge Jericho file.

TINKERBELL

So how much is the offer? On Lean Meat?

SCHULTZ

(looking at Corbin)

I forget - what is it?

CORBIN

Half a million. Plus expenses.

CLOSE UP: TINKERBELL. He is wordless. He turns and starts for the door.

SCHULTZ

Lloyd, I just want to stress to you -whatever your current impressions of Bill Harrington, you better come in up wind of him. If you snap one twig, he'll tear you an extra asshole, I guarantee it.

Tinkerbelle looks back at Schultz.

TINKERBELL

You know him too, huh?

SCHULTZ

Oh, yes. Quite well.

Schultz picks up a phone and dials. Tinkerbelle and Corbin exit. Schultz taps his Mont Blanc pen against the table. Kenneth Bartok's VOICE says "Hullo?" on the phone.

12 INT. HARRINGTON'S CELLAR - NIGHT

12

We find BILLY HARRINGTON in his lair in a room underneath his garage. He is engaged in bio-feedback exercises. There is a sound-track that indicates what he is mentally experiencing.

12 CONTINUED:

12

We hear the sounds of water buffalo bawling; cocktail party chatter; Vietnamese gambling; the click language of the South African bushmen, and the Xosa tribe.

We hear fast, syncopated African drumming; an occasional scream; distant sounds of fifty-calibre machine-gun fire; and dialogue such as, "why don't you come outside, Joe? then we go upstairs, okay? You c'mon, Joe, ever'sing be all right. good for you. Lotta good times for you."

CLOSE UP: HARRINGTON'S FACE

a small buzzer goes off. Harrington comes out of his state blurred and looking around for the correct monitor. through a light-enhancing device, he sees the night as though it were day.

13 EXT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

13

Tinkerbelle sitting in his car, near Harrington's perimeter, which is surrounded by a 12 foot high chain link fence, topped with three rolls of ribbon wire. Tinkerbelle takes several snapshots, gets out of his car, reaches back in, retrieves a recording device and connects it to a wire from under his shirt. He then puts the recording device in a holster located in the small of his back. A gaggle of geese inside the compound begins cackling.

14 INT. HARRINGTON'S CELLAR - NIGHT

14

Harrington has his hands on a device that controls the cameras. We see Tinkerbelle on the monitor at Harrington's gate, waving into a video surveillance camera.

TINKERBELL

This is Lloyd Rasmussen. Can we talk?

Harrington looks at Tinkerbelle on the monitor, undecided as to what to do.

15 EXT. HARRINGTON'S GATE - NIGHT

15

TINKERBELL (Cont'd)

Look, either we play games now and do it later, or we do it now and play games later. What do you say? C'mon, Harrington, let's get in the real world.

Harrington's VOICE, sounding cheery, comes from the intercom speaker.

15 CONTINUED:

15

HARRINGTON

(v/o)
 Sorry Lloyd, you caught me in the john.
 C'mon in. I'll be with you in a jiff.

Harrington's gate opens. Tinkerbell enters.

16 INT. HARRINGTON'S CELLAR - NIGHT

16

Harrington presses another button.

17 EXT. HARRINGTON'S GARAGE - NIGHT

17

We see a half-ton-four-wheel-drive truck loaded on a hydraulic hoist. It begins to rise. Also rising is a circle of cement approximately five feet in diameter encircling the hoist shaft. Harrington emerges from the hole on a circular staircase. He goes to the garage door and exits as the hoist slowly descends.

18 EXT. INSIDE HARRINGTON'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

18

Tinkerbell is suddenly aware that a LARGE BLACK DOG (a rotweiller) is walking beside him. The dog is obviously in a state of great intensity: silent, not growling, looking directly into his eyes. Tinkerbell stops in mid-tracks, startled and frightened.

TINKERBELL

Holy shit.

The rotweiller stops with one foot poised in the air.

19 CLOSE ON HARRINGTON - at corner of house. He blows a high frequency whistle above the wavelength of human hearing. The rotweiller immediately runs to his side.

19

HARRINGTON

(with disarming
 friendliness)

Hey! Lloyd! Long time no see. How
 are ya?

He starts forward and they walk toward the house.

TINKERBELL

That's a very business-like
 receptionist you've got there.

HARRINGTON

(he chuckles)
 He's just a housekeeper.

TINKERBELL

I'm sorry - it's a little late for a social call. I heard all the music and everything, and I thought you just might be still up. I hope I'm not interrupting anything.

BILLY

Of course, you're interrupting. But that's what life is, isn't it? Just one interruption after another.

(entering the veranda)

My other housekeeper and her husband are having a few friends over. We can sit here.

He pulls up a chair. They sit down.

HARRINGTON

Do you want a drink?

TINKERBELL

Well, all right, so long as you're going to have something.

HARRINGTON

Yeah. I've got some tequila here that can grow hair between your toes. Is that okay?

TINKERBELL

Yeah, yeah. Sounds great. Try anything once.

Harrington goes to a sidewall cupboard.

HARRINGTON

There aren't any limes. Where the hell are the limes? Oh, here.

Harrington reaches up surreptitiously and takes out a small bottle that has an eye-dropper top and puts it in his pocket.

CLOSE UP: THE ROTWEILLER, staring at Tinkerbelle.

Tinkerbelle staring at the dog.

TINKERBELL

Does this guy always stare at you like that?

HARRINGTON

Yeah. He's very curious.

TINKERBELL

What's his name?

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

HARRINGTON

Leonard.

Tinkerbelle snaps his fingers at Leonard playfully, as Harrington gets out a bottle and glasses.

TINKERBELL

Leonard? C'mere, Leonard.

Tinkerbelle takes a cracker and offers it to Leonard. The dog growls, but remains motionless, eyes fixed on Tinkerbelle, as Harrington brings the drinks over and puts them on the table.

HARRINGTON

These ought to make us comfy, real quick. Choose your weapon.

Tinkerbelle chooses a glass. Harrington holds up the bottle of tequila and fills up Tinkerbelle's shot glass. He then fills up his own. Harrington and Tinkerbelle go through the ritual of licking salt and sipping tequila.

HARRINGTON (Cont'd)

Really puts an edge on your teeth, doesn't it?

TINKERBELL

(bares his teeth)

Wow. Do I have any enamel left?

Harrington pours himself another right away.

HARRINGTON

Well, what's up, Lloyd?

TINKERBELL

Nothing's up.. You know how Langley is. You didn't check in with them for a long time, so they sent me out here to find out what you're up to.

Tinkerbelle looks at his watch, holding the case with his thumb and forefinger.

TINKERBELL (Cont'd)

What time is it? I'm on Barcelona time.

The dog pricks up his ears suddenly and stares at Tinkerbelle.

HARRINGTON

Are you wired Lloyd?

TINKERBELL

Of course I'm not wired. What's the matter with you?

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

Harrington's hand shoots out and seizes Tinkerbelle's wrist. His other hand hooks finger around the wire that connects the watch to the recorder.

HARRINGTON

What does this look like? Dental floss?

TINKERBELL

So I'm wired. Big deal. What did you expect?

HARRINGTON

I expected you to be wired.

TINKERBELL

Okay. Let's get on with it... Why were you using phony passports? You were out of the loop and nobody knew where you were for about three months. How come you didn't check in with any CIA stations along the way?

HARRINGTON

I don't check in anymore. I'm sick of checking in.

TINKERBELL

Well, the Agency is feeling a little more than uncomfortable about it, and they want to know what you were doing and where you were.

HARRINGTON

You can file that under "Pain In The Ass." Subject refused to answer. What else?

TINKERBELL

There's a report that you get in a truck and you spend a lot of time driving around the mountains. What do you do up there?

HARRINGTON

I'm getting really interested in butterfly migrations, believe it or not. Did you know that the Monarch butterfly migrates 2,000 miles every year?

TINKERBELL

Of course I do. Generally, what do you do with yourself? What are you up to?

19 CONTINUED: (4)

19

HARRINGTON

Oh, I don't know--walking down the road
kicking rocks, mostly.

TINKERBELL

(staring at Leonard)

That's a very bizarre dog you've got
there. Very bizarre.

(he nibbles a cracker)

Listen, Billy - enough bullshit. There
might be something coming up that
Langley could use you for. They're
really interested in your doing an
operation for them.

HARRINGTON

(shaking his head)

No.

TINKERBELL

I heard you could pull quite a few
coins with this job. There's a whisper
the offer is a half mill. Can you
believe that?

HARRINGTON

Really? That's not bad.

(he pets Leonard)

But I'll pass. I'm on a permanent
kickback. Besides, I just planted some
rhubarb and I want to watch it come
up.

TINKERBELL

(he finishes his drink)

Whatever happened to that octaroon girl
friend of yours? What's her name,
Mook? Is she still on the string?

HARRINGTON

Mook? Jesus. I don't know. She must
have a long gray beard by now. Why?
Is she in dutch?

TINKERBELL

Search me, I just do the tap dancing.
By the way, why do they call her
"Mook?"

HARRINGTON

I don't know. Why do they call a chair
a chair?

Tinkerbelle laughs, and helps himself to another shot of
tequila.

TINKERBELL

The words going around Langley that you're writing a book.

HARRINGTON

Oh, it's not a book. I just made a few notes.

TINKERBELL

Listen, these aren't notes. The Agency has been in your underwear for the past six months. They monitored your word processor, 'til you started using an old manual typewriter.

HARRINGTON

I was just taking precautions, Lloyd. I'm very particular about who's in my underwear with me.

TINKERBELL

(leaning forward)

Billy, you've been to a lot of clam bakes in 25 years, and your book has made some of the folks back in Langley very nervous. They want to see the manuscript before it goes to a publisher, okay? If you don't want to play, they can drag you all the way to the Supreme Court - though in fact all they have to do is label it "Top Secret Information" and announce that you're a bad boy turning the Agency over, and no publisher will touch it.

(he pauses)

Now, how does that sound?

HARRINGTON

Well, coercion, blackmail, and conspiracy to inhibit my First Amendment rights... that's it for starters.

TINKERBELL

Bullshit. They've got your ass completely covered. Listen, why don't you come up to Langley, show 'em the manuscript, discuss this gig they're offering you - you know, act friendly?

HARRINGTON

Well, I'll have to think about it, Lloyd. Reach behind you and hand me that plate of limes, would you?

19 CONTINUED: (6)

19

Tinkerbelle reaches for the limes. Harrington brings out an eyedropper, and still talking, deftly squirts it into Tinkerbelle's glass and returns the eyedropper to his pocket.

HARRINGTON (Cont'd)

Well, I don't know.

Harrington reaches for the tequila and pours them both a drink.

HARRINGTON

I can't decide anything right now.
Where are you staying?

TINKERBELL

At the Cabana Hotel. It's just down the road.

HARRINGTON

Yeah. I know where it is. What do you say, we talk tomorrow?

(raises his glass and says)

Here's to the "bad old days."

He throws the drink down his throat as does Tinkerbelle. They stand up.

HARRINGTON

I'll give you a toot in the morning.

CLOSE UP: LEONARD, staring fixedly, with a low growl, at Tinkerbelle.

20 EXT. CABANA HOTEL - NIGHT

20

In the Cabana Hotel parking lot, a truck moving with some stealth, pulls up behind a parked jeep that we recognize as belonging to Tinkerbelle. Harrington emerges with a robber glove on one hand and a jar in the other. He looks around, walks towards the jeep, opens the door, and forks a blob of grease out of the jar, rubbing it thoroughly into the steering wheel. Then he closes the door carefully, and leaves.

21 EXT. BAHA MOUNTAIN ROADSIDE - DAY

21

Harrington's pickup is climbing a mountain trail when he suddenly stops. He takes a small electronic gadget - a SCANNER - from the glove box and switches it on. It locks onto a signal.

Harrington gets out of the car and goes around it checking and finds the device that's magnetically attached to the body of the car, sending out a radio signal as it beeps.

21 CONTINUED:

21

He gets back in the car and starts forward.

22 INT. TINKERBELL'S JEEP - MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

22

Tinkerbell stops his car and looks at Harrington across the valley with his binoculars. He is adjusting a directional antenna on the top of his vehicle.

23 EXT. MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY ROADSIDE - DAY

23

Harrington stops his pickup by the side of a road where a FARMER is herding his goats. He gets out and talks to the farmer and pays him for the purchase of a GOAT. He pulls the goat by the horns and lifts it into the back of his truck and goes on his way.

24 INT. TINKERBELL'S JEEP - MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

24

Tinkerbell sweating, running his hands through his hair. He looks at his hands. Hair is coming out of his head. He looks worried and is frowning. He doesn't like this job.

25 EXT. MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY - WOODED AREA - DAY

25

Harrington is pulling the goat off the back of the jeep. He attaches the signaling device to the goat's horns and chases it down the side of a ravine. The goat is only too happy to be released.

26 INT. TINKERBELL'S CAR - MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

26

Tinkerbell stops his car in some confusion, because the signal is pointing at right angles to the road. He gets out of his car with a hand-held directional antenna.

He starts following the signal through brush, tumbling down rocks to the bottom of a ravine, following it up a ravine and then climbing another. He is the picture of ineptitiveness and ridiculousness. He then checks his beeper to see if it's functioning incorrectly. It isn't. And so he doggedly pursues the goat, unseen at this point.

27 EXT. MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY HILLSIDE - DAY

27

The goat is eating some grass by a rugged stream bed as Tinkerbell comes upon the scene.

He sees the goat with the signaling device tied to its horns. We see his mouth move and we know what he's saying. It's unprintable.

28 EXT. MOUNTAINOUS ROAD - COUNTRY HILLSIDE - DAY

28

An ice-pick is seen being jammed into the gas tank of Tinkerbell's jeep. Gasoline starts to dribble from the tank and a match is thrown into a puddle of gasoline.

29 EXT. MOUNTAINOUS ROAD - TRUCK - DAY

29

Harrington is looking through the rear-view mirror at the smoke curling up from Tinkerbell's jeep now engulfed in flames.

30 L.T. MOUNTAINOUS ROAD - DAY

30

Tinkerbell staggers up to the road, sees his jeep charred and smoking, staggers down the road.

31 EXT. POOR FARMER'S HILLSIDE FARM - DAY

31

Tinkerbell falls into a poor farmer's hillside farm and says to a peasant Mexican FARMER:

TINKERBELL
Telefono... Telefono...

MEXICAN FARMER
(in Spanish)
There is no telephone here. There's
one in the village, down the road.

CLOSE UP TINKERBELL: holding his stomach.

TINKERBELL
Malo. Malo stomacho... Medicina...
Medicina...

The farmer studies him with perplexed sympathy.

32 EXT. MOUNTAINOUS ROAD - MEXICAN CART - DAY

32

Tinkerbell is lying on some hay in a farmer's cart, being trundled down the road towards a little village.

33 EXT. STREET NEAR PUERTO VALLARTA, MEXICO - DAY

33

A girl of about twenty-three alights from a taxi, and pays the driver.

CYNTHIA looks up at Billy Harrington's 12 foot fence with the ribbon-barbed wire around the top. She presses the button on the fence and looks toward the surveillance camera. she sticks her fingers in her ears and wiggles her hands.

34 INT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

34

CONSUELO, Harrington's housekeeper, looks at the monitor in the hall as she comes from the kitchen drying her hands.

CONSUELO

Ay dios mio!

She sees Cynthia on the monitor. Consuelo pushes the release button and crashes through the door.

35 EXT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - FRONT GATE - DAY

35

They rush toward each other and fall into an embrace.

CONSUELO

Oh, my God! Oh, my God! I can't believe that it's you! Aye! Why didn't you tell me you were coming?

They continue a laughing embrace at some length and clumsily make their way toward the house.

36 INT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - DAY

36

CONSUELO

What would you like, my darling?
Orange juice? Water? You want a beer?

CYNTHIA

(absently)
Anything.

Cynthia casts her eyes around the kitchen. She lifts up one of several cats, sits down in a chair and fondles it while Consuela goes to the ice-box to get some juice.

CONSUELO

I'm going to call. He's going to be so mad with me if he doesn't know that you're here.

CYNTHIA

(not moving, still
staring)

No, no. Please Consuela, please don't. I'll just take Bessie and we'll go find him.

Cynthia is still pensive. Consuela brings her some juice.

CONSUELO

You know, I was talking to--- What's the matter, my darling? Are you all right? Why are you crying?

36 CONTINUED:

36

Cynthia looks up.

CYNTHIA

It's nothing. It's just that -I don't know. I guess I'm just so glad to be home.

Consuelo takes Cynthia's face in her hands, and looks at her deeply.

37 EXT. MOUNTAIN AREA - PINE TREES AND A STREAM - DAY

37

We see Harrington sitting and watching Leonard chase a stick. Harrington opens a can, forks out a grasshopper and chews it up. The Rotweiler becomes interested in the grasshoppers.

BILLY

Go get your own grasshopper.

And then he gives the dog one. He feeds him another one and takes another one for himself. The dog's attention is diverted, and he stares, unmoving in the direction behind Harrington, who turns his head. The dog takes off.

We see Cynthia on muleback in the distance. As the dog comes running up to her, she jumps off the mule. The dog is very happy to see her, barks and wiggles around. She glances up and looks at HARRINGTON in the distance, who is now standing and looking at her.

38 CLOSE ON CYNTHIA, as she reaches Harrington. They embrace silently.

38

CYNTHIA

Boy, that animal. Is my ass sore.
(with her head on his
shoulder)
I got fired.

HARRINGTON

Congratulations.

CYNTHIA

I just couldn't stand New York. My boss has dandruff in his eyebrows. He was always six inches closer to me than he needed to be.
(she snorts ruefully)
I had to come home.

He looks at her and hugs her again.

HARRINGTON

Oh, to hell with it.

38 CONTINUED:

38

CYNTHIA

Your breath smells like you've been eating grasshoppers.

HARRINGTON

What you don't appreciate is that they're...

CYNTHIA/HARRINGTON

(together)
60% protein.

They both laugh.

HARRINGTON

(he holds her by the
shoulders)

God, I'm glad to see you. You're as ugly as ever. Why don't you take a swim, and I'll snag some trout for dinner.

CYNTHIA

Great.

HARRINGTON

(as he walks toward his
fishing gear)

There's a berry patch over there. Fill your hat and we'll be in ambrosia.

39 EXT. MOUNTAINS - LOW CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

39

They are lying on their blankets, looking at the stars.

CYNTHIA

I can never find the big dipper. I can never find anything. It's always as if I'm seeing it for the first time. Dad, I have to tell you some things.

HARRINGTON

Shoot.

CYNTHIA

A lot's happened to me since I went to New York. I found myself in a much faster lane than a girl from a convent school could handle, and I went haywire for awhile. Drugs, a lot of guys, and I wound up being an alcoholic. I lied to you and Consuela. I said everything was great and it wasn't. I joined AA, went to a shrink, the whole enchilada.

39 CONTINUED:

39

HARRINGTON

Does this get funnier as we go along?

CYNTHIA

Wait a minute. Before you say anything, I want to get it all out. I've been working on this speech for a year.

HARRINGTON

Okay. Go ahead.

CYNTHIA

I can never forget walking into your room and seeing you with your face buried in the keys of your computer, with your arms hanging straight down, with a needle still stuck in one of them. I remember asking you question about yourself, and the answers always seemed to be dustballs that blew away in the wind. You never said anything definite to me. By the time I was old enough to ask questions, I knew I wasn't supposed to. But now I want to know what happened. Mother died giving birth to me and I always felt you blamed me because she died and I lived. You told me once that you went around the world in the wholesale hardwood business and I knew you were lying, but I never said anything.

She turns over and leans on her elbow.

CYNTHIA (Cont'd)

My memories of being a kid are all smeared like a letter somebody poured water on. I can't remember much of it and somehow now it's very important to me, all of a sudden. Later on, I guessed that you were doing military or intelligence work or something like that, and that you weren't supposed to tell me. But now I really need to know... everything.

Harrington studies her face. Then he looks away; perusing the stars, the dark clouds swirling across the moon.

HARRINGTON

I guess we should have talked about this years ago, but we didn't.

(more)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

HARRINGTON (Cont'd)

As far as your mother dying is concerned, I loved her and missed her a lot, but I was glad that you were in this world, and how you got that impression, I don't know. About being in intelligence, it's something I did for a long time, and it's all over, now. It damned near broke me in half. None of it was pretty. The doors slammed on my life, and I started sticking myself with needles.

CYNTHIA

You were using heroin?

HARRINGTON

Yep. I just couldn't handle it. I was nuts. I was hooked on heroin for two years.

CYNTHIA

But why? What happened?

HARRINGTON

It's very hard to explain what happened. It's pretty ugly.

CYNTHIA

Why didn't you ever tell me?

HARRINGTON

Well, first of all, everything was top secret. It was part of my job not to tell anyone. Most agents lie to their families or have some kind of front.

CYNTHIA

Why do they have to lie to their families?

HARRINGTON

It just goes with the territory. Besides, it's dangerous for people to have their families know, especially if they have a high security clearance, which I had.

CYNTHIA

What did you do?

HARRINGTON

I was a CIA operative for 25 years.

CYNTHIA

What kind of work did you do there?

39 CONTINUED: (3)

39

HARRINGTON

Whatever you can possibly think of that's grisly, inhumane, bloody, horrible, immoral, dangerous, life threatening, and without pity, I did it.

CYNTHIA

God. How could you do those things?

HARRINGTON

Good intelligence people in any government, anyplace in this God-damned world, start out doing it for God, mother, and country, and you get hooked on it. You do it until it becomes a habit, until you just don't know what else to do - you get to be a law unto yourself, and you're protected by the Justice Department from criminal prosecution. You become totally cynical and cold - I'm talking cold. You grow indifferent to human suffering because you're in the middle of it all the time.

CYNTHIA

Didn't you ever think that maybe some of it was wrong?

HARRINGTON

There isn't any wrong or right. It starts to smear until it becomes one thing and nothing seems to matter anyway.

CYNTHIA

But how could you hide that from me for so long?

HARRINGTON

You get to be an expert at hiding. Hiding becomes a science. You get suspicious of everything and everybody. And then there's a sense of power that you have over life and death. And that's what a lot of men get hooked on - the power - and blood, and lies, and stress, and adrenalin. Cynicism finally gets to you unless you're a true believer.

CYNTHIA

Does the CIA do that to everybody?

HARRINGTON

It's not the CIA. It's every intelligence organization - French, Russian, Israeli, Chinese, English they're the same people, the same techniques, the same unbelievable cruelty. The only thing that's different is the reason, and every government thinks it has the right reason.

CYNTHIA

That's really scary.

HARRINGTON

That's not scary. What's really scary is trying to be human again. I was always terrified that I was going to look in your face and that you were going to ask me what you just asked me; and that you'd look at me the way you're looking at me now. That's what's scary. But now I'm trying to kick my life back into a pile for what it's worth - and make myself useful somehow, someplace, to somebody. Don't you think I realize I let you down? Don't you think I know that I wasn't there when you really needed me? I don't know how to make it up to you. I don't even know where to start. I wish in the name of Christ it could have been different... but it wasn't. I guess I just have to start from where I am now.

Silence.

HARRINGTON (Cont'd)

Fuck it. I haven't got anything left but you and the truth and I'm not so sure I have that.

CYNTHIA

You killed people, didn't you?

HARRINGTON

Killed people? Of course I killed people. Sometimes that was all I did. I was head of a number of assassination operations. If you're on the other side, you call it "Death Squad."

CYNTHIA

(slowly)
My God.

39 CONTINUED: (5)

39

HARRINGTON

Well, I've told you everything but the gory details. Want to hear the gory details?

CYNTHIA

I don't think so.

HARRINGTON

Maybe it's too late to fix it. Maybe I've lost you. I'd do anything to make it up to you. I just don't know what to do.

CYNTHIA

(pause)

I'm exhausted. I think I'm going to have to go to sleep.

Cynthia lies down between the blankets. Harrington stares straight forward for a long time. Then he lies down.

40 EXT. HARRINGTON'S TRUCK - MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

40

Harrington and Cynthia are driving slowly down the road. They don't speak.

BESSIE, the mule, is walking behind them. A rope is tied around Bessie's neck and is attached to the bumper.

CYNTHIA

I'm going to go away for awhile.

HARRINGTON

(looking in the rear
view mirror)

Where are you going?

CYNTHIA

With some friends of mine. You remember Biff and Vivian?

HARRINGTON

Is that the clown?

CYNTHIA

Yeah. Anyway, they've got a new boat, and they've invited me on a shake-down cruise to Rio. It's their first feel-up anniversary and they invited me to go to Rio and get my head together.

HARRINGTON

You're going to miss the spring flowers in Mexico.

40 CONTINUED:

40

CYNTHIA

Yeah. I guess I will.

HARRINGTON

Carnival time in Rio. I guess you
can't beat that.

41 EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

41

There are about TWELVE YOUNG PEOPLE. Food is being served.
There's general levity punctuated by laughter. We drift in
and hold on BIFF sitting on the bow of the ship with a guitar
on his lap singing a song.

BIFF

(with a straight face)

"Spread your legs you're breaking my
glasses... I've got my face right
where your ass is..."

The end of the song evokes laughter. there is an upswing of
music by the Mariachi band. Biff throws somebody's hat down
on to the deck and begins to do a Mexican Hat dance and ends
it by jumping all over the hat.

42 CLOSE ON HARRINGTON, CONSUELO, and LEONARD (Harrington's
dog) coming up the gangplank. VIVIAN greets them.

42

VIVIAN

Hi. I'm Vivian. We're so glad you
could come.

Vivian turns around and yells to Cynthia.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)

Hey, Cynthia! Your Dad and Consuelo
are here.

(to Harrington and
Consuela)

We've got some great Tamales.

Cynthia comes up and embraces Consuelo.

CYNTHIA

I wish you were coming with us.

(gives her father a
perfunctory kiss on
the cheek)

Come and say hello to Biff.

43 CLOSE ON BIFF, laying aside his guitar as Harrington approaches.

43

CYNTHIA
Captain, this is Dad. You remember
Biff, don't you?

BIFF
(jokingly)
You're her father?
(his voice lowers
absurdly)
Well, I better lower my voice for this
one. How the hell are you?

HARRINGTON
Pretty good - how about yourself?

BIFF
How about some hot tamales? Tamales
and tequila, or vice versa?

HARRINGTON
Yeah. That sounds just fine.

44 INT. SALOON CABIN - NIGHT

44

Cynthia fixes some drinks. She takes the shot glass she's poured for her father, pauses, looks at it and drinks it herself. Then she pours him another shot, picks up the tray and starts up the steps to the deck.

45 EXT. PUERTO VALLARTA - MARINA - BOAT - NIGHT

45

Harrington and Biff are sequestered somewhere near the bowsprit.

HARRINGTON
What's your course?

BIFF
Well, first we hit Alcapulco. Then we stop at a great little place called Tejuantapec. We go through the canal, maybe stop in Panama and give Santa Marta a glancing blow in Colombia. I've got a cousin living there. Then we'll take a hard right rudder and make a dash for Rio. We ought to be there around the twenty-fourth.

HARRINGTON
What kind of navigation system have you got?

45 CONTINUED:

45

BIFF

Loran. We bounce a signal off the satellite, and hit our location within a mile in any kind of weather - it's wild.

HARRINGTON

Yes, it's the best. What kind of radios are you running?

BIFF

We've got everything. We got VHF, ship to shore, radar - the works.

HARRINGTON

Okay.

(he looks away)

Okay. I guess I'm gonna back out of here now.

BIFF

Sure...

HARRINGTON

Listen, look after her will ya? She's been over a few bumps recently and she needs a steady hand.

BIFF

Don't worry, Pop. I gotcha covered.

He flexes his arm showing a tattoo: "82nd Airborne."

BIFF (Cont'd)

You see that? We kick ass. If necessary.

(he grins at Harrington)

Nothing's going to happen to her.

HARRINGTON

Okay, soldier. I believe you.

46 INT. MEXICO CITY/HOTEL ROOM - DAY

46

Tinkerbelle is talking on the phone. By now his hair is in patches all over his head. He is lying on the bed, giving his report to the CIA Deputy director, Kenneth Bartok.

TINKERBELL

The two drugs used on me were identified by CIA Dr. Leventhal.
(more)

46 CONTINUED:

46

TINKERBELL (Cont'd)

The one that produced intestinal disorders was Ipecac, a drug used in Southeast Asia to disable Japanese soldiers during World War II. The other one, Tyrolo, was administered by putting it on the steering wheel of my car. It is absorbed through the skin and within 24 hours I began to lose hair in large patches.

47 EXT. A YACHT CLUB, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

47

Luxury yachts, sun on the water. Bartok in boating gear in a chair outside the bar, using a cordless phone. David Schultz in city garb, briefcase on his knees, anxiety on his face.

BARTOK

Fortune of war, Lloyd, fortune of war.

TINKERBELL (v/o)

Well, the guy's absolutely deranged, sir. Leventhal says it'll grow back but it looks like crap, and -

BARTOK

Lloyd, just get to the airport, okay? I have a plane standing by to fly you direct to Andrews air base. Memorize the following - ready? Sweet Jane's Farmhouse, Route 5, Clinton, Virginia. Take a cab.

CLOSE UP: TINKERBELL. His voice drops.

TINKERBELL

Is this... the Sweet Jane?

BARTOK (v/o)

See you tomorrow, Lloyd.

There is a loud click...

48 INT. HARRINGTON'S LAIR - RADIO SHACK

48

It is a mysterious and ominous atmosphere. HARRINGTON is sitting in a barber's chair, slightly tipped backwards. He has on his sweating forehead attached biofeedback electrodes to measure his brain waves, in this case his alpha waves.

He reaches out and presses a button and hears a tape-recorded voice of himself suggesting complete relaxation and exercises in deep breathing and a "letting go" of his tensions.

48 CONTINUED:

48

This is accompanied by the background sounds which represent his thought process and his compulsive auditory preoccupation.

Strange, unrelated sounds such as people speaking in languages, Vietnamese women crying at a funeral; the sound of soldiers asking nurses to kill them; cocktail party chatter; snatches of Rand Corporation dialogue; African drums in the background; the soft chatter of distant machine guns and automatic firearms; a thump-thump of mortar fire; muted screams; Vietnamese voice, "C'mon Joe, we go upstairs -I show you good time. Do everything you want." Very low gong sound. Soft Viet songs.

49 EXT. SWEET JANE'S FARMHOUSE - EVENING

49

Tinkerbelle walks up to the porch in front of Sweet Jane's farmhouse. He rings the doorbell. As he waits, he looks around. Then he looks at the bottom of his shoes.

50 INT. SWEET JANE'S SUB-BASEMENT

50

The room is darkened and consists mostly of racks with long neon light bulbs over them. At one end of the room is an armchair; electronic equipment; a bulletin board; a signed autograph picture of J. Edgar Hoover; a Peanuts comic strip; campaign buttons and funny news clips.

A HAND, heavily ringed, raises a glass of branch water and bourbon to unseen lips. It flips a toggle switch and the daytime serial on the TV set disappears. It is replaced with four small monitor images.

51 RESUME - SWEET JANE'S PORCH - DAY

51

Tinkerbelle standing on the porch. The door springs open six inches and we hear a female VOICE:

SWEET JANE

Come in and close the door. At the end of the hall, there's an L.E.D., green in color. Turn left there and follow the L.E.D.s.

The door opens.

52 INT. SWEET JANE'S FARMHOUSE

52

Tinkerbelle shuts the door and follows the green blinking L.E.D.s. He comes to the end and makes a left into a kitchen, looks around the room and sees an ice-box with a blinking L.E.D. He looks to one side of the ice-box, and then the other side, and then looks around the room.

53 INT. SWEET JANE'S SUB-BASEMENT

53

The silhouette of Sweet Jane's head watching Tinkerbell on TV monitors.

54 INT. SWEET JANE'S KITCHEN - DAY

54

Tinkerbell turns back to the blinking L.E.D.s on the ice-box door and tentatively opens it. As the door swings, he peers in and all of the trays on the ice-box slip to one side. A door then opens on the inside of the refrigerator, and some stairs are revealed. He snorts and smiles at the same time, enters the ice-box and closes the door behind him. He goes down several flights of wooden stairs and comes to a FURNACE ROOM. He frowns.

55 INT. FURNACE ROOM

55

At that moment, the entire furnace moves to one side along with the wall to which it is attached, and he enters the sub-basement of Sweet Jane's place. He walks in and the wall closes behind him.

56 INT. SWEET JANE'S ROOM

56

Tinkerbell is engulfed in the shadowy lighting of the room. The end wall by the television is covered with books. There is a table stacked with periodicals and papers and there is a bulletin board with a Melange, clippings, and cartoons on it. He sees Sweet Jane and approaches her. She's crumbling what appears to be a "horse biscuit" over some mushrooms.

TINKERBELL

We're going to have to stop meeting like this.

She turns, stepping into the light to stare at him. He sees a woman of about sixty-five, dressed for dinner at Maxim's: elaborately made up, dyed hair, \$5,000 Valentino dress and Tiffany cigarette holder. She continues to crumble manure over her mushrooms, speaking in an off-hand manner.

SWEET JANE

Remove your hat, sonny. You will address me as "Director." There's a straight-backed chair next to the TV.

Tinkerbell's nonchalant smile becomes tight. He doffs his hat as he goes to the chair. His head looks dreadful. She laughs cruelly, shuffling behind him, picking up her bourbon en route.

TINKERBELL

May I ask what you're the director of, ma'am?

56 CONTINUED:

56

SWEET JANE

Since you're not here to borrow a cup of sugar, I'll give it to you in block letters. I am Director of Strategy for those of us in the Agency who are dedicated to safeguarding the American way of life, and keeping the Soviets out of this hemisphere.

She seats herself in the armchair, eyes Tinkerbelle piercingly.

SWEET JANE (Cont'd)

So. As a choir boy, age nine, you got drunk on sacramental wine. You have had sexual relationships with negresses. You're a devoted Catholic, southern bred, ambitions, merciless, and you smoke more marijuana than you ought to. You're contemptuous of any authority which does not reflect your political persuasion. Pass me the cookies.

(she points with her
cigarette)

And you failed pathetically to recruit Jericho for Operation Lean Meat.

Tinkerbelle passes her the silver dish of imported English cookies.

TINKERBELL

Well, with all due respect, who wants to recruit an viciously erratic madman?

SWEET JANE

He is far from mad.

(selecting a cookie)

I remember him as a young man. I was the Agency's Director of Internal Security. I was not a lady you might wish to find in your Christmas stocking, but I knew my stuff. After he blew my cover, we found each other congenial company.

(she sips her drink)

Tell me, Tinkerbelle. What is Lean Meat's objective?

TINKERBELL

The abduction of Don Angel de la Luz.

SWEET JANE

Wrong. The abduction of Don Angel would be a political disaster.

(more)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

SWEET JANE (Cont'd)

He is not a vulgar hoodlum like Carlos Lehder, he is the Godfather of the cocaine economy. Lean Meat is a show, a media event to entertain Congress, the president, and of course the Director of the CIA and his more naive underlings. Are you naive, Tinkerbelle?

TINKERBELL

Maybe I am, but I'd rather you didn't call me that, Director.

She laughs. Leaning forward, she hands him her empty glass.

SWEET JANE

Fix me a drink. Jack Daniels, easy on the branch. Have one yourself.

Tinkerbelle rises stiffly and goes to the bar and mixes two drinks. Sweet Jane lights a fresh cigarette.

SWEET JANE

If Lean Meat succeeds, it fails. If it fails, it succeeds. We work in the realm of paradox, Lloyd - the realm of giant minds, of Zeno and Godel, where truth denies itself. Thank you.

(she accepts her drink)

Do you know how to lean on people?

TINKERBELL

Definitely.

SWEET JANE

The secret, subtle purpose of Lean Meat is simply... to lean, my dear. On Don Angel. He's a naughty man, he hasn't given the support he promised us, for the Contras, for our brave Freedom Fighters battling communism everywhere. You will go down and have a chat with him, and say we propose a new deal: 25% of his gross income from his U.S. dope operations - call it a tax, why not? You will negotiate. You will accept no less than 15%.

TINKERBELL

What if he refuses 15%?

SWEET JANE

Then you make a sincere grab for his balls and tell him he'll be taken out along with his entire family.

56 CONTINUED: (3)

56

TINKERBELL

That might upset him. Losing your hair is nothing to losing your skin. That's the latest trick down there.

SWEET JANE

Well, you see that is why we need Jericho. His credibility is a great asset in a negotiating situation.

TINKERBELL

(irritably)

Listen, forget Jericho, okay? Christ, he turned down half a million bucks, why would -

SWEET JANE

Nonsense. He is essential. Money in not the only incentive - steel, concrete, the construct of the human psyche - everything has it breakpoint. You will know his when you time comes.

(abruptly, she smiles)

By the way, did you know he's writing a book? Apparently he intends to expose a so-called "second channel" in the Agency. My God, what nonsense! Unbelievable, isn't it?

TINKERBELL stares at her.

TINKERBELL

I'm beginning to get the picture, ma'am.

(raising his glass)

To the unbelievable.

Sweet Jane raises her glass into Tinkerbelle's with such force that it CRACKS. She laughs as bourbon dribbles down his wrist. He knocks back the remainder.

57 INT. ANGEL'S DARK paneled OFFICE, MEDELLIN - NIGHT

57

BRIGHTON

Prepare yourself for some upsetting news, Don Angel.

DON ANGEL

I am always prepared.

57 CONTINUED:

57

BRIGHTON

Our friend Juan Obregon, the Deputy Minister of Justice, announced an hour ago that he intends to submit to the Senate a new extradition treaty with the United States. If it passes, you will be in a rather precarious position with regard to a number of federal charges against you in the U.S. for conspiracy to import class one narcotics, also conspiracy to murder in the case of two federal agents in 1987, and--

DON ANGEL (testily)

Alright, alright, this is old news dear God. Delgado must be insane -what the hell does he think he's doing?

BRIGHTON

He wants to prove he can neutralize you. It's a power play, to compromise our political position, obviously.

DON ANGEL

Well, any treaty will be thrown out by the Senate, we'll make absolutely sure of that.

(he pauses,
reflectively)

Well, if Delgado wishes to strut and posture on this platform of populist law and order of his, he will find there is a price to pay.

(he cocks his head)

Good God, I never imagined he would have the guts to do such a thing.

58 INT. COLUMBIAN HALL OF JUSTICE - STAIRS OUTSIDE - DAY

58

DR. DELGADO, the Supreme Court Justice, is coming down the stairs of the Hall of Justice with his AIDES and BODYGUARDS, who are carrying submachine guns and looking right and left. The door of his bulletproof limousine opens for him, and he enters the car.

59 INT. CAR - DAY

59

The limousine starts off. There is a YOUNG GIRL of 12 dressed in a riding outfit, wearing a derby. He gives her a kiss on the cheek.

59 CONTINUED:

59

MINISTER

Well - do you know what a horse show is?

YOUNG GIRL

What do you mean? Of course I do.

MINISTER

I don't think you do.

YOUNG GIRL

Well, what is it then?

MINISTER

It's a bunch of horses showing their asses to a bunch of horse's asses showing their horses.

The young girl pounds him on the knee, laughs, tries to hit him with her crop.

YOUNG GIRL

It's not funny. It's not funny.

60 EXT. HALL OF JUSTICE - STREET - DAY

60

An old man with a kind face (SNOW MAN) is in the street selling shaved ice with syrup (snow cones) to CHILDREN.

SNOW MAN

How can such a pretty girl like you hide her face behind all that hair?
(he adjusts her hair)

There. Now the world can see how beautiful you are.

LITTLE BOY

Just one more scoop of syrup, please!

They pay him. He tips his hat.

SNOW MAN

Muchisimas gracias. Hasta manana, ninos.

Then he continues to push the cart with little bells-ajingling, heralding his approach. The Snow Man presses a button on the handle of his cart, which evidently activates a radio.

SNOW MAN (continued)

(in a low voice)

They've just turned the corner on Avenida del Palacio.

61 EXT. BOGOTA STREET - DAY

61

A small antenna comes out of a hole in a manhole cover. In a hidden place, a voice says:

VOICE

Gracias, viejo.

A manhole cover lifts up an inch or two out of its seat and slides sideways. A muzzle of a rocket launcher comes up out of the manhole.

The DRIVER of the first car slams on the brakes and tries to put the car in reverse, as it becomes an instant funeral pyre for its occupants. The other car swerves and tries to make for an alley. Another bazooka puts it out of its misery.

The YOUNG GIRL has been blown out of the car and is on the ground.

She struggles to her feet, and we see that part of her clothing has been blown away, including part of her left boot. She stands there aimlessly staring around. She then starts walking slowly.

She reaches in her purse, which strangely enough she is still holding, gets her comb and starts to comb her hair.

62 CLOSE ON TWO GUERRILLAS - INT. PANEL TRUCK

62

Bulletproof steel panels line the vehicle. One of the men has an AKM assault rifle; he peers through the part open sliding door. In Spanish:

GUERRILLA NO. 1

Look. I'm running this damn thing
we're under direct orders to eliminate
everyone.

GUERRILLA NO. 2

Okay, I kill capitalist assholes, but
I'm not a monster -

GUERRILLA NO. 1

Neither was the man who raped and
tortured your mother.

He snatches the AKM out of the other guy's hand and braces it against the door.

We hear the chatter of a machine gun.

RESUME - THE YOUNG GIRL as she falls and stutters her way across the street until she hits the curb.

63 EXT. MEDELLIN - ESTATE LAWN - DAY

63

Angel is playing croquet with his children.

DON ANGEL

Do you think I am blind? Do you really think I am blind? Do you think I am stupid? Do you think I didn't see you cheat?

CHILD

I didn't cheat!

DON ANGEL

No? You didn't cheat - then what do you call pushing your ball four inches in front of the wicket, or did you think I wasn't looking? You pushed the ball four inches in front of the wicket!

The child laughs at having been discovered, pulls the ball back, and Angel takes a shot with his ball, goes to the wicket and hits the stick gleefully, mallet raised in one hand and cigarette holder in the other.

DON ANGEL (continued)

Aha! You see. Cheaters never prosper.

Brighton appears at the edge of the lawn with Don Angel's PERSONAL BODYGUARD.

DON ANGEL (continued)

I want to see who's going to come in second. You finish the game.

Angel leaves the children and goes to an umbrellaed table where Brighton is already seated.

BRIGHTON

We roasted an entire pig on a spit. Not one left to tell the tale. If I may say so - it was an impressive display. I'm sorry you couldn't have been there. Here are the pictures.

Angel, holding the pictures in one hand, raises his glass.

DON ANGEL

To candlelight and swine.

64 EXT. BIFF'S BOAT AT SEA - DAY

64

The coast of Colombia. The small port of Santa Marta ten miles off.

65 EXT. SANTA MARTA PORT - MORNING - DAY

65

As Biff drops anchor, he sees somebody on the pier.

BIFF
(looking through some
glasses)
God almighty, look a there! There she
is! It's time to be jolly! There's
my cousin! There's my real life cousin
from Schenectady!

He makes some kind of amusing remark about the brevity of her
bathing suit and throws the glasses to someone in the dinghy.
Then he starts to climb up the mast.

66 INT. SANTA MARTA PIER - MORNING - DAY

66

JEANINE (CHICKEN HAWK) is standing on the pier waving a small
American flag and holding an anteater by the name of MITCH
on a leash. The anteater has a sequined collar.

67 EXT. BOAT - MORNING - DAY

67

Biff is diving off the top of the mast, making a Tarzan yell
on the way down.

DISSOLVE on anteater in a pose of dignity and quietness,
seated on the dock bench.

68 INT. CHICKEN HAWK'S HOUSE - MORNING

68

Everyone is seated obviously having bathed and in various
states of dress. Cynthia enters drying her hair, dressed in
a terry-cloth robe. There is drinking, general hilarity, and
serving of food. Biff takes a straw out of one of the drinks,
plunges it into the sugar bowl and makes an exaggerated comic
imitation of inhaling cocaine. He raises the sugar bowl in
a toast to Colombia.

BIFF
The greatest little old country the
world has ever seen.

VIVIAN
Would you please shut your yap for one
minute?
(to Chicken Hawk)
What were you saying about this party?

CHICKEN HAWK
Friday, if you want to, we're going
to this fabulous party. This Colombian
guy, Tito, is dripping with dough.
(more)

68 CONTINUED:

68

CHICKEN HAWK (Cont'd)
He's going to send his private plane
to pick us up. I mean the guy is
really loaded, you know what I mean?

BIFF
That's faaabbuuuulllous,
faaabbuuuulllous.

69 INT. BOUDOIR - LATER THAT DAY

69

Chicken Hawk, Cynthia, and Vivian are in the boudoir. Cynthia
in a bra and panties, holding up a gold lame dress in front
of her while looking in the 3-way mirror.

CYNTHIA
Do you think this is too fancy?

CHICKEN HAWK
That's really spiffy.

VIVIAN
Yeah, that's really a knockout dress,
Cyn.

(to Chicken Hawk)
What's this guy, Tito, like?

CHICKEN HAWK
Well, his father owns half of Colombia,
right? Coffee. Colombia's run by 14
families. La Luz is maybe the oldest.

CYNTHIA
The other thirteen grow cocaine, right?
They all giggle.

CHICKEN HAWK
I kid you not. We're talking megabucks
here. And he's actually very sweet.
He was educated in Paris and he's
smooth as a hound's balls.

70 EXT. SANTA MARTA AIRPORT/INT. LEAR JET - SUNDOWN

70

The girls are going toward the plane. They are carrying
shoulder bags, wearing attractive dresses; Biff is holding
the anteater, filing into the plane.

VIVIAN
I really don't think you should bring
the anteater, Biff. I'm not kidding.
It's not very chic.

70 CONTINUED:

70

BIFF
 (holding the anteater
 by the nose)
 He wants to come to the party. What
 are you, prejudiced against anteaters?
 Now look at this nose - is this a
 perpetual hard-on or not?

CYNTHIA
 Don't hold him by the nose, what's the
 matter with you? Poor thing.

She takes the anteater into her lap and starts to talk to it
 and comfort it.

71 EXT. MEDELLIN AIRPORT - EVENING

71

The Lear jet lands. The mountains loom in the twilight.

72 EXT. MEDELLIN: HACIENDA SAN GABRIEL - NIGHT

72

They pull up in a limousine to a checkpoint. A very
 courteous, efficient, snap-eyed uniformed guard looks in
 through the window.

GUARD
 Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.
 Please excuse the interruption, but
 there are a few precautions that have
 to be observed.

He goes over the check list name by name.

GUARD (continued)
 You are Srta. Cynthia Harrington? You
 are Srtas. Vivian y Jeanine? You are
 Sr. Michael Gilman?

BIFF
 (putting his hands
 behind his head)
 I'll go quietly, officer. Are we being
 arrested? What's the charge?
 (sotto voice)
 The judge told me not to come down here
 no mo.

The snap-eyed guard looks at Biff for a quick appraisal.

CHICKEN HAWK
 He's our local clown.

72 CONTINUED:

72

GUARD

I'm sorry to have inconvenienced you.
It's an unfortunate necessity. Please
enjoy yourselves.

BIFF notices the expression on the guard's face and grabs his
hand to shake it.

BIFF

I was just kidding around. Nothing
serious. Nothing serious. Buenas
noches. Gracias senor.

They board an electric cart, tastefully garlanded with small
light bulbs and gardenias. The chauffeur is dressed in a
white jacket with a bulge in his hip pocket.

Biff lifts the flap of the jacket to reveal the gun and puts
his fingers over his mouth like Enda May Oliver and hunches
his shoulders. Vivian hits him hard on the leg.

73 EXT. HACIENDA SAN GABRIEL GROUNDS-RECEPTION LINE-NIGHT

73

Electric carts discharge passengers at a reception line. The
gang, emerging from one of them, arrives to find TITO, his
AUNT, his SISTER, a stunning Puerto Rican woman, and the 2
SMALL CHILDREN who were fighting at the breakfast table with
Don Angel

The grounds are elegantly illuminated. The Hacienda San
Gabriel, built in the 16th century, was once a monastery. Its
vast rooms and spreading grounds are furnished and tended with
great taste.

As they go down the line, Chicken Hawk carries the anteater.

CHICKEN HAWK

Hi, Tito, how are you?
(kisses his cheek)
Oh, this is Mitch.

TITO

(to anteater)
How do you do? I've always wanted to
meet your husband. I'm glad you were
able to join us. She said you were
handsome, but I never expected this.

A titter or two. Chicken Hawk puts the anteater down the
ground.

CHICKEN HAWK

(referring to Cynthia)
May I present Miss Cynthia Harrington.
Angel Victorio de la Luz.

73 CONTINUED:

73

TITO
That's a bit formal. Please call me
Tito.

CYNTHIA
Encantada.

TITO
Do you speak Spanish?

CYNTHIA
(in Spanish)
Almost all my life.

The dialog continues in Spanish.

TITO
Your Spanish is impeccable. Are you
French?

CYNTHIA
No, I'm American.

TITO
What a beautiful surprise! I'm so glad
you would come. Please welcome to my
home. Perhaps you'll save me a dance.

CYNTHIA
My dance card is empty.

TITO
But it won't be for long.

They both laugh. The group passes on to meet MOOK, standing
next to TITO. She is introduced as JULIANA COLON.

MOOK
(in Spanish)
Juliana, would you show them around?
Show them my movable bar.

74 EXT. HACIENDA GROUNDS - NIGHT

74

CLOSE ON LLAMA that has a rig affixed to its back on both
sides which accommodates bottles and glasses. It is decorated
with small lights and flowers all over and a hat of gardenias
and has a bartender holding it by an illuminated halter.
Biff, with Mook on his arm, laughs loudly.

BIFF
Hey! get a load of this! A four-legged
watering hole! I mean this is really
a class act, right?

74 CONTINUED:

74

"OO AH TEE HEE, OH MY GOD. LOOK AT THAT." is heard from those in attendance standing around, holding martinis, dressed in white jackets.

BARTENDER

Si, senor. May I help you?

BIFF

Mucho gusto. Fernando Valenzuela, Charo, La Cucaracha, Besame Mucho, Donde esta mi Sombrero? Jack Daniels on the rocks?

(he walks around the other side)

Hey, c'mere, dig this!

As the bartender obliges, Biff checks out the other side of the animal. Caviar and champagne are on display, glasses chilled. Biff takes a glass and goes around to the back of the llama and grabs it by its lighted tail, lifts the tail up.

BIFF

Anybody for a Bud Lite?

He laughs, and he lifts the tail up and down miming filling the glass with some beer and then pretends to drink. He wipes his mouth on his sleeve, turns to Cynthia.

BIFF (continued)

What's the matter with this thing?
Maybe we're outta juice...

He grabs the llama by the balls. It makes it hunch up suddenly, shaking the glasses.

BIFF (continued)

Nope - batteries are okay.

The bartender peers around from the head of the animal, holding Biff's Jack Daniels.

Everybody is laughing and embarrassed at the same time. But Mook notices the alert, vague irritation on the part of the BARTENDER as he hands Biff his drink.

Mook laughs heartily at all of the above - the kind of robust laughter you would expect from a man. Mook grabs Biff by the arm and as they leave, they pass by the bartender.

BIFF (Cont'd)

Perdoname all to hell, senor.

74 CONTINUED: (2)

74

MOOK

(hauling him away)
They're all a little nervous. They're security men. If they make one mistake, it could be very serious for them.

At that moment, Tito shows up at the wheel of an electric cart. He stops and gets out, arms amiably separated.

TITO

Are you lost already? Is anybody hungry?

BIFF

I could bite the ass off a running bear.

Tito laughs. Everyone says they're hungry; except Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

I couldn't eat anything. I'd rather just wander around.

TITO

Would you like to see the garden and then maybe we could go up later to have something to eat?

CYNTHIA

That would be lovely. I would love to see the garden.

BIFF

(to Vivian)
Oh-oh.

He starts to say something, but Vivian raps him with her elbow in the ribs.

BIFF

What's with you? You hurt me.

Biff starts to sing "SOME ENCHANTED EVENING" or some such song. Vivian kicks Biff, who's getting behind the wheel of the electric cart.

75 EXT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

75

There is a floating bar in the pool with bartenders; a pavilion with a string quartet and a harp. An ELECTRIC CART passes the pool; Biff at the wheel, with Mook, Vivian and some stray GIRL in back.

76 EXT. HACIENDA - BOTANICAL GARDENS - NIGHT

76

Tito and Cynthia are alone in the botanical gardens. They cross the bridge and stop at the softly lit garden with numerous walkways.

TITO

Well, what would you like to do? Your wish is my command. We have music, dancing, swimming games, stuffy people, dumb people, artistic people... Tell me when to stop.

CYNTHIA

Well, I actually feel a little fed up with people. I've been traveling with a rather noisy gang of people, and I'm glad to have a few quiet moments in this enchanted hideaway.

TITO

Well, let's just sit down and chat for a while and then maybe go up and have some dinner.

He puts his arm out and she accepts it. He walks her to a lovely little grotto replete with tinkling waterfall and the sound of Rachmaninoff's 2nd Piano Concerto emanating from some mysterious source.

They sit down in a comfortable nook and she looks out and laughs.

TITO

What are you laughing at?

CYNTHIA

Did you design all of this?

TITO

Every rock, every fern, and every drop of water.

CYNTHIA

(laughs)
Why?

TITO

I love beautiful things, I want things to be right, and - no, that isn't really correct. I want things to be perfect.

CYNTHIA

Does that apply to people too?

TITO

Yes, unfortunately.

76 CONTINUED:

76

CYNTHIA

You must be very unhappy.

TITO

That's the trap of my life, and I suppose the biggest trap of all is my desire for perfection in myself. And what's worse, it's not quite clear in what way I want to be perfect.

CYNTHIA

I hope you'll forgive me. I don't mean to be rude, but I think it's the dumbest idea I ever heard. It's only the imperfection of things that makes things beautiful. If everything were perfect, what in the hell would we do with our lives?

TITO

I know that, but to know it with your mind is not to know it with your heart; and the heart has reasons that "reason knows not of."

CYNTHIA

That reminds me of a poem. Would it bore you to hear it?

TITO

Of course not.

CYNTHIA

"When to the heart of man was it ever less than treason to go with the drift of things and bow with the grace to reason..."

TITO

"...and bend and accept the end of a love affair or a season."

She crooks her index finger and puts it delicately to her mouth and laughs gently.

CYNTHIA

I don't know anybody else in this world that knows that poem; and I would never expect to find somebody that knew it in this funny place.

(pause)

If you're trying to seduce me, you're doing a very good job of it.

TITO

Of course.

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

CYNTHIA

Good, but not perfect. There's always room for improvement.

TITO

The sad part of this seduction is that stuff about perfectionism is true.

CYNTHIA

Maybe you'll be relieved to know that I'm far from perfect.

TITO

Now, I am excited.

CYNTHIA

Me too. I think it's time for a game of Ping-Pong.

They both laugh, and he comes perilously near her. She leans back ever so slightly as we see him gently push down a switch behind a fern.

TITO

(over intercom)

Would you please send down a car right away? Station 8.

MAN

(repeats the order)

Station 8. Right away, sir.

CYNTHIA

I don't suppose you know that you're a nut, do you?

TITO

I know that I can never be as perfect - as unified - as the drop of water at the end of that fern. May I kiss you?

CYNTHIA

No.

TITO

Will you kiss me?

She smiles.

CYNTHIA

No.

76 CONTINUED: (3)

76

TITO

Well, thank God that's settled. Now I don't have to worry about that all evening.

77 INT. HACIENDA BASEMENT - NIGHT

77

A chorus of an incandescent mambo called Ran Kan-Kan is being played. Mook as the featured vocalist is incinerating the microphone. She sings eight bars and dances eight bars. Her dancing is a blur of ass, tits and elbows. The end of the song is punctuated with screams and shouts and smiling faces.

Vivian and Jeanine, after the number is over, are clapping, screaming with enthusiasm.

78 EXT. LONG SHOT OF A WHITE GLIDER ABOVE MEDELLIN - DAY

78

Billowing clouds abound and the glider swoops, slips left and right, disappears into the boiling cottonballs then curves around gracefully in the crystal blue sky.

79 INT. INSIDE THE COCKPIT - DAY

79

Cynthia on one side and Tito on the other. He turns to her and looks at her for a moment or two.

TITO

Okay, we're going to do a loop. At the top of the loop, I'm going to kiss you.

CYNTHIA

I wanted you to do that last night.

TITO

Unfortunately, I'm afflicted with these insane perfectionist delusions of being a gentleman, and I never go where I'm not invited.

CYNTHIA

I didn't realize I had to send you a guilt-edged invitation card.

Tito reaches behind her and turns on the Rachmaninoff passage that we heard, and it plays during the entire loop.

TITO

Okay, hang on to your toupee.

80 EXT. PLANE - DAY

80

The plane swooping up gracefully into the sky to form a loop.
As near it nears the apex of the loop...

81 INT. PLANE - DAY

81

TITO

We're nearing the moment of truth.

CYNTHIA

Now?

TITO

Yes, now!

Cynthia's hair is pointing straight at the top of the cockpit.
As Cynthia puts her arms around his neck and kisses him in
a measured fashion. We hold on the kiss.

82 EXT. PLANE - DAY

82

We go to the exterior of the plane to see it swooping towards
the nadir of the loop.

83 INT. PLANE - COCKPIT - DAY

83

Cynthia is still kissing him and she pulls away gently from
his face.

TITO

Shall we do it again?

84 EXT. PLANE - DAY

84

The glider banks and circles upwards across the sun.

85 EXT. PATIO OF DON ANGEL'S VILLA - DAY

85

Don Angel, flanked by Colonel Brighton and Tinkerbelle, walks
through sunshine and shadow.

DON ANGEL

(addressing Tinkerbelle)

Alright. Now I have listened to you
talk for forty minutes, and I would
like to sum up. You want me to reduce
my financial support of the leftist
guerrilla movement, and increase by
a very large amount my subsidies to
various anti-communist forces.

(more)

85 CONTINUED:

85

DON ANGEL (Cont'd)

In return, you will try to see I am not murdered or kidnaped by one of your hit squads. Is that it?

TINKERBELL

Any such contingency plans would be shelved, I can guarantee it.

BRIGHTON

It's outrageous you admit they exist.

Don Angel pauses to pick a fresh flower for his buttonhole.

DON ANGEL

You people. C.I.A., K.G.B., British, Israelis, dealing in drugs like street thugs to finance your secret wars, endless in number...

Across the lawns beyond the patio, the figures of Tito and Cynthia can be seen, approaching the house. Tito has his arm around her.

TINKERBELL

That's your son, isn't it?

DON ANGEL

It is.

TINKERBELL

Beautiful girl.

DON ANGEL

Yes.

(adjusting his flower)
If all Americans were as charming, as shrewd, and as tolerant of other cultures as that girl, you would be out of a job, Mr. Peterson.

(he extends a hand)

Well, I must say au revoir. Bon voyage.

Tinkerbelle does not shake hands.

TINKERBELL

What is your answer.

DON ANGEL

(looking at Brighton)

What is he talking about?

TINKERBELL

Our financial proposal.

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

DON ANGEL

Oh, that. Well, the answer is most emphatically no. And if your government should decide, with all its majestic morality, to attempt to take my life or those of my family, let me bid you welcome. More than one church bell will ring in Colombia announcing the failure of such an effort.

86 INT. KITCHEN PATIO - BILLY'S HOUSE, ENSENADA - DAY

86

Billy seated at table, newspaper-covered, working at electronic gadget with jeweler's eyeglass and tiny tools, alongside are the remains of his breakfast. Consuela comes up path with some mail. She waves a POSTCARD.

CONSUELA

(in Spanish)

A postcard! Finally!

(reads in English)

...a wonderful storm in the Caribbean ripped our foresail. But Santa Marta is a beautiful old port, and -

BILLY

(interrupting)

Where?

CONSUELA

Santa Marta - in Colombia.

She hands him the postcard. Billy studies it; murmuring...

BILLY

...going to a couple parties. Don't worry, the nose will stay exquisitely clean... Love always.

(looks at postmark)

August third. Nine days old.

The chirp of the cordless phone interrupts him. Consuela picks it up.

CONSUELA

'Allo?... 'Allo?

(to Billy, resignedly)

It's making beep, beep, beep.

BILLY

Just say "the pharmacy is closed."

(getting to his feet)

I'll take it downstairs.

87 INT. BILLY'S BUNKER - DAY

87

Billy switches on an electronic SCRAMBLER unit.

BILLY

(into phone)

Okay, caller. Go to code L-118 plus six. You gettin' me?

(listens... slow smile)

Well, my telepathic circuits are sure sparkin' today - you were on my mind, son.

(listens - interrupts)

Okay, hold it - this scramble may not be secure, we may have an audience.

I suggest we go bowling, y'know?

88 INT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - DAY

88

A well dressed black man, SMOKEY ROBERTSON, is sitting on a bench. He appears to be reading a newspaper, which has a pencil hole in it. Occasionally, he looks from side to side, as he turns the pages of the

newspaper. A WOMAN WITH A CHILD comes up to the Aero Mexico counter. She stands to one side of it and looks backward toward the people waiting to go on a plane and arriving at the Departure area.

Smokey sees her looking around and folds up his newspaper and moves to a different location, after buying a candy bar. He reseats himself and looks at the WOMAN WITH CHILD through the hole in the newspaper. Smokey is wearing glasses, and he notices that the woman is looking in his direction.

He flips a little latch on his glasses, and a small mirror comes up. He stands, folds his newspaper, and makes his way out of the waiting area to a store where they sell incidentals. Standing at the counter, he looks through the small mirror and sees the woman leave Aero Mexico counter and follow him.

Smokey pays for some gum, walks straight at the woman who is obviously coming in his direction, and they pass without looking at each other. He turns the corner and sees a SKYCAP.

SMOKEY

Looking to make a hundred dollars?

SKYCAP

Doing what?

SMOKEY

Slide over here.

89 INT. MEN'S ROOM, AIRPORT - DAY

89

Smokey enters the men's room and goes to a washstand and begins to wash his hands. Skycap comes up to him.

SMOKEY

Hey, brother I need something.

SKYCAP

And what's that?

SMOKEY

I want your hat, your shades and your coat.

SKYCAP

What for?

SMOKEY

For a hundred dollars.

SKYCAP

I don't know man. I don't even know you.

Smokey pulls out a hundred dollar bill and holds it with two hands in front of him.

SMOKEY

Now you do. My name is John Hamilton. It says so right here under my picture.

SKYCAP

I don't know. It sounds a little funny to me. I can't see it. You know what I'm talking about?

Smokey pulls out two hundred more dollar bills. He puts them in his hand.

SKYCAP (continued)

Yeah, I can see pretty good now. But I can't quite read it yet.

SMOKEY

(pulling out another bill)

Oh, come on, man.

SKYCAP

(looking closely)

Yessir. I can see it real good now. Benjamin Franklin. Now let me run this down again...You want my hat, my shades and my coat.

SMOKEY

Uh-huh, and I want it now.

89 CONTINUED:

89

SKYCAP

Maybe we better just wash up a little here.

(taking the money as
he takes off his
jacket.)

He takes off his hat, his glasses and his coat and piles them on the sink next to him and starts to wash his hands.

SKYCAP

Mm-huh. that makes you fell good,
don't it? Don't be leavin' nothin'
bad in the pockets.

Smokey takes off his coat, puts it on the sink the sky cap is using, and starts to put on the SKYCAP's clothes.

SMOKEY

I want you to walk out of here, make
a right turn and go down the escalator,
you understand?

SKYCAP

Mm-huh.

Sky cap puts on Smokey's hat and coat and starts to go.

SMOKEY

Put the newspaper under your arm.

The woman with the baby at the incidentals store notices sky cap and follows him down the escalator. Smokey observes this and makes his way to Aero Mexico where they are boarding.

90 INT. AERO MEXICO PLANE - DAY

90

Smokey gets on the plane and gets in the first seat. He takes off the SKYCAP hat and puts it on the seat next to him and loosens his tie. The hostess is about to close the door and Smokey steps outside.

SMOKEY

I forgot my wallet.

91 INT. AIRPORT - DAY

91

Smokey leaves the plane and makes a sharp left turn and opens the doorway on the gangway that leads down to the pavement below. He steps outside on the platform and closes the door and looks through the window of the door.

92 INT. PLANE - DAY

92

A MAN hurriedly gets up and leaves his seat and hurries down the aisle.

MAN
(to hostess)
Excuse me. I think I'm on the wrong plane.

The hostess opens the door again with a frozen smile. The man hurries up the ramp.

HOSTESS
I'm so sorry sir. My, it'll be such a thrill to get airborne today.

93 EXT. PLANE - DAY

93

Smokey observing the man leaving the plane, leaving the ramp. He opens the door of the ramp platform, goes back in the plane, just as the hostess is about to finally close the door. She looks at him with some measure of hostility and suspicion.

HOSTESS
Listen, what's going on? Who are you?

SMOKEY
Don't get up tight, honey. I'm a Federal Marshall in hot pursuit.

He goes to his seat and sits down.

94 INT. TAXICAB - EVENING

94

In front of a TORTILLA FACTORY, Harrington gets out of a taxi.

HARRINGTON
(in Spanish)
Here are 50 pesos. I want you to drive two blocks around to the back where I'll meet you and give you 2000 more, understand?

TAXI DRIVER
Si, entiendo. (I understand)

HARRINGTON
Ahorita. (Right now)

Harrington hands him the money, gets out and goes inside the tortilla factory.

95 EXT. THE PORT, PUETRO VALLARTA - EVENING

95

A local fishing boat pulls out to sea.

96 EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

96

Harrington, standing at the rail of a fishing boat, watches another boat approach. It pulls alongside.

Smokey steps on board. The other boat pulls away, and they embrace with some laughter and smiles.

SMOKEY

We'll I'll be damned. Look at you.
Does that come off?

Smokey gives Harrington a yank on his beard, which hurts a little. Harrington gives him a friendly punch in the stomach.

HARRINGTON

Damn your bones. That's me.

More laughter.

HARRINGTON (continued)

How about a beer?

SMOKEY

Serve it on up.

Harrington opens two bottles with the end of a spoon. They both gulp it down. There is a pause in which they look at each other. Harrington smiles

HARRINGTON

Long time, Smokey.

SMOKEY

Yeah.

(he smiles too)

Now let me get my poor ass down here.

He sits down. There are a couple of fish crates on which they seat themselves.

SMOKEY

Goddamn. I'm finally doin' somethin' right today.

(takes a sip of beer)

Man, this is good beer.

HARRINGTON

Remember that time we were hiding in the tank in that beer factory in Manila?

They both start to laugh at the memory of it.

96 CONTINUED:

96

SMOKEY

Yeah, after two hours of that shit,
I couldn't find my ass with either
hand. Then you shot that cop in the
foot, remember?

They laugh.

HARRINGTON

Listen, I thought he was the target.

SMOKEY

Like shit you did.

HARRINGTON

Yeah, we had a lotta bad times. But
some of them were good.

(studying his beer
label)

So what's goin' on, Smoke?

SMOKEY

Okay. Brace yo'self for this tornado
of shit, alright? Your friend
Tinkerbelle - incidentally, he wears
this li'l cap, now, where it says
'Bronco Busters' - Jesus...

(shaking his head)

...anyway, the dude has bin leakin'
this rumor around O'Toole's bar, about
your daughter.

HARRINGTON

What rumor?

Harrington pulls a marlinespike (spiked steel fisherman's
tool) from a rack on the bulkhead and examines it.

SMOKEY

That she is down in Medellin, Colombia,
shacked up in coke city with a young
dude name of Tito de la Luz, who's dad
happens to be Don Angel, the famous
drug fat-cat- well, you know about him.
Tinkerbelle embellishes this news, okay,
like it's the National Enquirer story
of the year - you bein' ignorant of
the situation, etcetera, and -

HARRINGTON

Alright, I get the picture. Give me
the punch line.

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

SMOKEY

The punch line is, Tinkerbell says Bartok's ordered him to deal with the situation pronto. Before you find out, and maybe go down there and get personal about it. Bartok's worried you might 'compromise the Agency' or something. You know, like when you get mad, Billy.

Harrington sits very quietly; then suddenly rams the marlinespike into the deck between his sneakers with tremendous force, burying it three inches in the weathered wood.

HARRINGTON

Excuse me. I'm visualizing Bartok's head, here.

SMOKEY

Yeah. Well, you could call that compromising the Agency, man.

Harrington controls his seething anger.

HARRINGTON

How do they know... About this reported romance?

SMOKEY

I don't know.

Harrington looks out to sea. No reply.

HARRINGTON

So Tinkerbell's going to deal with it! That fills me with confidence.

SMOKEY

Yeah, I feel for you, man. See, my nose tells me the Company's got somethin' cookin' down there. Somethin' pretty heavy-smellin', only I dunno what.

Harrington gets to his feet. He leans on the rail, watching the sea-swell as the boat rolls lumpily.

HARRINGTON

Bartok tried to interest me in a... very sizable contract. Tinkerbell made the pitch, but as you know I felt compelled to ram it up his greasy ass.

SMOKEY

What was the gig?

96 CONTINUED: (3)

96

HARRINGTON

I don't know. I didn't want to.
Peculiarly dumb of me, but there you
are.

(pause)

But I know Angel de la Luz.

SMOKEY

Oh, yeah? Shit... I didn't know that.
That's... shit...

Smokey's brain churns.

HARRINGTON

That's a lousy, boring old, old story.
Smoke, you think they know you're down
here?

SMOKEY

Maybe not. I had to pull some cute
shit at the airport, though - they were
double-teamin' me. Coupla amateurs.
I bumped 'em in seconds flat.

HARRINGTON

Yeah. Good. But I'm - well, I'm just
speculatin' here, okay? But it
obviously occurred to you that Bartok
may have wanted you to tell me about
all this, didn't it?

Smokey's hand, raising a beer to his lips, pauses for a long
moment.

SMOKEY

Sure, babe, it occurred to me, sure.

HARRINGTON

Right. And you made 'em think you
didn't know what was goin' down, which
was the right move. The right move,
Smoke.

SMOKEY

Right. Exactly.

He drains his beer with relief.

HARRINGTON

This is set up. From the infinite set
of set-ups, only dimly comprehended
by Wittgenstein.

Smokey does a double-take.

96 CONTINUED: (4)

96

SMOKEY

You think so, huh?

(pause)

But how could they set up your kids,
you know - love life?

HARRINGTON

That's what I aim to find out. Love
is blind, that's for sure - and cocaine
makes it blinder. The kid has a
history of nose problems.

Smokey nods slowly. Harrington steps up to the window of the
little wheelhouse, and speaks to the SKIPPER in Spanish,
pointing towards shore.

SMOKEY

Well, Tinkerbelle headed south this
mornin'. To the Panama station.

Harrington leans against the wheelhouse as the boat turns for
the harbor.

HARRINGTON

Smokey, the bums've got me in a double
bind. I got no choice but to play the
sucker, here. Only a choice of what
socks to wear.

SMOKEY

Sure, they're expectin' your ugly face
to show up. That's why I'm takin'
point position here, babe, and -

HARRINGTON

No way, Smokey. This is a family
drama, though of course I appreciate
your -

SMOKEY

Listen, just shut yo yap, you hear?
Jesus, don't fuckin' argue with me,
William, don't waste my precious time,
okay?

(glaring at Harrington)

Okay. Alright. Now, I'll hit Panama
City tomorrow, and I'll signal you
within twenty-four hours what's
shakin', okay? I got connections
there, and -

HARRINGTON

So do I, pal.

96 CONTINUED: (5)

96

SMOKEY

Mine are on the street. Yours are in the ol' folks home.

HARRINGTON

As we speak, mine is wrigglin' her behind to the rhythms of the macumba, sonny.

SMOKEY

Sure, sure - the only connections you got left are the ones you can stick yo' fat dick in, darlin'.

97 EXT. TITO'S BOAT - DAY

97

Tito comes up and says to a SAILOR:

TITO

Have you seen Senorita Harrington?

SAILOR

She's scuba diving under the boat.

TITO

What's the matter with you? Why did you let her go alone?

SAILOR

We thought you wouldn't want us to be with her. We suggested that she not go, but she just dove off the boat and she's down there.

Tito quickly dons some scuba gear.

TITO

You idiots, you should have called me.

98 EXT. OCEAN - DAY

98

He then dives into the water. We see some underwater shots of Tito swimming towards Cynthia. He signals her to surface and board the boat.

99 EXT. BOAT - DECK - DAY

99

Cynthia is wearing a bathing suit and scuba diving gear. Tito is not happy because it is an outre bathing suit. As they ascend the ladder, Tito notices one of the crewmen taking a picture. He gets out of his scuba equipment, approaches the man, let's loose a stream of invective Spanish, grabs his camera, throws it into the sea and begins to bash his face.

99 CONTINUED:

99

He is vicious and relentless. He then kicks the SEAMAN overboard. During this altercation, Cynthia, who is trying to get out of her scuba equipment, goes forward to try to prevent him from beating this sailor. She is accidentally knocked down in the scuffle. And as one of the other crewmen throws the man a line, Tito turns and walks to the gangway.

TITO
(in Spanish)
Let the son-of-a-bitch drown.

100 INT. BOAT - DAY

100

Tito strides over to the bar, takes a napkin and wipes the blood off his fists. He sloshes himself a drink and strides over to an overstuffed couch. He slumps down into it. Cynthia goes over to him and sits by him. Tito glowers straight ahead. Cynthia touches his shoulder.

CYNTHIA
Darling, what's the matter? What happened? What did he do?

Tito pushes her hand off.

TITO
Don't touch me.

She stares at him in stunned amazement.

CYNTHIA
What is the matter with you?

Tito gets up, strides to the bar and serves himself another slosh of vodka. He wheels on her.

TITO
Why do you have to vulgarize yourself and insult me?

CYNTHIA
Wait a minute, what the hell are you talking about?

TITO
Why are you bothering to wear a bathing suit? Why don't you just go naked?

CYNTHIA
I don't believe this. You mean to say you hit that man because he was taking a picture of me in my bathing suit?

TITO

One, that isn't a bathing suit, it's a piece of kotex. And secondly, in South America we are unfortunately obliged to conduct ourselves with some measure of refinement and decency.

CYNTHIA

(in low measured tones)

If that's true, South America has to be considered one of the more primitive cultures in the world today. Every beach from San Tropez to Brazil to Tahiti is filled with people who are completely naked. We're nearing the year 2000 and you're using a brain in the year of the Inquisition! Would you please ask the Captain to turn this boat around. If you can just take me home, I wouldn't have to insult your medieval manners.

She puts on a terrycloth robe and starts for the stairs. One of the sailors is half way down the stairway.

SAILOR

(in Spanish)

Pardon me, senor, but the man needs a doctor. He can't close his jaw.

Cynthia hears him say it.

CYNTHIA

(very quietly)

You're not macho, you're just miserable.

TITO

(to the sailor)

All right, go up. Let's go back to port and get a doctor.

Tito comes over to Cynthia, who's staring out the window.

TITO

I'm sorry, but you just don't understand South American values. A man of his station has no business even looking at you - much less taking a picture of you.

CYNTHIA

Did you say a man of his station?

100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

TITO

Whether it is right or whether it is wrong, the culture of South America is different.

CYNTHIA

If your culture requires that you break a man's jaw for taking a picture of a woman, then what you have really isn't culture, it's just chaos.

TITO

I'm sorry.

CYNTHIA

That man is sorrier than you are.

TITO

I lost my temper and I beg your pardon for it. Is that the end of the world?

CYNTHIA

I don't know. It may be the end of our world.

Tito goes to Cynthia and puts his drink down.

TITO

I love you and I have become insanely jealous. I can't help it. I have never loved anybody in my life. You are the first woman I have ever loved in my life and it is just making me crazy.

(he turns his head away)

CYNTHIA

You need help, Tito. What you feel for me isn't love. I've become some sort of obsession. What you feel is closer to hatred than love.

He turns around, takes her by the shoulders and draws her close.

TITO

I know I was wrong. I'm going to apologize to the man. I love you and I cannot think of any other way to say it. I'm sorry, Cynthia, and nothing will ever happen like this again.

He gets up, goes to the gangway.

100 CONTINUED: (3)

100

TITO
(in Spanish)
Where is Carlos?

SAILOR
He's lost consciousness again.

TITO
Oh, my God.

He turns on the stairs, looks at Cynthia, drops his eyes, turns around and goes upstairs.

Cynthia is sitting in her terrycloth robe on the couch, staring straight ahead. She drops her head to the cushion. Her eyes wander aimlessly across the lights and shades of the cabin.

101 INT. HARRINGTON'S BEDROOM, ENSENADA - DAY

101

CLOSE-UP: COMPUTER SCREEN. A page from a Spanish-language PHONE BOOK flips on screen: heading - Medellin: An 'L' page... "...La Luz... La Luz International Investments...

La Luz, Antonio..."

The portable computer sits on top of a heap of books and periodicals in several languages strewn on Harrington's large bed. In his pajamas, he sits there too, phone to his ear. Beyond, Consuela in an apron sips coffee, eyes fixed on him. A domestic scene - the concerned parents, every inch:

HARRINGTON
(in Spanish)
...Yes, I left word for Senor Tito yesterday. I'm trying to contact a guest of his, Senorita Cynthia Harrington. This is her father.
(he listens, scowling)
I see. And when will they be back?
(listens...)
Please. Yes, her father. Thank you.
Goodbye.

He hangs up gently. Looks at Consuela silently.

102 EXT. BOGOTA - STREET OUTSIDE EMBASSY HOUSE - DAY

102

In a parked rental car, Smokey sits in back seat staking out entrance to Embassy House fifty yards down the street.

A solitary MARINE is on duty outside the modest building (with small stars and stripes above door).

102 CONTINUED:

102

A taxi pulls up.

Smokey raises a miniature monocular to his eye.

IMAGE in monocular: Tinkerbelle pays off the taxi. His 'Bronco Busters' cap and Hawaiian shirt make him look like a big hick.

103 INT. EMBASSY HOUSE - DAY

103

The Embassy House serves as a social center for the U.S. diplomatic corps and its entourage. An exhibit of paintings snares the lobby with a reception desk, announcements of a dance next week, and two women gossiping as Smokey enters. At the desk he shows his I.D. with charm to RECEPTIONIST.

SMOKEY

Hullo. I have a meeting with a Mr. Rasmussen. Did he show up yet?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, sir. Just a moment ago.

(she points)

He's in the bar.

104 INT. BAR - DAY

104

As Smokey enters, he checks Tinkerbelle alone at a table near the window, but pretends not to notice him as he goes to the bar. Maybe six other people in there, including a couple of girls. At the bar, an air force officer makes a beery pass at a giggling secretary as Smokey seats himself. The BARMAN is black; his name-tag says RAY STONEBRIDGE.

SMOKEY

Hi, there. I'll have a martini, please, not too dry.

105 CLOSE ON TINKERBELL. He has spotted Smokey. He stares at his back for a moment; then rises, picking up his strawberry daiquiri, and goes to the bar. He places his hand on Smokey's shoulder as he seats himself on the next stool.

105

TINKERBELL

Smokey, you gotta give up on that watermelon diet, it's makin' your hair all crinkly.

(he laughs loudly)

Sorry, I have to make these hair jokes before the other guy gets one off.

105 CONTINUED:

105

SMOKEY

Yeah, well I sure don't plan on
borrowin' your straightener,
Tinkerbelle, you honky faggot, an'
that's no joke.

(to barman)

Hey, Ray? Gimme a black olive in
that, willya?

106 CLOSE ON BARMAN. He has Smokey's martini in one hand, and 106
- green olive poised on a little fork in the other. He places
the drink before Smokey.

BARMAN

I don't have no black olives, sir.
I'm sorry.

SMOKEY

Too bad. Guess I'll just have to use
my imagination.

BARMAN

Right. That'll do it, man.

With an age-old magician's gesture, the barman produces a
black olive from his right ear.

Polishing it briefly with his napkin, he pops it in the
martini, and turns away to refill the air force officer's beer
mug.

TINKERBELL

So what brings you down to this
shithole, Smokey?

SMOKEY

Oh, I'm just playin' a little gig, you
know. Playin' a little rhythm guitar.
How 'bout you?

TINKERBELL

You know damn well what I'm doing,
Robertson. There's a certain operation
starting to roll in Colombia, and a

certain chick partying right there at
ground zero who's gotta be evacuated
whether she likes it or not. I feel
like a mother-in-law.

SMOKEY

Well, I know a certain father figure
who's heard this whole yarn, an' you
know what?

TINKERBELL
What?

SMOKEY
He don't give a shit. He's a permissive parent, he says, an' when kids grow up they gotta learn by experience the treacherous nature of sex.

Tinkerbell nods. He heaves a sigh of evident relief.

TINKERBELL
Well, I'm really pleased to hear that. Just tell him to pop a fistful of thorazine and stay cool, we'll handle this thing with kid gloves.

SMOKEY
You mean put a bag over her head and sling her in a car trunk, huh?

Tinkerbell laughs and gets to his feet. Looking past Smokey at the door...

TINKERBELL'S POV - Colonel Brighton, looking amazingly dapper. He spots Tinkerbell.

TINKERBELL
My date, fashionably late. Check this for a smooth limey bastard.
(taking his leave)
I'm at the Hilton, why don't you -

SMOKEY
Thanks, but I'm catching the 8:10 to Miami, Tinkerbell. See ya back at the store.

Tinkerbell pauses; he eyes Smokey with fake regret.

TINKERBELL
I wish you wouldn't call me that. I mean that.

He joins Brighton, they shake hands and sit down at Tinkerbell's window table.

Smokey signals the BARMAN.

SMOKEY
Hey, Ray, do me a favor, will ya?

BARMAN
You name it.

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

Smokey takes a fistfull of popcorn from the bowl on the bar.

SMOKEY

Why don't you top this off? It's for the corner table.

As he speaks, Smokey slides a plastic disk about an inch wide - a BUG - from his palm into the bowl. Ray wipes the bar.

BARMAN

Gimme a sign, man. Convince me.

Smokey puts his hand to his ear and with a gesture of age old magic produces from it the olive pit. He drops it in the ashtray.

SMOKEY

Got no mo' fucking signs Ray. But you lookin' at two evil assholes over there.

THE BARMAN glances at them. Then he goes over to the popcorn machine and refills the bowl. Smokey places a bill on his tab.

SMOKEY

See ya later, Ray.

Smokey ambles out without looking back.

107 CLOSE ON TINKERBELL AND BRIGHTON:

107

At the table by the window, which looks out on a tropical garden. An OLD MAN is mowing the lawn as a young WAITER places a scotch before Brighton and a fresh strawberry daiquiri in Tinkerbelle's hand. Tinkerbelle is watching Smokey exit as he says:

TINKERBELL

No, sir, I deny it. I did not threaten him.

BRIGHTON

You threatened Don Angel personally, I was present. You people think he has political motives - bullshit! He has zero sympathy for the communists and somewhat less for the Contras, he's simply a socially responsible businessman who-

107 CONTINUED:

107

TINKERBELL

(interrupting)
Colonel, listen, we're an agency of
the Federal Government - we have
political pressures and we have to act,
we have to be seen to have acted, okay?

The WAITER comes back with a fresh bowl of popcorn, removing
the old one as Brighton drains his glass.

WAITER

Can I get you another, sir?

BRIGHTON

Please. Cutty on the rocks.
(to Tinkerbelle, curtly)
Get to the point.

TINKERBELL

(flushing pink)
Okay, asshole, I'll make it simple.
Exactly sixteen days ago an operation
was mounted to eliminate your boss from
the business community with more
prejudice than you could imagine in
your worst hangover. The feller who
picked up the contract is bad news the
worst, believe you me.

A pregnant pause. Brighton takes a pinch of popcorn.

BRIGHTON

This is not a threat, of course.

108 INT. MEN'S ROOM, EMBASSY HOUSE - DAY

108

In one of two toilet stalls, Smokey sits with a small radio
-microcassette recorder in his hand and an earphone in one
ear, smoking. Tinkerbelle's voice comes from the bug:

TINKERBELL

(v/o)
Well, yes, this time I'm afraid it is.
But you know damn well we'd prefer not
to go to that extreme, it would have
an upside and a downside for us,
obviously.

109 RESUME TINKERBELL AND BRIGHTON

109

TINKERBELL (cont)

We can all have the upside if you co-
operate, Brighton. I mean personally.

109 CONTINUED:

109

BRIGHTON

What upside?

TINKERBELL

The cosmetic one. What we'd like is some highly visible, testimony that we struck against the "cocaine empire" - forgive the media-speak - and struck hard, okay?

(pause)

It would be acceptable to us to see this operation self-destruct, see. On condition that you and you alone are party to the facts.

BRIGHTON

You're asking me not to inform my employer? That you've exposed your own operation?

TINKERBELL

My guess is he'd be happier to learn that you exposed it, Colonel. He pays you enough - credit where credit is due, huh?

(he grins)

Incidentally, there's a four hundred grand surplus on our operational budget. You and I would share that, I'm told, if this goes off smoothly.

Brighton leans back. He crosses his legs, drains his scotch, and rattles the cubes.

BRIGHTON

Who is this contractor of yours?
What's the scenario?

TINKERBELL

Do we have a deal?

BRIGHTON

Possibly.

He pulls the popcorn bowl over, and takes a pinch.

TINKERBELL

We call him Jericho. It's an old code-name. Stupid name.

Brighton gives no sign of recognition. But he uncrosses his legs, the toe of his polished shoe clips the cane table leg, tips it, and the bowl slides off. Popcorn flutters over the floor.

110 CUT TO MEN'S ROOM - SMOKEY:

110

Listening in, he winces at the SOUND effects, and then freezes, hunched on the john, waiting...

TINKERBELL

(v/o)

...Stupid name. But this individual is highly skilled, highly motivated, and vicious. He has to be taken out, and in as visible a way as possible. We had excellent P.R. from the Camarena affair - remember? Our agent in Mexico? Tortured to death?

BRIGHTON

(v/o)

Yes, I knew him, actually.

111 CLOSE UP: THE BUG lying a few inches from Brighton's shoe, as his hand picks up the empty plastic bowl and replaces it on the table.

111

BRIGHTON

My god, you people are masochists. I confess I don't understand the C.I.A.'s relentless pursuit of this defeated warrior image.

TINKERBELL

It works. With the American people! The agency has more important priorities than its image, anyway
(he drinks)
By the way, you know Tito's new flame?
The blonde?

BRIGHTON

Of course, charming girl.

Ray, the BARMAN is strolling over from the bar carrying another popcorn bowl.

TINKERBELL

She happens to be Jericho's daughter.
(shaking his head)
It's difficult to believe, huh? A man would get his own daughter into this game... Anyway, she's a skilled little informer. Fucked her way into some very private lives in her short career.

Brighton stares at him, genuinely stunned, as Ray's feet crunch spilled popcorn. Brighton looks up.

BRIGHTON

I'm sorry, old chap.

111 CONTINUED:

111

As the BARMAN places the popcorn on the table, he drops his napkin. He bends to pick it up with a grunt.

BARMAN

No problem. We all butterfingers today, huh?

(he straightens)

Anything else you gentlemen --

Tinkerbell's hand shoots out, seizing his the BARMAN'S wrist, the one holding the napkin.

TINKERBELL

What do you have in your hand?

The BARMAN stares at him. So do others in the bar.

BARMAN

What?

Tinkerbell jerks the napkin out of his hand, and it is empty. The BARMAN glares down at Tinkerbell.

BARMAN

You crazy?

BRIGHTON

Is this what you're looking for?

As he speaks, he leans down, and grabs the BARMAN'S ankle with his right hand. With the fingers of his left, he removes the bug from the side of the BARMAN'S shoe, and holds it up. It shines dully.

112 INT. KITCHEN, EMBASSY HOUSE - DAY

112

Smokey walks smartly through the kitchen. Three or four people, Panamanians, are working there; they stare at him. Smokey slaps a cook on the shoulder.

SMOKEY

Hi, there, Jose, how ya doin'?

The guy stares after Smokey as he exits out the back door.

113 EXT/INT. TAXI, PANAMA CITY - DAY

113

Smokey peers out the window as the cab arrives through the red light section of the city.

SMOKEY

(in Spanish)

Okay, this one will do. The Hotel Cabarga, there.

113 CONTINUED:

113

The cab stops outside a tacky-looking hotel. Smokey pays the driver and gets out.

114 INT. LOBBY - HOTEL CABARGA - DAY

114

Smokey enters, carrying a suitcase. The lobby is dingy; at the desk a very thin man lounges reading a newspaper. Beyond him, at the antiquated telephone switchboard, a voluptuous but slutty-looking girl eyes Smokey as he approaches. Smokey grins.

SMOKEY

Buenos dias.

115 INT. HARRINGTON'S BUNKER - DAY

115

The main room is empty but for the oscillating lights on Harrington's electronic equipment. CAMERA tracks to the open DOOR to an adjoining STORE ROOM...enters to find Harrington leaning against a wall, brooding darkly at the work bench on which about seventeen handguns of all varieties are neatly lined up; from miniature high-tech 4-barrel Derringer .22's to customized belt-feed machine pistols. Holsters to fit them to all parts of the anatomy are strewn next to them. It's like a museum: the illusion of dust hangs in the air.

He turns his back on the weapons and slides open a CLOSET door. It bulges with well-worn working man's gear: jump suits, tropical camo fatigues, heavy-duty arctic thermals. Dust floats as Harrington shoves them aside. The garment he extracts - holding it up on its hanger, patting it down like a favorite tuxedo - is a 'Hardcorps' bullet-proof vest, custom tailored to his measure.

Harrington's fingers check out the scars of at least six hits of various calibers: deep pits in the 12 ply kevlar fabric. One of them bothers him: the flattened 9 mm. softnose is still embedded there. He pries it out... studies it a moment... as the PHONE rings.

Harrington enters the main room and picks it up. He hears a string of pulsed BEEPS. He places the receiver in a modem, flips a switch.

116 INT. SMOKEY'S ROOM, HOTEL CABARGA, PANAMA - DAY

116

Smokey sits on the bed tapping the keys of a device like a pocket calculator - an electronic ENCODER - connected to the telephone receiver via a small microphone.

- 117 INT. LOBBY, HOTEL CABARGA - DAY 117
A HAND reaches across the telephone SWITCHBOARD and yanks out a phone jack.
The switchboard GIRL cowers in the corner. A short MAN holds a razor against her face. Behind the desk, the thin receptionist sits, his back turned, reading his newspaper.
A second MAN stands at the glass entrance door, picking his teeth, looking out.
- 118 INT. LOBBY - APARTMENT HOUSE 118
Ray, the Embassy House bartender, comes in carrying some groceries and beer. He presses the elevator button. He hums "Good Golly, Miss Molly."
- 119 INT. ELEVATOR 119
Ray goes up. The sixth floor button is lit. The elevator stops at the third floor, and a tall MAN, blacker than Ray, enters. He ignores Ray, turning his back, as they ascend together.
Suddenly, the man presses the emergency STOP button.
RAY
Hey, what the -
The man turns, sliding an 18 inch machete from his pants leg. Ray flings his groceries into the man's face and pulls handgun from under his shirt. The machete almost severs his wrist.
The man methodically chops Ray down.
- 120 INT. HARRINGTON'S BUNKER - NIGHT 120
Harrington works at a bench equipped for electronics work. We can't see what he's doing. The SOUND of a dentist's drill...
- 121 EXT. DON ANGEL'S HOUSE, MEDELLIN - NIGHT 121
In the glare of floodlights, a HELICOPTER lands on the pad behind the house. Colonel Brighton gets out, carrying a briefcase, and is escorted in.
- 122 INT. DON ANGEL'S STUDY - NIGHT 122
Don Angel sprawls on a couch in a crimson Chinese dressing gown, sipping tea, as Brighton paces up and down.

122 CONTINUED:

122

DON ANGEL

I know this man, Jericho. Seven years ago, when he became restless with his employers, I offered him the job you now hold. He turned me down. He said, "I am finished with all this."

(he sips tea)

Now his daughter is a spy.
Unbelievable, eh?

Brighton's eyebrows are raised. He lowers them.

BRIGHTON

Yes. Well, I sympathize with Tito.
Shall I -

DON ANGEL

No, I'll handle it. You handle Harrington. Can you take him alive?

BRIGHTON

Ah... that would complicate matters.

DON ANGEL

You're right. Just take him out, the sooner the better.

123 EXT. AERIAL SHOT, PANAMA CITY - NIGHT

123

Not a big city. The CANAL. The CAMERA spirals down on a tall building, brightly lit - the HOLIDAY INN.

124 EXT./INT. HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT

124

Billy Harrington, wearing a grey nylon raincoat and a cotton fishing hat, stands at the desk, checking in. The CLERK hands him a message.

HARRINGTON

What time did you get this?

CLERK

Six-twenty, sir - it's marked.

125 CLOSE ON MESSAGE: on hotel stationary. "Couldn't get apples to grow in the highlands. Try Sebastian's office 18:00."

125

126 INT. CHURCH, PANAMA CITY, NIGHT

126

CLOSE ON 17th century effigy of ST. SEBASTIAN, martyred, pierced by many arrows, running with painted blood.

126 CONTINUED:

126

The four hundred year old church is gaunt, dimly lit, beautiful; empty but for two WOMEN praying, and a small beggar boy hawking candles, who follows Harrington as he approaches the effigy; politely removing his hat.

BOY
(in Spanish)
For the suffering of San Sebastiano,
senor - two candles, a hundred pesos...

Harrington looks up at the martyr for a moment. Gives the kid a ten dollar bill, and walks away.

127 INT. A CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT

127

The profile of Harrington, seated with bowed head in the ancient wooden booth. A deep VOICE murmurs in Spanish.

PRIEST
(v/o)
My son, you have sinned.

HARRINGTON
Father, I will confess my sins.

Harrington turns his head a little to look at the wooden grille to the priest's half of the box: the fragmented profile of a hooded cassock, the dim shine of a black cheekbone.

HARRINGTON
(whispering)
Can you give me absolution? A sinner
like you, Smokey?

The PRIEST turns his head. A black face, but not Smokey's. Instantly, Harrington slams his fist in a tremendous overhand right hook straight through the grille, shattering it explosively, and lunging for the FACE.

He jams his rigid fore and middle finger into the nearest eye of the priest, who fires his gun twice, through the partition, into Harrington's body.

Harrington grunts like a boxer taking big body shots as his faithful vest takes the abuse. His fingers keep on driving into the eye socket.

The 'priest' screams appallingly, head jammed in the corner, as Harrington's fingers twist, hooking upward, reaching the frontal lobe.

127 CONTINUED:

127

The two old women are running out of the church. The beggar kid stands rigid in the aisle, staring at the confessional booth in the corner as two MEN converge on it with automatic weapons.

128 CLOSE ON a grenade, skittering out from under the curtain on Harrington's side.

128

129 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

129

The grenade EXPLODES in the aisle: a concussion grenade, a tremendous BANG. One man goes down, the other doubles up, covering his ears, as a SMOKE GRENADE follows, exploding in a dense choking cloud.

Harrington rolls out of the booth, into the smoke. A moment later, a MAC-11 riddles it with bullets. The body of the 'priest' topples out through the curtain. The smoke billows, obscuring everything.

Harrington stands straight and quiet behind a stone pillar, watching. The silhouette of a crouched FIGURE stumbles through obscurity towards the confessional. Harrington raises his arm like a marksman, aims his Walter PPK and fires once. SOUND of the man falling, gun clattering, echoing.

130 WIDE SHOT: Harrington's silhouette backs away into the rolling smoke, and disappears like a ghost. The effigy of San Sebastian looks on.

130

131 INT. TITO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

131

CLOSE UP: Tito, with a blank expression, telephone to his ear. He sits fully dressed in an armchair, a cognac in his other hand. In Spanish:

TITO

What the hell are you talking about?

(he listens; whispers)

This is crazy. It's insane.

132 INT. DON ANGEL'S STUDY - NIGHT

132

Don Angel seated behind his desk; alone, on the phone to his son.

DON ANGEL

Tito, I should be angry, but I'm not angry, I am very sad. I told you to find out more about her, didn't I?

(more)

132 CONTINUED:

132

DON ANGEL (Cont'd)

(he listens...)

No, no, I didn't say a whore - she is simply a professional informer for the C.I.A. Brighton ran a check on her, and we must thank him, the man has a sixth sense. She said her so-called father, her adopted father, was a retired businessman, no?

INTERCUT TITO: He is shattered.

TITO

Yes. In the electronics business.

DON ANGEL

Well, his business is in fact assassination. I understand that I am his next target.

(he laughs drily)

Tito, Tito. My god, how can you be so naive?

INTERCUT TITO: He is looking towards the adjoining bathroom door. As his father speaks, it OPENS - through it, we glimpse Cynthia in a nightdress pausing to take the earrings from her ears. She is singing, flat but cheerfully, some South American pop song. His father's VOICE continues:

DON ANGEL

(o/s)

...You live in a cocoon of fantasy,
Tito, utterly oblivious to reality,
utterly hypnotized by your own image...
(he draws a breath)
Tito?... Tito?

Tito watches Cynthia's form casting shadows on the bathroom wall. He murmurs.

TITO

I have never slept with her.

CLOSE UP: Don Angel. He understands the seriousness of Tito's feelings for this girl.

DON ANGEL

My god, I'm so sorry... this is a ghastly mess.

(glancing at watch)

Brighton and I will be with you about midnight. Don't do anything, above all don't have a scene with her, do you promise me? Tito?

132 CONTINUED: (2)

132

TITO
Alright. Don't worry.

133 EXT. PANAMA CITY - NIGHT

133

HIGH ANGLE on a night-life street. CAMERA swings across a flamboyant neon sign: "EL TIBURON," a night club... a sparkling sign: "LA BANDITA"... a picture of the singer: Mook, in sequins and bright teeth...

the SOUND of her VOICE, singing...

134 INT. MEN'S ROOM, NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

134

In a toilet stall, slick and chromed, Harrington's hands peel open his baggy striped shirt through which two charred holes are drilled. He leans against the wall as he unzips his Hardcorps vest underneath. The 9 mm. slugs buried in it glisten like bottle-tops.

In his ribs two livid bruises ooze a little blood. He curses rhythmically as he applies band-aids.

Harrington's fingers push and pry the flattened copper-jackets out of his vest. He puts them in his mouth. Leaning back, he closes his eyes and remains motionless, reflecting Zen-like on the intentions of his enemies. The VOICE of 'La Bandita' is heard distantly.

135 CLOSE UP: TITO - INT. BEDROOM

135

He sips cognac, seated, gazing with strange detachment at Cynthia, who is seated cross-legged on the bed, waving her arms animatedly as she describes a horse or a temple she recently saw.

Her lips move but we hear no SOUND save those in Tito's brain.

136 INT. "EL TIBURON" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

136

Harrington walks in. The MAITRE D' who greets him glances momentarily at the twin holes scorched in his rumpled linen jacket.

Instantly averting his eyes, he bows and scrapes obsequiously as he signals a waiter: this is Panama City, 1988.

The band is playing very hot "salsa" music. MOOK, is on stage scalding her way through a Cuban Guaracha. She is not unlike Tina Turner - she has a vivacity unaccustomed to her age. She is roughly 45, a dynamic and deeply feeling woman. She is not necessarily beautiful, but she is unforgettable. She

136 CONTINUED:

136

finishes her number and the applause is vociferous. With a slightly exaggerated smile, she waves as she bows. Coming up, she sees Harrington, who is seated at a side table. She draws her breath in and puts her hand to her throat. Their eyes lock on each other, and her mouth opens slightly. She stands there for a moment as if stunned.

137 INT. NIGHTCLUB DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

137

Mook rushes into her dressing room and hurriedly scribbles a note and mutters something in a furtive manner to the DRESSER. She folds the note, puts it in her DRESSER's hand. We follow her as she goes back out on stage in response to cries of "Otra! Otra!" She says something to the band as she waits for the audience to calm down.

MOOK

(softly)

I once had a love in my life.
Sometimes that love is like an old scar
that covers a very deep wound. It's
always there to remind you of the
maddening sweetness - the power of it
that almost struck you down as it
ended, and the bittersweet memory of
it that you know will never leave you.

The music begins. She starts to sing. Not far into the lyrics, a tear runs down one side of her face.

138 CLOSE UP: CYNTHIA - INT. TITO'S BEDROOM

138

She SCREAMS... "No!" Soundlessly.

Mook's LOVESONG continues OVER violent, blurred IMAGES of Tito's brutal attack on Cynthia.

Tito's face, blazing with self hate, blurs with the blood that springs from a great wound in her face as he strikes it with his cognac glass. But we hear only the SONG.

139 RESUME: MOOK SINGING - INT. NIGHTCLUB

139

Harrington listens.

140 INT. TITO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

140

Two of Tito's MEN carry Cynthia down a corridor. Other MEN follow. They carry her through a door. Over all this MOOK'S SONG continues.

141 INT. MEN'S BUNK HOUSE, TITO'S HACIENDA - NIGHT

141

A place where the lower echelons of his bodyguards and servants hang out.

They lay her on a mattress on the floor. Her nightdress is soaked with blood from the gash across her face.

She is trying to scream, soundlessly.

The image fragments. The SONG continues.

142 INT. NIGHT CLUB - HARRINGTON'S TABLE - NIGHT

142

Harrington is turning his glass aimlessly around in a circle, looking down at it as he does it. His breathing increases slightly, and he glances up at Mook on stage, singing. At that moment, the DRESSER arrives and puts the note in his hand and leaves immediately. He looks at the note. It says, "Mi amor, finish your drink and follow this woman. I will come as quickly as I can."

He begins to hear gongs and very strange sounds in his mind - those compulsive sounds of which he can't rid himself. They play with an aimless dissonance across the melody of her song. He stares straight ahead amidst the sound of machine gun fire and sweet laughter borne of gaiety and intimacy and softness. He looks at Mook's tear-stained face and drinks his drink, gets up and quietly walks toward the door.

143 EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

143

The DRESSER is waiting for Harrington. Without a word, she puts her arm in his arm.

DRESSER
It isn't far from here.

144 INT. BUNK HOUSE, TITO'S HACIENDA - NIGHT

144

The door swings open. BIFF stands there, hands on hips, grinning, wearing a Colombian cowboy hat.

BIFF'S POV: Men lounging around half naked, drinking. At the back of the room, on the mattress, two or three of them continue to amuse themselves with Cynthia, who is barely conscious.

BIFF
Hey, a party! How come I wasn't invited?

VASSILI, Tito's head honcho, looks around drunkenly.

144 CONTINUED:

144

VASSILI
(in Spanish)
Grab him.

Biff picks up a heavy BENCH and hurls it straight into camera.

Two men, one with a video Cam-corder, go down with the bench. Biff draws a Beretta 92 from the back of his belt, shoots two more men, jumps and rolls behind a row of steel lockers.

Machine pistol slugs drill the lockers in a long burst. Biff backs into the SHOWER ROOM.

145 INT. SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

145

A MAN with an Uzi comes in after Biff behind a spray of bullets. Biff, in one of the shower stalls, places one bullet through the guy's brain.

Silence. CLOSE UP: TITO. He shouts:

TITO
Why bother, Biff? What's the point?
(pause)
The C.I.A. never taught you to be so
stupid. Let's discuss the situation.
Why commit suicide? We won't hurt you.

CLOSE UP: BIFF. Sitting in the corner of a damp concrete shower stall, his gun trained on the door. He glances up at a narrow horizontal WINDOW near the ceiling - a tight squeeze...

TITO
You've got a sense of humor, Biff.
Lighten up, man!

BIFF
Tito, I'm light as a feather. You got
any beer out there?

TITO
(v/o)
Of course.

Biff stands, tucks his gun in his pants, reaches up to the sill of the window with his fingertips and pulls himself up. His eyes look out through the narrow window.

BIFF'S POV: The mountains, the sky.

A machine-gun outside chatters. Bullets riddle Biff's face, blowing him back into the dark.

146 INT. NIGHT CLUB, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

146

MOOK has finished the song. There is a roar of appreciation from her audience as she hurries off stage toward her dressing room, saying to her two bodyguards:

MOOK

Don't let anyone in. When I want
someone to come in, I'll knock on the
door and tell you.

She enters her DRESSING ROOM and locks the door. We see her take a gun and put it in her purse.

147 EXT. OPEN PLACE BY WATER - NIGHT

147

Harrington is leaning on a railing, looking to the left. MOOK is dressed in a lame dress with fringes that seem to quiver in the moonlight. She stops stock still about 20 feet from him.

They stare at each other as she slowly approaches him. He comes close to her.

MOOK

Well... eight years ago you said you'd
be gone ten minutes, and I haven't seen
you till now. That was a rather long
ten minutes, don't you think?

HARRINGTON

(with a baroque gesture)
Ten minutes or ten thousand years...

HARRINGTON (Cont'd)

What difference does it make in this
dumb life?

MOOK

A lotta difference.
(she eyes him)
Billy, you always knew how to say
nothing and make it sound like
something.

HARRINGTON

You still smell the same - burnt sugar
and lemon blossoms.

She takes a pack of cheroots from her bag.

MOOK

You've got some nose there, Buddy.
(she lights up the
stogie)
I nearly had that baby.
(more)

147 CONTINUED:

147

MOOK (Cont'd)

But she died before she was born. Just up an' died when I was seven months pregnant with her.

HARRINGTON

I didn't know about that, Mook.

MOOK

What made it so sad for me was that I knew you wouldn't have cared.

HARRINGTON

Are you certain of that?

MOOK

Pretty certain.

HARRINGTON

Do you know that I went nuts for two years?

MOOK

So did I.

HARRINGTON

I mean really nuts.

MOOK

Both of us were always a little nuts. The only difference was I admitted it, and you didn't. You don't look nuts to me. You've lost that grey, angry look that you used to have.

HARRINGTON

Yeah, I'm okay - give or take a nickle.

MOOK

Okay, I guess that now that everything's okay you want to marry me. Is that why you came?

(laughing at her own
joke)

You got older. You'll always be handsome to me though, unfortunately. Can you still get it up?

HARRINGTON

Uh-huh. They're gonna have a lot of trouble closing the lid on the coffin.

MOOK turns to the rail, puts her head down on it and laughs heartily. She then turns to him, still laughing, and flips the stogie into the water, looking at his face. She has been disarmed by the joke.

147 CONTINUED: (2)

147

She looks at him and gives him a very soft, lingering kiss. Then, shrewdly...

MOOK

Don't be scared. That was just for ole' times' sake.

At that moment, A MAN comes by, very quietly and surreptitiously. She opens her purse and takes the gun out. The MAN passes, and it turns out to be nothing.

HARRINGTON

(looking at her sternly)
You still in business?

MOOK

Yeah, I'm afraid so. Yes.

HARRINGTON

Is there any place we can go that's not marked?

MOOK

No. Everywhere's marked. But there's a safe house down by the port that's cosy.

Harrington gives her his arm. They walk towards the street.

HARRINGTON

You want to hear a joke?

MOOK

No. Your jokes are terrible.

HARRINGTON

My daughter is shackled up with Tito de la Luz.

She stops in her tracks. She stares at Harrington.

MOOK

Jesus. Cynthia? She's your daughter?

He gives her the wry, perplexed look of a worried father.

148 CLOSE UP: DON ANGEL - INT. HALL, TITO'S HACIENDA - NIGHT

148

Another father. He walks fast down the lofty hallway of the Hacienda, following the men carrying a stretcher on which Cynthia lies unconscious under a white blanket, her head swathed in a bloodstained towel.

148 CONTINUED:

148

In the doorway to the grand salon, Brighton waits. Don Angel stops, watching the stretcher recede towards the floodlights outside, where two helicopters stand.

Brighton makes a gesture into the salon, with irony:

BRIGHTON

Your son.

Tito, immaculate in a silk robe save for the long vertical scar of a single fingernail on one cheek, is pouring drinks at a sideboard. Don Angle flings a look of despairing contempt at him.

DON ANGEL

What have you done? I raise you to be the leader of a country, and you behave like a stupid thug.

TITO

I've learned from the best.

Don Angel walks up to him.

DON ANGEL

Were you trying to impress me? With your psychotic brutality?

Tito laughs. Laughs in his face. Don Angel raises his hand involuntarily to strike him; then thinks better of it.

TITO

Your hand is shaking. You should go and lie down, father.

DON ANGEL

I'm sorry for you. You've started something that you haven't the capacity to finish. No doubt I'll have to deal with it.

Tito speaks with bragging confidence, gesturing. He's high on amphetamines.

TITO

What d'you mean? You'd have to deal with it anyway! Her father is after you - now, there we're talking about a real thug. This will hurt him, it'll throw him for a loop, you'll see. He'll make a mistake.

(a hand on his father's shoulder)

There's method to my madness, caro. I don't want to see you hurt, you know.

148 CONTINUED: (2)

148

Don Angel looks at his son in strange puzzlement, in bewilderment. Gently he removes Tito's hand from his shoulder. Then he walks away, out of the door. Brighton follows him, and with an icy gaze at Tito, closes the door behind them, hard.

149 EXT. TITO'S HACIENDA - NIGHT

149

In the floodlights, Cynthia is carried aboard the chopper, a big military one. Don Angel's personal helicopter stands beyond, blades already turning.

150 AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

150

The choppers rise into the air above the floodlit massif of the hacienda.

151 AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT - PANAMA CITY WATERFRONT

151

The black cranes; the lighted entrance to the Panama Canal.

152 INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

152

Low lights, strange atmosphere, tropical decor, fans turning slowly. Harrington stands studying the black ironwood likeness of some bizarre Melanesian god, as Mook pours champagne. She gives him a glass; raises her own.

MOOK

To future memories.

Now, in the light, she suddenly notices the bullet punctures under the arm of Harrington's jacket.

MOOK

My god...

(she fingers them)

These look kinda fresh - are you - ?

HARRINGTON

I'm fine. I did'em myself, to add glamor to my appearance.

(raising his glass)

To past prophecies.

MOOK

This used to be one of Don Angel's places. Do you like it?

Harrington has a small electronic instrument in his hand, the size of an exposure meter: a microwave sensor. He studies it, adjusting its orientation.

152 CONTINUED:

152

Then he raises his finger to his lips, and murmurs:

HARRINGTON

Love it.

153 CLOSE UP: A piece of PAPER, as Harrington scrawls, "We're under satellite surveillance. They can hear us, so make it boring."

153

HARRINGTON

(v/o)

I like that black god. He's from Samoa, isn't he?

MOOK'S HAND writes "There is an escape tunnel. Follow yo' Mama."

154 INT. SAFE HOUSE ESCAPE TUNNEL - NIGHT

154

A tiny underground room, wood-panelled, precedes the tunnel, which has a steel door. The door to a massive SAFE, an old sofa and some filing cabinets comprise the furnishings.

Cobwebs float as Harrington follows Mook down the metal steps. He carries the champagne. Her voice echoes:

MOOK

I know why you're here.

HARRINGTON

Good.

He sinks into the sofa, raising a cloud of dust.

MOOK

She's in no danger. Tito is nuts about her.

HARRINGTON

(he reflects on this)

You know him, huh?

MOOK

Do I know him?

(she smiles)

Yeah. Since he was fifteen. I'm still kinda fond of him.

Harrington shakes his head deprecatingly. She laughs, and slides down in the sofa next to him.

154 CONTINUED:

154

MOOK

Tito's a strange, very attractive guy, you'd like him. I'm sure Cynthia has no idea what the family business is - Tito never discusses it, and he never touches cocaine, ever.

Harrington studies her. He refills her glass.

HARRINGTON

Mook, I want you to know I have no quarrel with the La Luz family - in fact, I very recently turned down a heavyweight bout in that arena. But I think my daughter is in great and immediate peril.

MOOK

Billy, you're getting paranoid again.

HARRINGTON

No. Some bums at Langley want to see her in deep shit - to get me involved, to suck me in... into I don't know what...

(now, he shows emotion)

She's the patsy, poor kid. My kid...

MOOK

Jesus.

She is truly shocked. She takes his hand in hers.

HARRINGTON

You're up to your old tricks, huh? Running dope for guns...

(raising a hand)

No, I don't want to hear the sordid details. Your people, Don Angel that is -

MOOK

(interrupting)

Listen, Don Angel is my employer, okay? I'm simply a business agent for him. My people - my people - are the guerillas in the Sierra Oriental.

Harrington pats her hand.

HARRINGTON

Still a red. Mook, Mook, Mook. How old fashioned.

154 CONTINUED: (2)

154

MOOK

You shit. You're playing with me, you shit.

She punches him in his side - right on his battered ribs. He winces and bends over in pain (real or feigned?)

MOOK

God, I'm sorry - Billy.

HARRINGTON

It's okay, it's nothing.

(pause)

Mook, I need your help. I've tried to contact Cynthia, I've tried to call her. Something's wrong. I know it.

MOOK

Maybe she just doesn't want to talk to you right now. Did you think of that?

Harrington sighs. Strokes his nose.

HARRINGTON

So you won't help me. Tough tittie.

MOOK

For christ's shake, Billy.

HARRINGTON

For old time's sake?

She gets to her feet. She stands looking down at him fiercely.

MOOK

Jesus, you have a nerve.

155 CLOSE UP: TITO - INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

155

He lies on his bed, his eyes half closed. Now we see a GIRL sprawled in the disordered sheets, asleep. She has a cloud of black hair.

The phone rings, once only. An impersonal answering machine voice says "Please leave your message after the tone" in Spanish.

MOOK

(v/o)

Tito? It's Mook. Are you awake? It's only four A.M. I have to talk to you - will you pick up the phone?

(more)

155 CONTINUED:

155

MOOK (Cont'd)

(pause)

Tito, I'm in trouble. When you get
this message -

Tito picks up.

156 INT. SAFE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 156
Mook on the phone. Harrington lying on couch, shoes off, feet
up.

MOOK

Thank god. Listen... are you
listening? There's a man here pointing
a gun at me. He wants to talk to you
- something about his daughter, I don't
know. He's very... upset...

TITO

Really? Put him on.

Mook hand the receiver to Harrington.

HARRINGTON

Sorry to wake you, Tito.

TITO

That's quite alright, Mr. Jericho.

Tito's eyes are half closed but bright. He's stoned on
something.

HARRINGTON

I'd like to talk to Cynthia, please.

TITO

Well, I'm afraid she's asleep.

HARRINGTON

Could you wake her?

Tito looks at the sleeping girl: white skin, black hair.

TITO

No, I'd rather not. To be honest with
you, she has indicated she'd rather
not talk to you.

(he laughs lightly)

This is a little embarrassing.

HARRINGTON

Yes, it is. But you're a poor liar
Tito, so I'm sure you're used to
embarrassment.

156 CONTINUED:

156

Tito sits up. He's getting off on this. He laughs again.

TITO

Senor, I can tell you're in a state of stress, obviously we must put your mind at ease. Why don't you come down for lunch, tomorrow?

HARRINGTON

For lunch?

(a beat)

Do you have a good cook?

TITO

Oh, excellent - he's from Lyons. Do you like crayfish?

HARRINGTON

Nothing I like better than a good crayfish.

TITO

Wonderful. Now, if you've put your gun away, can I talk to Mook? You must bring her, I adore Mook. I'll arrange a plane for you at -

HARRINGTON

Thanks, I have my own plane. I'll be with you around two P.M.

Harrington hands the phone to Mook. Harrington walks out on to the terrace.

157 EXT. SAFE HOUSE TERRACE - NIGHT

157

In b/g, Mook is telling Tito she can't come down to Medellin; Tito is insisting. Harrington looks out at the port, the black water.

Mook's footsteps join him.

MOOK

I've been invited to lunch too.

HARRINGTON

If I were you, I'd decline the invitation.

MOOK

What are you gonna do down there?

HARRINGTON

Negotiate.

157 CONTINUED:

157

MOOK

What d'you mean, negotiate?

HARRINGTON

The asshole has snatched my daughter
- I don't know why or how. All I can
do is try to negotiate. Negotiate,
negotiate...

(he looks up at the
scudding clouds)

Boy - everything going 'round in giant
circles. Makes me dizzy...

He sways massively - deliberately. Mook laughs and holds his
arm tightly.

MOOK

I'm coming with you.

HARRINGTON

It may turn... bizarre.

MOOK

Let it turn, bizarre is fine with me.
'Long as I'm with you.

158 EXT. PANAMA CITY - DAWN

158

Harrington walks down the corridor to his room.

159 INT. HARRINGTON'S ROOM - 6:01 A.M.

159

The light is still dim. The key in the door. Harrington
enters with the caution of old habit, gun in hand. Everything
is as he left it.

He takes off his coat with relief. He wears an extra large
shirt to accommodate his bulletproof vest. Starting to
unbutton his fly, he goes into the bathroom.

160 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - 6:03 A.M.

160

Harrington raises the lid of the john. Smokey's face looks
up at him. His decapitated head is jammed in the bowl.

Harrington and Smokey look at each other a moment. Then
Harrington's hand goes out - his fingers, about to close
Smokey's eyes. But he doesn't - he decides not to touch him.
He closes the lid again.

161 INT. HOTEL ROOM

161

Harrington rummaging in one of his hideous all-metal suitcases. Leaving it open, he goes to the closet, and slides it open. Smokey's headless body collapses at his feet.

Harrington lays him out on the bed. Smokey has been mutilated and tortured. Harrington is like an automaton; he never wastes a move. He removes Smokey's blood-encrusted left shoe. Sealed in it's heel is a miniature recorder. He extracts the microcassette.

162 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

162

Harrington, lying on his side by the john, goes over its exterior with a miniature metal detector. The instrument starts to click.

Harrington gets to his feet. He scribbles something on a hotel notepad and leaves it on the lid of the john.
"CALL U.S. EMBASSY. DON'T TOUCH. SMOKEY ROBERTSON WAS HIS NAME. HE'S BOOBY-TRAPPED - IN DEATH, AS IN LIFE."

163 EXT./INT. BAR, WATERFRONT - EARLY MORNING

163

A dark dive. Three or four MEN - longshoremen and sailors - lounge at the bar drinking beer, half awake. A plump WHORE is giggling with a couple of them.

Harrington is seated at a metal table in a corner, nursing a brandy in the shadows, lost in thought.

A young, flashily dressed MAN comes in with a young and beautiful girl. The whore at the bar smiles at him: he is her pimp. The girl sits at a table as the pimp speaks to the barman, laughing. Then he notices Harrington. A beer in his hand, the pimp goes over to him. His English is heavily accented; he has Harrington pegged for a gringo instantly.

MIGUEL

Hi, man. You go beeg party, huh?

(he sits down)

Lotta good parties in Panama City.

Hey -

(his voice drops)

Looka that little chick, man. What a beauty, huh?

Harrington looks at the girl. She looks young, brazen, a little scared.

HARRINGTON

I'm not interested.

163 CONTINUED:

163

MIGUEL

Yeah, you are. You know she is hot,
you can smell her.

(a whisper, now)
Fifteen years, man. Do anything you
want, suck your brain out -

HARRINGTON

Leave me alone, please. Get up and
walk away from me.

The man laughs. He beckons to the girl. She gets up,
saunters over. Her thick make-up can't hide the livid bruise
on her cheek as she stands there, looking down at Harrington.

THE GIRL

'Allo, darling. You like -

HARRINGTON

No.

Glass in hand, Harrington starts to get to his feet. The
pimp's hand shoots out and grips his arm. His voice is ugly.

MIGUEL

Hey! You no turn back on me, man, no
way. I no like -

Harrington freezes. Then, slowly, starts to sit down again.
The pimp's grin is ugly. An instant later he topples
backwards, a splintered beer mug jammed into his jaw and mouth
like a horse's feed-bag.

Nobody intervenes as Harrington savagely works the man over,
but the fat whore screams. The young one just watches. The
sound of Miguel's arm breaking seems to awe her.

When he has finished, Harrington walks away from the
unconscious wreck on the floor. Breathing a little heavily,
he pays the bartender and walks out.

164 EXT. AIRPORT PARKING AREA FOR PLANE - DAY

164

Harrington is seen at an airport jimmying open the door to
a light plane. Starts the plane and taxis down the runway...
saying something to the tower.

TOWER

(responds)

Foxtrot, Oscar, Zulu, clear for take
off.

165 EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

165

At the end of the runway, we see MOOK descending from a car. She climbs the jet motor backwash baffles and makes her way trotting to the airplane now revving out. She opens the door and gets in the plane. Plane takes off.

166 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

166

MOOK

Did you brush your teeth?

HARRINGTON

(puckers up his mouth)
No, I left them in the glass this morning.

167 CLOSE UP: A GLASS - INT. HARRINGTON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

167

The glass is on the bedside table. It contains the small ORCHID, wilted now, that Harrington wore to Mook's nightclub show. A cop's HAND picks it up. He sniffs it.

Panamanian cops are milling around. Smokey's body lies under a bloody sheet; a cop pokes it with his toe and says something that makes the others laugh.

CAMERA follows a FORENSIC cop into the BATHROOM. Two senior DETECTIVES looking down at Smokey's head in the john.

DETECTIVE

(in Spanish)

Do we have to keep looking at his eyes?
He looks vengeful?

The forensic guy laughs. Stooping, with one finger, he very carefully closes Smokey's left eyelid...

The BOMB goes off. Bits of the detectives erupt out of the bathroom door, glass and masonry mow down the cops.

168 EXT. AIRPORT, MEDELLIN - DAY

168

The plane lands in Medellin, and comes to a halt in a parking space. Harrington carries a bottle of champagne and a box of cigars. He and Mook walk towards a parking lot and he jimmies open a car, starts the motor. They get in and drive away.

169 EXT. A COURTYARD, TITO'S HACIENDA - DAY

169

About a dozen SECURITY MEN and BODYGUARDS - some uniformed, some not - stand attentively as Tito paces in front of them. His two senior people, JORGE and VASSILI, (a Yugoslav) stand behind him. Tito is hyped up: in Spanish -

TITO

...Colonel Brighton's people have failed, and failed humiliatingly, to interdict this man. Well, I've stepped in, and I don't want them involved. We'll deliver the bastard ourselves, in one piece or several, to the door of my father's house. Does everybody understand?

A murmur of approval runs through the men.

170 EXT. TITO'S ESTATE - DAY

170

Mook is driving. They go up a steep, rutted road to a tall gateway in a huge wall festooned with bougainvalias. As they approach, the gates open.

Just inside is the security check-point with uniformed guards.

MOOK

Well, here we are, buster. I hope you haven't lost your touch.

HARRINGTON

We're going to find out pretty quick.

Mook drives to the checkpoint booth, there are tire puncture irons in the pavement. The bright gerbil-eyed LIEUTENANT that we saw before gets out of the booth.

LIEUTENANT

(in Spanish)

Good morning. How are you?

MOOK

I'm fine, Jorge. How are you?

LIEUTENANT

I couldn't be better.

The LIEUTENANT's eyes focus on Harrington.

LIEUTENANT

Senior Harrington?

HARRINGTON

Yep, that's me.

170 CONTINUED:

170

Other guards that are watching with a manner that is noticeably attentive.

LIEUTENANT

And you are going to see...

MOOK

Senor Tito de la Luz.

LIEUTENANT

Go right in.

The tire slashes retract quickly into the ground. The car goes forward as the guards watch.

MOOK

Oh, oh, something's up.

HARRINGTON

How do you know?

MOOK

All the security was much too friendly, too many half smiles and too many fingers near the triggers. I think I've got the hibi-jibies.

She brakes. Stops the car. Looking straight ahead.

HARRINGTON

I know the feeling. Why don't you get out here? Tell Jorge to call you a cab, say you -

MOOK

Why the fuck am I doing this?

HARRINGTON

You better think of an answer to that, Mook. It's gonna be nine miles of bad road.

MOOK

Do you know what you are? You're a prick.

She steps on the gas. The driveway winds through huge trees.

171 EXT. TITO'S HACIENDA - DAY

171

The car draws up in the courtyard. Two guards approach carrying submachine-guns, and open the doors.

Other armed men stand on either side of the courtyard of the vast house as Mook and Harrington are escorted to the door.

172 INT. A CLOAKROOM - DAY

172

Harrington stands impassively in his socks. One guard minutely examines his battered sneakers while another goes over him with an electronic wand. It beeps: he removes keys and change from Harrington's pockets and follows up with a careful check of his belt, jacket lining, the crotch of his pants, etc.

The senior guard casually hands Harrington a small black PISTOL.

GUARD

(in Spanish)

Sorry about this, sir; but have you seen one of these? All plastic, including the ammo. No metal at all.

HARRINGTON

Yes, I've heard of them. Complicates your life, eh?

The guard laughs. Harrington hands the weapon back.

The first guard rips open the box of cigars; takes a couple out, and sniffs them approvingly.

173 INT. TITO'S STUDY - DAY

173

The two guards escort Mook and Harrington into a huge room: stone walled, arched ceiling. Animal heads and elephant tusks jut from the walls; a terrace looks out on the garden. Projection TV, personal computers and a bar add predictable vulgarity to the place.

Tito advances, kisses Mook on the cheek, and extends a hand to Harrington.

TITO

Hullo, Mook.

(to Harrington)

I'm so glad you could come. Sit down, sit down. What can I offer you?

MOOK

Bourbon and soda, my dear.

Harrington places the champagne and cigars on the coffee table.

HARRINGTON

I'll have a glass of water, please.

(he seats himself)

Here, I brought you a touch of Havana and the best of Paris - Roederer '79, should go great with crayfish.

173 CONTINUED:

173

TITO

Unfortunately, I don't drink and I don't smoke. But I thank you. Miguel? Put this on ice.

The white-gloved WAITER takes the bottle to the bar. Tito nods to one of the guards, who moves to the door and stands there quietly. The other takes a position near Harrington, a little behind him, and stands there with his machine pistol slung across his chest like a French riot cop, staring fixedly at the American guest.

TITO

(he settles back)

So. What can I do for you, Mr. Harrington? Aside from blowing your head off?

HARRINGTON

(he chuckles warmly)

Well, that amusing remark illustrates a general delusion, Tito - please call me Billy, okay? - that I'm part of some conspiracy aimed at your family. There were two attempts on my life in the last 24 hours, and a friend of mine was tortured to death. You're aware of that?

TITO

I think it was mentioned. I forget.

HARRINGTON

Well, I haven't forgotten.

(he smiles)

Tito, I've been set up by my ex-employers. You blow my head off, and the C.I.A. will throw a party for you.

TITO

Oh, really? Why?

HARRINGTON

Because I have enough classified data on file to expose 90 percent of the Agency's drugs-and-politics racket in Latin America. That includes data on numerous agents in deep cover throughout the hemisphere.

(he sips water)

I've recently added to the list the young man who took my daughter on vacation, one Biff Bucholtz - also his alleged 'sister' Jeanine, a frequent guest of yours. You know where they are?

TITO

Well, Jeanine hopped a plane to Dallas apparently. With Biff's girlfriend, what's her name?

(pause)

Biff is in a body bag. I had the pleasure of shooting him myself.

Harrington absorbs this. Then quietly:

HARRINGTON

And where is Cynthia?

TITO

You know, you look like you could use a drink.

HARRINGTON

Well, maybe I'll have a drop of champagne. And I'd appreciate a cigar, if you can spare one.

TITO

By all means. Miguel? Champagne!

(passing cigar box over)

Cynthia is visiting my father. He was quite upset to learn that a C.I.A. stoolpigeon had been planted in my bed.

Harrington, reaching for a cigar, freezes.

HARRINGTON

Oh, come on! Let's remain sane, okay?
(his anger mounts)

That's a monstrous fabrication. She's been framed. Tito - she's an innocent victim of a malicious set-up, like I was, and -

TITO

(he laughs explosively)

Innocent? Like you? God help her she's a treacherous little coke-whore, a spy procured by the C.I.A. obviously with your collusion - correct? You pimped your own daughter to them - my god! And to me - me...

(to guard, in Spanish)

Watch him. He's violent, he's unstable, okay?

(to Harrington)

This is going to upset you, Billy.

The guard unslings his gun and levels it at Harrington, as Tito puts a videocassette in the VCR. Harrington selects a cigar.

173 CONTINUED: (3)

173

HARRINGTON

You're suffering hell yourself, Tito.
How can you be so blind to the truth?
So fuckin' dumb?

TITO

She confessed freely. Watch.

HARRINGTON

Oh, yeah? I'll bet you're skilled at
gettin' confessions outta young girls,
kiddo.

The servant, Miguel, opens the champagne with a pop, and
deftly pours a glass for Harrington as an IMAGE leaps on to
the 60 inch screen: Cynthia's face, the jagged wound of the
cognac glass in her cheek, hair matted with blood, lying on
a filthy mattress.

Mook stares at the screen, appalled. Harrington leans back.
He is extraordinarily calm. He sips champagne, an unlit cigar
between his fingers. Opposite him, Tito sits staring at him
over his folded hands, smiling faintly.

174 ON THE TV SCREEN: Cynthia speaks with difficulty.

174

CYNTHIA

That's crazy. That's a horrible lie...

TITO

(v/o)

No, it's the truth. I know it's true.
You're a spy for the C.I.A.

CYNTHIA

Oh, Tito - please, I beg you - I came
here on vacation, you know I did, I
don't know anything about -

TITO

(v/o)

You're a paid informer. You're a
whore. My god. I'm naive...

(a pause)

Cynthia, I'm going to do something for
you. If you admit the truth, now, I'll
let your father see this before we kill
him. He'll see you confess. Wouldn't
you like that?

She begins to weep. Now Tito's PROFILE leans into the shot,
out of focus, as he leans over her.

174 CONTINUED:

174

TITO

You would like him to see that, my darling. Just tell him the truth, Cynthia, he'll understand. Tell him why you did it.

She shakes her head, sobbing exhaustedly.

TITO

Why did you do it?

Now she is motionless. She sighs like a child.

CYNTHIA

I just did it. I needed the money.

She turns her face away from the LIGHT, into the shadow cast by Tito.

CLOSE UP: HARRINGTON. His head back, his eyes half closed, he watches the heart-rending IMAGE impassively. Sipping champagne.

Now Cynthia speaks, brokenly, in a monotone.

CYNTHIA

I did it in New York a couple of times. Vivienne got me into it... there was

an Israeli guy, a diplomat... for five grand.

(pause)

We were using a lot of blow. Me and Andy. My boyfriend.

TITO

Ah. You did it for cocaine?

CYNTHIA

I guess I did it for the coke. Yeah.

TITO

How much did they give you to come here?

CYNTHIA

Fifty. I told 'em it had to be fifty. To go on vacation and fall in love.

TITO

Did you father know?

CYNTHIA

My father? No... no, of course he didn't know.

174 CONTINUED: (2)

174

TITO

He knew. He knew.

She looks up into the CAMERA. One eye swollen and closed.

CYNTHIA

Who cares? I don't know what he knows.
He never tells me. He has so many
secrets.

Silence. Tito whispers.

TITO

It was me who fell in love.

He turns away from Cynthia. To a tall MAN, in Spanish:

TITO

She could use a shot or two. Coke and
methalqualone, intravenous - that
should make her a lot of fun.

Tito turns and looks into the VIDEO CAMERA:

TITO

Enjoy yourself, Mr. Jericho.

CLOSE UP - HARRINGTON. As he watches the SCREEN, we watch him. The SOUNDS of the gang rape of his daughter are heard OFF SCREEN as he sips his drink, watching a scene of unspeakable ugliness and violence.

MOOK

Do we really have to see this before
lunch?

INTERCUT: CLOSE UP - HARRINGTON watching; and what seems to be like a dream sequence of things disjointed, out of place, and irrelevant. Images float on the screen accompanied by strange, exotic sounds. There are cuts of TITO, the GUARD, MOOK, and Harrington, cuts of TITO glancing back and forth from Harrington to Mook. There are sounds of Cynthia screaming.

Tito turns off the video.

TITO

Well, did you find it amusing?

HARRINGTON

Not particularly. I've seen better
than that in a Turkish whorehouse.
I felt the dog was great though.

Harrington has a cigar in his mouth that is not lit. He looks up at the guard.

HARRINGTON
(in Spanish)
Do you have a light?

The guard fishes in his pocket, extracts a Bic lighter. Keeping his gun carefully leveled at Harrington, he passes him the lighter, most cautiously, with his left hand. Harrington lights his cigar punctiliously, rotating it in the flame, as Tito says:

TITO
What is truly amusing, and I guess pathetic, is that you truly did not know what Cynthia was doing. I watched your face. She deceived you too.

Harrington rotates his cigar in the flame.

HARRINGTON
Kids will be kids.

TITO
Or perhaps she thought, in the end, you would be impressed.

Harrington returns the lighter to the guard.

HARRINGTON
Thanks.

He smiles. As the guard takes the lighter, Harrington bites hard on the cigar. With a muffled SOUND, a carbon-fibre projectile shoots into the guard's left eye, straight into his brain.

With a strange screech he topples backwards, as Harrington heaves the coffee table, heavy marble and metal, into Tito's face.

Tito is drawing from a shoulder holster. He goes down under the marble table, and then Harrington is on him with a head-lock as the guard from the door runs towards them, trying to get a clean shot at Harrington; and Mook dives to the floor.

Harrington hauls Tito up to cover his own body, and dislocates his right elbow with one savage jerk. Then he pulls out Tito's gun. The guard a few feet away sees what's coming and tries to shoot out Harrington's legs. A bullet shatters Tito's knee. Three more strike Mook, lying on the floor.

She rolls on her back, gasping and cussing in Spanish, holding her abdomen, as Harrington shoots the second guard in the heart. Then he holds Tito's pistol to its owner's head. Tito is in bad shape already. Harrington pulls his head back by the hair.

174 CONTINUED: (4)

174

Three more GUARDS are in the room, now frozen in various clumsy attitudes as Harrington shouts harshly in Spanish:

HARRINGTON

Back off! One step closer, and I kill him! You understand that?

(to Tito)

Tell them to back off, sonny.

(he twists Tito's neck)

Tell them to get out. Now.

TITO

Don't shoot, don't shoot - don't do anything!

HARRINGTON

Go outside. Call a doctor and an ambulance.

TITO

Go outside! Get Dr. Perez, get an ambulance!

The scene is one of horrifying carnage, blood everywhere. Mook lies quite still. She whispers:

MOOK

I'm bleeding to death.

HARRINGTON

You won't die, Mook, I won't let you. Hold on.

TITO

For god's sake... for god's sake, what do you want?

HARRINGTON

I don't know. I'm workin' on it.

With his back to the wall, keeping Tito in front of him and one eye on the tall windows, Harrington moves sideways until he can stop and pick up one of two Uzi machine pistols lying on the floor. Pocketing Tito's automatic, he places the muzzle of the Uzi against Tito's spine.

HARRINGTON

I need a roll of tape - medical tape, electrical tape, okay? Tell somebody to throw it through the door. Also about six ampoules of morphine injectable, okay? You can -

As he speaks, a high velocity RIFLE BULLET goes through Harrington's left ear, shattering the glass of the picture behind him. The report of the rifle follows.

174 CONTINUED: (5)

174

Ducking instinctively behind Tito, Harrington swings the Uzi up at one of the circular SKYLIGHTS in the vaulted roof, squeezing off a dozen rounds at the shadow there. A cry, a slithering sound and a thud reward him.

MOOK

Good shot.

Harrington looks down at her. She has curled up on her side. A great stain is spreading over the pale Persian rug.

HARRINGTON

Mook, hold on. You hear me? Mook?

She doesn't answer. Her eyes are closed. Harrington's heart grows cold. Tito hangs his head, and groans.

175 EXT. DON ANGEL'S HOUSE - DAY

175

Two helicopters stand ready to lift off, rotors whirling in the landing area. Two more come churning over the treetops, preparing to land, as MEN in camo fatigues carry weapons out to the machines. The scene is like the jump-off of some commando mission as Don Angel, Brighton, and a couple of AIDES run out to his personal chopper through the blowing dust.

One of the aides is speaking into a walkie-talkie as he runs. As they reach the chopper, he shouts to his boss.

AIDE

Don Angel - your son is on the telephone!

Don Angel stops and turns. A SERVANT is running from his house, waving a cordless phone.

176 INT. TITO'S STUDY - DAY

176

CLOSE UP: TITO. The muzzle of Harrington's machine pistol is taped tightly with white medical tape to the back of his neck. Tito's hand trembles, holding the phone.

TITO

He wants Cynthia. He wants you to bring her here.

CLOSE UP: Harrington's left forefinger on the trigger. He has taped his left wrist to the gun. He listens to the conversation on a cordless extension.

177 CLOSE UP: DON ANGEL - INT/EXT. PATIO - DAY

177

The patio where he had breakfast with his children. Brighton next to him, also on an extension.

DON ANGEL

She isn't well. She isn't well enough to travel.

178 CLOSE UP: HARRINGTON. His head right behind Tito's; a of blood trickles down his neck from the hole in his ear. He says:

178

HARRINGTON

Is she alive?

DON ANGEL

She's in a coma. She is under the care of doctors. Dr. Guttman, whom I flew in from Caracas yesterday, is the finest -

HARRINGTON

Bring her. And bring the doctors.

DON ANGEL

My son needs medical attention immediately, Mr. Harrington.

HARRINGTON

Right. Looks to me he might lose his leg. You better get here quick, Angel, or you'll have to bury him in pieces.

He hangs up; hangs up Tito's phone too.

Harrington has set himself up in a corner of the room. He has pulled up a heavy sideboard to form a sort of niche: it hides his body as he sits behind Tito, who is slumped on a stool from the bar, the Uzi taped to his neck. The second Uzi is in Harrington's right hand.

179 CLOSE UP: A DOCTOR on his knees beside Mook, a stethoscope to her heart. He looks up, towards Harrington, and shakes his head. He gets to his feet.

179

DOCTOR

May I take a look at Senor Tito?

HARRINGTON

No. Get out.

180 EXT. TITO'S HACIENDA - EVENING

180

The SOUND of Harrington peeing. A puddle of urine forms under Tito's stool, mixing with the pool of blood from his leg wound.

Harrington eats a peach. He has a stash of fruit, nuts, crackers from the bar; and a fifth of bourbon. Tito moans, leaning his head against the wall, holding his busted arm.

TITO

Give me some morphine, for god's sake.

HARRINGTON

No.

(he bites peach)

You think I'm a sadist? Incorrect. Your pain is valuable, Tito; it's negotiable. I learned how to play the pain market many years ago.

(he consumes peach)

You're the sadist, my boy. I guess you call it revenge, what you did. But I wouldn't dignify it with that name.

(studying the peach pit)

Revenge is what I'm about to exact on you.

The thudding SOUND of helicopters approaches.

181 EXT. THE HACIENDA - EVENING

181

Four helicopters land in sequence on the sweeping lawns and driveway of the house.

182 CLOSE ON DON ANGEL

182

The metal steps of his chopper clang down. He briskly descends them, into the lights and swirling dust.

183 INT. TITO'S STUDY - NIGHT

183

The phone rings. Harrington picks it up.

HARRINGTON

Yes?

(listens)

No. I'll only discuss this with Don Angel personally. Not with an office boy.

184 CLOSE ON BRIGHTON: on phone in HALL, imperturbable.

184

BRIGHTON

Well, I can't allow him to be physically exposed, Harrington. - You understand that. You'll have to use the phone.

RESUME - Harrington on phone. Tito, seated on a stool, is slumped against the wall semi-conscious; Harrington is sort of hunkered down behind him, his EYES constantly flicking up to the skylight windows, unwaveringly vigilant.

HARRINGTON

No. Get me a mirror.

185 INT. CORRIDOR, THE HACIENDA - NIGHT

185

Three SERVANTS push a tall DRESSING MIRROR on its rattling castors towards the door of the study.

The door to the study is open. Don Angel, Brighton, and a group of armed men in the corridor watch the MIRROR approach. It rumbles past them, into the study.

186 INT. TITO'S STUDY - NIGHT

186

The MIRROR stands at one end, angled and tilted in its mahogany stand to reflect the image of Don Angel, standing in the corridor outside, to the eyes of Harrington.

Likewise, Tito's image, and whatever Harrington cares to reveal of himself behind Tito and the sideboard, is visible to Don Angel.

Harrington's HAND reaches out and adjusts a LAMP on the sideboard to illuminate Tito starkly; leaving himself in the shadows. He studies Don Angel's reflection.

HARRINGTON

You've changed. You've aged. What happened to your hair?

DON ANGEL

I have your daughter outside. Let's get this over with, shall we? I suggest we make the exchange right here - outside, whatever you want. I'll loan you a helicopter and -

HARRINGTON

Do you think I'm mentally deficient? You think I want to provide target practice for those Blackhawks you got out there? With their Gatling guns?

(more)

186 CONTINUED:

186

HARRINGTON (Cont'd)

(pause)
I want to see her.

187 CLOSE ON: A wheeled ambulance-type GURNEY on which CYNTHIA 187
lies, her head heavily bandaged, accompanied by a DOCTOR, a
NURSE holding an intravenous drip feed, and an ORDERLY pushing
the gurney towards Harrington's stronghold in the corner.
In addition to the LAMP illuminating Tito, Harrington now has
another in front of him shining down the room, tending to
dazzle those who approach him.

HARRINGTON

(in Spanish)
Stop there.

(pause)
Nurse? Push it a little closer...

Harrington's HAND directs the lamp on to Cynthia's face.

HARRINGTON

(in Spanish)
What's the diagnosis, Doctor?

DOCTOR

(in English)

She has a 9mm. bullet lodged in the
right occipital area of the brain -not
deeply, it was obviously a ricochet.
No major edema or hemorrhage yet, but
since we have no x-rays there's not
much else I can tell you. She also
has at least two vaginal tears with
heavy bleeding, but until we get her
on an operating table, again---

HARRINGTON

Vital signs please.

DOCTOR

Pulse 120. BP 95 over 70. Not good.
Primary reflexes functional, right
pupil dilated.

Harrington steps forward. Now the light strikes him full on,
as he gazes down at her. But nobody moves.

Then Tito moans slightly. He averts his face, turning it to
the wall.

HARRINGTON

Alright. Thank you, Doctor.
(he raises his voice)
Angel?

188 WIDE SHOT - TITO'S STUDY

188

The gurney with Cynthia is being wheeled out of the door. In the MIRROR, we can see into the corridor as it passes Don Angel and Brighton. Neither of them look at her.

Yes? DON ANGEL

CLOSE ON HARRINGTON. In shadow: the LIGHT only on his hands, each holding an Uzi.

HARRINGTON

We'll make the exchange on neutral ground, in Panama. There's an abandoned airstrip. I'll take one chopper - the XFM - and Brighton will bring my daughter in that Sikorsky, with the doctor and nurse. Is that completely clear? You're looking at two hours flying time to the rendezvous.

With the muzzle of the gun taped to Tito's neck, Harrington jerks his head away from the wall and shoves it into the LIGHT. Tito groans, his eyes closed. Don Angel's VOICE rises harshly:

DON ANGEL

Harrington, I warn you - if you hurt my son again...

(he regains control)

I just asked Dr. Perez how long he'd need to amputate one of your girl's hands. He said fifteen minutes, at most.

Harrington laughs. If it's an act, it's a good one. Then he kicks the stool out from under Tito so that he falls in a heap to the floor, with a hoarse scream of pain.

Harrington steps forward into the full glare of the LIGHT; looking down at Tito.

HARRINGTON

He's as sick as he looks, this asshole. Incurably sick, I'd say. A prime candidate for euthanasia.

INT THE CORRIDOR: A RIFLEMAN with a scoped sniper's rifle slides down the wall past Brighton and Don Angel and drops to one knee behind the door. Brighton instantly places his hand on the man's shoulder.

HARRINGTON'S POV - IN MIRROR: the shadow of the rifle barrel crosses Don Angel's legs. Harrington smiles.

188 CONTINUED:

188

HARRINGTON

Wanna chance a brain shot, son? My death spasm will ream our this boy's skull, I'll give ya odds.

(looks down at Tito)

I dunno. I'd dearly love to pop him. I don't trust myself... And if I pop him, there'll be wailing and gnashing of teeth for sure.

(he looks up)

If you like, I'll take you instead.

Silence. Then a firm VOICE.

BRIGHTON

(v/o)

No. I don't think that would help.

HARRINGTON

(exhaustedly)

Oh, alright. I don't give a fuck.

Harrington steps back into the shadow; hauling on the gun, he tips the semi-conscious Tito over backwards, dragging him out of the light.

SOUND of Harrington's teeth sinking into an apple.

CLOSE UP: DON ANGEL. He turns and looks silently at Brighton.

BRIGHTON

Sir, an exchange of hostages is a chess game. And one does not exchange a pawn for a king.

DON ANGEL

He's my son. What can one do?

With a shrug, he walks into the ROOM. He stands in front of the mirror, hands thrust deep in his jacket pockets.

DON ANGEL

I'm agreeable.

Harrington looks down the room at Don Angel. He adjusts his improvised spotlight slightly to see him better.

HARRINGTON

Good.

Harrington looks down at Tito, lying on his side, his eyes closed, linked by the gun to his trigger finger. He sighs heavily: with unrequited lust for vengeance, or with ultimate compassion, who knows?

189 EXT. AERIAL SHOT - OVER ISTHMUS OF DARIEN - DAWN 189

Two HELICOPTERS head north. The XFM, Don Angel's high-speed aircraft, leads the bigger Hughes chopper.

190 INT. XFM HELICOPTER - DAWN 190

Harrington pilots the aircraft. Don Angel is in the co-pilot's seat: his ankles and wrists securely taped to the metal seat-frame. The NOISE level is quite high. Harrington wears INTERCOM headset and mike.

He switches on the terrain-scanning RADAR: a graphic perspective of the jungle-covered hills below - the Serrania of Darien - appears on the SCREEN as he tunes the VHF radio and speaks closely into his mike, inaudible to Don Angel.

HARRINGTON

...ETA is about 25 minutes. I need to speak to the Chief of Station, please - Colonel Gutterson. My name is Harrington, code-name Jericho. This is operation Parrot Beak.

Don Angel looks at him suspiciously.

191 INT. HUGHES HELICOPTER - DAWN 191

Brighton pilots the machine. Ahead, the XFM flies a hundred feet lower.

In the roomy cabin, Cynthia lies on a medevac trolley. The DOCTOR and NURSE are silent. She is unconscious, receiving infusions of plasma, etc.

192 RESUME - HARRINGTON ON RADIO, INT. XFM HELICOPTER 192

HARRINGTON

...Thank you, Colonel. I'd like to report the good news to Langley. Can you locate the Director and Deputy Director? Over.

(he listens)

I can't give you details over this frequency without scramblers, but operation Lean Meat is successfully completed and I am bringing in prisoners. I also have a girl with severe head injuries - we'll need a medevac chopper and a brain surgeon with full facilities standing by at base. Got that? Over to you.

192 CONTINUED:

192

As Harrington listens, he meets Don Angel's weary and suspicious eyes. Harrington meets his gaze as he speaks, knowing Don Angel can't hear him. His voice is low, but his tone is highly positive. As he speaks, he doesn't blink.

HARRINGTON

Alright. Now, I shall need refueling, and re-arming, okay? I'm going back for more prisoners as soon as I've off-loaded these. I shall need two anti-personnel mines and some small-arms... six M-16s, coupla GL-5 launchers...

193 EARLY ABANDONED LANDING STRIP - EARLY A.M.

193

The two HELICOPTERS come in low over the tall trees of the jungle. The small airstrip is very overgrown, in a dramatic setting, surrounded only by nature in her most primeval mood and the ruins of a radio shack.

The choppers touch down together, facing each other, about forty yards apart. They sit there, their rotors winding down. A hush...

CLOSE ON HARRINGTON. He swings open the door of the XFM, and gets out. He watches Brighton clambering out of the Huey. Brighton is carrying a Galil assault rifle. Harrington shouts:

HARRINGTON

Hey! Forget that cannon -- I said nothin' heavier than 9 mill, remember?

BRIGHTON

Dear god, you're paranoid.

Petulantly, Brighton slings the rifle back into the chopper, leans in and reappears with an Uzi.

Harrington closes the door of the chopper. His eyes meet Don Angel's, who is still taped to his seat.

DON ANGEL

Harrington?

HARRINGTON

What?

DON ANGEL

I pray to god your daughter comes through this.

193 CONTINUED:

193

They look at each other for a moment. Then Harrington walks away, down the strip.

194 HIGH SHOT: AIRSTRIP. Harrington and Brighton, each carryinng 194 his gun pointed up, walk towards each other. They meet at the halfway point between the two helicopters.

CLOSE ON HARRINGTON AND BRIGHTON: as they circle each other until they face the way they came. Harrington, now with his back to the Huey:

HARRINGTON

I'm curious about one thing. Why did you give Smokey such a hard time?

BRIGHTON

Why don't you ask your friend Tinkerbell? I had nothing to do with it.

Harrington walks backwards, towards the Huey. Brighton does likewise towards the XFM.

HARRINGTON

You're a damned liar, Brighton.

BRIGHTON

And you're a damned idiot.

He swings down his machine pistol, already firing full auto. But before it reaches horizontal, Brighton is knocked backward by a bullet in the face. Harrington's gun stills point skyward, but Tito's colt automatic has appeared in his left hand, having slid out of his sleeve in a much-practised move.

Brighton goes down kicking as Harrington pumps about six more shots into him. Brighton is wearing body armor under his shirt; he continues to live.

Harrington stands over him. Their eyes meet.

HARRINGTON

Goodbye.

He administers the coup de grace, between the eyes.

The echo of the shot reverberates, amplified into the thudding roar of two choppers coming in fast, line astern, just above the trees: military Bell Apaches. They bank steeply, circling the scene on the ground.

Harrington looks up, wearily.

195 CLOSE ON LEAD APACHE - As it lands. A detachment of six 195
MARINES in combat gear pile out, followed by their SERGEANT
and Colonel GUTTERSON, Deputy Chief of Station, Allbrook Air
Force Base.

He strides over to the Huey, where Harrington stands, looking
at Cynthia on her litter, talking to Doctor Perez and the
plump, scared-looking young nurse in Spanish. the Colonel
extends a hearty hand.

GUTTERSON

Gutterson. Well done. Just talked
to your people at Langley -gee, I never
thought I'd be talking to the Director
of the C.I.A.! They sounded real
jazzed about -

HARRINGTON

(interrupting)

Colonel, we have a kid here with a
bullet in her head. I assume you
alerted a surgical team? Brain
surgeon?

GUTTERSON

(peering at Cynthia)

Don't worry, soon as we get her back
she'll go straight to our emergency
facility, they'll check her out and
decide exactly -

HARRINGTON

(interrupts, hard)

Hey - I said get a brain surgeon! Can
you comprehend that request?

Gutterson stares at him. Harrington's eyes are wide open.
Unshaven, bloodstained, anguished, he is terrifying.

GUTTERSON

Sure. Sure, I'll take care of it.
(galvanized, he hollers)
Berry? Get a pilot in this crate and
fly her straight into base hospital
- on the double! Snyder? Get me
whoever runs that hospital via land
line on the fuckin' double! MOVE IT!

The second APACHE is circling noisily overhead.

GUTTERSON

So where is this feller?

HARRINGTON

(absently)

Which feller?

195 CONTINUED:

195

GUTTERSON

This guy you snatched. The drug lord.

HARRINGTON

Oh. Yeah, he's in that XFM over there.
He's secured.

(slightly puzzled)

I kinda thought my people would've sent
somebody out here to take care of
things.

GUTTERSON

Oh, sure. They did.

(he looks up)

He said he had no need to land. Said
just to ship everybody back to base,
friendlies and hostiles alike.

Harrington lifts his eyes to the slowly circling chopper;
Gutterson is yelling to his sergeant again - a big black guy
who moves with grace - to fetch the guy out of the XFM.

The Huey's turbines start with a rising whine. The marine
CO-PILOT is at the controls. As the blades turn, Harrington
shouts, pointing skyward:

HARRINGTON

Did you catch his name?

GUTTERSON

Peterson. Don Peterson.

HARRINGTON

Peterson... short guy? With curly
black hair?

GUTTERSON

Not this one. He's bigger'n me. I
never got a look at his hair, he was
wearin' a cap. But it looked kinda
thin.

HARRINGTON

Really. Poor old Don.

The Huey's turbines start with a whine. The Marine CO-PILOT
is at the controls.

196 CLOSE UP: TINKERBELL

196

Tinkerbelle, occupying the co-pilot's seat, looks down at the
AIRSTRIP as the pilot circles it. The cabin behind is empty
save for two MEDICS. Tinkerbelle tunes the RADIO.

196 CONTINUED:

196

TINKERBELL

Lieutenant, I'm calling my boss at
Langley. I'm sorry, it's confidential
- I'm gonna bypass the intercom, okay?

The pilot grins and shrugs. Tinkerbelle flips a switch.

The Huey lifts off just below. It climbs past them, heading
north, carrying Cynthia.

197 CLOSE UP: HARRINGTON - INT. CHOPPER ON AIRSTRIP - DAY

197

Harrington is standing in the cabin of the APACHE helicopter
on the ground. He is holding a heavy steel object resembling
a big barbell weight. The marine Sergeant is with him,
kicking one of several metal CASES.

SERGEANT

You got your M-16s, you got your ammo
- we threw in a coupla grenade
launchers, they're always useful - you
got your white phosphorous, you got
your -

HARRINGTON

Thanks, sergeant. I appreciate it.

GUTTERSON

(v/o)

Well, what's next? What are we looking
at here?

Harrington turns. Gutterson is in the doorway. A little
behind him stands Don Angel, rumpled but erect, flanked by
a couple of soldiers. Billy advances to the doorway: looking
down at Gutterson.

HARRINGTON

Well, this is a 6FI fragmentation mine.
(he hefts it)
What's this?

Harrington points to the trigger mechanism.

GUTTERSON

That's the... Jesus Christ, that's the
trigger mechanism. Better be careful
with that. Push that down and we all
go to bed early.

(he laughs)

Thank God the safety ring's on.

Harrington opens his hand to reveal a metal ring.

197 CONTINUED:

197

HARRINGTON

You mean this?

Gutterson just stares at it.

HARRINGTON

Well, you're right. You've got everything exactly right.

(he pushes the trigger down)

The only thing keeping you in your shoes is my thumb.

GUTTERSON

Wait a minute. Just replace that safety ring, will you?

SERGEANT BERRY

Sir, no way you can replace that safety, sir.

198 EXT. JUNGLE AIRSTRIP - DAY

198

Harrington steps down out of the chopper. Gutterson retreats. Harrington sits down in the doorway, his feet on the skids, the mine in his lap.

HARRINGTON

Alright, Sergeant? You better get out of there. Your hands on your head, please.

Sergeant Berry exits the chopper cautiously. Gutterson looks scared and bewildered.

HARRINGTON

Colonel, I want you to order your men to line up over there, shoulder to shoulder.

GUTTERSON

Okay, fellers. Line up. Do like he says. He's holding an armed mine.

HARRINGTON

(to the men)

Lay down your arms and walk backwards with your hands on your head.

They do as instructed. They look confused.

198 CONTINUED:

198

HARRINGTON (Cont'd)
 Hold it right there. Now about face.
 (pause)
 As you can see fellers, I've got my
 thumb on the spring loaded trigger of
 this fragmentation mine - If it slips
 off, its Christmas for all of us.

CLOSE UP: HARRINGTON. - He looks up at the APACHE chopper
 monotonously circling the airstrip; ignorant of the drama on
 the ground.

199 INT. APACHE HELICOPTER OVER AIRSTRIIP - DAY

199

TINKERBELL
 (on the radio)
 This is a red four priority. Am I
 encoded? Over.
 (he sits up)
 Roger. Rassmussen here.
 (he listens)
 Yessir. I can confirm that Jericho
 has turned Don Angel de la Luz over
 to the Marine Corps. I can see him
 now, his hands are bound.

200 INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR BARTOK'S OFFICE, LANGLEY - DAY

200

Bartok on phone. He looks depressed. David Schultz sits
 nearby, leaning forward grimly.

BARTOK
 Jesus Christ, what a mess. What a
 disaster.
 (rubs his eyes)
 Let me think. Jesus...

SCHULTZ
 Dick - ask him if what's his name,
 Gutterson, knows that Jericho is -

He breaks off as the door swings open and KENNETH McMANN walks
 in, beaming, accompanied by and AID.

Bartok's expression instantly changes to a gleaming smile, his
 tone to that of a man who has achieved a great victory.

BARTOK
 Brilliant. That's absolutely
 brilliant, Lloyd. You must
 congratulate him on behalf of all of
 us, he's done a crackerjack job - both
 of you, teamwork does it every time.

201 CLOSE UP - TINKERBELL IN CHOPPER: As he listens to Bartok'sss 201
VOICE via satellite, his expression is confused, to say the
least.

BARTOK

(v/o)

Hold on, Lloyd, the Director has just
joined me.

(pause... then)

The Director just says, damn well done.
Buy Jericho a steak dinner, he says,
on his tab.

Bartok's overly hearty LAUGHTER rings in Tinkerbell's ears.

202 RESUME - BARTOK - MCMANN 202

Bartok on phone link to Tinkerbell. Another AIDE has just
entered to give computer PRINTOUT to McMann.

BARTOK

Return to base, Lloyd, and await the
prisoner.

(turns to McMann)

Do you have anything to add, sir?

McMann is staring at the print-out. His voice is flat.

MCMANN

Yes, I do. Jericho is holding an armed
mine.

(he looks up)

He's flipped again. God help us all.

203 RESUME - INT. APACHE CHOPPER 203

TINKERBELL

(on radio)

Can you read me? I can't hear you.
Do you copy? Over.

He listens to static. Now he sees that the helicopter is
rapidly DESCENDING. Tinkerbell switches on INTERCOM again;
urgently:

TINKERBELL

Lieutenant, I told you not to land what
the hell are -

PILOT

Sorry, sir, Colonel Rasmussen ordered
me to land immediately. He's my C.O.,
sir - it's an emergency.

204 CLOSE ON HARRINGTON

204

He sits with his mine watching the second APACHE touch down close by. Rassmussen, his men, and Don Angel watch motionlessly.

205 INT. APACHE CHOPPER - ON GROUND

205

The pilot switches off the turbines. Undoing his safety belt, he looks at Tinkerbell.

PILOT

Aren't you getting out sir?

Tinkerbell sits there, staring out of the window.

TINKERBELL'S POV: HARRINGTON. Getting to his feet, holding the mine. The MEN lined up. Tinkerbell gets the picture.

206 CLOSE UP: HARRINGTON. He smiles at Tinkerbell's frozen seen through polished plastic.

206

HARRINGTON

Gutterson? Please ask my colleague Don Peterson to step over here. And the pilot.

CLOSE UP: DON ANGEL. Watching Gutterson open the door of the helicopter. He speaks to Tinkerbell, his words drowned by the noise of the turbines. Tinkerbell gets out stiffly, followed by the pilot.

ON HARRINGTON - as Tinkerbell approaches with Gutterson, who looks embarrassed.

HARRINGTON

Stop there.

GUTTERSON

Mr. Peterson, we have an unbalanced person here. I'm sorry I had to order you down, but my responsibility as C.O. is to minimize casualties.

HARRINGTON

Shut up, Gutterson.

(to Don Angel)

You two know each other, correct?

Don Angel regards Tinkerbell with anger and contempt.

DON ANGEL

This man has betrayed his country, his service, and now me.

(more)

206 CONTINUED:

206

DON ANGEL (Cont'd)
 I have been illegally abducted, and
 I shall have a lot to say about the
 covert activities of this individual
 and the extremist faction in the C.I.A.
 he represents.

TINKERBELL
 (smiling, shakes his
 head)
 Looks like we got more than one
 unbalanced nut case here, Gutterson.
 (to Harrington)
 I'm real sorry about your daughter,
 Harrington. I didn't recruit her, and
 I -

HARRINGTON
 (interrupting)
 I'm real sorry about you, Tinkerbelle.
 (looking down at mine)
 You know, I honestly don't care whether
 I fuckin' live or die. That's given
 me the edge in this from the start.
 But I tell ya, I'm fuckin' tired. And
 my thumb's fuckin' tired.
 (to Gutterson)
 Take the prisoner back to base,
 Colonel. Take your men, get the hell
 outta here. I want to have a chat with
 Peterson, about old times.

207 WIDE SHOT - THE AIRSTRIP

207

The two APACHE helicopters lift off. They climb, and bank in
 line astern and head north.

On the ground sits Don Angel's XFM chopper. Near it,
 Harrington and Tinkerbelle stand.

208 CLOSE ON HARRINGTON AND TINKERBELL

208

Harrington has the mine under his arm. He stands a little
 behind Tinkerbelle as they watch the choppers dwindle.

HARRINGTON
 See that chopper over there?

Tinkerbelle looks at the XFM. Harrington raises the mine and
 clubs him across the base of the skull with it.

209 CLOSE ON RUINED RADIO SHACK

209

The wooden HUT is in a state of collapse. The remains of a radio mast lie toppled among jungle ferns; vines and creepers engulf what was - including an OUTHOUSE that leans precariously, door creaking in the breeze.

Harrington, carrying his mine, walks up to the outhouse. Looks at it. Leans against it. It topples over, leaving a rusty metal porta-potty defiantly exposed. Harrington kicks it into the jungle exposing the HOLE in the mossy concrete slab that covers the cesspool. A cloud of flies buzz out as Harrington peers into it.

He lies face down beside the hole. He slides the mine over the lip of the concrete, lets go, and slips away his hand. Within a tenth of a second, a huge EXPLOSION blows a fountain of ancient excrement upward.

Harrington lies on his face muttering to himself as a shower of very fertile soil rains down on him.

210 AMONG THE TREES bordering the airstrip, shadowy FIGURES move silently.

210

211 LONG SHOT - XFM HELICOPTER ON AIRSTrip - DAY

211

Harrington is standing on the flat roof of the chopper, next to the rotor shaft, hauling up something heavy attached to some webbing straps (used to secure cargo). He heaves mightily, methodically.

212 CLOSE UP - FACE OF AN INDIAN

212

At the edge of the jungle, watching Harrington. Ragged and primitive looking, he carries an old rifle, like his companions.

213 HIGH SHOT - XFM HELICOPTER - DAY

213

Harrington is pouring with sweat. He has strapped the unconscious body of Tinkerbelle over the three-bladed rotor assembly. His head is strapped with his own belt to the "jesus nut" - the lock nut that secures the rotor assembly to the hub of the shaft. His legs are taped to one blade, his arms to the other two.

Harrington works methodically. The sun blazes down.

214 INT. BASE HOSPITAL, PANAMA CITY - DAY

214

The anesthetized face of Cynthia, on an operating table. The glare of lights, the hands of surgeons, the SOUNDS of their apparatus.

215 INT. OFFICE OF C.I.A. DIRECTOR KENNETH MCMANN - DAY

215

McMann is on the phone; listening. Deputy Director Bartok is most prominent among the five others present, who include SCHULTZ and CORBIN.

MCMANN

Harrington, I'm sincerely sorry about your daughter, and I assure you I'll get the facts about this entire business.

216 INT. XFM HELICOPTER, AIRSTRIP, DARIEN - DAY

216

HARRINGTON

(on the radio)

I have the facts. They're stored digitally at several locations. The principal fact is that there's a tapeworm living in the gut of the C.I.A. which calls itself the 'Second Channel.' Your Deputy Bartok wiggles the tail of it.

217 CLOSE UP: MCMANN

217

MCMANN

Hold on a moment.

(he covers phone)

Gentlemen, I'm sorry. Would you please leave?

His colleagues get to their feet with varying degrees of alacrity.

218 RESUME - HARRINGTON IN HELICOPTER

218

MCMANN

(v/o)

Harrington, allegations about a 'second channel' are standard anti-agency propaganda -

HARRINGTON

You'll receive a print-out of the facts. They'll force your resignation, McMann, and a bunch of indictments.
(more)

218 CONTINUED:

218

HARRINGTON (Cont'd)

From today, my death, or the death of my daughter, will trigger a full release of all this information that'll make Watergate and Ollie North's antics look like office parties.

(pause)

In the event my kid dies, other things will happen too.

MCMANN

Harrington, you're being irrational. That would gravely jeopardize the national interest, you know that.

219 CLOSE UP: HARRINGTON. He leans back; looking upward.

219

HARRINGTON

Would it? That's a question I've spent some years trying to resolve. I'm a patriot - is that irrational?

From above his head comes a long, moaning CRY, like an animal.

HARRINGTON

I must go now.

Harrington switches off the radio, removes his headset.

220 HIGH SHOT - THE XFM HELICOPTER

220

Harrington stands on the cabin roof looking at Tinkerbell strapped to the rotor blades. The SUN is low now.

221 THE FACES of Indians among the trees, watching. There are many of them, now.

221

222 CLOSE ON HARRINGTON, TINKERBELL

222

HARRINGTON

How're you doing?

TINKERBELL

How do you think I'm doing?

HARRINGTON

I was... I meant to say, how are you handling it?

TINKERBELL

I guess, well, you know, alright I guess.

222 CONTINUED:

222

HARRINGTON
Want a piece of gum?

TINKERBELL
Why would I want gum?

HARRINGTON
Dry mouth, maybe?

TINKERBELL
It's not my saliva I'm worried about,
it's my life. Are you going to kill
me?

HARRINGTON
Looks that way.

TINKERBELL
Why?

HARRINGTON
You took my friend away. You tore up
Smokey so bad. Pals is pals, you know.

TINKERBELL
I didn't take him out. Brighton did.
I was at the base. Ask Gutterson, it's
on the report.

HARRINGTON
How come you tore him up so bad? Was
that Brighton's idea too?

TINKERBELL
I don't know why he did that. I told
him it was stupid.

Harrington takes a microcassette RECORDER from his pocket,
and holds it close to Tinkerbell's ear. The muffled SOUND
of a man screaming. Then a VOICE:

TINKERBELL
(on recorder)
...All right, boy - alright, nigger,
one last time. Where's Harrington?

SMOKEY
Gettin' laid. He ain't comin' back
tonight.

TINKERBELL
Alright, nigger. Suck on this.

Smokey screams again. Harrington switches it OFF.

222 CONTINUED: (2)

222

HARRINGTON

I got this from the heel of Smokey's shoe. You shouldn't be lying when you're gonna die. It's bad luck.

TINKERBELL

Can I have a priest? I'm a practicing Catholic. I have a right to have a priest.

HARRINGTON

I don't know for certain, but my guess is that you didn't ask SMOKEY if he wanted a priest. Besides, you're gonna get crucified and you've got your head strapped to the Jesusnut to boot.

TINKERBELL

For christsake, we go back a long way. We were in Vietnam together. We're on the same side.

HARRINGTON

They're aren't any sides anymore. It's just one big ball of shit.

223 THE SUN casts long shadows from the trees. They reach the skids of the helicopter. Harrington sits on the sill of the open door, watching it, his eyes squinting. 223

He stands. Leans in the cockpit, and adjusts the cyclic control (stick). Pulls up the collective lever, sets it carefully on its friction setting; switches on fuel, ignition. Presses the starter. The turbines begin to whine. He stands back, closes the door.

The rotor begins to turn, very slowly. Harrington watches Tinkerbell go round with them... building speed. An unearthly WAIL comes from him... rising...

Now his body is a blur. His scream is lost in the roar of the turbines as the chopper lifts off. It yaws a bit from the unbalanced rotor; then rises straight up, gleaming gold against dark blue.

Harrington watches it, fascinated. An Indian appears nearby, watching also. Then another, and another. Some wear ragged pants, others only thongs. They are short, rugged people with faces from the stone carvings in Mayan temples; they carry machetes, and some have rifles. Harrington pays no attention to them until the chopper has dwindled to a speck. Then, to the one near him, in Spanish:

HARRINGTON

Buenos, Juataca.

223 CONTINUED:

223

JUATACA
Buenos, Billy.

HARRINGTON
I need something to eat.

224 EXT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE, ENSENADA - DAY

224

Harrington's dog, Leonard the rottweiler, stares at a grasshopper.

Harrington walks with a DOCTOR towards a car.

DOCTOR
It may take some time. I think she's making progress. I believe there is a great will within her, to communicate.

225 INT./EXT. PATIO, HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - EVENING

225

In an easy chair facing the light in the sky, Cynthia sits. Harrington reads aloud to her from a book of stories by Jorge Luis Borges.

HARRINGTON
(quotes from story)

He pauses. She hasn't moved; but it is obvious she does not comprehend. Maybe she doesn't hear him. she stares into space, or at a wall.

HARRINGTON
Cynthia? Look at me.

She doesn't respond. Gently, he turns her face with his hand. Seeing his face, her eyes widen with terror. She pulls away from him, whispering:

CYNTHIA
No, no, no, no, no...

226 EXT. THE MOUNTAINS - SUNDOWN

226

The place where Harrington camped the night that Cynthia came home. Now he sits by the stream, throwing pebbles into it.

He stares at his reflection in the water; dark and distorted by the twisting current. We DISSOLVE through water into a strangely CLEAR image.

227 CLOSE ON HARRINGTON'S BACK. Seated on a slab of rock by the water. There is something strange about his posture. 227

228 CLOSE UP: HARRINGTON. He has the muzzle of a .44 magnum revolver in his mouth. 228

He presses the trigger. The gunshot echoes through the silent woods.

WIDE SHOT. Harrington topples forwards off the rock. He lies with his face in the water, a gaping hole in the back of his skull. His dog sniffs at him, whining frantically.

A spray of shining blood on the stones.

229 A SQUIRREL runs up a tree. It stops, and looks down. 229

Harrington sits as he sat before, holding the .44, staring at the water. Leonard the dog sits with him.

Leonard turns. He has heard something. He gets up, gazing fixedly at the MULE that approaches. It carries Cynthia.

Harrington stuffs the gun in his pants, and stands up, amazed. She is looking at him. The mule knows the way. Cynthia's expression is serious, but perfectly aware of reality. She reins in the animal.

CYNTHIA

Hi, Dad.

Harrington helps her to dismount. He can't speak.

CYNTHIA

Got any grasshoppers?

CLOSE UP: Leonard's eyes, staring at the humans.

230 WIDE SHOT. Harrington and Cynthia, by the water. 230

Their reflection in the water. The clouds, the evening sky.

FADE TO MIDNIGHT BLUE.