

26

SPIES
LIKE
US

by

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LOWELL GANZ
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212
949
5169

Revised Draft
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FADE UP

1 EXT. PAMIR MOUNTAINS - SUNRISE-DAY 1

A long, snow-capped range with a vast tundra plain below.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. MOUNTAIN FOREST - Day 2

A stand of magnificent tall pines. The snow is crystalline. The silence is palpable. HOLD to let this permeate.

3 A REINDEER - DAY 3

A big Buck Elk. A long-horned BEAUTY. He enters grazing. He stops. Sniffs the air. Becomes one with the quiet. He could stay all day. Then from O.S. there echoes the LOUD RUDE BLUURP of TWIN CAT. 657 DIESELS.

The reindeer leaps away as a CLOUD OF CARBONOUS SMOKE materializes above the brush in the b.g.

4 BRUSH AND SCRUB - DAY 4

A bush of scrub between two pines is mangled, folded over and crushed under the weight of -

5 TRACTOR - DAY 5

This is a tractor unlike any other. It is green, stands twelve feet high and has four windshields. Above the cab there is a big metal BULB. The tip of a massive cylinder.

The machine's motors strain and its six-foot-high wheels churn as it lurches and slips sideways attempting to ply through the snow. As it passes CAMERA we are unable to distinguish the occupants behind the darkly tinted windshields. Its immense cargo fills the screen:

6 A CYLINDER - DAY 6

Sixty feet long and laden with multiple nets of detailed, forest-green camouflage. Barely visible beneath the netting is a series of large red numbers and following these faint glimpses of a big five-pointed RED star and many broad, YELLOW AND BLACK CAUTION CHEVRONS.

7 REAR WHEEL - EXTREME CLOSE-UP - DAY 7

It is eight feet high and is followed by -

8 SOLDIERS - FROM BEHIND - DAY

8

In full winter bush pack and S.R.F. helmets, cradling rifles. They doggedly follow the tractor. There are four of them.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. SPACE - PLANET EARTH - DAY/NIGHT

9

The globe spins amidst the stars while assorted space junk floats past: a used booster, a Soviet capsule carrying the skeleton of a dog, some hardware, and plastic bags bearing the legend "APOLLO XII - WASTE PRODUCTS, KEEP FROZEN."

10 SATELLITE

10

Labeled "NASA/HI-WEATHER IV/NO MILITARY VALUE" orbits into view its lens pointing towards the landmass of Asia.

11 SATELLITE POV

11

Solar powered machinery hums and we see from a few hundred miles up: A FORESTED MOUNTAINOUS REGION, near the Sino-Soviet border. Then CLOSER, as the eye-in-the-sky ZOOMS IN. After a few JUMPS, we see:

12 EXT. MOUNTAINS - HIGH RESOLUTION STILL PHOTOS - DAY

12

The tractor which tows a 90-foot multi-wheeled trailer with a huge, tubular shape hidden under the tarpaulin.

CUT TO:

13 INT. PRINTER/ENCODER ROOM - SAME TIME - DAY

13

CLOSEUP ON a printer as it puts out laser photos of the above. A BUZZER SOUNDS electronically. Hands scoop up the photos and cram them into a metal case. It's sealed and handcuffed to a courier's wrist.

14 EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

14

The COURIER exits a blockhouse-like building with aerials and receiving dishes around it. Two uniformed sentries unlock a fence and let him through to a waiting car.

15 MONTAGE - NIGHT

15

as the car makes its way past various D.C. landmarks to:

16 EXT. TOWNHOUSE/GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

16

The Courier enters with briefcase chained to his wrist. He passes a plaque by the door. It reads:

NATIONAL LEPROSY CENTRE
SUBJECTS ONLY

17 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

17

The Courier walks up stairs.

18 DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

18

The Courier enters an ornate comfortable library. Two men are waiting. One is a stiff, ruthless-looking Harvard graduate in his mid-30's. He is RUBY. The other is a venerable-looking sixty-year-old. He is KEYES.

COURIER

(loud)

I have a priority package from the NAT-SAT printing room.

RUBY

Why don't you say it a little louder? We'll open the window, you can shout it towards Moscow.

COURIER

I'm sorry, sir, I --

RUBY

It's not your fault, you're stupid. Just open the case and get out of here.

COURIER

The case is chained to my wrist and security dispatch has the key.

KEYES

(impatient)

Well, then, leave the material, take the case and wait outside.

COURIER

No can do, sir. The material is locked to the interior of the case.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

RUBY

All right. Let's see it.

The Courier places the briefcase on the table and opens it. The contents, a series of photos, are securely fixed in clear plastic leaves which are bound to the bottom.

KEYES

Get in the closet.

The Courier walks to the end of his tether and goes in the closet and shuts the door between himself and the briefcase.

RUBY

HI-WEATHER FOUR transmitted this stuff an hour ago.

KEYES

Beautiful close-ups. Miegs and Sline will drool.

RUBY

They're late again. Unusual for soldiers.

KEYES

They know what they're doing.

19 FIREPLACE - NIGHT

With a WHIRR and a THUD the MANTLEPIECE shunts upward, the face of the HEARTH slides up creating a portal 4½ feet high.

RUBY

Here they are now.

Two men negotiate their way out of the crevice. One wears a five-star rating and insignia for the Army's Military System Command. He is MIEGS. The other wears a five-star Air Force uniform from the Strategic Air Command.

MIEGS, SLINE, RUBY & KEYES

MIEGS

Ho. Ho. Ho. Love this way in.

SLINE

He insisted coming this way.

MIEGS

Are these the shots from the latest fly-by?

19 CONTINUED:

RUBY

Right here, General. And they're beauties.

SLINE

Wait. There's someone in this closet?

RUBY

Ignore him, General.

KEYES

He's just one of our couriers.

MIEGS

Oh. O.K. Nice close-ups. Definitely close to FULL GO HOUR.

SLINE

I've greased the House Committee for Covert Appropriations. They think the funds are for more Stealth Bombers.

The Generals chortle over this.

RUBY

I've selected two GS-20s. They're the best men we have.

MIEGS

The last two were the best men we had. Now they're the best dead men we have. Maybe there's a security leak in your training program?

RUBY

We could bypass Training.

SLINE

No. You'll go through Training. But with four other GS-20s. Two who are responsible for the Project and two who are... disposable.

RUBY

You're suggesting we assign this job to inferior personnel?

KEYES

No. I understand. Two teams. One to do the job. The other to be... a diversion.

RUBY

You mean decoys. Targets.

19 CONTINUED:

SLINE

Exactly.

RUBY

GS-20s don't grow on trees. I hate to waste two of them as targets.

MIEGS

Oh, I'm sure you can find a couple of men you won't mind wasting.

20 EXT. STATE DEPT. - C STREET - DAY

Busy - noon hour traffic.

21 INT. OFFICES - DAY

A floor of desks and cubicles.

22 INT. CUBICLE - DAY

Two men, their desks and V.D.T. equipment are crammed into a dingy confined co-habitation.

One side is immaculate. Every shelf and surface well-used and squared-away. A crisp, young gentleman sits at this desk. He is JURGENS.

The other side is a mass of pinned and tacked clippings, notice bulletins, racing tip sheets and carbons. Two mini-TV's are wired, taped and strapped above the desk which is a heaped mass of books, papers, printouts and laundry.

The occupant of the chair at this desk has his feet on it and is tilted all the way back so that his head touches the back of Jurgens chair. He listens to music on a Walkman, smokes a pipe and watches a football and a hockey game simultaneously. He is EMMETT FITZ-HUME. Third generation State Dept. employee. He cocks back one elbow and turns slightly to offer some gum.

FITZ-HUME

FITZ-HUME

(loud over music)

Hey, Jurgens. Want some Beech-Nut?

JURGENS

(annoyed, he removes the earphones)

Fitz-Hume, will you just leave me alone? I'm trying to study.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

FITZ-HUME

Fine, fine.

JURGENS

Aren't you taking this same test tomorrow?

FITZ-HUME

Foreign Service Board? Sure.

JURGENS

Don't you have to study?

FITZ-HUME

Nooo! Are you kidding. I know that F.S.B. test glass-bagwards. I've taken it three times.

JURGENS

They're supposed to be all different this year. Five hundred questions in two hours.

FITZ-HUME

Let me see that booklet? Look at these samples. It's multiple choice. Easy. "If discovered appropriating classified documents at a foreign consulate reception you should:

- A. Express concern.
- B. Act surprised.
- C. Deny everything.
- D. All three."

Answer D. All three. Of course, it's all common sense stuff.

JURGENS

I guess you don't want advancement bad enough.

FITZ-HUME

Oooh. Singe me Snubbo!! They don't expect you to know all that stuff. The important thing in the Foreign Service is one thing and one thing only - diplomacy, tact and refinement as bred into the individual's bloodline. My grandfather was an envoy. My father was an envoy. I was born into the trade.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED;

Speakers in the ceiling overhead crackle and a soft, soothing female voice comes out like a page in a hospital.

VOICE

It's one o'clock. One o'clock briefing. We need three General Information Officers - immediately.

FITZ-HUME

Aren't you up for the one o'clock?

JURGENS

I'm right in the middle of this... could you be a pal --

FITZ-HUME

Sure. I'll take it. Give me your notes. What is it? The spraying issue again?

JURGENS

Yeah.

23 NARROW CORRIDOR - DAY

23

He walks past a set of doors off the corridor, looks in to one of the rooms and sees a man at a podium harshly lit by video lights and flash cameras. He waves at the man casually on his way by; the man waves back. As Fitz-Hume passes, we hear the man say "I can neither confirm nor deny that."

24 INT. BRIEFING ROOM - A-9 - DAY

24

A small, carpeted, draped, orange-colored room with a podium, screen, a world map, and twenty chairs. It is crammed with reporters, video crews and photographers.

Fitz-Hume enters, and straightens his tie. He steps to the podium, covered with microphones.

A young messenger in tie and shirt-sleeves, pencil behind one ear, enters and hands Fitz-Hume a sheaf of papers. He acknowledges the messenger with a nod and speaks to technicians at the back wall.

FITZ-HUME

Ready.

25 TECHNICIAN'S CONSOLE - DAY

25

A tired-looking technician punches a few buttons, puffs a cigarette and types some letters into a keyboard.

26 TECHNICIAN'S MONITOR - DAY

A WIDE SHOT of Fitz-Hume behind the podium. A SLOW ZOOM IN PAST the seal and a legend appears:

E. FITZ-HUME
STATE DEPT. SPOKESMAN

FITZ-HUME
(reading)

"Gentlemen, as of this afternoon, the Under-Secretary for South American Affairs emphatically denies any and all intervention in the current realignment of top positions in the Paraguayan Air Force. Thank you."

He folds up the sheaf of papers and starts to unhook his miles. The REPORTERS collectively stop him, yelling:

REPORTERS
(simultaneously)
Wait. Hold it. Wait a minute.

REPORTER #1
What about the Paraguayan Air Force request for spraying subsidies?

FITZ-HUME
For spraying subsidies...? Oh ... any visitors from Paraguay here at this time are in no position to bear in any fashion whatsoever on the department for spraying the marijuana fields or for any subsidies due them under the current domestic aid agreements. Is that clear? Thank you, good afternoon.

He attempts to leave once again. The Reporters restrain him with cries and protestations. He looks out through the doors into the corridor from where he came. He sees a young female colleague walk by. He whistles shrilly and beckons her to come in.

REPORTER #2
How can you say we aren't spending millions on spraying when the International Wheat Board reported contamination in the grain fields of Southern Argentina?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

FITZ-HUME

Well... it... I... excuse me, are these mikes cutting out... I'm sensing a power cut out.

He taps his mike cluster. Glances down at his briefing papers.

FITZ-HUME

(continuing)

The des... yun... es-Commission
... -wu-re-OO- plans to -or...
an- sources beyond their control.
Thank you very much.

He exits.

27 EXT. PENTAGON - ESTABLISHING - WIDE - DAY 27

28 INT. FLUORESCENT-FLOODED HALLWAY - DAY 28

An eerie green corridor. Long and humming with loads of unseen machinery. A figure enters in the distance. A man in a suit. MR. HEFLING.

He strides purposefully down the length of the hall. He passes a sign with an arrow: SUB-SUB-BASEMENT D-25. He turns a corner and approaches:

29 A DOORWAY - DAY 29

It is peppered with yellow and red signs:

"SHOW YOUR PASS/"CLEARANCE REQUIRED"

"UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL SUBJECT TO
INDEFINITE DETENTION"

"SENSITIVE AREA" "NO OVAL PERMITS"

"C-GROUP ONLY"

Hefling unlocks the knob with a key ring attached to his belt and enters a door labelled --

30 DATA ROOM - DAY 30

He threads his way through a humming, whirring, low-ceilinged space with rows of two-tone blue data banks, and goes to a door in the corner. He unlocks this door and enters --

31 HEFLING'S POV - BOILER ROOM - DAY 3

A worktable and shelves are piled high with keyboards, terminals, wires -- a miniature computer junkyard. A beaten-up speaker suspended from pipework overhead BLARES LOUD HEAVY METAL GUITAR.

A man is at the workbench. He is reading a RUSSIAN PHRASE BOOK.

BACK TO SCENE

HEFLING

Millbarge. Where are those parts for the FACTRAN 7000?

AUSTIN MILLBARGE doesn't move one muscle. He slowly lowers the booklet and we see his face -- a contented, lazy, complacent one.

With a half smile, he replies to the question without the slightest bit of concern.

MILLBARGE

Procurement picked it up an hour ago.

HEFLING

Well, was it fixed?

MILLBARGE

Yep. New voice scramblers and everything.

HEFLING

Oh. Well, then --. What about that Red Chinese radio chatter?

MILLBARGE

(handing him a paper)

It's done. Here you go.

HEFLING

Done?! That was a static-filled, triple-scrambled radio transmission between two soldiers talking in Mandarin Chinese. How could you break their code key so fast?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

MILLBARGE

The Chinese used a simple twenty digit square transposed in boustrophedonic form with multiple nulls. I broke the key with this.

He hands him a small yellow plastic disc with letters and numbers on it.

HEFLING

A Drogan's decoder wheel?! They put these things into cereal boxes for kids.

MILLBARGE

Right. I got it from a box of Cocoa-Puffs.

HEFLING

Break it down again with the machines.

MILLBARGE

I already did.

HEFLING

(frustrated)

Well, then... clean up the desk.

Millbarge casually reaches over and sweeps everything off the desk on to the floor.

HEFLING

(continuing)

There, that's better.

Hefling starts out, hesitates, then goes into an act.

HEFLING

(continuing)

Oh, by the way. Good luck on the test tomorrow.

MILLBARGE

(suddenly concerned)

Test? What test?

HEFLING

The Foreign Service Board exam.
Good luck.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

MILLBARGE

Tomorrow? I can't take that test tomorrow. I haven't studied! I'm not prepared!

HEFLING

You're scheduled for tomorrow morning. I'm sure I told you.

MILLBARGE

You graceless bastard! You planned this. You want me to fail that test, so you can keep me here in the center of the earth doing your work for you.

HEFLING

You just watch your mouth, mister. The Department is laying off civilians left and right.

Millbarge begins to grab his jacket, belongings, etc.

HEFLING

(continuing)

Where are you going?

MILLBARGE

Home. To study.

HEFLING

(smug)

Hmmm. One night's studying for a Foreign Service Exam? Good luck!!

MILLBARGE

Listen, I'm gonna pass that test. And I'm gonna get out of this hole and do important work for national security.

HEFLING

Yeah, sure.

MILLBARGE

And another thing. I was gonna do your family a favor and hook up the Disney Channel for free. Well, forget it.

Millbarge exits.

32 INT. FITZ-HUME'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fitz-Hume and a woman, ALICE, in her thirties, are in bed together. She's smoking a cigarette. He's wearing her panties on his head.

FITZ-HUME

You know, Alice, sex with you is a really beautiful experience. Spiritual, uplifting. And I'm not just saying that because you're my supervisor. I'm glad you came over tonight. And thanks for bringing some clean sheets.

ALICE

(amused)

Will you take that off?

She takes back her panties and exits into the bathroom. He gets up and goes to his closet. He's naked, but we just see him from the chest up.

FITZ-HUME

(calls out)

Hey. I'm sorry about eating your diaphragm.

ALICE (O.S.)

Shouldn't you be studying for that test tomorrow?

He is putting a red diplomatic sash around his naked body and admiring himself in the mirror.

FITZ-HUME

Well, I was thinking. I'm not sure I really want to take that test.

ALICE (O.S.)

But I thought you really wanted an embassy posting.

She enters and sees him modeling the sash. He's caught. He smiles and puts on his bathrobe.

FITZ-HUME

Yeah, I still want the embassy posting, I just don't want to bother with the test.

He holds her and kisses her.

32 CONTINUED:

FITZ-HUME

(continuing)

God, you smell good. Oh no,
that's me.

ALICE

Fitz, you have to take the test.

FITZ-HUME

Do I, Mommy?

ALICE

Fitz --

FITZ-HUME

Listen, we've been seeing each
other for months and have I ever
tried to use our relationship to
get ahead?

ALICE

Constantly.

FITZ-HUME

I meant today.

ALICE

Fitz, you have to take that test.
And I'm very hurt, that that's
why you invited me over here tonight.

She starts getting dressed.

FITZ-HUME

Hey, don't do that. Look, I'm not
myself today.

(somber)

This afternoon I went to the doctor
and, well --

ALICE

(fed up)

You're not going to give me some
bullshit that you're dying, are you?

FITZ-HUME

No, not now.

She exits.

FITZ-HUME (continuing)

I'll show her. I'll keep her sheet.

33 INT. MILLBARGE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A sparsely furnished basement unit with a very elaborate stereo. A few posters adorn the walls - posters from great spy movies: 007, "From Russia With Love," "Ipccress File," the P.B.S. Special "Soldier, Sailor, Tinker, Spy" ... and a full-color shot of a communications satellite.

34 MILLBARGE - NIGHT

At his kitchen table he has assembled everything he needs for a full, all-night cramming session. Books, notes, a pot of coffee, gum, snack foods. He sharpens some pencils and sets himself to begin.

The PHONE RINGS. Without looking, he reaches over and yanks the cord out of the wall. He begins to pore over the material.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

MILLBARGE

Go away please!

A more urgent knock.

MILLBARGE

No. I don't want any. Go away!!

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Austin. Please open up.

It's Jennifer.

He hesitates. Then deep in his past consciousness the barest hint of familiarity flickers. He can't exactly place the name but is sufficiently intrigued to get up and open the door.

JENNIFER

A fine, luscious young woman in her late twenties enters as if she owned the place.

MILLBARGE

I'm sorry but I don't think you have the right apartment...

JENNIFER

...I do if you're the Austin Millbarge who went to Mary Washington College in 1972...

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

She removes her jacket.

MILLBARGE

...Yes I did, but that was fourteen years ago.

JENNIFER

...the Austin Millbarge who made spectacular love one night on a desk in the Physics Lab with a young innocent co-ed named Jennifer...

She kicks off her shoes.

MILLBARGE

Physics Lab? You mean the girl in Room 207 of the Goldstine Building?

(she nods)

It is you! You!

She unbuttons her blouse and heads towards the bedroom.
He follows her.

JENNIFER

In the Lab ... on the slab.

INT. BEDROOM

MILLBARGE

You! Do you realize what you did to me? I fell in love that night. It was the most incredible experience of my life.

She removes her blouse.

JENNIFER

Mm-hmm.

She unzips her jeans.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

MILLBARGE

I...I...You said you loved me!
You said we were going to be
together forever. I walked out
of that room believing I'd found
the one... the only... I mean...
I... you... I... I went to a
jewelers the next morning to
pick out the ring. Then I tried
to find you. But you were gone.
I never saw you again. You
disappeared and ruined all other
women for me for the rest of
my life.

She peels down her jeans and steps out of them completely
naked with arms outstretched.

JENNIFER

Well. I'm back.

He drops his test booklet and moves for her.

35 EXT. CIVIL SERVICE BUILDING - DAY

A battered Saab roars to a stop in a loading zone. Fitz-Hume
gets out. He runs into the building while shaving with an
electric razor.

A cab pulls up. Millbarge gets out. He looks as if he's
been through the mill. Jennifer comes out of the cab
gripping his leg. She's wild.

JENNIFER

Come back, Austin.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

MILLBARGE

No more.

(to cabdriver)

Take her... anywhere.

The cab pulls away as she hangs out the door. As he heads for the building, he's walking very weak kneed and chafed. He goes as quickly as he can under the circumstances.

36 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The blackboard announces this is: "Promotion Examination for Foreign Service, State Department, and Department of Defense Employees, GS-10 and Above."

The room is silent. Applicants are seated with thick test booklets, closed, in front of them. The clock reads 7:59.

The MONITOR is up front. She seems to be ignoring the applicants. One applicant tries to sneak open the first page of his test.

MONITOR

(without looking)

Not yet!

He closes it quickly.

The door to the room opens and Fitz-Hume starts to enter; Millbarge suddenly appears, equally in a hurry. The two of them are jammed in the door frame.

FITZ-HUME

After you.

Millbarge looks at Fitz-Hume who is wearing a black patch over one eye and a thick gauze bandage on his right arm.

MILLBARGE

Fine.

He pushes in. The Monitor eyes them both, waiting for an explanation.

FITZ-HUME

Sorry I'm late. I had to be present at the reading of a will and couldn't leave until the very end when I found out I received nothing.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

MILLBARGE

I spent the night with a sick friend... really sick.

FITZ-HUME

Listen, I want to be comfortable when I take the test, so could you hold my wallet?

(sotto)

There's a thousand dollars in there. Or maybe there isn't, you know what I mean?

He winks.

MONITOR

(sotto)

Are you saying I can take the money if I help you pass this test?

He doesn't know which way to go. He's trying to read her. He shrugs and makes a lot of noncommittal gestures and faces.

FITZ-HUME

(finally)

... What do you think?

She hands him back his wallet.

FITZ-HUME

(continuing)

Thanks. Nice hair. It almost looks real.

He sits down in the back next to Millbarge.

MONITOR

These examinations are qualifiers for positions in the intelligence sections of our embassies overseas. The nature of your postings will be secret. Secret work is naturally very risky. Let me remind you what happened to one of our greatest Americans. An intelligence agent, operating in France, during the 18th century. His name was Ben Franklin, and he sacrificed a lot... He lost much of his hair and turned asexual. So, good luck. You may begin.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

All the eager beavers in the room start writing, except the two latecomers, who are slow getting off the mark.

Fitz-Hume absently begins picking his teeth. As the Monitor walks by, Fitz-Hume feigns a yawn and extracts a tiny wad of paper, which he unrolls, revealing a mini-booklet of crib notes.

Millbarge sees Fitz-Hume's notes. No one else does. Fitz-Hume slides his paper over to the edge of his desk, indicating he doesn't know the answer.

37 INSERT - ON HIS TEST PAPER - DAY

What do the initials "K.G.B." stand for?

38 BACK TO SCENE - DAY

Fitz-Hume looks at Millbarge pleadingly. Millbarge prints large enough for his neighbor to see:

KOMITAT GOSUDARSTEVENNOI BEZOPASNOSTI

or

COMMITTEE FOR STATE SECURITY

Fitz-Hume copies the answer and then the two of them begin an ever-escalating series of collaborative maneuvers, signaling page numbers, answers, multiple choices, etc. via an elaborate set of clandestine pantomimes and sign languages, always checking the Monitor to be sure they're unobserved. Fitz-Hume boldly pulls his patch from his eye. Catches an answer written inside. He lets it snap back. He reads from the bandage on his arm. He takes off his shoes, flips them over to read the answers written on the soles.

They are still desperate. Fitz-Hume thinks a minute and decides, "What the hell."

FITZ-HUME

(screams)

Oh, my God! The pressure! The stress! I can't stand it!

He stands up.

FITZ-HUME

(continuing)

It's inhuman! I --

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

He starts to gasp and roll his eyes. His tongue sticks out. He begins to stagger.

FITZ-HUME

(continuing)

My heart!... Heart attack! Attack
of the heart!

He careens around the room. As he does he takes the opportunity to look at everyone's test paper. He clutches a couple and staggers around, reading them. Finally, he collapses to the floor. Millbarge jumps in.

MILLBARGE

Stand back. I'm a trained
cardiologist. He needs air.
Let me fan him.

He grabs another applicant's test paper and fans him, reading it all the while.

MILLBARGE

(continuing)

I said stand back. Maybe you
should all go out of the room.

39 CLOSE ANGLE - THE EXAM MONITOR - DAY

She's not dumb. She reaches under her desk and presses a concealed button.

40 SURVEILLANCE - DAY

Part of the blackboard panel slides sideways, and is replaced by a similarly colored panel of one-way glass. Behind it, a camera with a motor-drive clicks away. In the ceiling, above the panels, down-pointing video cameras slide silently on oiled tracks.

41 VIDEO MONITORS - DAY

as they catch Fitz-Hume and Millbarge in every form of possible cheating, short of actually swapping answer booklets. PULL BACK FROM multiple video screens to reveal...

42 INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Miegs, Sline, Ruby and Keyes and watching the playback intently.

RUBY

Unbelievable.

42 CONTINUED:

MIEGS

I haven't seen shit like this
since West Point.

KEYES

Who are these jokers?

43 OTHER VIDEO SCREENS - FITZ-HUME AND MILLBARGE - DAY

We see high-resolution computer video: departmental
I.D. photos and excerpts from their Agency personnel files.
Ruby's dry voice comments as the data scrolls up the screen:

RUBY

The guy in the suit is Emmett
Fitz-Hume. He's an information
officer at State. Started there
in '74 as a mail boy. Father
got him the job. He's a snowjob
man.

KEYES

And the one who looks like he's
been up all night getting laid?

RUBY

Austin Millbarge. Repair super-
visor in D.I.A.'s high priority
code-breaking arm at Fort Holab,
Maryland. Wiggled into super-
visor's pay through C-section.
His last job before joining
Defense in '75 was fixing office
copiers. Good with hardware. He's
got some Russian. You want to see
their test scores?

SLINE

What the hell for? They're a
couple of absolutely self-involved
bullshit artists who have been
caught cheating on a departmental
exam. They'll do anything to save
their jobs.

RUBY

(viewing the TV)

One's got basic diplomacy skills.
The other's a code-breaker and
has language ability.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

KEYES

What more could we ask for?

MIEGS

I say that's your diversion team.
Smart enough to create a believable
diversion and stupid enough not to
realize their asses are in the
wringer.

SLINE

I believe we've found our decoy GS-20s.

44 CLOSE ON SCREEN - DAY

Millbarge has Fitz-Hume up and in the Heimlich maneuver.

MILLBARGE

Stand back. Now he's choking.

He Heimlichshim around the room as they look at all the
test papers.

We PULL BACK AGAIN and now reveal the same video room, but
now Ruby, Keyes, Fitz-Hume, and Millbarge are all watching
the cheating. Fitz-Hume and Millbarge look decidedly
uncomfortable.

KEYES

Have you seen enough?

The tape continues to run.
Fitz-Hume stands up calmly.

RUBY

Well?

FITZ-HUME

That's not me.

RUBY

What?

FITZ-HUME

The guy on the tape. It's not me.
Gentlemen, we've got an imposter
on our hands. I mean, we don't even
look alike.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

He goes to the screen and makes a ridiculous face.

FITZ-HUME
(continuing)

See that? And this guy's much shorter. Look at that.

He holds his hands apart to indicate the size of his video image.

FITZ-HUME
(continuing)

You know something? I just remembered. This morning during the test, I was tied up in the basement. It slipped my mind for a second. So I think you should round this guy up and if I can be of any help, feel free to call on me. So long.

He goes to the door. There's an armed A.P. blocking the exit.

FITZ-HUME
(continuing; quickly)

Okay, I admit it. It was all his idea.

(points to Millbarger)
He told me if I didn't help him cheat, he'd kill my mother. Now that's the truth.

MILLBARGE
I met this man for the first time this morning!

FITZ-HUME
See that? He's crazy. Shoot him. I'll wait outside.

MILLBARGE
We got caught, let's face the music. What are you gonna do to us? A Section 384?

FITZ-HUME
What's that?

MILLBARGE
You don't want to know.
(to Ruby and Keyes)
Any chance of a 116 with D-12A privileges?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

FITZ-HUME

What's that?

MILLBARGE

(fed up)

Don't you know anything? How do you let idiots like this take the GS-20 exam?

FITZ-HUME

If you're so smart, why'd you have to cheat off an idiot like me?

MILLBARGE

Because I wasn't given adequate time to prepare.

FITZ-HUME

Why? Were you too busy picking out that sharp suit?

Millbarge's suit is not sharp.

MILLBARGE

I don't like you.

FITZ-HUME

Yeah. You like me enough to cheat off me.

They proceed to shout and hurl multiple epithets and insults at each other.

RUBY

Are you two finished?

FITZ-HUME

I think so.

MILLBARGE

Sure. No, wait.

He punches Fitz-Hume hard in the arm.

FITZ-HUME

(grabs his arm)

Ow!!

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

MILLBARGE

(continuing)

Yeah, now I'm finished. Well, what are we going to get?

RUBY

A promotion.

FITZ-HUME

(rubbing his arm)

What?

RUBY

That's right. We're bucking you both up to GS-20. We like what we've seen of you guys.

Ruby turns to Keyes and rolls his eyes.

MILLBARGE

Really?

KEYES

Sure. We're not recruiting for the Boy Scouts. We want people who are aggressive. Who know how to go after that little edge you need to survive. And we especially like the way you two guys were working as a team in there. If you guys feel you can work together, you're on your way up.

Fitz-Hume puts his arm around Millbarge. Millbarge reciprocates. They both smile.

RUBY

We've got a very special assignment for you.

FITZ-HUME

Foreign travel?

RUBY

Yes.

MILLBARGE

Undercover work?

RUBY

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

FITZ-HUME

Free luggage?

MILLBARGE

You won't regret this, sir.
I've been preparing myself for
something like this. I already
know a man who can surgically change
my fingerprints.

KEYES

(patronizingly)

I'm sure you do.

FITZ-HUME

Emmett Fitz-Hume.

MILLBARGE

Austin Millbarge. When do we begin
our training, sir?

RUBY

Right now, gentlemen. Welcome aboard.

45 EXT. C-141 - STARLIFTER - NIGHT

A large transport plane in flight.

46 INT. C-141 - STARLIFTER - DAY

A dark, cavernous air transport in flight with twenty airborne
troopers sitting along the hull. All are wearing full-face
oxygen masks, helmets, jump suits and boots.

MILLBARGE AND FITZ-HUME

Dressed as the others.

FITZ-HUME

We're just hitching a ride with
these guys. These aren't real
chutes. They wouldn't make us
jump.

MILLBARGE

No chance. We won't have to jump.

SFX - BUZZERS AND BELLS

Lights start flashing. A fierce-looking, tightly coiled
individual approaches them. He is the JUMPMaster.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

JUMPMASTER

O.K. Let's go Sky-Troopers. This is it. Let's go Airmobil...let's go.

FITZ-HUME

Go? What's he mean, go?

The troopers rise and begin filing towards:

47 REAR DOOR - NIGHT

With a whirr of servos, it begins to yawn open. They are shunted along to the front of the line.

MILLBARGE

Wait! What is it?! Where are we going? Why aren't they going first?

FITZ-HUME

We're not going to jump! Hey, I can't jump.

The rest of the troopers hang back.

TROOPER

(to a buddy)

Sounds like they've never been on a H.A.L.O jump.

FITZ-HUME

H.A.L.O??

JUMPMASTER

Move it! Move it! Move it!

MILLBARGE

Excuse me, sir. What does H.A.L.O mean?

He is three feet from the door. Fitz-Hume is up next.

JUMPMASTER

Free fall from 26,000 feet to 6,000 with timed chute release mechanism: HALO - H.A.L.O stands for High Altitude ---

He kicks Fitz-Hume out.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

JUMPMaster

--- Low Opening.

He kicks Millbarge out.

48 EXT. C-141 - NIGHT

Fitz-Hume and Millbarge free-fall, screaming.

49 EXT. PLANE - DAY

The plane's rear door shuts. No more troopers jump out.

50 MILLBARGE - DAY

Falls, screaming.

FITZ-HUME

Falls, screaming.

CLOSE-UP - CHUTE RELEASE #1

A small charge EXPLODES and pops open the chute and YANKS UP Fitz-Hume.

CLOSE-UP - CHUTE RELEASE #2

Same thing happens to Millbarge.

51 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Fitz-Hume hits the ground hard and rolls a few feet. He begins to stand slowly. Just at that moment, Millbarge lands directly on top of him, knocking them both askew in a painful, confusing jumble. They slowly recover amidst a cloud of dust and heap of nylon.

FITZ-HUME

Where are we?

MILLBARGE

I don't know, I wasn't watching.

They look around. It's incredibly isolated. It's very dark. We barely see Fitz-Hume and Millbarge. We hear a lot of WOODSY NIGHT SOUNDS. There's a HOWL.

FITZ-HUME

Did you hear that?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

MILLBARGE
Yeah. It's a dickfer.

FITZ-HUME
What's a dickfer?

MILLBARGE
To pee with.

FITZ-HUME
Look --

He's interrupted by a big floodlight popping on very loudly. It's up in a tree. It blinds the two guys. Several more floodlights pop on loudly, illuminating a large area. They shield their eyes. They hear a bloodcurdling SCREAM.

FITZ-HUME
Was that me?

Over a small hill comes a man in a Ninja suit. He's brandishing a sword. He screams again and runs at them.

FITZ-HUME
(continuing)
This one's yours.

MILLBARGE
Oh, shit.

They stare for a moment in panic, then scream and go running away from the Ninja. Suddenly, from the other direction, another Ninja appears. Fitz-Hume and Millbarge stop dead, then change direction.

MILLBARGE
(continuing)
We need a plan.

FITZ-HUME
(running)
Let's play dead.

They are confronted by two more Ninjas. They turn and two more appear. They're boxed in. The Ninjas, brandishing their swords, slowly close in on them.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

FITZ-HUME
(to Millbarge)
Come on, Superspy, think of something.

MILLBARGE
You're the diplomat, talk to them.

FITZ-HUME (loudly)
All right, stop right there and I'll bring back the sun.

They close in.

FITZ-HUME
(continuing)
Okay, okay.

He takes out his wallet and holds it up.

FITZ-HUME
(continuing)
This is my sister. You can all have her. I hear she's good.

Millbarge picks up a big rock.

MILLBARGE
First one to take another step, I split his head open.

FITZ-HUME
You hear that? He's threatening you. Let's get him.

MILLBARGE
Show some balls.

FITZ-HUME
I think it's too late to try to impress 'em.

They raise their swords. Fitz-Hume and Millbarge prepare to die. More lights go on, revealing U.S. Army vehicles and personnel watching.

COL. RHOMBUS
That's enough.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

He steps forward past the Ninjas. He's carrying a clipboard and wears a dark jumpsuit and beret with U.S. Rangers insignia.

COL. RHOMBUS
(continuing)
Austin Millbarge?

MILLBARGE
(snaps to attention)
Here, sir!

COL. RHOMBUS
Emmett Fitz-Hume.

FITZ-HUME
Hello.

COL. RHOMBUS
Colonel Rhombus. GS-20 Training Center. We've been expecting you.

MILLBARGE
What was all this?

COL. RHOMBUS
(chuckles)
This is the way I welcome all new trainees.

FITZ-HUME
What's wrong with a banner?

COL. RHOMBUS
It's my job to prepare you to go out in the field. I like to find out as quickly as possible what I've got to work with.
(holds up clipboard)
I've already made my evaluation.

Millbarge peeks.

FITZ-HUME
What did he write?

MILLBARGE
Pussy.

FITZ-HUME
(to Rhombus)
I don't think that's fair. These guys had swords. What were we supposed to do?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

COL. RHOMBUS

It depends upon the particular arena of combat. Maybe this.

He karate kicks three or four of them to the ground in about five seconds. Fitz-Hume strokes the Colonel's sleeve.

FITZ-HUME

(as if to a dog)

Nice Colonel... nice Colonel.

COL. RHOMBUS

Come on, I'll take you back to the base.

They head for the jeep.

MILLBARGE

(to the fallen Ninjas)

Let that be a lesson to you.

They exit. Fitz-Hume comes running back and kicks one of the fallen Ninjas, then runs off.

52 EXT. JEEP - NIGHT

Fitz-Hume and Millbarge are riding with Colonel Rhombus. The Colonel drives savagely over bumpy terrain.

FITZ-HUME

Colonel, what is it we're supposed to be doing?

COL. RHOMBUS

You are here to train for a secret penetration.

They hit a bump. Fitz-Hume almost flies out. Millbarge has to haul him back.

MILLBARGE

Secret penetration?

COL. RHOMBUS

Usually, we have a few months to test and train personnel, but you were sent in on a RUSH order. Have to run you through the entire program, get you qualified and ready to travel by 23:00 tomorrow. You're going to do six month's work in one day.

He hits another bump. They both barely hang on.

53 EXT. TRAINING CAMP - MARSH AREA - DAWN

53

Rhombus, Fitz-Hume and Millbarge approach a wicked slimy pond.

COL. RHOMBUS

This is your standard bog negotiation trial. You will be judged on survivability and time. You are allotted two minutes seventeen seconds. ENTER NOW!

He FIRES a PISTOL into the air. Fitz-Hume and Millbarge look at each other bewildered. They do not move.

COL. RHOMBUS

(continuing)

NOW! ENTER NOW!

They still are most unwilling to immerse themselves. Rhombus FIRES ROUNDS at their feet, both of them dive into the muck and disappear. After a few seconds both their heads come up gasping for air.

COL. RHOMBUS

(continuing)

Heads down! Heads down!

He FIRES MORE ROUNDS over their heads. They submerge.

54 EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - LATER - DAY

54

They approach a routine course with climbing bars, tire run, etc. Fitz-Hume and Millbarge are covered with weeds, ooze and muck.

COL. RHOMBUS

This is your obstacle course. It is essentially the course familiar to Armed Service recruits except that here in intelligence operative training we do it a bit differently. We add the element of scorched earth. The first man through will run the course as usual... the second man, however, must run the course and then remove and conceal everything behind him. Twenty minutes, twelve seconds. Enter --

Fitz-Hume takes off first.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

COL. RHOMBUS
(continuing)

NOW!

55 TIRE-RUN - DAY

Fitz-Hume negotiates it quickly and easily. Millbarge does it removing each tire and hurling them into the bush as he goes. There are explosions all around them.

56 ROPE CLIMB - DAY

Fitz-Hume ascends. Millbarge follows and when he reaches the top, cuts the rope below him. They are left dangling with no way down. More explosions.

57 WALL BARRIER - DAY

Fitz-Hume takes a run, goes up and over the other side. Millbarge follows carrying a portable chain-saw. He disappears over the wall. There is a pause and then from the bottom the wall is sliced up. Millbarge cuts and hurls pieces into the bush. Still more explosions.

58 TARGET RANGE - DAY

A replica foreign village with doors, windows, storefronts and target silhouettes.

COL. RHOMBUS
Knife throwing at specific targets.
Identify and attack only silhouettes
which depict military sentries, secret
police and armed enemy agents. Seven
minutes, thirty seconds. GO!

Fitz-Hume and Millbarge enter the range and following one another wildly throw multiple knives from belts they've been given. The silhouettes pop up and down with great rapidity and the response is totally panicked, crude and frenzied.

59 EXT. LAKE - DAY

They all enter and stand at the edge of a small lake.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

COL. RHOMBUS

Step into the water, please, and
attach the ropes to your wrists!

He walks OUT OF FRAME as they follow his instructions.

COL. RHOMBUS (O.S.)

(continuing)

This will verify your ability
to stay afloat at high speeds.

There is the ROAR of a POWERFUL MOTOR and Fitz-Hume and
Millbarge are yanked off their feet out of the water.

RHOMBUS

at the wheel of a jet ski-boat. He throttles down, dragging
them behind him at fifty miles an hour.

60 EXT. HANGAR - DAY

In a far corner of the training base.
Fitz-Hume and Millbarge approach Rhombus.

FITZ-HUME

Colonel.

COL. RHOMBUS

Yes?

FITZ-HUME

We were just talking and this has
been oodles of fun. I mean, we've
made new friends and lunch was
great.

(to Millbarge)

Wasn't that great?

MILLBARGE

The muffins. Unbelievable.

FITZ-HUME

Anyhow, we were just talking and
we'd like to go home now. So,
thanks for the bruises, and you
can keep those urine samples.

They both start away.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

COL. RHOMBUS

Boys, it would be a shame for me
to kill you now.

They stop.

MILLBARGE

Yeah, that would be a shame.

COL. RHOMBUS

You've come through the toughest
part. We now begin A.F.P.S.R.
Air Force Passive Strain Response.
You will not be required to exert
yourself at all, only to sit
through --

61 ASBESTOS WALL - DAY

Fitz-Hume and Millbarge are enshrouded in heavy crash-rescue
fire suits. Rhombus turns a flame-thrower on them.

COL. RHOMBUS

(shouting)

... AGGRAVATED BODY TEMPERATURE
MEASUREMENT.

Rhombus stands at the bottom of a very high tower on top of
which is perched a T-38 aircraft fuselage.

COL. RHOMBUS

(continuing)

Crash simulation ...

The fuselage is tipped and dropped straight down to the
ground nose first. It shatters on impact and Fitz-Hume and
Millbarge unbuckle and emerge unhurt but extremely dazed.

62 INT. GLASS CONTROL BOOTH - RHOMBUS - DAY

COL. RHOMBUS

(into microphone)

...Centrifugally stimulated
brain monitoring...

FITZ-HUME

strapped and whirling in the cockpit of a centrifugon arm.
He spins at three hundred miles an hour. Fitz-Hume's face
is stretched back in a 10G position.

63 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Fitz-Hume and Millbarger walk down the hall. Their faces are still contorted in a 10G position. They enter the briefing area.

64 INT. BRIEFING AREA - DAY

They enter. Col. Rhombus is there.

COL. RHOMBUS

Congratulations, men. You are about to enter the operational phase of your assignment. I am not authorized to give you the complete operational package. However, I can tell you that the location of your initial drop will be well inside the borders of Pakistan.

FITZ-HUME AND MILLBARGER

Pakistan?

65 EXT. TRANSPORT PLANE - DAY

It wings its way across a clear blue sky over desert terrain.

66 REAR BAY/DOOR - DAY

Opens and a large SHIPPING CONTAINER slides out on a track and drops away.

67 CONTAINER - DAY

Twin parachutes pop open and it wafts slowly to earth.

68 EXT. AFRIDI HUT - DAY

The CONTAINER wafts down, crushing the mat and dung structure. A TRIBAL FAMILY runs out screaming hysterically. The dust clears and more TRIBESMEN enter.

TRIBESMEN

Fierce, heavily armed Muha-Jadeen Freedom Fighters. They surround the CONTAINER with guns leveled. They all fall silent as latches are unhooked from within and the rear doors swing open. Fitz-Hume appears squinting up into the sun.

68 CONTINUED:

FITZ-HUME AND MILLBARGE

As they survey their greeting party.

FITZ-HUME

Toto, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore.

MILLBARGE

Is one of these guys our contact?

FITZ-HUME

I'll check.

(He shouts to the crowd)

Who led the American League in home runs for 1953?

THEIR P.O.V.

The crowd mumbles. Several tribesmen cock their weapons. Fitz-Hume consults a pamphlet: Conversational Pashtu.

FITZ-HUME (sub-titled)

If you permit me to go free you may use my friend's head for polo.

Several members feel Millbarge's head. He does the same to them.

MILLBARGE

What did you say?

FITZ-HUME

I told them "hello. How are you?"
They're just saying hello.

Then from behind the mob a loud PASHTU slang is heard. The crowd parts to make way for two young blonde-headed American-looking CIVILIANS in jeans and safari jackets. The taller one claps his hands as if he is shooing geese. He shouts in Pashtu and the crowd slowly disperses, realizing there is nothing of import. They both rush to greet Fitz-Hume and Millbarge eagerly extending hands to help them down.

SCHNELKER

Hi. Bud Schnelker. Liaison office.
U.S. Consulate Karachi.

HODGES

Rob Hodges. D.I.A. West Asian
Section. Welcome to Pakistan.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

MILLBARGE

You don't know how glad we are to see you guys.

FITZ-HUME

Really. When do we eat?

SCHNELKER

Come on guys. Jeep's over here.

69 INT. LAND ROVER - MORNING

As the four of them speed down a lone territorial road.

FITZ-HUME

So, where are we going? I mean, what's the deal here?

SCHNELKER

You mean, you guys don't know your final objective?

MILLBARGE

We don't know anything beyond this contact.

SCHNELKER

Oh. That's too bad.

Schnelker and Hodges exchange looks. Hodges, who is driving, nods to Schnelker. Schnelker takes a gun out from under the seat, but keeps it hidden.

FITZ-HUME

Christ, I'm hungry. What time is it?

Hodges holds up his watch toward the back seat.

FITZ-HUME

(continuing)

Nine o'clock. I knew it. My stomach can always tell. Once I was --

MILLBARGE

Could we stop?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

HODGES

What's the matter?

MILLBARGE

I gotta take a leak.

The jeep stops.

70 EXT. ROAD - DAY

Millbarge gets out.

MILLBARGE

Thanks.

(to Fitz-Hume)

You should go, too.

FITZ-HUME

What are you, my mother? Don't you think I'm capable of determining my own time to go to the bathroom?

MILLBARGE

So. Isn't now one of those times?

FITZ-HUME

No.

MILLBARGE

Come on. You don't feel a certain degree of URGENT pressure on the inner wall of your bladder? Now. Right at this moment.

FITZ-HUME

No. I'm fine.

MILLBARGE

Wouldn't you really feel more comfortable being fully relieved of any excess fluids now!
Immediately.

FITZ-HUME

(finally getting it)

Oh. O.K. All right, what the hell.
(to the other two)

Don't go away.

SCHNELKER

Oh, we won't.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

Millbarge and Fitz-Hume go off into the bushes. They pee. Millbarge looks back over his shoulder.

FITZ-HUME

Hey, watch it. My shoes.

MILLBARGE

These guys are not our legitimate contacts. The guys are KGB Special Branch.

FITZ-HUME

Come on.

MILLBARGE

Don't tell me to come on. That was a Russian wristwatch. I know the country of origin of every timepiece in the world. That was a Russian copy of a 1969 Timex digital.

FITZ-HUME

Why? Your hobby or something?

MILLBARGE

Basic. It's one of the most common slip-ups in espionage. We've walked into enemy hands.

Schnelker comes down into the bushes. He's holding his gun behind his back.

FITZ-HUME

I don't believe you.

MILLBARGE

You --

Schnelker is there.

FITZ-HUME

Hi.

SCHNELKER

Just between us, if you guys do know your final objective, you'd be smart to tell me. I could probably work things out a lot quicker for you.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

Millbarge looks at Fitz-Hume.

FITZ-HUME

Like we told you. We don't know.

MILLBARGE

Yeah. You know what they say
about this kind of operation.

He says something in Russian that means "the less known the better."

Schnelker chuckles and nods in agreement, then realizes he's given himself away. But in that instant Millbarge is on Schnelker with a judo chop to the shoulder. Schnelker is stunned and Millbarge holds his own hand in pain.

Fitz-Hume grabs Schnelker while he's still stunned and butts him forehead to forehead. Schnelker goes down. Fitz-Hume is dizzy.

Hodges jumps out of the jeep and comes running. Millbarge dives at his knees. The Russian's gun goes off.

Fitz-Hume recovers, runs to the wrestling pair and yanks Millbarge by the collar, dragging him to the Rover and diving behind the wheel all in one motion.

71 EXT. ROVER - DAY

Fitz-Hume slams it into gear and fishtails away as Millbarge grapples in from ground level.

MILLBARGE

Several bullets penetrate the open door before he swings it shut.

FITZ-HUME

(immediately relaxing)

Boy. What a burn. They sure fooled me. We should avoid those guys for the rest of our lives. Where to, Boss.

MILLBARGE

I don't know, but obviously the Soviets know we're here.

FITZ-HUME

What do we do now besides drive fast and far?

DISSOLVE TO:

71 CONTINUED:

MILLBARGE

Well, the first thing we should do is formulate a plan.

FITZ-HUME

To get us to the nearest airport.

MILLBARGE

Or anyplace that isn't out here in the middle of nowhere.

FITZ-HUME

So what's the plan?

MILLBARGE

First we have to take stock of our gasoline supplies.

FITZ-HUME

O.K. How's our gasoline supply?

MILLBARGE

(counting cans in back)
Ten cans, five gallons apiece, fifty gallons. Range Rover's get around eleven miles per gallon. Figure five hundred miles at least.

FITZ-HUME

That's a long way.

MILLBARGE

O.K. I suggest we do it in shifts. One drives while the other sleeps.

FITZ-HUME

O.K. I'll take the first driving shift. You sleep.

MILLBARGE

Good. O.K. Great. Wake me up when you get tired.

He slinks down into a comfortable position.

MILLBARGE

Good night.

FITZ-HUME

Good night.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 INT. ROVER - DAY - LATER - DAY

72

Millbarge sleeps soundly. Fitz-Hume wakes him up.

FITZ-HUME

Hey, Millbarge.

MILLBARGE

Um. Oh. Yeah. Yeah. What is it?

FITZ-HUME

I'm getting tired. You want to take it for awhile?

MILLBARGE

Oh. Yeah. Sure.

He sits up and gets out.

73 EXT. ROVER - DAY - PULL BACK TO REVEAL

73

Millbarge stepping out and almost falling off the TOP of a MOUNTAIN. They are parked in a place accessible only by mule or helicopter.

MILLBARGE

How the hell did we get here?!

FITZ-HUME

I followed the road.

MILLBARGE

What road?!

FITZ-HUME

I did the best I could without a map.

MILLBARGE

Maybe they have a map.

THEIR P.O.V. - DAY

In a noiseless instant the vehicle has been surrounded by ten incredibly battle-hardened YUSUFZAI warriors. If the Afridi are the home guard these people are the front-line fighters.

FITZ-HUME

What should we do?

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

MILLBARGE

Back away slowly.

Two warriors yank open both doors.

FITZ-HUME

We just came up to turn around. You guys want to make sure there's no on-coming traffic?

74 EXT. YUSUFZAI CAMP - DAY - LATER

Fitz-Hume and Millbarge are hanging upside down by their ankles from a tree branch. Their hands are tied behind them.

A warrior with a sword comes up and takes a vicious practice swing.

FITZ-HUME

(to Millbarge)

Now, here's my plan...

HADLEY (O.S.)

(English accent)

What do you think you're doing?

Chief, tell your man to cut them down.

The KHAN speaks in his language. The swordsman cuts the rope and they crash to the ground headfirst.

HADLEY is a middle-aged Englishman.

HADLEY

(continuing)

Sorry about this. They're very distrustful of outsiders. They only allow us here because we're helping with the wounded.

MILLBARGE

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

HADLEY

Oh, sorry. Hadley. London College of Medicine. They didn't realize you were with the Effort.

FITZ-HUME

With whom?

HADLEY

(surprised)

Why, the United Nations Medical Effort of course. Aren't you Doctors Trowbridge and Greenberg?

KHAN

You doctors?

FITZ-HUME/MILLBARGE

Yeah...sure, yeah.

FITZ-HUME

(continuing)

Trowbridge and uh...

MILLBARGE

Greenbaum.

FITZ-HUME

Berg.

MILLBARGE

Berg. Greenbaumberg.

FITZ-HUME

Berg.

MILLBARGE

We're doctors.

FITZ-HUME

Well, everybody here looks okay.

(to Chief)

Stick out your tongue.

The Chief does. Fitz-Hume pats it.

FITZ-HUME

(continuing)

Yeah. Everybody's fine. We'll be heading back to the old U.N. We'll tell them what a good job you're doing.

74 CONTINUED:

Hadley laughs.

HADLEY

Ah! The American sense of humor.
Come on, the others are anxious to
meet you.

75 INT. HUT - DAY

Hadley and the guys enter.

HADLEY

(continuing)

Well. Here we are. I'm Hadley,
Internal Medicine. Doctor Fong,
Communicable Diseases. Doctor
Boyer...

(an attractive woman)

... Bacteriology and Doctor Imhaus
of the Zurich Relief Fund. These
are our newly arrived surgeons,
Doctors Trowbridge and Greenbaum.

FONG

(greeting)

Doctor.

MILLBARGE

Doctor.

They all proceed to greet each other.

FONG

Doctor.

FITZ-HUME

Doctor.

BOYER

Doctor.

MILLBARGE

Doctor.

IMHAUS

Doctor.

MILLBARGE

Doctor.

75 CONTINUED:

BOYER

Doctor.

FITZ-HUME

(perks up)

Doc-tor!

MILLBARGE

We miss anyone?

FITZ-HUME

Listen. Before we go any further we have to get something straight. You see, we're not -

MILLBARGE

(coughs violently)

Ahem. Doctor Trow Baum. Excuse us a minute, doctors. I have a matter of great urgency to discuss with my colleague.

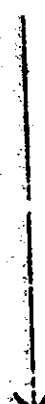
He draws Fitz-Hume aside.

FITZ-HUME

What? What's the problem? These people aren't K.G.B. They're helping these rebels to fight the Russians. Let's level with them.

MILLBARGE

What? Come right out and say "We're U.S. spies working here covertly?"



(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

HADLEY

Gentlemen, we have work to do.

They all get up.

HADLEY

(continuing)

Why don't you gentlemen relax?
The rebels are planning a raid
tomorrow. You'll have plenty to
do then.

MILLBARGE

We'll do that.

HADLEY

Doctor.

MILLBARGE

Doctor.

HADLEY

Doctor.

They repeat the whole cycle again, then Fitz-Hume and Millbarge
are left alone in the hut. Millbarge immediately begins looking
out the windows. Fitz-Hume is relaxed.

FITZ-HUME

How about that Doctor Boyer?
I wonder if she has her own hut?
You think these natives have any
Johnny Mathis albums? I better
shave.

MILLBARGE

We have to leave this place immediately.

FITZ-HUME

Beg pardon?

MILLBARGE

We have to get out of here. We
have to try to find our real
contacts.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

FITZ-HUME

Look, our first contacts tried to kill us. They're probably still out there. Plus, we don't know where we're going anyway. Now, I think the best thing for us to do is stay right here and bang Doctor Boyer.

MILLBARGE

Oh, yeah? Well, what happens when the real Trowbridge and Greenbaumberg show up? Hah?

FITZ-HUME

Well... I'll have made it with her by then.

MILLBARGE

I'm leaving.

FITZ-HUME

No, come on. Let's wait until night. You know. The cover of darkness and all that.

MILLBARGE

That makes sense.

76 INT. NEXT DAY

Boyer enters.

BOYER

Excuse me. Am I interrupting?

FITZ-HUME

No, he was just leaving.

He gives a hard shove to Millbarge toward the door.

MILLBARGE

(annoyed)

I'll be reconnoitering --

(pointedly)

-- preparing for tonight.

FITZ-HUME

Fine. Fine.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

He shoves him out the door. He smiles at Boyer, but just then is pulled roughly out of the hut. An instant later, he is thrown back inside. He lands heavily on the floor, but immediately springs back up.

FITZ-HUME
(as if it never
happened)

Hi.

BOYER
Doctor Trowbridge.

FITZ-HUME
Where? Oh, yes. What can I do
for you?

BOYER
Doctor Trowbridge -- may I call
you Homer?

FITZ-HUME
Why?

BOYER
That's your name.

FITZ-HUME
Yes, of course. Homer. What's
your name?

BOYER
Caren. Doctor Trowbridge --
Homer -- when you walked in this
hut, it was the most exciting moment
of my life.

FITZ-HUME
Just wait.

BOYER
You're a hero of mine. I've read
all your papers.

FITZ-HUME
How did you get my papers? Oh!
Papers. You mean medical papers.
Right?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

BOYER

Are you making fun of me?

FITZ-HUME

Oh, Caren. Our first fight.

BOYER

I know you think I'm silly to worship you the way I do. But you're a genius.

FITZ-HUME

I'm a little tired.

He drops heavily to the floor.

FITZ-HUME

(continuing)

Why don't we talk down here?

BOYER

(surprised)

All right.

She sits down.

BOYER

(continuing)

Anyway, after I saw you, I had a wonderful idea.

FITZ-HUME

Me, too.

He unbuckles his belt.

BOYER

What are you doing?

FITZ-HUME

(stops)

Uh...you said...so I... What was your idea?

BOYER

Well, the Khan's brother has had a pain in the left-lower abdomen. It's obviously an inflamed appendix.

FITZ-HUME

Obviously.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

BOYER

Doctor Hadley was going to remove it, but now that you're here. I mean, it's only an appendectomy -- hardly worthy of your genius -- but just to see you perform even the most simple surgery would be one of the great thrills of my life.

FITZ-HUME

I know, but, uh...

BOYER

I've already told the Khan. His brother's being prepped.

FITZ-HUME

I, uh... I, uh... I'd rather not... I don't have any instruments. I dropped them in quicksand.

BOYER

You can use Doctor Hadley's. Please, Homer. If you refuse to do it, the Khan will lose faith in you -- in us. The consequences could be severe.

FITZ-HUME

I see. Well, I'd better be honest with you. You think I'm a great surgeon.

BOYER

The greatest. I feel ridiculous. I'm getting all flushed just thinking about it. When I see your technique, I may lose control.

FITZ-HUME

Well, the truth is... I am a great surgeon. But, alas, I've recently suffered severe nerve damage in my right hand.

BOYER

Oh, my God!

FITZ-HUME

No feeling at all.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

His hand flops about loosely. He flops it onto her breast.

FITZ-HUME

(continuing)

See that? Nothing. Dead.

BOYER

How did...?

FITZ-HUME

I was... lifting a car off a child. Big car. Cadillac.

BOYER

I'm so let down. And the Khan. He'll be very suspicious. My God.

FITZ-HUME

There, there.

(pats her breast)

I can perform surgery without my hands. Doctor Greenbaum? He's my hands now. I tell him what to do and he does it. So you will get to see me in action.

BOYER

Wonderful.

FITZ-HUME

Of course, after I guide Doctor Greenbaum through an operation, I'm very depressed I couldn't do it myself. That's a very bad time for me.

BOYER

I'll be with you.

He kisses her. She responds. Millbarge enters.

MILLBARGE

(to himself)

Jesus Christ.

They break their kiss.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

BOYER

About one hour?

FITZ-HUME

Oh, I can go much longer than that.
(realizes)

Oh, until the operation. Fine.
(waves his hand limply)

Goodbye.

BOYER

(to Millbarge)

MILLBARGE

Thanks.

She exits.

FITZ-HUME

(cheery)

Hiya, buddy. Did you have a
good reconnoiter?

MILLBARGE

I think I found the safest
direction out of the village.

FITZ-HUME

What a guy! Is this a guy? You
know what you are?

MILLBARGE

A guy?

FITZ-HUME

You're not kidding. You reconnoiter,
you know Russian watches... I'll bet
you can do anything.

MILLBARGE

(buying it)

Well, I take pride in my general
knowledge and ability to adapt to
circumstances.

FITZ-HUME

You're good with tools, aren't
you? Instruments? Devices?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

MILLBARGE

You're talking to Millbarge.
You want it built, repaired,
modified, converted, or dismantled,
you're talking to Mr. Hands.

He holds up his hands.

77 INT. LARGE HUT - DAY - ONE HOUR LATER 77

Millbarge is furiously going through a medical book.

MILLBARGE

This is impossible. This is nuts.

FITZ-HUME

Come on! It's just an appendix.
Look, I wasn't kidding. You don't
do this, he's liable to kill us
all. You want to end up like this?

He holds up a head wrapped in rags and leather thongs.

MILLBARGE

Oh, my God! Where'd you get that?

FITZ-HUME

Polo field. And these aren't the
only parts they're playing with.
Get the picture?

MILLBARGE

But, it's surgery!

FITZ-HUME

(mocking him; goofy voice)

But it's surgery. Okay, fine.
Forget it. Don't do it. Let's
get killed and forget about the
mission.

MILLBARGE

The mission.

Natives carry in the Khan's brother on a table. The other doctor
enter. They set the table down in the middle of the hut.

FITZ-HUME

Hi, Khan.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

KHAN

If anything happens to him my people will be angry. To die in battle is glorious, to die in a hut is disgrace.

FITZ-HUME

And with that, I give you Doctor Julius Greenbaum. Doctor.

MILLBARGE

Thank you, doctor.

FITZ-HUME

I'll be outside having a smoke.

Millbarge grabs him by the crotch.

FITZ-HUME

(continuing)

Or, perhaps, I'll stay.

Millbarge lets go!

FITZ-HUME

(continuing; to natives)

Don't worry, boys. A couple of rules. No talking and no flash cameras.

MILLBARGE

Um... today, we'll be removing the patient's appendix. The first thing to do is...

He looks under the table where the book is open.

MILLBARGE

(continuing)

...shave the patient.

He feels the patient's face. Fitz-Hume slaps his hand away.

MILLBARGE

(continuing)

Well, let's skip the shave and go right to the operation. Next is the...

(looks again)

...anesthetic.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

Fitz-Hume has a gas mask attached to a tank with a spigot.

FITZ-HUME

(sotto)

How much?

MILLBARGE

(sotto)

He's a big guy. Give him the whole thing.

FITZ-HUME

(sotto)

Okay, all the way up.

He adjusts the spigot, then claps it on the Khan's brother's face. He goes out instantly. Fitz-Hume and Millbarge look at each other, concerned. Fitz-Hume removes the mask. The natives are concerned.

FITZ-HUME

(continuing)

He's all right. He's just...

(puts his head to the man's chest)

...sleeping. All right, doctor.

MILLBARGE

And now, for the first incision.

He takes the scalpel and places it near the man's heart.

INHAUS

Doctor, isn't that incision a little high for the appendix?

MILLBARGE

(enraged)

You wanna do it?! You want to do the operation?! Fine, come on up and you do it.

HADLEY

(admonishing)

Imhaus!

IMHAUS

What did I say?

MILLBARGE

I cannot work with this constant kibitzing!

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

FITZ-HUME
(sympathetic)
I know, I know.

IMHAUS
He was cutting into his chest.

MILLBARGE
Did you see me cut his chest?
Did I cut his chest? I was
probing with the scalpel.

IMHAUS
Why?

MILLBARGE
Here we go again! Come on, you
show me how to do it. Come on,
smart guy.

IMHAUS
I'm very sorry. Please, I wish
you would continue.

FITZ-HUME
Okay, then, we will.

Millbarge turns to him as if to say, "Why did you say
that?" Fitz-Hume shrugs sheepishly.

MILLBARGE
(calming down)
I was probing to determine muscle
tone and skeletal girth. It's a
new technique.
(to Imhaus)
We mock what we don't understand.

FITZ-HUME
Yeah!
(to Millbarge)
Go ahead, I'm getting hungry.

MILLBARGE
Okay. The first incision.

77 CONTINUED:

He places the scalpel against the abdomen. The other doctors seem negative about his placement. He moves the scalpel. They still seem negative. He moves it again. The doctors smile and nod.

FITZ-HUME

(quickly)

Yes, that's it, doctor.

MILLBARGE

(sourly)

Thank you. I will now make the incision.

Fitz-Hume whistles softly between his teeth to get Dr. Boyer's attention. She looks at him. He blows a kiss and waves his "limp" hand. He looks at Millbarge.

FITZ-HUME

(sotto)

Go ahead. Cut this sucker.

Millbarge tenses and places the scalpel.

MILLBARGE

Doctor Trowberg. Assist me here please.

They both press the instrument into the chest. There is a loud RIPPING sound.

MILLBARGE

Hey, that wasn't so tough.

Imhaus takes a pulse.

IMHAUS

This man is dead!!

78 EXT. HUT - DAY

Fitz-Hume and Millbarge walk fast out of the hut. They quicken their pace and go to the center of the camp. There are several field AMBULANCES parked. Enraged natives scream at them. There is gunfire. They bound forward, run to the nearest ambulance. Flinging a young medic out of the way they plunge into the front seat. The tribesmen saddle up horses, camels and mules.

79 EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

The tribe gives CHASE after the ambulance which bounces and weaves its way down into the valley beyond, taking hits from the sentries concealed behind rocks on the way.

DISSOLVE TO:

80 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - OKLAHOMA - DUSK

An old seldom-used highway in the northern part of the state. A STATION WAGON with U.S. Gov't. plates speeds along.

81 INT. WAGON - DUSK

Ruby drives. Keyes pores over a map.

KEYES

All the funds they're pouring into this Project. You'd think they could have at least sent someone to pick us up.

RUBY

I suppose, but I doubt they can spare any personnel with the GO HOUR less than 48 hours away.

KEYES

There it is. Give me the key.

82 EXT. SKY-VIEW DRIVE-IN - SUNSET

Their WAGON pulls into the entrance of an abandoned, dilapidated, yet still fully fenced drive-in theatre with screen also intact. A stylized marquee circa 1955 is chipped and peeling yet the letters are visible enough:

SKY-VIEW DRIVE-IN
THEATRE

CLOSED

and

FREE PLAYGROUND FOR TOTS

They pull up to the ticket booth. Keyes gets out and using a key unlocks the auto barrier and lifts it. Ruby drives through.

83 INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

The posts for the speakers remain but barely can be seen for the weed growth. Broken glass and cans pop and crackle under the wagon's tires.

RUBY

Jesus look at this place.

KEYES

All this cloak and dagger stuff.
The military love it.

84 EXT. CONCESSION STAND - NIGHT

The ancient pink and aqua popstand and projector blockhouse remains. Ruby and Keyes approach the door.

KEYES

Watch for snakes.

RUBY

Christ!

He tries the door. It yields with a nudge.

KEYES

Is it open?

RUBY

Yes.

KEYES

Well go in.

RUBY

It might be trip-wired to something.

KEYES

Just go ahead. Go in.

85 INT. BLOCKHOUSE - NIGHT

They enter and walk to the popstand behind the counter.

RUBY

What was it he said?

KEYES

"Draw yourself a Pepsi."

RUBY

Well?

85 CONTINUED:

KEYES

You do it.

Ruby takes a cup from the rack and both men stand at the soda machine. He presses the Pepsi bar.

86 FLOOR - NIGHT

The linoleum slides from beneath their feet and they find themselves standing on a THICK METAL GRATING.

87 RUBY AND KEYES - NIGHT

Almost cling to each other as ALLOY PILLARS are THRUST UP in a SQUARE around them.

A VOICE sounds out from a concealed loudspeaker.

VOICE

Hold on tight to the handrails gentlemen!!

They comply and with a whirr they drop out of FRAME.

88 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - PROCESS - NIGHT

Ruby's and Keyes' hair stands on end as they drop down on an open ride through ten stories of poured concrete shaft. They gaze at each other like lemurs.

89 INT. SYSTEMS COMMAND BUNKER - NIGHT

A long winking panel with large, demarcated, illuminated indicators announces the arrival of the elevator.

VOICE

Clear two from Ground Level.

The elevator doors open and -

RUBY AND KEYES

Lurch out into the arms of two uniformed AIR POLICE.

A.P. #1

This way, gentlemen.

90 INT. HALLWAY - TRACKING - NIGHT

90

Miegs and Sline greet them. They all walk.

SLINE

Welcome to WAMP.

RUBY

What?

MIEGS

The newest in transportable World
Activity Monitoring Positions.
WAMP.

KEYES

Oh.

MIEGS

It's Zulu 6,000. We are getting
ready here on our end. Where are
your GS-20s?

KEYES

The main team is on schedule and
in their last satellite communication
they informed us they are proceeding
unimpeded to the strike zone.

SLINE

And your decoys?

RUBY

By now I think we can assume they
have been intercepted by enemy
contacts.

MIEGS

How can you be sure they've been
intercepted?

KEYES

We leaked their arrival to K.G.B.
in Karachi.

They enter.

91 INT. COMMAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

A poured bunker with consoles, screens and com equipment.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

MIEGS

Good.

An A.P. enters and salutes.

A.P.

It's a collect call from Pakistan for Mister Ruby. A Mr. Fitz-Hume.

RUBY

What?! Are you sure? How did he reach me here?

A.P.

It's person to person, sir. Collect. They said their contacts tried to kill them and they don't know what they're supposed to do.

KEYES

And they told this to you? Over a public phone?

A.P.

No, the AT&T operator told our operator.

KEYES

They're insane.

RUBY

And apparently roaming free. Hello? Fitz-Hume, where are you?

CUT TO:

92 EXT. THE GILGIT-BUNJI BUS DEPOT - DAY

A metal configuration of multiple shacks by the side of a territorial road. It is busy. There is a bazaar. Several MIRRORED, TILED, SPANGLED and STREAMERED BUSES discharge and take on passengers.

The AMBULANCE is parked in the foreground.

93 PAY PHONE - DAY

Fitz-Hume and Millbarge occupy the only telephone for a hundred miles. Millbarge keeps the waiting line at bay.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

FITZ-HUME

(shouts into phone)

I'm in fucking Pakistan! Get us
out of here!!!

RUBY AND FITZ-HUME

MILLBARGE

This is not proper department
procedure. This could destroy the
entire mission.

FITZ-HUME

(holds his crotch)

Here's your mission.

(into phone)

Guess what? We quit.

Millbarge grabs the phone.

MILLBARGE

This is Millbarge. I'm sorry about
this break in policy, but our
contacts tried to kill us. We
need to know the next step.

Fitz-Hume grabs the phone.

FITZ-HUME

Get us the hell out of here!

RUBY

Everything's under control Mr.
Fitz-Hume. Hold on one moment.

KEYES

Look, the longer we keep them out
in the field, the more heat they
can draw away from the real team.

SLINE

(cups the speaker)

I agree. Let's send them over
the border.

KEYES

How will they get there?

RUBY

That's their problem. Gentlemen,
hello, we're arranging a rescue
operation for you.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

KEYES

For after you've reached your final objective.

FITZ-HUME

What is our final objective?

RUBY

Information like that is given out on a need to know basis only and at this time you do not need to know. However, we can tell you to make immediately for the Soviet Pamir District.

FITZ-HUME

Where's that?

RUBY

Wait for your next contact on the road to Dushanbe.

BACK TO:

94

INT. COMMAND BRIDGE - DAY

RUBY, KEYES, MIEGS & SLINE

Ruby hangs up.

MIEGS

The road to Dushanbe! You practically told them the strike zone.

RUBY

Listen, even if they get there at all they'll be plucked by Soviet Motorized Infantry. The road to Dushanbe is a heavily traveled military artery.

KEYES

I guess that takes care of that.

They both look over to see Miegs and Sline eyeing them coolly. Having heard the whole thing, they are appraising this mistake and are not pleased.

MIEGS

There can be no mistakes this time. Our whole way of life hangs in the balance, gentlemen.

94

95 EXT. GILGIT-BUNJI BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

Fitz-Hume and Millbarge loiter dejectedly.

MILLBARGE

Pamir ... Dushanbe ... are you sure that's what he said?

FITZ-HUME

Right. Those places are in Russia aren't they?

MILLBARGE

And how.

FITZ-HUME

How can we get there? It must be a thousand miles from here.

MILLBARGE

(looks at depot sign)

Actually this is the Bunji Province. Then we're only about a hundred and fifty miles away from the Soviet border.

FITZ-HUME

You would have to know. How can we possibly get across?

MILLBARGE

We don't shave, we sell the ambulance and we go native.

96 EXT. BUS - DAY

A bus drives down a lone desert road towards the mountains.

97 INT. BUS - DAY

Packed to the ceiling with natives. TRACK to the rear of the bus wedged in under many others and wearing robes and headrags are:

FITZ-HUME

How far do we have to go in this bus?

MILLBARGE

As far as it takes us.

98 EXT. BUS - DAY

A speeding RANGE ROVER passes them.

99 INT. BUS - DAY - FITZ-HUME'S P.O.V.

As the Rover passes he sees DR. BOYER sitting in the passenger seat.

FITZ-HUME
Hey! That was Dr. Boyer!

MILLBARGE
She's the last person we want to see.

FITZ-HUME
No. She was nice.

Millbarge looks at him unbelievably.

100 EXT. PROVINCIAL TOLL - DAY

A guard-post and lift-gate emblazoned with provincial crests and a large sign:

NORTHERN BUNJI
TOLL

BUS	30,000
TRUCK	10,000
AUTO	5,000
CYCLES	1,000
PACK BEAST	100

A provincial policeman steps out. The BUS pulls up and all passengers disembark for the afternoon meal.

FITZ-HUME
What is this. The border?!

MILLBARGE
Toll stop. Hopefully there won't be any guardposts where we're going to cross.

Fitz-Hume sees the RANGE ROVER parked nearby. Alongside it BOYER and HADLEY are saddling pack horses.

FITZ-HUME
Hey! There's Dr. Boyer!

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

MILLBARGE

(sternly)

Leave it alone.

Fitz-Hume tears away to greet -

BOYER

Who is engaged strapping a COMPACT SIZED METAL CASE onto her beast.

FITZ-HUME

I left without saying goodbye.
Can you ever forgive me?

BOYER

You! You killed the Khan's brother!

FITZ-HUME

It wasn't us. He was already gone. It was the anesthetist's fault.

BOYER

You're a fraud. You're no doctor. I don't know what you are, but whatever it is don't be it around me.

She mounts up.

FITZ-HUME

Wait. Where are you going? You can't deny what happened back there between us.

BOYER

Don't touch me.

MILLBARGE

Eating some filched lamb he has watched the exchange from behind the bus. Fitz-Hume joins him and they watch Boyer and Hadley ride off.

FITZ-HUME

How do you like that. She lets a little insignificant thing like death get in the way of romance.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

MILLBARGE

They couldn't have done any better with the Khan's brother than we did. They aren't doctors.

FITZ-HUME

What do you mean?

MILLBARGE

The metal case she packed onto her horse -

FITZ-HUME

What about it?

MILLBARGE

It's a SATSCRAMBLER terminal. A sophisticated system for sending, scrambling, receiving and unscrambling satellite messages.

FITZ-HUME

So? She's a sophisticated woman.

MILLBARGE

It's a piece of highly classified Intelligence hardware.

FITZ-HUME

You mean they're spies like us?

MILLBARGE

Yes, they're spies, but not necessarily on our side.

FITZ-HUME

Well I'd say it's our duty as American operatives to follow her and find out what she's up to.

MILLBARGE

You just want to follow her. You're thinking with your dick.

FITZ-HUME

Look. They left their truck. They're probably going right across the border at a secret point. It would save us a lot of trouble.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

MILLBARGE

They do seem to be headed in that general direction. Maybe your dick's not so dumb.

FITZ-HUME

It got me through high school.

MILLBARGE

Well let's go. We have to find a horse or a mule or a camel or something.

101 EXT. DESERT/SNOWPLAIN/MOUNTAINS/GLACIERS - DAY 1

A MONTAGE. As in "Man Who Would Be King" as they travel into the mountains. Fitz-Hume and Millbarge ride alone one behind the other on the same YAK.

FITZ-HUME

We're losing them.

MILLBARGE

I'm gouging with my heels as hard as I can. His fur is so thick he can't feel it.

FITZ-HUME

Let's leave him behind. He's slowing us up.

102 EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY 1

FITZ-HUME & MILLBARGE - P.O.V. - LONG SHOT

Boyer and Hadley are miles ahead, ascending the slope of the mountain.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. SKYVIEW DRIVE-IN - MORNING 1

Quiet. Abandoned. Still.

CUT TO:

104 INT. SYSTEMS COMMAND CENTRE - DAY 1

It is a hive of activity. Screens, signals, panels, boards, messengers, technicians and in comfortable chairs, Miegs, Sline, Ruby and Keyes.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

MIEGS

...So you see in effect we're merely nudging the outside envelope of the Mutual Assured Destruction guarantee.

SLINE

But only insofar as it will serve to confirm the President's own beliefs.

RUBY

It's an exciting Project, General Sline.

An A.P. enters.

A.P.

Printout from GRAVSAT.

SLINE

(checks it)

Let's see. It's a transmission from the field. Your GS-20s. Here.

KEYES

Thanks. Wonderful. They confirm estimated arrival at the strike site by 6 p.m. their time tomorrow.

MIEGS

That's 9 a.m. here. Right on schedule.

KEYES

You can always count on our people.

CUT TO:

105 INT. FOREST - NIGHT - FITZ-HUME AND MILLBARGE

1

probe and pluck their way through knee-deep snow in the pitch dark.

FITZ-HUME

Wait, I've got to stop. I'm exhausted. I've lost her for sure now.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

MILLBARGE

You're still thinking about that woman. I'm worrying about our general overall survival. Just keep walking.

FITZ-HUME

I can't.

MILLBARGE

Why not?

FITZ-HUME

Because there's nothing under my foot.

106 EXT. PRECIPICE - NIGHT

10

A LIP OF ROCK overlooking a mountain track a hundred feet below. Fitz-Hume & Millbarge are right up to and have almost gone over the edge.

107 THEIR P.O.V. - NIGHT

107

Headlights from an ordered column of vehicles.

MILLBARGE

The Dushanbe Road.

108 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

108

Fitz-Hume and Millbarge lie by the side of the road.

FITZ-HUME

Well. This is it. Where are these contacts we've heard so much about?

MILLBARGE

They didn't say exactly where on the road did they?

FITZ-HUME

No. Maybe we should start hitchhiking.

MILLBARGE

We're inside the Soviet Union.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

FITZ-HUME

I wonder where Boyer was going.

MILLBARGE

Christ. They were on horseback.
We had a Yak!!

At this point a FULL SET OF FLOODLIGHTS comes on and the HIGHWAY is illuminated a hundred feet ahead and twenty feet on either side of -

109 EXT - MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT
ZILL POLICE CAR

109

A big Ziil Motors copy of a 1957 Chevy. A rack of spotlights floods the road and the forest.

110 EXT - MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT
FITZ-HUME & MILLBARGE

110

Noses away from the outer fringe of light. A Byelorussian SLUR cracks the night.

FITZ-HUME

(whispers)

What did he say?

MILLBARGE

(whispers)

It's the Tadzhik Highway Patrol.
They know we're here. They were
just sitting there. They heard
our conversation.

The slur echoes out again. Louder.

FITZ-HUME

(whispers)

What?

MILLBARGE

He says we needn't bother whispering.
Come on. Let's get out of here.

FITZ-HUME

What do you mean? We try that
and they'll cut us down.

MILLBARGE

We can't just go with them.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

FITZ-HUME

What other choice do we have?
At least if we give ourselves up
the State Department can work
out an exchange to get us home.

The doors on the police sedan open. Boots crunch in the snow.

MILLBARGE

Not me.

One of the spotlights is adjusted to flood Fitz-Hume and Millbarge. Millbarge dives away and scuttles off into the dark. Fitz-Hume stands and thrusts his hands over his head.

FITZ-HUME

Hi! It's O.K. It's just me!

The air, trees and snow around him is WHISTLED, RIPPED and RATTLED by automatic weapons fire as the police attempt to stop a fleeing Millbarge. Fitz-Hume dives for the ground.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. TADZHIK POLICE OUTPOST - DAY

111

A bleak concrete structure at a checkpoint in the road. The Ziil is parked outside.

112 INT. OUTPOST - DAY

112

A frontier jail - in Tadzhik S.S.R. A bare utilitarian blockhouse with tattered posters for REDS and DR. ZHIVAGO. Fitz-Hume is shackled to a chair.

COP #1

(Russian dialog)

FITZ-HUME

I was looking for the Burt
Reynolds Theatre.

COP #2

(Russian dialog)

FITZ-HUME

Listen, I think I am entitled to
a phone call.

112 CONTINUED:

112

SCHNELKER AND HODGES

They enter the post.

SCHNELKER

And who do you intend to call.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. FOREST - DAY

113

Millbarge slogs forward. Exhausted. Lost. Then from a distant spot O.S. there is the staccato of smallarms automatic weapons fire. He freezes. It is over in seconds. He has a sudden new sense of direction. He slogs on.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. FOREST SLOPE - DAY

114

Millbarge slowly approaches a scene of recent, vividly apparent disaster.

HADLEY lies dead along with the bodies of THREE SOVIET BORDER TROOPS. Three horses stand idly by. A moan comes from behind a tall-pine.

BOYER

Lies unconscious in the snow. In her hand she holds an INGRAM MAC-10 machine pistol. Millbarge approaches her cautiously. He revives her.

BOYER

(croaks)

You! What are you doing here?
Stay away!

MILLBARGE

What are you doing here?

BOYER

They surprised us. Border troops.
They got my partner.

MILLBARGE

(he bends to
assist her)

Looks like they got you too.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

BOYER

No. I'm fine.

MILLBARGE

No wonder none of you could do that appendix operation. You're spies like us. I guess you're on our side... from the look of it.

He appraises her body count.

BOYER

You mean you're -

MILLBARGE

Austin Millbarge. I'm a GS-20.

BOYER

So - You two are the other GS-20s. The decoys. You're the ones they told us would be out here to take the heat off us.

MILLBARGE

Decoys. Decoys! What!? Us?! I can't ... !! I...!! That's why they RUSHED us through training. Why we were met by K.G.B.!! Why they sent us right into enemy hands!!

BOYER

Right. But it wasn't supposed to happen to us... the main team.

MILLBARGE

I'm extremely pissed off. My friend and I were set up.

BOYER

Forget it. That's behind us. We have a Project to complete.

MILLBARGE

Project!! Fitz-Hume is in the custody of the Tadzhik Highway Patrol because of you. The only "Project" right now is to get my partner out.

CUT TO:

115 INT. POLICE OUTPOST - SAME TIME - DAY

115

HODGES

Why are you here?

FITZ-HUME

(groggy - up all
night)I've been asking myself the same
thing.

HODGES

What is your objective?

FITZ-HUME

My objective. I object to taking
a girl out, buying her dinner, and
then she doesn't put out.

HODGES

Why are you here?

FITZ-HUME

Why am I here? Why are you here?
Why is anyone here? It was Jean-
Paul Sartre who once said, "How
do you spell Sartre?"

Schnelker slaps him.

FITZ-HUME

(continuing)

All right, that's it. Now I'm
getting mad.

He gets slapped again.

FITZ-HUME

(continuing)

And let that be a lesson to you.

Hodges takes out a gleaming hunting knife.

HODGES

Every minute you don't tell us
why you're here, I cut off a
finger.

FITZ-HUME

Mine or yours?

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

HODGES

Yours.

FITZ-HUME

Damn!

Schnelker slaps him.

FITZ-HUME

Hey, what are you still hitting me for? He's gonna cut off my fingers.

HODGES

You have thirty seconds.

FITZ-HUME

(very frightened)

You're not going to hum the Jeopardy theme, are you?

HODGES

We'll start with a little one.

Schnelker presses his hand on a table. Hodges gets ready to carve.

FITZ-HUME

All right, all right. I'm an American agent.

HODGES

And?

FITZ-HUME

And I'm here to... assassinate your PREMIER.

HODGES

I knew it!

(to Schnelker)

Pay up.

SCHNELKER

(paying up)

Let's cut off his fingers, anyway.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

HODGES

No, let's take him back to
Headquarters in Moscow.

FITZ-HUME

Good move.

116 EXT. OUTPOST - DAY

116

Fitz-Hume is handcuffed. Schnelker and Hodges bring him out and escort him to the rear door of the Ziil. Suddenly the roof of the Police Car suffers under a WITHERING HAIL of MACHINE GUN FIRE.

MILLBARGE

Mounted and tied into the saddle of a patrol horse he rides in screeching and pumping slugs from two MAC-10's.

FITZ-HUME

Leaps up and grapples himself onto the animal as Millbarge rides by and pivots to lay down a full-clip of covering fire.

SCHNELKER AND HODGES

Jump up cursing and shooting at them.

FITZ-HUME AND MILLBARGE

Ride off into the woods.

CUT TO:

117 EXT. FOREST SLOPE - DUSK

117

Boyer crouches over the Gravsat scrambler terminal. A MINI-DISH is folded open. The machine beeps, whirrs and spits out a little ream of paper. She is now wearing a jacket over a skin-tight metallic gold and black fleck BODY SUIT. She responds to the message and taps it into the keyboard.

Fitz-Hume and Millbarge ride in.

FITZ-HUME

Is this true about us just being
decoys?

BOYER

Wait. I'm sending.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

She finishes her message and folds up the Satscrambler.

FITZ-HUME

Honey, what are you wearing?
It looks like Ann Margaret's
warm-up suit.

BOYER

You're not far off. It's a new
heat-retentive survival garment.
I have more. You two are welcome
to a pair.

FITZ-HUME

I think she's beautiful.

MILLBARGE

What were you just sending on that
Satscrambler? I demand to know
who's running this operation. Is
it D.O.S.-D.C.I., D.O.D.-D.I.A.,
ARPA who?!

BOYER

There's no time. We're three
hours away from the GO-CODE.

MILLBARGE

The GO-CODE for what!?

BOYER

That's classified until we reach
the final objective.

MILLBARGE

What is the final objective?!

BOYER

It's only about half a mile from
here. Over that ridge.

She rises and moves out.

MILLBARGE

I'm not going one step further
until I know what's going on.

Fitz-Hume mimes an urgent prodding to Millbarge.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

FITZ-HUME

Austin, please. Come on. For me.
I'm getting in good with her again.
I can feel it. Come on, man. It's
only half a mile.

CUT TO:

118 EXT. RIDGE - NIGHT

118

Boyer leads the way to the top.

MILLBARGE

Listen. You hear something?

FITZ-HUME

Yeah. What is it?

MILLBARGE

It sounds like music.

FITZ-HUME

It is. It is music.

MILLBARGE

It is. It's... Sly. Sly and the
Family Stone.

FITZ-HUME

Sly? Out here?! I guess he's
still having trouble getting
good gigs.

119 EXT. TOP OF THE RIDGE - NIGHT

119

The three of them CRAWL up to the ever-nearing strains of
"Dance To The Music." They reach the crest and peer over
carefully.

120 EXT. GULLY - NIGHT

120

THEIR P.O.V.

A couple of hundred yards below them in an open gully is the
parking site of the camouflaged TRACTOR and its CYLINDRICAL
CARGO. The crew has emplaced themselves comfortably with
tents, a campfire and a large CASSETTE PLAYER.

MILLBARGE

Jesus. That's an SV-50 launcher
and rocket.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

BOYER

Christ. This is a Soviet I.C.B.M.
site.

FITZ-HUME

Listen, voices!!

Three SOVIET SOLDIERS appear from behind the launcher.
They hit several venting switches. The rocket engine hisses
and a filmy vapor escapes.

BOYER

Only three men.

Another SOVIET SOLDIER comes out of a tent. This one,
however, is a block-shaped woman of fifty.

FITZ-HUME

And their Mother.

The woman shouts out a command.

TENT

The flaps part and a vision steps forth. A hefty, yet
nevertheless spectacular, young woman emerges wrapped in a
blanket.

FITZ-HUME

Where are those binoculars?

MILLBARGE

I'm in love.

BOYER

Honestly! You two are unbelievable!

FITZ-HUME & MILLBARGE

Grapple over the binoculars.

MILLBARGE

Beautiful. Wait a minute. What
are we doing here?!

BOYER

This is our final objective.
Our Project orders are to subdue
the crew and seize control of this
emplacement.

FITZ-HUME

What for?

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

BOYER

An intelligence and technical appraisal I guess. They'll tell us in the next signal from Gravsat.

MILLBARGE

Hold it, sister! That missile is tipped with a 40 megaton fission-fusion nuclear warhead.

FITZ-HUME

(cheerfully)

Good night everybody!

He turns to leave.

BOYER

Where are you going?

FITZ-HUME

Home.

MILLBARGE

For once I'm in complete agreement with my friend. I think we should all get up and leave this place immediately.

FITZ-HUME

Right. How do we get out of here?

BOYER

Only after we've seized the emplacement will our controllers transmit our safe-route-to-home coordinates.

MILLBARGE

They would build a clause like that into the deal.

BOYER

Look. I don't care what you two do. I'm fulfilling my obligation. I intend to go down there and seize that emplacement, alone if I have to.

FITZ-HUME

You know we'd do anything in the world for you. But we can't seize the rocket. We'd have to kill everybody down there.

120 CONTINUED:

120

MILLBARGE

And I'm not killing anyone.

BOYER

You don't have to.

She unpacks a kit and shows them a set of ominous-looking pistols.

BOYER

(continuing)

These are high-compression tranquilizer pistols. We're not killing anybody.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. SKYVIEW DRIVE-IN - DAY

121

Quiet. Abandoned. Dilapidated.

122 INT. COMMAND BRIDGE - DAY

122

The activity is hushed but edged with tension. More viewing screens are illuminated.

TECHNICIAN #1

Hours. T. minus two. Until designated target apogee.

TECHNICIAN #2

Sir. All air traffic has been diverted from our response corridor.

MIEGS

What's our present on-line power reading?

TECHNICIAN #1

Michigan reactors and Washington state plants coming on-line, General.

SLINE

Let's go to Response Level Yellow. Run your full servo and arming.

TECHNICIAN

Initiating Level Yellow.

CUT TO:

123 CLOSE-UP TECHNICIAN'S PANEL - DAY

123

Switches marked with small plaques:

SERVO ASSIST

ARM TIP

He unlatches the toggle protectors and throws both to OPEN.

124 INT. CONCRETE - DAY

124

In a hollowed, carved recess just below ground level - Servo-pistons and metal-alloy pulleys seethe and thrust their heavy load upward.

125 EXT. DRIVE-IN - DAY

125

The PINK & AQUA BLOCK HOUSE SEPARATES at its front wall which splits in half vertically as the ENTIRE ROOF SLIDES BACK. This void is then FILLED WITH AN ELONGATED TUBULAR TRIPLE PRONGED INSTRUMENT. It is 30 feet long by ten feet in breadth and it sits in the building in exactly the same spot as the projector would sit. It seems to hum and throb. A subliminal yet numbing vibration.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. EMPLACEMENT - NIGHT

126

The rocket crew has a full-blown party in progress. Vodka, dancing, smoking and singing. Then FROM O.S. BEHIND THEM IN THE THICKNESS OF THE FOREST A TREMENDOUS BALL OF LIGHT BURSTS INTO THE SKY: The light of ten emergency flares all being fired at once. Then there is the sound of PINE BRANCHES BURNING like an enormous mound of fresh boughs being ignited. The SOVIETS scramble into a defensive posture.

127 FOREST - NIGHT

127

Smoke billows in the b.g. Flames flicker. Moving beams of white light appear in between the trees.

CREW

In a line with guns at the ready. They watch cautiously as two figures emerge from the woods. Two human-"like" figures except that beams of light illuminate their heads and around their necks there is a ring of shining, reflective silver.

FITZ-HUME AND MILLBARGE

Have wired flashlights under the collars of their survival suits and have woven necklaces from foil freeze-dried food packets. Each wears a pair of snow goggles. They stop at the edge of the clearing and swivel their heads stiffly like robots.

128 EXT. EMPLACEMENT - NIGHT
THEIR P.O.V.

128

The Soviets are frozen in place. The elder woman speaks to the others in a calm even tone. A whisper. Neither side moves a muscle.

FITZ-HUME

(whispering)

What's she saying?

MILLBARGE

(straining and whispering)

Hairbrush.. headrest.. no.. wait..
barn.. childhood.. Lithuania.. uncle..
cow.. elevator.. energy.. shotgun and
bar-b-q.

FITZ-HUME

Where did you take your Russian
courses J.C. Penney?

MILLBARGE

Wait. Listen.. comet.. traveller..
spit.. fire.. space shot.. I've got
it. When she was a little girl in
Lithuania at her uncle's farm a space
ship landed and stole a cow which her
uncle had just shot for roasting.

FITZ-HUME

See, I knew this would work. People
everywhere know about U.F.O.'s and
aliens.

MILLBARGE

I don't think her experience with
one was pleasant. She's saying the
cow was to have fed her whole village
for a week.

FITZ-HUME

So what, we owe her a cow.

(CONTINUED)

128

128

CONTINUED:

She cocks her gun.

MILLBARGE

Where can we get one?

FITZ-HUME

Wait. Do exactly what I do.

FITZ-HUME

With a sudden lurch he gasps and wheezes and begins staggering around as if all the air has been cut off to his lungs. He clasps his chest with one hand and reaches out flailing and grasping with the other. Millbarge immediately does the same thing. Fitz-Hume collapses and falls on his back into a motionless position. Millbarge does the same collapsing on top of him.

SOVIETS

Cautiously inch forward. Weapons at the ready. They gather around the two alien figures.

MILLBARGE

Rolls over and comes up FIRING A TRANQUILIZER PISTOL. He lays three darts in the women's legs.

FITZ-HUME

Rolls quickly out of the way of A BURST from one of the women's rifles. He barely manages to get off two DARTS. Each one into the legs of the two remaining crew members.

SOVIETS

Stagger, drop their weapons and keel over like felled rhinos. Fitz-Hume and Millbarge quickly remove the ammo clips from the guns. Boyer enters, lugging the Satscrambler.

BOYER

Excellent penetration gentleman.
Well done. We have 30 minutes
until GO HOUR.

(CONTINUED)

129 EXT. DRIVE-IN - BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 129

The three-pronged INSTRUMENT awaits further commands.

130 INT. COMMAND BRIDGE - DAY 130

TECHNICIAN #1

Satscram signal from the strike site. Your GS-20s have penetrated successfully and are awaiting the GO-CODE.

TECHNICIAN #2

All our hi-weather birds are confirming their bounce positions.

MIEGS

Open and lock down ground deflector.

131 CLOSE-UP - PANEL 131

Toggle protectors are lifted and fingers -

OPEN LOCK

132 EXT. DRIVE-IN - DAY 132

The SCREEN slides open revealing a MASSIVE INTERMESH of reflective WAFERS.

133 EXT. EMPLACEMENT - SAME TIME - NIGHT 133

Fitz-Hume, Millbarge and Boyer crouch over the SATSCRAMBLER.

BOYER

The final signal's unscrambling now.

Many printed chits are spat out.

FITZ-HUME

Where does it say how we get home?

BOYER

(retrieving them)

Wait. This isn't the cleartext I usually get. This is in Russian phonetics. Damn. Hadley had the Russian in our team.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

MILLBARGE

I know a little Russian.

FITZ-HUME

So Dostoevsky what does it say?

MILLBARGE

It says approach the Programmable
Guidance SV-50 Long Range Ballistic
Missile.

LAUNCHER

They all approach it.

MILLBARGE

Easy. Find the pull-out console
beneath the front rear erector arm.

Fitz-Hume and Boyer unlatch a set of twin latches at the
front of the device. There is a keyboard with metal switch
keys and typing keys.

MILLBARGE

This is a snap. Turn on erector
power source by switching top two
keys left.

He does this. There is a deep, distinct, powerful, poised
WHIRR from inside the launch platform.

MILLBARGE

Enter the following sequence by
individual letter key -
QQ- MM- T- O- B- AK- U.S.A.
Stop. Hold number sequence.
Acknowledge compliance on Satscram
now.

BOYER

(she enters a message)

Acknowledging compliance on
Satscram now.

134 EXT. DRIVE-IN - DAY

134

The wafer intermesh and the instrument set poised and
pulsating.

135 INT. COMMAND BRIDGE - DAY

135

TECHNICIAN #1

Satscram signal coming in now.
GS-20s acknowledge programming
and compliance.

SLINE

Let's move to Response Level Red.

TECHNICIAN #2

Initiated Response Level Red.
Initiated and engaged.

SLINE

Bring all birds into final BOUNCE
MODE.

CUT TO:

136 EXT. NEAR SPACE - SAME TIME

136

From various parts of the skyscape come THREE SATELLITES.
ONE rotates into position over the Indian Ocean. TWO locks
in over that part of the Southern Pacific which is visible.
THREE dips out of sight towards the southern U.S.

137 SATELLITE #ONE

137

Panels slide down and a FAN OF METALLIC LEAVES unfolds and
points earthward.

138 SATELLITE # TWO

138

The same activity occurs.

139 INT. COMMAND BRIDGE - DAY

CUT TO:

139

FULL CLOSE-UP - GENERAL MIEGS

MIEGS

Send them the GO. CODE.

CUT TO:

140 EXT. EMPLACEMENT - NIGHT

140

FITZ-HUME, MILLBARGE & BOYER

BOYER

Go with numbered sequence.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

MILLBARGE

Numbered sequence. 23 - 406 -
74 - 74 - 25 - 0 - 5 - 0 - 337.

He enters this into the console.

141 EXT. EMPLACEMENT - NIGHT
ERECTOR/MISSILE

141

As soon as Millbarge's finger leaves the keyboard, the ERECTOR ARMS pump and shoot up with a soft near-noiseless hiss. This is followed by several ELECTRONIC CLICKS, A RUMBLE OF IGNITION and a BLAST OF FLAME AND VAPOR into the ground. The ROCKET travels easily up the erector and up over the tree-tops in a matter of seconds.

142 EXT. EMPLACEMENT - NIGHT
FITZ-HUME, MILLBARGE & BOYER

CUT TO:

142

They gaze at the disappearing contrail.

MILLBARGE

(in awe)

Did you see that?

FITZ-HUME

Millbarge. What have we done?!

BOYER

I don't believe we just did that.

The Soviet crew members are stirring in the background.

MILLBARGE

I think we just started World
War III.

The Soviets get up and train rifles on them. The elder Soviet woman shrieks in Russian.

MILLBARGE

She wants to know why we would
do such a thing.

FITZ-HUME

Tell her so do we.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

BOYER

Oh my God. It's going to be the end of the world.

MILLBARGE

Why would they want us to do such a thing?

The Soviets look at their weapons realizing they have no ammo. They all sit down dejectedly in the snow and begin talking among themselves.

FITZ-HUME

What are they saying?

MILLBARGE

They're saying it'll take about twenty-eight minutes before that rocket hits its target inside the continental United States.

Boyer sits down in the snow and puts her head in her hands.

MILLBARGE

Hmm. Twenty-eight minutes which means it will be inside the U.S. radar cup in eighteen minutes so our response should be about two minutes after that. That's twenty until total commitment, and let's see, figure another twenty until total impact of the first warheads. I figure that we have about forty-two minutes until the end of civilization as we know it.

Fitz-Hume sits down next to Boyer and puts his arm around her.

FITZ-HUME

Want to go out with a bang?

BOYER

I beg your pardon?

FITZ-HUME

It was just a suggestion.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

BOYER

You know if we were in a bar I'd throw a drink right in your face... (A slow smile)... but under the circumstances that's not such a bad idea.

FITZ-HUME (to MILLBARGE)

You'll excuse us won't you?

They exit arm and arm into a tent. Millbarge is incredulous. He watches as the elder Soviet woman apparently has the same conversation with one of the male soldiers in Russian. Those two leave. The two remaining male soldiers have the same conversation and they leave as well. The gorgeous female soldier remains. She looks at Millbarge shyly. Millbarge smiles tentatively. She smiles back.

CUT TO:

143 EXT. SPACE - NIGHT
ROCKET

143

Reaching the top of its trajectory above the earth and traveling fast.

CUT TO:

144 INT. COMMAND BRIDGE - DAY

144

VIEWING SCREENS track the rocket in color graphics.

TECHNICIAN #1

SAC-COM confirms an outbound blip from Soviet Central Asia.

MIEGS

That's it. It's on its way.

SLINE

Override all SAC ALERTS with ERROR STAND-DOWN ORDERS for ten minutes.

TECHNICIAN #2

Override code entered. ERROR. STAND DOWN.

MIEGS

Release Full Pulse. Full response.

145 CLOSE-UP - PANEL

145

A handle marked: CANNON PULSE
FULL RELEASE

It is turned.

CUT TO:

146 EXT. DRIVE-IN - PROJECTOR BLOCKHOUSE - DAY

146

The TIP OF THE CANNON shudders and spits forth a
MULTI-HUED, IRRIDESCENT CRACKLING ENERGY PULSE.

It is shaped like an ARROWHEAD and it travels intact in this
shape into the CENTER OF THE DEFLECTOR MESH.

147 SCREEN

147

The MESH absorbs the PULSE. It seems to disappear for
an instant. Then in a BLINDING FLASH which rings the entire
SCREEN in a glowing corona, the ARROW-SHAPED PULSE is
AMPLIFIED and SPAT FORTH into the sky.

148 EXT. NEAR SPACE - WIDE

148

HOLDING part of EARTH and the THREE SATELLITES arrayed above it.
From a distant quadrant the figure of the ROCKET reaches the
TOP OF ITS TRAJECTORY above the array of satellites.

149 SATELLITE # ONE

149

Its LEAVES EXPAND and lock onto position just in time as the
energy pulse hits it and is deflected off at a right angle.

150 SATELLITE # TWO

150

Its leaves lock into position as the energy pulse hits it and
is deflected at another angle off into yet another direction.

151 SATELLITE # THREE

151

Its leaves have not quite locked into position and the pulse
isn't fully deflected but glances off at an awkward ineffective
angle.

152 ROCKET

152

The last energy pulse passes harmlessly behind it. The ARROW
of pure now totally unharnessed energy travels through the
ionosphere.

153 SATELLITE - CLOSE-UP

153

A multi-splined, slow, rotating bird with stencilled graphics on the center panel of its barrel:

U.S.
SPORTS, MOVIE

&
MUSIC
NETWORK

The energy pulse hits this satellite. It explodes spectacularly.

154 INT. MIDDLE-CLASS HOME - TEENAGE BEDROOM - DAY

154

A room plastered with rock and roll posters.

Three teenage girls are watching MTV. A heavy metal video with multiple pyrotechnic explosions is playing. The T.V. blows up.

TEENAGE GIRLS

Wow. Bitchin'.

155 ROCKET

155

On a downward roll out of its trajectory into a PLUNGE INBOUND to the North American land mass.

156 INT. COMMAND BRIDGE - DAY

156

The VIEWING SCREENS depict the above action in color graphics.

TECHNICIAN #1

Deflector Bird Three failed to open, sir.

SLINE

Just what are you saying, soldier?

TECHNICIAN #1

We missed it, sir.

MIEGS

What?! We missed?

TECHNICIAN #2

We missed the rocket. It didn't work.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

SLINE

It didn't work!! Where did the Pulse go?

TECHNICIAN #1

I don't know, sir, but it definitely did not connect with the inbound traffic.

MIEGS

We missed... I can't believe it didn't work.

TECHNICIAN #1

SAC-COM is rejecting all stand down overrides. They are confirming FULL ALERT STATUS.

RUBY

We'd better call the President!

MIEGS

We are not calling anyone.

KEYES

What do you mean we're not calling anyone?! The President must know that this attack was not initiated by the Soviet Union!

SLINE

(calmly)

We are prepared for this contingency.

RUBY

What the hell do you intend to do?! You understand, sir, that we are responsible for the launching of a nuclear weapon against our own country?!

MIEGS

No one outside of this command centre has that information, gentlemen.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

SLINE

When we commissioned the Schmectel Corporation to research this precise event-sequence scenario it was determined that the continual stockpiling and development of our nuclear arsenal was becoming self-defeating. A weapon unused is a useless weapon.

TECHNICIAN #1

SAC-COM confirms all defense systems commitment ready.

TECHNICIAN #2

We have verification. The President is aboard the airborne command centre now.

SLINE

(smiles)

I'm sure it will only be a matter of minutes before the President commits to total release.

KEYES

(quietly)

Jesus Christ.

SLINE

You see, we had to show we had the technical capability and were determined. History demonstrates conclusively that naive wishing for peace is the surest possible way to encourage an aggressor.

RUBY

I demand you place me in immediate communication with the President!

MIEGS

Relax Mister Ruby. This facility is more than adequately stocked for a comfortable seventeen months of below ground existence. We'll be fine.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

KEYES

By your actions, sir, you are
risking the future of the human
race!

SLINE

To guarantee the American way of
life? I am willing to take that
risk.

157 MONTAGE - DAY

157

of worldwide military activity.

Soviet & U.S.
Bombers taking off.
Silo doors opening.

CUT TO:

158 EXT. EMPLACEMENT - SAME TIME - NIGHT

158

It is quiet except for an occasional subdued moan.

159 INT. TENT - MILLBARGE - NIGHT

159

In a sleeping bag with the female crew member. She is
nibbling on his ear.

MILLBARGE

It's only been ten minutes since I
destroyed the world. In another
ten minutes it will be all over.
Such a short time to destroy a
world. And to think my guidance
teacher said I'd never amount to
anything. Wait a minute. Guidance.
Source programmable guidance long
range rocket. Source programmable
guidance.

160 EXT. EMPLACEMENT - NIGHT

160

Millbarge rushes out clutching the sleeping bag around him.

MILLBARGE

Up! Everyone up. Fitz-Hume!
Comrades. There might be a way!

160 CONTINUED:

160

LAUNCHER

Everyone bounds out from tents and forest partially clothed. Millbarge grabs the elder Soviet crew member.

MILLBARGE

You. Quick. Where is the instruction manual for this thing?

She looks at him blankly.

FITZ-HUME

What are you doing?

MILLBARGE

I think we can re-call it!

FITZ-HUME

Recall it? Like a defective Studebaker?

MILLBARGE

(excited)

It's made to respond to in-flight commands through their SATRELAY network.

He turns to the Soviets and tells (in Russian) them the same thing exactly. They all respond with tremendous excitement and begin running around frantically.

MILLBARGE

Boyer. Get the SATSCRAM sender! Fitz-Hume, grab a hammer, grab a rock, anything.

The Soviet crew opens up a panel on the launcher revealing complex wiring and circuitry. The elder Soviet woman orders two crew members up the erector arms with wire.

FITZ-HUME

What am I supposed to do with this rock?

BOYER

Here's the SATSCRAM terminal.

MILLBARGE

Smash that thing! Boyer, start sending an override through their keyboard.

She goes to the launch console and begins sending.

160 CONTINUED:

160

Fitz-Hume smashes the terminal. Sparks fly.

MILLBARGE

I need the signal adjustment board
to augment their sending selector.

He grabs the boards. The elder Soviet woman connects
the two wires from the men on top of the erector.

BOYER

It's too late. It's probably
all over.

MILLBARGE

(working furiously)

No. It's been sixteen minutes
since it was launched. It would
take that model at least twenty-
five minutes to impact in North
America. If I can bridge the
adjustment and selection boards
from our system into their selector
I can send the recall signal
through our satellite network.
Oh shit!

FITZ-HUME

What?

MILLBARGE

I need a... ah... a... ah... a...

FITZ-HUME

What?! What?! Bigger than a
breadbox... title of a movie...
title of a book?

MILLBARGE

Ah... a... a...

Suddenly he grabs a bobby-pin from the gorgeous Soviet
girl's hair.

MILLBARGE

Got it !

He jams the pin into the maze of circuitry.

161 EXT. ROCKET - NEAR SPACE

161

Seven thousand miles above the GREAT LAKES and pointing downwar

162 INT. ROCKET - CLOSE-UP 162

Twenty-digit TUMBLER-ROW. In a series of random clicks several of the DIALS CHANGE swiftly.

163 EXT. ROCKET 163

Steering thrusters extend and the missile yaws, pitches and rolls into a radical upward trajectory. WE FOLLOW it up, up past the immediate atmosphere into the eternal celestial night.

164 CLOSE-UP - THE SHEET METAL 164

On the missile - buckles, ripples and crumples under the pressure.

165 ROCKET. 165

Detonates in a spectacularly colorful, awesomely powerful QUADRA-TIERED FISSION-FUSION AIRBURST.

166 INT. COMMAND BRIDGE - DAY 166

Personnel behind them are stacking cases of canned food.

TECHNICIAN #1

General Miegs. SAC-COM confirms destruction of the inbound at Zulu 3000 hours.

MIEGS

What about the rest of their inbounds?

TECHNICIAN #1

There are none. Both us and him are on FULL RECALL.

SLINE

Damn! Recall.

At this moment the elevator doors explode and the room is invaded by a team of U.S. RANGERS in full assault gear.

MAN IN SUIT

Flops open his credential case.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

MAN IN SUIT

D.O.D.-D.I.A. You are all under indefinite detention and subject to prosecution under section 77B of the National Security Act.

KEYES

Wait. We don't know these men!

RUEY

Yes, we were kidnapped!

KEYES

Yes, that's right... kidnapped!

MAN IN SUIT

Place them all under arrest. All of them.

CUT TO:

167 PLEASE NOTE:

16

This scene is still to be determined.

It will be a happy ending (a la "TRADING PLACES" and millions of other movies) in some exotic and amusing locale.

Chevy and Dr. Boyer, Danny and the gorgeous Soviet soldier, and the other four Russian soldiers, all happy together in some safe, comfortable place.

This will obviously be very funny, very satisfying, and the audience will file out of the theater and dutifully tell their friends. We will all make lots of money.

Any ideas for this sequence are welcome.