

THE ASSIGNMENT

BY

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AND

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1 ESTABLISHING SHOT - EXTREME CLOSE - UP - COBBLESTONES - PARIS - 1
EARLY MORNING

TITLE SEQUENCE BEGINS

We OPEN with the screen filled with a dark gray, cut down the middle by a black crevice. We should be unsure of what we are looking at. Is it the surface of the moon or some primieval canyon covered in volcanic ash? Just then a liquid with a yellowish tinge finds its way down through the crevice and further divides the screen in two, like a river border dividing East from West perhaps.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP to reveal that the dark gray which filled the screen was in fact two paving stones on a Parisian street and the yellowish river that ran down the middle of the stones comes in two tiny streams that lead to two little boys, who are peeing on the pavement, laughing at their mischief. The boys are twins. They wear backpacks and are set to go off to school. Just then we HEAR the voice of a WOMAN shouting in French (with English subtitles).

FRENCH WOMAN (O.S.)

What do you think you're going?!
You ought to be ashamed behaving
like that!

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP to reveal ever more scenes of life on this particular street. The woman shouts at the children from her window and the children run off. At the corner, fresh bread is being delivered to a sidewalk cafe, as chairs are set out at tables by white aproned waiters who are preparing for their morning clientele.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP to reveal a taxi driver arguing with a deliver man as a husband kisses his wife goodbye and set off for work as we continue pulling back and across the city over Montmartre, picking up an argument between two drivers here, fresh bread being delivered to a cafe over there. Chairs are being set up at sidewalk tables as the city awakens and we float across Montmartre into a small residential quarter. Husbands kiss wives who send school children on their way as TITLES CONTINUE and the city comes more and more to life and we hover across a small square just up from the Place de la Opera, not far from the Boulevard Saint Germain-des-Pres, with Montmartre in the b.g. The square has a sidewalk cafe with tables extending out onto a peninsula of pavement that stretches to the foot of a small hotel, whose shuttered windows overlook the square. As we pull back and back over the small square, we literally...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

SFX SHOT

...Pull backwards through the slats of the shutter, going from an aerial shot, being sucked in through the semi-closed shutters into a hotel room where we continue ever so slowly, pulling back.

2 INT. HOTEL ROOM - PARIS - EARLY MORNING

2

The first thing we SEE in this shot which should appear seamless in its one continuous motion transition from the preceding scene, is a spider-web. We are TIGHT on the web in which a still-living insect struggles against his silky bonds. The web begins to tremble as from up above the spider drops, spinning thread lowering itself down on this latest victim, soon to be lunch. As the spider makes this journey we become aware in the b.g. of the panting sounds of lovemaking. It is a woman's breathless sighs and gasps we hear, but under that, perhaps a man's voice, perhaps not. The sounds build to a climax as the camera continues to pull back until it discovers the glistening body of a beautiful young Parisian woman in post-coital dewy Nirvana. Then, the figure of a nude man in silhouette enters frame and crosses over to the shuttered window. His face and body are half-lit by the slats of light that penetrate from the world outside the hotel room. He lights a cigarette.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON - CLOSE ON THE MAN

whom we will come to know as CARLOS. He lights the cigarette and takes a thirsty drag sucking the smoke deep into his lungs, glancing out at the street and alternately at the spider who tiptoes down to her prey. He watches the spider envelop the still-living victim with her spindly legs. Then he takes another drag on the cigarette and the ash glows bright, a burning ember which he touches ever so slowly to the spider's body. It sizzles.

CARLOS

(whispering to the burnt
spider)

You lose...

He looks out through the shutters at the digital clock across the square. Then he glances back at the girl whom we will call COLETTE. The conversation is in French with English subtitles.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

COLETTE

What do you mean?

CARLOS

I mean get out.

COLETTE

You're a pig, you know that? How
can you be like that?

Carlos crosses to her slowly. He runs his hand across her
cheek, then down across her throat. Death is in his eyes.

CARLOS

(barely above a whisper)
Leave without saying another word.

3 INT. BATHROOM - HOTEL - DAY

3

Carlos stands in front of the mirror. The mirror is cracked and in it we see the fractured face of Carlos staring back at us from opposite sides of the cracked glass. He wears surgical gloves. From a make up kit by the side of the sink he removes a piece of false hair and spirit gum as TITLES CONTINUE.

- A. Carlos affixes a John Lennon mustache.
- B. Carlos puts on a brown wig of moderately longish hair such as one might have seen on a student in Paris in the early seventies.
- C. Carlos puts on a pair of John Lennon granny glasses and the student look is complete.
- D. Carlos stands in front of a full length mirror in jeans and a blue work shirt over which he puts a worn grey jacket. He now looks every inch the young French student dressing down to look like one of the proletariat.

END OF TITLES

- E. Carlos takes an M26 hand grenade and puts it into an inside pocket of his coat. He puts a machine pistol and snaps its ammo clip into it and puts it in his student's shoulder bag and then takes a Walther PPK and places it in his jeans at the small of his back. All the while that he is doing these things he sings: "ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE."

CARLOS

(singing)

All you need is love...
Rum da, da da da
All you need is love
Rum da da da da
All you need is lo-ve
Love is all you need.
Love is all you need.

SUPERIMPOSED: Paris, September 15, 1974.

4 EXT./INT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

4

It's a hot Sunday afternoon and the complex of shops and a cafe in St. Germain-des-Pres is bustling with young clientele. Inside the cafe, there is a second floor with a balustrade overlooking the tables inside. Outside, there are tables set up on the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

JACK SHAW, a tall, husky American in his late thirties, sits at one of the front tables outside. He reads the International Herald Tribune. The headline is, "Terrorists Seize Embassy, Issue Demands And Threaten Attacks." Jack sips his espresso.

ANGLE ON CARLOS

dressed as in preceding scene. He enters. Just then Jack looks up and sees him. For an instant, Carlos looks at Jack, tenses just slightly. Jack looks back at his paper paying no attention. Carlos pulls out a cigarette, pats his pockets for a light. Then he crosses to Jack.

CARLOS

Pardon monsieur...

He mimes flicking a match and Jack looks for a match. He's out. He offers the lit end of his cigarette. Carlos cups Jack's hand.

CARLOS

Merci.

He crosses away from Jack, smiling and goes inside the cafe. Jack follows him absentmindedly, tracking his progress through the windows, though his view is obscured somewhat by reflections of the street. Carlos steps casually to the railing overlooking the tables inside as Jack sees the double image of Carlos and the reflected street scene. Carlos leans over, pulls the pin from an M26 grenade, and lets the "spoon" come off in his hand. We HEAR the timing fuse hiss as Carlos nonchalantly counts to himself.

CARLOS

(counting)

One thousand one... one thousand
two... one thousand three...

ANGLE ON - JACK

He looks up just in time to see Carlos drop the grenade casually into the crowd below. Their eyes lock for a beat; then Carlos smiles, turns and bounds away. Jack's eyes widen in horror. He gets up, about to cry out a warning.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON -

the crowd below as the grenade EXPLODES, filling the air with smoke and flying glass, its metal ripping through flesh and

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

bone. People are wounded, bloody and writhing in pain and screaming in panic.

ANGLE ON JACK

disheveled, covered with the shattered glass of the window, but not but not seriously hurt, he struggles to his feet. He looks around for Carlos who has vanished, now realizing who he was. As he looks around, he sees a SMALL BOY staring at his left arm with heart-rending disbelief.

The boy has no hand.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - PARIS - DAY

5

There are throngs of ambulances, police and military personnel, wounded survivors are being tended to. All is confusion and off in a corner we SEE Jack, standing with a man in a suit. The man's name is DU FOLTIERE. He shows Jack an I.D.

DU FOLTIERE

Du Foltiere, Monsieur,
intelligence liaison officer.
D.S.T. My understanding is that
you are the Deputy Chief of
Station, CIA, Paris, and that you
witnessed by coincidence this
attack.

JACK

That's right.

DU FOLTIERE

And you have told my subordinate
that you recognized the terrorist
as Carlos?

Du Foltiere pulls out a small notebook to take notes.

JACK

That's not what I told him. I
said he recognized me. Afterwards
I realized who he was. By then it
was too late.

DU FOLTIERE

(writing in his notebook)
Ah yes... The deputy chief of
station did not recognize him...
But he recognized you.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

JACK

I wasn't the one wearing the disguise.

DU FOLTIERE

Yes of course... But then how are you sure it was him?

JACK

How often do you see someone holding a live grenade listening to the fuse? Besides, the arrogant son of a bitch bastard smiled at me.

6 EXT. INT. OPEC HQ - DAY

6

SUPERIMPOSED: Vienna, December 21, 1975

It's a cold Sunday morning with a light snow just beginning to fall when SIX YOUNG MEN and ONE WOMAN enter the headquarters of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries -- a modern, seven-story block of concrete and glass. They all carry Adidas sport bags over their shoulders. Their leader, Carlos, with dark beret and sunglasses, sports a long white raincoat -- the kind that was very much in fashion that winter. Next to him is KOJ, a Japanese terrorist and his most trusted Lieutenant.

CARLOS

(singing)

I shot the sheriff... but I did not shoot the deputy...

CUT TO:

7 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - THIRD FLOOR

7

At a long oval table TWELVE OIL MINISTERS. Miniature national flags in chromium holders in front of them. Behind, sitting or standing, the SECRETARIES, ADVISERS, INTERPRETERS AND BODYGUARDS.

VENEZUELAN OIL MINISTER

...Obviously some of the members are exploiting the oil price differentials as a loophole... This body has been very precise in its policy.

CUT TO:

8 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - GROUND FLOOR

8

The group with the Adidas sport bags approaches the reception desk. Carlos - moustache, sideburns, and wispy beard in reddish brown -- smiles politely at the female RECEPTIONIST. Behind the reception desk are two circular staircases which

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

wind their way up to an elevator that is visible behind the railing at the top of the landing. There is what appears to be a security man standing at that elevator with an earpiece and tell-tale bulge under his jacket.

CARLOS

(in German)

Pardon me. Is the conference still in progress?

Smiling back, the ash-blond receptionist nods.

RECEPTIONIST

(in German)

Yes, but sir...

CARLOS

(in German)

I have an urgent delivery for the ministers.

As if on urgent business, Carlos quickly heads up the flight of stairs before the security man who stands next to the receptionist can react. The security man speaks quickly into his walkie talkie.

ANGLE ON - THE LANDING

by the elevator at the top of the stairs. Carlos bounds up the stairs and pushes the elevator button. The Security Man near the elevator listens intently to what is being said in his earpiece and he steps forward to challenge Carlos. Carlos smiles at him and whips out a 9mm. silenced Beretta and fires two shots right between the Security Man's eyes. He falls over the railing and lands face up on the console in front of the terrified receptionist. Carlos leans over the rail in one move and fires two shots into the upturned face of the Security Man who stands next to the shocked receptionist. The receptionist screams.

CUT TO:

9 OMIT

OMIT 9

10 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

10

NIGERIAN OIL MINISTER

(angry)

I protest the unfounded charges of the oil minister from Venezuela. We do not use, nor intend to use, the lower gradings to capture more of the market--

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

His words are cut short when the door is kicked open, and Carlos strides in.

CARLOS
(brandishing his automatic)
EVERYONE FREEZE!

Everyone frantically hits the floor. That is, with the exception of TWO BODYGUARDS. They try for their weapons. A short burst from Carlos' Beretta machine pistol which is pulled from the inside of his trenchcoat brings them to the floor. This weapon is not silenced, but deafening. Just then Koj enters the room from the corridor.

KOJ
We've got company.

Suddenly, there's the sound of INTENSE GUNFIRE coming from the corridor.

ANGLE ON - CARLOS

He reaches into his trenchcoat and pulls out a pocket-sized Chinese RGD5 grenade. He yanks the pin, lets the spoon fly, listens to the fuse hiss, counts quite calmly and then tosses the live grenade to Koj who catches it and in one movement tosses it out the door. A loud sound of GRENADE EXPLOSION, and plaster powders those glued to the floor. GASPS OF TERROR. But the gunfire outside ceases.

CARLOS
My name is Carlos. You'll do as I say.

*

His smile is cunning, mocking, and... familiar.

11 EXT. VIENNA AIRPORT - SNOWSTORM - MAGIC HOUR

11

We SEE an Air France jet liner touch down on the runway.

11A EXT. VIENNA AIRPORT - SNOWSTORM - MAGIC HOUR

11A

Jack comes down the steps of the just-landed jet. The blizzard whips around his face as he walks down the stair unit and onto the tarmac, pulling his overcoat up around him.

12 EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY, VIENNA - SNOWSTORM - MAGIC HOUR -EST. 12

13 INT. OFFICE - AMERICAN EMBASSY - VIENNA - NIGHT 13

Behind the desk is CARL MICKENS, the CIA Station Chief -- tall, angular, cropped grey hair. He is in mid-conversation with Jack Shaw who sits opposite him, his overcoat over the arm of the chair in which he sits. He has obviously just come from the airport.

MICKENS

...Twenty million dollars ransom.

JACK

Who's asking for it?

MICKENS

"The Arm of the Arab Revolution."

Alias of the month time.

(shrugs)

Could be anybody. The point is...
their leader claims to be Carlos...

JACK

He does, does he?

MICKENS

He wants to make sure everyone
knows it's him. He wants the
credit and the Austrians want a
positive ID. That's when your name
came up.

JACK

Who brought my name up?

MICKENS

The guy who says he's Carlos. The
Austrians want you there to
identify him.

JACK

Where?

MICKENS

At the airport. Tomorrow. When
they provide the plane to fly him
and the hostages to Libya. Carlos
evidently feels very comfortable in
Libya.

JACK

They got him here in their own
backyard and they're gonna let him
walk away?!

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MICKENS

They've got no choice, Jack.

JACK

Bullshit! Let 'em handle it like the Israelis would.

MICKENS

They're not the Israelis Jack. It's not their fight.

JACK

Then let me take him out! They want me to meet him at the airport. I can get close enough to get a clear shot at him. We can end this shit now.

MICKENS

Jack! He's got seventy hostages.

JACK

Fuck the hostages!

Mickens looks at him almost in horror. Jack knows he has let down too much of the mask of professionalism as it were.

JACK

(apologetically)

Harold, we can handle it with a minimum loss of life.

MICKENS

We will handle it with no loss of life. Those aren't just any hostages. They are the oil ministers of the richest countries in the world, and that twenty million bucks they're gonna have to pay isn't gonna break 'em you know. It's nothing to them. They just want to pay it and... it's not our fight.

JACK

What do you think Carlos is gonna do with that money? Put it in mutual funds? He'll use it to hit us. Let me assemble a team and we can...

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

MICKENS

Jack Goddamnit, there isn't any team to assemble! You're a fuckin' dinosaur. We're out of the assassination business. All of us! You got a personal hard on against this guy because he made you look like an asshole and now he's gonna rub your nose in it. I can appreciate your feelings, but it's not going down on our soil. It is not with our nationals and it is not our fight! Now I got my orders and you just got yours.

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*
*
*

14 OMIT

OMIT 14

15 INT. VIENNA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - VIENNA - NIGHT

15

Carl, Jack and various other CIA functionaries walk quickly down the corridor with Austrian police and intelligence officers. Jack carries a briefcase as do they all.

ANGLE ON - JACK

JACK

I gotta hit the john.

16 INT. MEN'S ROOM - VIENNA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

16

Jack stands inside of a stall in the men's room. He has just crossed a certain frontier in his mind and stepped in to the area known as no man's land. He quickly takes off his overcoat and jacket and we SEE attached to his arm a harness made up of straps and springs. He opens his briefcase and attaches to the harness a .32 caliber Beretta. He fumbles with the adjustments, racing against time. Finally, he seems to have adjusted everything just so. Then he lowers his arm to his side. Then he raises the right arm as if shaking hands and the harness slams the .32 caliber Beretta from his forearm straight into his palm.

He resets the gun back into the forearm position. He has a look of grim determination on his face. The only question is, is it the look of someone who is crazy enough to do what he is contemplating.

17 EXT. VIENNA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - BLIZZARD - NIGHT

17

On the tarmac, an Austrian Airways DC9. TV cameras, lights, generators are set up in front of the plane, sending beams and pools of yellow light into the darkness and the snow which swirls all around as a pool of REPORTERS stands ready

(CONTINUED)

to record whatever is about to go down. Among a small group of OFFICIALS is Jack Shaw. Everyone's eyes are on an approaching yellow curtained bus.

ON BUS

As it gets closer, we can detect through its windshield a white raincoat and a black beret. Carlos is standing by the driver with a machine-pistol in one hand and a grenade in the other.

CLOSE - JACK

His eyes strain to get a better look at the terrorist, his arm down at his side.

BACK TO SCENE

As the bus parks by the DC 9, Carlos jumps out and waves to the media. Not the customary V-sign, but the wave of a celebrity... The hostages then, under their captors' guns, file compliantly out of the bus and onto the plane. A line of exhausted, bleary-eyed middle-aged men in expensive suits and in need of a shave. Carlos however, is as fresh, alert and energetic as the morning of the attack. And he's definitely savoring the moment.

ON JACK

Tense, he tries to be inconspicuous as he leans towards Mickens.

JACK

(whispering)

I think it's him, but I can't be sure. Not with those dark glasses and the beard...

ON "CARLOS"

Everyone on board, he too climbs the mobile steps and disappears into the plane. Suddenly, he reemerges and comes down to where the officials and Jack stand. As Jack watches him intently, he faces the MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR. In the window of the plane we SEE Koj holding a grenade to the pilot's head.

ANGLE ON CARLOS

CARLOS

Minister of the Interior, I presume...?

(CONTINUED)

The distinguished-looking man, who looks a bit like Kurt Waldheim, nods.

CARLOS

I'm sorry this had to happen in Austria. We have no quarrel with your government.

His eye catching Jack, he stops in mid-sentence. A devilish smile crosses his lips as he turns towards him. He pulls a cigarette out and crosses right over to Jack, up close and as they say, very personal. The snowflakes whirl surrealistically around them as the two stand face to face.

CARLOS

Pardon monsieur...

He mimes flicking a match. He takes off his glasses and looks at Jack and smiles.

CARLOS

We were never really properly introduced Mister Shaw. My name is Carlos.

With a cunning, mocking smile he extends his hand out to shake Jack's. Jack stares at him, ever so slowly beginning to raise his hand. With that move he knows the gun will come slapping into his palm and he will be able to take Carlos out no matter what the cost.

JACK

(smiling)

Eat shit and die slow.

His hand starts rising. In another second the gun will spring into it. Just then we hear:

MICKENS (O.S.)

Jack, no!

Jack turns to look at Mickens. Mickens indicates the photographers.

MICKENS

You don't want your picture taken shaking his hand.

Jack is momentarily confused. He has turned to Mickens thinking perhaps he was calling out a warning and now the moment for the shot has passed. He turns back to Carlos who shrugs and steps over to the Austrian minister so that the Minister now is between Jack and Carlos and the shot is lost.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (4)

17

*

CARLOS

(to the minister)

*

As I was saying, I'm sorry about
the loss of life. And thank you
for your cooperation.

Once again he sticks out his hand. Only this time, as the
cameras roll, Austria's Minister of the Interior shakes the hand
of the archterrorist in what will go down in history as the
"handshake of shame."

ON JACK

His eyes tell it all.

18 - OMIT

OMIT - 18

19 OMIT

OMIT - 19

20 OMIT

OMIT - 20

21 EXT. JERUSALEM - WESTERN WALL - DAY

21

We begin with an ESTABLISHING SHOT of Al Aksa Mosque and the
Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem. These are the two most famous
landmarks in Jerusalem's Old City skyline.
OVER this we SUPER:

JERUSALEM - AUGUST 1986

CAMERA then pans and tilts down and we are above the Western
Wall looking down on the bobbing black hats of Hassidic Jews, the
knitted skullcaps of more modern Orthodox, here and there the
olive shirt of Army uniform with M16 or Galil assault rifle that
sways in prayer as well.

CROSS DISSOLVE:

To the Jerusalem stone paving stones that make up the square in
front of the wall as we glide across the intersecting lines of
paving stones set one next to the other until a glowing cigarette
comes into view and then a foot which crushes it out. There
should be something in this sequence that is reminiscent of our
opening, a foreboding that just as the cracks in the Parisian
paving stones led us to Carlos once before, perhaps these new
stones will lead us once again to some act of terror.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

NEW ANGLE

to reveal a man standing in silhouette, the man who has just crushed out the cigarette. We cannot see his face because he has a camera to his eye.

NEW ANGLE - POV THROUGH THE CAMERA LENS

Through the lens of the camera just established we SEE an old Rabbi praying at the wall. CLICK! The shutter captures the shot.

BACK TO SCENE

The man in silhouette now lowers the camera and we SEE that he is CARLOS! There is no mistake even though the nose, perhaps is a little different and this time he is clean-shaven, it is still Carlos the Jackals. He smiles slightly.

22 EXT. CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

22

Busy photographing it, Carlos doesn't seem to notice the TWO ARABS who watch him surreptitiously. He walks in front of soldiers who laugh and look at us POV Carlos.

ANGLE -

Carlos reaches into his pocket. Is he perhaps going for a grenade to toss at these soldiers? We build tension as he pulls out instead, another roll of film and with great determination, we have the CLICK of the door of the camera to enhance our music beat as tension builds. Surely it can't be long till Carlos does something awful.

23A EXT. MOSLEM QUARTER - DAY

23A

Carlos walks towards the Suq, working his way through the crowd from the Damascus gate as we reveal more soldiers in the foreground, surveilling the area.

23B EXT. MOSLEM QUARTER - DAY

23B

From the POV of the two Arabs following him, we SEE Carlos lost, or pretending to be, as he ambles along through the Suq, past all sorts of vendors hawking their wares. Heads of fish are cut off with the swift slash of a knife in one stall, freshly skinned lambs hang by their feet in another. Carlos, still looking lost, approaches a street vendor hawking rosary beads. We SEE them talk but cannot hear their dialogue. Carlos walks on.

23C EXT. MOSLEM QUARTER - DAY

23C

A group of children play an impromptu game of soccer.

NEW ANGLE - SAME SCENE - POV CARLOS THROUGH CAMERA LENS

We watch these innocent children playing. If this was a gun sight they'd be dead. CLICK!

NEW ANGLE

It is Carlos who has taken the picture. His smile at the sight of the children is no longer a subtle one. There is some secret enjoyment here.

It's then, that he notices the Two Arabs tailing him.

CLOSE ON - CARLOS

He frowns.

Now what happens can be interpreted in one of two ways. Carlos takes a turn down an alleyway that has at first a shop or two, and then is nothing but deserted and foreboding alley. He is either trying to shake the two Arabs or he has just entered every tourist's nightmare: a deserted alley in a foreign country with two bad guys. He quickens his pace. The Arabs do too. Carlos now knows they're after him and he takes off running.

23D EXT. MOSLEM QUARTER - DAY - CHASE SEQUENCE

23D

ANGLE

So do the two Arabs. Only now there are THREE MORE ARABS coming after him.

MOVING

A tense, desperate CHASE in the Moslem Quarter's labyrinth of twisted alleys and narrow streets. When his Arab pursuers lose sight of him briefly, Carlos takes something out of his pocket, some sort of ID and throws it in an alleyway.

24 EXT. SUQ - JERUSALEM - DAY

24

Carlos races through the Suq, past a group of Arabs who begin heeding the call to prayer. They roll out prayer mats and begin acclaiming in Arabic that there is only one God and Mohammed is his prophet. Carlos grabs one of the canvas awnings that shade the alleyways and this cafe. He rips it off, trying to make an obstacle course between him and his pursuers. He overturns trays of olives, sacks of sunflower seeds, anything he can get his hands on.

NEW ANGLE

Carlos runs headlong into a copper serving platter that is hanging on display. He is disoriented, terrified, and then seemingly from out of nowhere, he is tackled, grabbed by the Arabs and dragged to a dark alley between two stores. Carlos is overcome and brought down to the ground. One of the Arabs evidently has a deep dislike for Carlos and though Carlos is subdued, he kicks the shit out of him.

CUT TO BLACK:

25 INT. WINDOWLESS CELL - DAY

25

This room is your worst nightmare in the Middle East. It could be a cellar suite in Beirut, or an interrogation cell in Damascus. There is no way of knowing. It is simply an empty room with a large metal ring embedded into the floor, to which Carlos is shackled. Battered and badly bruised, he's obviously in great pain. The room's metal door SCREECHES as it opens slowly and a new man whom we will call AMOS enters.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

With him are two of the Arabs we've seen earlier. They're bare-headed now, without their kaffiyehs.

AMOS

(accented English)

How do you feel?

He smiles.

CARLOS

(broken English)

I do not speak English.

(in Spanish)

Yo soy Cubano... de Cuba...

Castro... Su amigos... Amigos...

Entiende?

AMOS

You spoke English well enough to your contact... the street vendor... so please let's not play games. We're both professionals, Carlos.

CARLOS

(with heavy Cuban accent)

My name... Ramirez... no Carlos.

AMOS

Yes, I know what your name is... Illich Ramirez...

CARLOS

No Illich.

AMOS

Alias Carlos Sanchez, alias Carlos Martinez, alias The Jackal.

CARLOS

(with heavy Cuban accent)

Jou're loco man... No Carlos... I am tourist...

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

Amos swoops down and with one hand pulls Carlos by the hair over across his knee with his throat up and other hand in a hammer lock. Amos brings his face down to Carlos.

AMOS

Listen to me you piece of shit.
I'm trying very hard to be
professional about this but you are
in Israeli hands now... So don't
play games with me... entiende hombre?

Carlos whose neck is stretched back like a goose about to be slaughtered can barely croak out an answer.

CARLOS

Okay.

Amos loosens his grasp and straightens up. Carlos winces in pain from broken ribs. As he speaks it is now unaccented English, just the slightest trace of Spanish background.

CARLOS

You... You're telling me you're
Israelis... not Arabs?
(relieved)
I'm in some kind of an Israeli
prison... is that what you're
telling me?

AMOS

Amazing how much your English has
improved in just a few seconds...

CARLOS

(trying to be very reasonable)
Look, obviously there has been some
kind of mistake. I don't know who
you think I am, but I am a
Lieutenant Commander in the United
States Navy, okay? I am Lieutenant
Commander Annibal Ramirez of the
U.S.S. Yorktown, Sixth Fleet,
docked in Haifa. I am not Carlos
or Sanchez or Illich or the Jackal
or whoever you think you just
caught. If you call the U.S.
Embassy and ask for the Sixth Fleet
Liaison Officer, he'll confirm
everything I've said.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

He is not pushy, just firm and decisive.

AMOS

Remarkable... remarkable performance...
the chutzpa of it is unbelievable...
my hat is off to you Carlos.

Carlos, who from now on out will be referred to by his real name, RAMIREZ, has had it with the reasoned approach. He now adopts the demeanor of a U.S. Naval Officer reaming an enlisted man a brand new bunghole.

RAMIREZ

Your hat's off?! I'll tear your head off! You get on the horn and you call the U.S. Embassy and you call the Sixth Fleet Liaison Office and then motherfucker you go out and find yourself a good lawyer and I'll tell you somethin' Jack, I'm gonna sue your ass so bad that your great great grandchildren will still be shovelin' shit to pay off the debt!

Amos is doing his best to look unflappable.

AMOS

Carlos... give me a break, huh? If you were an American officer you would have... ID papers, dog tags.

RAMIREZ

I ditched 'em in an alley just before you guys got me. Go back there you'll find 'em.

AMOS

You ditched them.

RAMIREZ

Per instructions... An American officer on shore leave in the Middle East must travel in mufti, civilian clothes. A bunch of Arabs start chasing me... could be terrorism... could be kidnapping... instructions are to ditch our tags, our ID or anything else that could identify us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (4)

25

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

That's why I spoke Spanis, that's why I said I was a Cuban, not an American. And you broke my ribs here asshole. I'm gonna sue you, I'm gonna sue your government... I'm gonna sue every fuckin' Jew I can get my hands on you, understand me?!

26 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE RAMIREZ'S CELL - RUSSIAN COMPOUND -DAY 26

Amos walks down the corridor. For the first time, he looks the tiniest bit concerned.

RAMIREZ

(shouting after him)

I'm gonna sue Menachem Begin, I'm gonna sue Moshe Dayan, I'm gonna sue the goddamned B'nai B'rith or whatever you call it.

*

*

27/27A INT. AMOS' OFFICE - JERUSALEM - DAY

27/27A

Amos sits in his office looking very worried. A long-haired baby-faced agent comes in. He could pass for a typical student traveling on holiday. His name is YONI.

*

YONI

Sir?

AMOS

Yoni... I want you to go back to the old city... where we caught... Carlos... I want you to be very inconspicuous. Take a half dozen men... you comb every alleyway there... every garbage can... everything you can find... for what looks like a U.S. military ID if there is such a thing there.

YONI

What's the problem?

AMOS

Who said there was a problem? There's no problem. I just asked you to do something and you're going to do it. So there's no problem.

27B OMIT

OMIT 27B

28 EXT. ALLEY OF OLD CITY JERUSALEM - DAY

28

Yoni and half a dozen plainclothed Shin Bet agents walk through the alley looking around. Yoni is dressed like a long-haired backpacking student; others dressed like Arabs, others like tourists. As inconspicuously as possible, they search alleys and trash cans like the homeless searching for food.

29 INT. AMOS' OFFICE - JERUSALEM

29

Amos sits at his desk. Just then Yoni walks in. Amos looks up.

AMOS

Nu?

Yoni puts a U.S. Navy ID complete with photo and a set of military dog tags on Amos' desk.

ANGLE - CLOSE ON THE ID

It identifies its bearer as Lt. Commander Annibal Ramirez U.S.N. There is a picture of Ramirez in the upper corner of the ID in uniform.

ANGLE ON AMOS

He holds the ID and then sits back in his chair defeated and lets out a very Jewish sigh.

AMOS

Oyyyyy.

CUT TO:

30 INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - TERRORISM SITUATION ROOM - DAY

30

This is a high-tech, ultra modern chrome and glass room which features a map of the world etched in plexiglass with terrorist hot-spots marked prominently. On the glass as well is the logo of the CIA. In this Situation Room we find WINSTON

SCOTT III, a 50-year-old pin-striped suiter who appears to be amused. With him is Monroe, his Black deputy and Jack. In front of Jack, spread out on the desk is a file on Ramirez. We SEE it as Jack does. Notes on the interrogation, Polaroid photos of Ramirez in custody and the developed pictures from the roll of film which Ramirez was taking in Jerusalem. Jack listens to Scott and Monroe, but as he does he is taking in all the information in Ramirez's file, making no judgments, just taking in information.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

SCOTT

I love it! Those cocky Israeli bastards thought they hit the jackpot. Got the Jackal right in their own backyard...

MONROE

State Department's goin' apeshit. And the Navy... Admiral Trost was so pissed he was ready to shell the port of Haifa.

Jack, however, isn't sniggering. He's thinking hard as he looks at all the information on the desk.

JACK

You're not gettin' it are ya?

SCOTT

What?

JACK

These weren't some yokels... This was the Israeli General Security Service... The Mossad. The best in the business. They have the most complete dossier there is on Carlos, the latest pictures of him... everything. I mean what's that tell you?

SCOTT

That they really ate it this time.

JACK

Scott... doesn't it hurt to walk around like that with your head up your ass... I mean isn't it painful?

His eyes glance down to the pictures, especially the photos of the children. Something begins to click.

31 EXT. NORFOLK, VA - DAY

31

SUPER: NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

32 EXT. T-BALL FIELD - NORFOLK, VA - DAY

32

Almost nothing is as cute as 3 foot 5 inch 6-year-olds struggling to play the most elementary form of baseball, T-ball.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

ANGLE ON - 6-YEAR-OLD JOEY RAMIREZ

He is the first baseman and he is intent upon the batter who stands at the T.

ANGLE ON - THE PARENTS

cheering their kids on. Amongst them we recognize MAURA, Annibal Ramirez's wife, who is cheering for her son's team. She holds a ten month old baby as she cheers.

NEW ANGLE

on Annibal Ramirez, resplendent in his summer whites, his face still showing the faintest remnants of bruises at the hands of the Israelis. He holds his sea bag in his hand. There is a waiting taxi behind him as he strides over towards the baseball diamond.

ANGLE ON - JOEY

He sees his father just as the batter hits the ball.

JOEY

Poppi!

The pitcher scoops the grounder up and tosses it to Joey whose eyes however have lit up at the sight of his sailor father home from the sea so the ball hits him in the side of the head and he goes down. Ramirez wants to rush out to his son, but Joey straightens himself up quickly, not wanting to be embarrassed by an over-protective parent.

ANGLE ON - MAURA AND RAMIREZ

Maura has followed her son's gaze at Ramirez and feels no embarrassment whatsoever as she runs into his arms, still holding her baby. She kisses him.

MAURA

I thought you weren't coming back
till tomorrow...

RAMIREZ

I wanted to be here for his game.
Look how beautiful she is!

He picks up the baby and kisses her.

RAMIREZ

Just like her mother.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3)

32

MAURA

What happened to your eye?

*
*

RAMIREZ

Nothing. Just fell. It doesn't
matter. I'm home.*
*
*

33 EXT. RAMIREZ'S HOUSE - NORFOLK - A MONTH LATER - DAY

33

It's a stucco, single-level structure in a clean, middle income neighborhood. Jack Shaw pulls up, crosses out of his car and knocks on the door. The door opens revealing Ramirez in a T-shirt and pair of sweats. Jack looks at his face, the unmistakable face of Carlos.

RAMIREZ

Joey watch Yolanda... okay?

*
*

JACK

Jesus...

RAMIREZ

I beg your pardon?

JACK

Lieutenant Commander Ramirez my name is Jack Shaw... I'm with the government... I'd like to talk to you about what happened in Israel.

*

CUT TO:

34 EXT. RAMIREZ HOUSE - BACKYARD - NORFOLK - DAY

34

ANGLE - CLOSE ON

the barbeque's coals which burst into flame as fluid and then match are applied. OVER this we hear

RAMIREZ

I want to sue them, okay? I want to sue the guy who broke my ribs. I want to sue their government and their Mossad... and I want to sue Golda Meir!

NEW ANGLE - ON JACK AND RAMIREZ

They stand at the barbeque as Joey plays shooting hoops. Ramirez holds Yolanda. Ramirez and Jack speak quietly.

*
*

JACK

Mrs. Meir is dead, Lieutenant Commander.

RAMIREZ

Then you might want to have them dig her up because I intend to sue her.

Jack chuckles.

JACK

Commander Ramirez when I said I was from the government, perhaps I should have been more specific. I'm from the CIA.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Jack reaches down, opens his briefcase and pulls out a large photo album-like briefing book. He opens it up and hands it to Ramirez. On the first page there is an 8x10 enlargement of a photo of Carlos entering a building. It is grainy but it certainly looks exactly like Ramirez.

JACK

Does the man in that picture look familiar?

Ramirez looks at the picture with the same look on his face that Jack had when he saw Ramirez for the first time.

YOLANDA

Poppi...

*
*

RAMIREZ

That's not me... I mean I know it looks like me... but...

JACK

I know it's not you.

RAMIREZ

It's... this Carlos guy.

Just then, Joey yells from the tree he's in. Jack automatically hides the picture as if the kid were from a rival intelligence agency.

*

JOEY

Poppi, you don't need to watch the fire, come climb with me.

*

RAMIREZ

Get out of that tree, Joey. Your mother sees that and I'm dead.

*
*

Now when Jack speaks it is more guarded and in even quieter tones.

JACK

This is the only recent shot we have of him... telescopic lens from half a mile away taken by the Israelis. Can you blame 'em for what happened? The only difference is the eyes.

*
*

Ramirez looks at the picture in shock at the resemblance.

RAMIREZ

Okay I get it now, you're here to talk me out of my lawsuit. But see I identified myself but they kept me in that cell for two more days chained to that wall after I told 'em who I was so...

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

JACK

Lieutenant Commander, I am not here about your lawsuit. Carlos is the single most vicious terrorist in the world. He's personally carried out or masterminded the worst terrorist attacks in modern history. Men, women, children. Children like yours... blown to bits or slaughtered in cold blood. Annibal... why did you join the Navy?

RAMIREZ

(as if by rote)

To serve my country.

JACK

To serve your country... to protect her from her enemies. Well Carlos is one of her enemies now. And he'll probably become a bigger one... terrorism... unfortunately is a growth industry.

RAMIREZ

Why are you telling me all this?

JACK

Lieutenant Commander, the governments of most countries in the free world have been after Carlos for ten years and we have nothing to show for it. There is exactly one person in the world who can help us get Carlos. And that person is you.

RAMIREZ

What do you mean... to get him?

JACK

All I can tell you is it may take as much as six months to a year of preparation.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

JACK (CONT'D)

It will involve a high degree of risk. That much said, you may never as much as lay eyes on him yourself. But if we succeed Carlos won't be a threat to anyone anymore. Now I know you're going to need some time to think about it so...

RAMIREZ

No I don't need any time. The answer's no.

JACK

Annibal...

RAMIREZ

Lieutenant Commander... I am a Naval Officer... that's what I was trained for... that's what I'm good at... See you came to the wrong address. You want James Bond. He lives in London and he's got an Aston Martin. You can't miss him.

We HOLD on Ramirez's look and Jack's half-smile.

34A OMIT

OMIT 34A

5 INT. OFFICERS' CLUB - NAVAL BASE - NORFOLK - EVENING

35

The Officers' Club is decked out for a reception for ADMIRAL CRAWFORD. All the officers are in dress whites and all the wives wear white gloves and cocktail dresses as a Navy string quartet plays softly in b.g. There is a reception line and the Admiral stands with his aide who introduces each of the guests who pass through the line.

NAVAL AIDE

Admiral Crawford this is Commander and Mrs. Ward Scowcroft.

CRAWFORD

I know your family well, Commander, I was with your father at the Academy. I expect great things

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
from you Ward... great things.

SCOWCROFT
I won't let you down sir.

Next up are Ramirez and his wife Maura.

NAVAL AIDE
Admiral Crawford this is Lieutenant
Commander and Mrs. Annibal Ramirez.

CRAWFORD
Annabelle?!

RAMIREZ
(smiling)
It's Annibal sir.

CRAWFORD
Yes... of course... well... I'm
glad to see we're getting some
Mexican American officers in the
ranks. I'm an L.A. boy myself so I
have a real soft spot for authentic
Mexican food... My stomach doesn't
always go along with it but...

MAURA
We'd love to have you over to
dinner Admiral but the cuisine
would be Cuban not Mexican. I
think your stomach would find it
more agreeable... not to mention
your taste buds.

CRAWFORD
You're Cuban Americans... oh I'm
sorry... you grow up in L.A. and
you hear Ramirez and... anyway it
was a pleasure meeting you.

*
*

He looks uncomfortably over to his aide who gently keeps the line moving. CAMERA FOLLOWS ANNIBAL AND MAURA DOWN THE RECEPTION LINE. There in front of them is Jack in a white linen suit.

JACK
We do keep bumping into each other
don't we. How do you do, Mrs.
Ramirez? I was over at your lovely
home the other day but I felt
cheated because I had to leave
before I had the pleasure of
meeting you.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

MAURA

The pleasure is mine...

JACK

Para servirle, Yo soy encantado de
conocerle.

MAURA

Encantada Senor...

JACK

Shaw... Jack Shaw. *

MAURA

Senor Shaw. Mucho gusto. *

RAMIREZ

My wife speaks English Mister
Shaw... so do I. *

JACK

Perdonname, I didn't think you'd be
embarrassed to speak Spanish in
front of the Admiral. A sus
ordenes.

ANGLE ON

THE BAR - Ramirez stands at the bar.

RAMIREZ

(to bartender)

I'll have a club soda and... uhh...
a glass of white wine please...

Jack steps up behind him. Jack holds a small wrapped package.

JACK

Let me guess the white wine is for
your wife right? Cause you're
afraid to drink anything stronger
than club soda around the brass.
How do you stand this shit Annibal?
I mean they're all so fuckin'
constipated.

RAMIREZ

My wife is waiting for her wine...
if you'll excuse me.

Jack stands in front of him blocking his way.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

JACK

Oh there's a fiery retort.

RAMIREZ

(under his breath)

How about fuck you.

JACK

I'd believe it if you said it a little louder...

Ramirez controls his anger which is starting to show through in the bulging veins.

JACK

Look at these guys. You don't belong with them. You belong with me. What did Darth Vader say to Luke? Come over to the dark side? You have no idea of the power we have.

RAMIREZ

Hey... I told you I didn't want anything to do with you.

JACK

How's it going to look in your jacket? Your country came to you requesting help and you turned it down. Not exactly promotion material, know what I mean? These people don't want you in their club, Annibal. I do.

RAMIREZ

The answer is no. That's the end of it.

35A EXT. RAMIREZ HOUSE - DAY

35A

We open on a shot of the front door. The doorbell is rung and the door opens after a beat, revealing Ramirez. We don't yet see who is at the door.

RAMIREZ

Oh Jesus... what do you want?

NEW ANGLE

Revealing it is Jack who is at the door.

JACK

I want you to come with me.

(CONTINUED)

35A CONTINUED:

35A

RAMIREZ

Well then get set for
disappointment.

JACK

Okay. Then you are ordered to come
with me.

RAMIREZ

You can't order me to do shit.

Just then the cellular phone which Jack holds rings. Jack smiles
and holds out the phone to Ramirez.

JACK

It's for you.

Ramirez takes the phone, totally faked out. He presses the
"send" button and gingerly says...

RAMIREZ

(into Cell phone)

Hello... who? Oh... yes sir...
Yes sir... Yes sir... Yes sir. I
will... yes sir.

We HOLD for a beat on Ramirez's look at Jack who stands there
unable to keep from smiling.

CUT TO:

35B EXT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - DAY

35B

A helicopter lands in its air ambulance spot outside the
Emergency Room entrance of Bethesda Naval Hospital. Out step
Ramirez and Jack. They cross over to the hospital entrance. We
SEE a sign on the wall identifying this as BETHESDA NAVAL
HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE.

35C INT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S LOUNGE - DAY

35C

Jack is there with Ramirez. He hands Ramirez a white lab coat
and puts one on himself. Ramirez's coat has a tag he doesn't
even notice, which says: DR. RAMIREZ on it.

RAMIREZ

What's this?

JACK

Put it on.

RAMIREZ

Why?

(CONTINUED)

35C CONTINUED:

35C

JACK

Because I just told you to. You
need a phone call for that, too?

Ramirez resignedly puts the coat on.

35D INT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

35D

Jack and Ramirez walk down the corridor.

JACK

The boy was flown here from
Germany. His parents are U.S.
military personnel. Navy family.
A bomb was planted in a grocery
store that was frequented mainly by
U.S. military dependents. They
believe it was Carlos or one of the
Cells he runs. How old is your
kid?

This last is asked almost as an afterthought.

RAMIREZ

(quietly)

He's six.

JACK

Hmmph... so is this kid.

35E INT. INTENSIVE CARE - HOSPITAL - DAY

35E

In the hospital bed is a six-year-old swathed in bandages. The
child is pitiful with IVs sticking in him and tubes running
underneath the bandages, and a heart monitor beeping weakly above
him. His parents sit next to his bed. The father wears the
khaki uniform of a Naval Lieutenant.

NEW ANGLE

ON Jack and Ramirez. They watch this scene through the little
window in the door and then they enter the room.

BACK TO SCENE

The parents turn to them as they enter. The parents wear the
look all parents wear in their children's hospital rooms at the
sight of the doctor who may be able to save their child's life.
A look of hope. A look of desperation.

FATHER

Hello Doctor Shaw. Is this...
Is this the Specialist you told
us about?

*

(CONTINUED)

35E CONTINUED:

35E

JACK

Doctor Ramirez, Lieutenant and Mrs. Newcomb... the parents of the child who was wounded in the terrorist attack.

Ramirez's eyes dart in panic from Jack to the Newcombs. They stick out their hands. Finally, he offers his.

FATHER

You're the one who's going to do the surgery.

JACK

He's going to help out.

FATHER

They told us you were the best person in the world to do this.

JACK

He's the only one.

Jack turns to Ramirez.

JACK

Here's the boy's chart, Doctor. As you can see, one kidney was destroyed by the shrapnel. There's a large perforation in the left lung, the spleen, the large intestine, the stomach lining were all torn. There are over a hundred individual shrapnel fragments. It was obviously designed by Carlos to maim, not to kill.

HOLD on Ramirez's look of helplessness which turns to anger.

36 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

36

Ramirez and Jack walk down the corridor. Ramirez is tearing off the lab coat.

RAMIREZ

What kind of a sadistic son of a bitch are you? You use those poor people... you use anything to get what you want.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

Jack reaches into the large pocket of his lab coat and pulls out a small photo album, the kind families use to put in the 3x5 photos of their vacations. He puts it into Ramirez's hand.

JACK

To get what I want?

*

He hands him the photo album.

JACK

These are pictures of just some of Carlos' victims. Most of them are children. We haven't had time to get that kid's picture in yet. Up until I heard about you, all we could do about Carlos was take pictures of his victims. I wasn't lying to those people. You are the only one who can do anything about Carlos. I'm not the bad guy, Annibal. Carlos is. I'm just trying to make you see the choices.

*

*

*

*

*

Ramirez is still too angry to speak.

*

JACK

Who are you angry at? Me for bringing you down here or Carlos for blowing up that kid? Which of us deserves your anger?

37 INT. RAMIREZ HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

37

Ramirez sits at his desk looking at the presentation book Jack gave him. The study is a reflection of the man, Navy pennants, photos, ships in bottles, family photographs. He is very much at home in this sanctuary.

INTERCUT

Photos of victims. Bloodied children, women, men, each atrocity labeled with the place of the attack and number of dead and wounded.

Just then there is a knock at the door. Ramirez closes the book and covers it with a newspaper as his wife Maura enters wearing a very sexy teddy with a short robe over it, giving off the promise of a wonderful night of conjugal bliss.

MAURA

What are you doing?

RAMIREZ

I was just reading some... manuals...

*

07/02/1996

THE ASSIGNMENT

35.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

She bends down and kisses his neck.

*
*

MAURA

Read 'em on the Navy's time... this
is my time...

*

She sits into his lap, they kiss and the robe slips down off her
shoulders. He kisses her more passionately now.

38 OMIT

OMIT - 38

THRU

THRU

43

43

44 OMIT

OMIT 44

45 INT. CHILDREN'S ROOM - RAMIREZ HOUSE - NIGHT

45

Ramirez enters. He is wearing a robe, having just gotten up
out of bed. It is perhaps, one in the morning. Joey is
asleep, holding a stuffed animal. The baby is asleep in her crib
looking like a little angel. Ramirez pulls the cover up on the
baby and pats her gently so as not to wake her and then bends
down and kisses his son.

46 EXT. NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT - SUBMARINE BASE - DAY

46

WE SUPER THE WORDS: "NOVEMBER, 1986"

Ramirez pulls up in a car with his wife and two children. He is
wearing his khaki uniform and carries a sea bag. He embraces
Maura.

RAMIREZ

You'll see... it'll go by fast.

MAURA

Not fast enough.

Ramirez bends down to hug Joey.

RAMIREZ

You take care of Mommy, okay?

JOEY

But why do you have to go?

RAMIREZ

Well they're finally giving me my
chance to go into subs... that's
what I've always wanted you know...

JOEY

New color subs...

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

RAMIREZ

Nuclear...

JOEY

Is there going to be a war, Poppi?

RAMIREZ

Not if I can help it.

JOEY

Then why do you need to go away?

RAMIREZ

Because sometimes countries need soldiers and sailors to be on guard so there won't be a war... So all the little children like you and baby Yolanda will be safe.

JOEY

Why can't somebody else's Daddy go on the sub and you could stay here and go to my games?

RAMIREZ

Because I'm the one they asked and I'm the one who knows how to do the job.

He kisses Joey, stands up and kisses Maura and the baby she holds and walks past the guard gate, showing his ID as his wife and children wave.

47 - OMIT

OMIT - 47

48 - OMIT

OMIT - 48

49 OMIT

OMIT 49

50 EXT. AERIAL SHOT - MONTREAL, CANADA - DAY

50

Montreal is an island in the middle of the St. Lawrence. It is a city part way up a mountain, Mount Royale. We TRACK a car as it drives up out of the city, up the mountain to of all places, a cemetery which sits at the foot of a deserted prison that looms above it. The cemetery like the prison is deserted. There can be no more desolate place than a graveyard full of long-dead prisoners whose prison has long since been shut down.

WE SUPER THE FOLLOWING WORDS: TEMPORARY CIA SAFE HOUSE -
MONTREAL, CANADA

51 EXT. ROAD LEADING TO CEMETERY - DAY

51

We SEE Jack's car with him and Ramirez in it driving into the cemetery. As it does, it crosses in front of a video camera inconspicuously placed in a tree.

CUT TO:

52 OMIT

OMIT 52

53 EXT. CEMETERY TO ABANDONED PRISON - MONTREAL - DAY

53

A camera mounted atop a light fixture pans with Jack's car all the way up to the prison entrance. Signs on the prison proclaim that it is closed and that trespassing is forbidden. As Jack pulls up at the prison, a plainclothed operative comes out and as Ramirez and Jack pull Ramirez's bag out of the car, the operative slips into the driver's side and whisks it away. The ground around the area is full of snow that has not been plowed so the look of desertion is complete.

54 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MONTREAL - DAY

54

There is an observation tower in the middle of the room which has become home to the pigeons who now flap noisily out of it as Jack crosses with Ramirez. The place has the look of an impromptu military encampment in a bombed out wreck of a building. In the observation room are several nondescript types. Jack shows Ramirez in.

JACK

This is an ad hoc operation set up specifically for your mission. When that's over, not even a trace of it will remain. You don't need to know anyone's name. And from now on, your name is Miguel... Security.

RAMIREZ

So your name really isn't Jack Shaw?

*
*

JACK

(smiling)
Of course it is.

54A INT. CORRIDOR - OFF OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

54A

Jack walks Ramirez down the corridor. They pass the Surveillance Room, the small cell with its satellite dish and single computer terminal and operator established earlier as Technician #1. From here, cables snake their way along everywhere. The place has the look of a mobile high-tech spy station that just happens to be set up in a former prison. Ramirez looks around. The idea of being in a prison is obviously uncomfortable for him.

JACK

Your mother is Irish... Irish
American.

*
*
*

RAMIREZ

Yes.

*
*

JACK

Something wrong, Miguel?

RAMIREZ

...No... not really.

JACK

Your father was in a Cuban prison
if I'm correct.

Ramirez turns and looks at him in surprise.

JACK

Your mother used to take you to
visit him there, didn't she?

RAMIREZ

(quietly)

Yes.

JACK

I'm sure that's a disturbing
memory.

He looks Ramirez straight in the eyes.

(CONTINUED)

54A CONTINUED:

54A

RAMIREZ

You didn't set this up in a prison because it was the first piece of real estate you were shown, did you, sir?

JACK

Let's just say everything has its purpose. And Miguel... no one is to know anything about you other than that you're our student. So don't call me sir, because it's like wearing a sign on your forehead that you're military. From here on out forget the Navy.

RAMIREZ

Yes sir... Gotcha...

*
*

54B INT. COMMAND ROOM - ABANDONED PRISON - DAY

54B

Jack and Ramirez walk along until they come to a site which could as easily be in a space station on the dark side of the moon. There in the middle of a huge room looms a plastic enshrouded satellite tracking system. The plastic hangs down from the roof encapsulating this area to protect all of the state of the art computer equipment from the dust. Inside this plastic shrouded space we SEE technicians at monitors which display every approach to the prison as well as monitors which display the surveillance images transmitted back via satellite.

JACK

This is our surveillance and satellite tracking center. Just as we are plotting to destroy Carlos, if he knew what we're trying to do, I assure you he'd try to find a way to kill us first.

54C INT. PLASTIC COVERED COMMAND CENTER - ABANDONED PRISON - DAY 54C

Jack pushes through the plastic shroud into a command center-like room. He and Ramirez enter. This place is high-tech, computers and neon lighting.

JACK

Carlos has two main safe houses. One in Libya, one in East Germany. We have satellites that pass over each one three times a day. Unfortunately, the Russians know exactly when our satellites are in position so we have to assume that Carlos knows as well.

*

(CONTINUED)

54C CONTINUED:

54C

They cross over to the satellite tracking monitors which display both the Libyan and East German safe houses. Sitting in front of one of the monitors is Amos, typing controls into the satellite tracking system.

JACK

There's one person I want you to meet, though I think the two of you have already been introduced.

Amos now turns and comes around to Ramirez.

AMOS

Hello Miguel... My name is Amos.

Ramirez stares at him.

RAMIREZ

Oh yeah... I didn't recognize you without my foot chained to the floor.

AMOS

I hope there are no hard feelings.

RAMIREZ

There are a lot of hard feelings.
And I'm still gonna sue you when
this is over.

*
*
*

JACK

Miguel, this is a combined Israeli-American operation. Amos here knows Carlos better than anyone in the free world. He was the one who took that picture of Carlos in Libya.

RAMIREZ

If you could get a picture of him why didn't you just kill him?

AMOS

Don't let all this equipment fool you. Carlos still has the home court advantage. He has the best protection in the world... three layers at least at all times. Next and maybe most important... Carlos himself. The French DST came to arrest him once. He was at his apartment, drunk, playing his guitar.

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(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54C CONTINUED: (2)

54C

AMOS (CONT'D)

He actually had them convinced it was all a mistake. Then he went into his bathroom, took a shave mind you so he would look his best for the interrogation and when he came out managed to shoot each of them through the forehead. Then he got the informer who had betrayed him, put him down on his knees and killed him... Think of it. He took a shave and didn't even nick himself once.

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Amos is quiet, lets that sink in.

AMOS

Finally, there are political realities. Whoever hits Carlos has to realize that he'll unleash against himself a fanatical wave of terrorist activity in retribution.

(CONTINUED)

54C CONTINUED: (3)

54C*

JACK

That by the way, is the last question you're going to ask. From now on you'll get information when and how we want you to get it. Not before. You don't ask questions, you just do what you're told.

55 EXT. CEMETERY - MONTREAL - SUNSET

55

Amos, Jack and Ramirez walk amongst the tombstones. Jack and Amos have warm coats. Ramirez does not. He shivers in the cold, but tries not to show his discomfort.

AMOS

This is going to be unlike any learning experience you've ever had before. For one thing, we're going to push to all your limits. Fatigue, frustration and fear. We're going to make you more terrified than you've ever been in your life just to see how you handle the fear. Any other learning experience you get things ninety- nine point nine nine nine percent right you get an "A." Here if you get things ninety-nine point nine nine nine percent right... you get...

Jack walks right up to Ramirez and mimes a gun with his thumb and index finger and puts it right up to Ramirez's temple and goes...

JACK

Dead! And I'll tell you the truth. I honestly in my heart of hearts don't care whether you live or die. Don't take that personal. I don't care whether I live or die. I do care about getting Carlos. That's all I care about.

*
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*

RAMIREZ

But nothing personal, right?

AMOS

I'm not as cold-blooded as my American friend... it would bother me very much if you were dead... so we will teach you to stay alive... but no questions... just do. Otherwise...

He puts the imaginary gun to Ramirez's temple.

RAMIREZ

When do we start?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

JACK

You already have. What were the names on the last three tombstones you passed on your right?

RAMIREZ

I... I don't know, I wasn't looking. I wasn't paying attention.

JACK

That's what will get you killed. Carlos is always looking... always paying attention. Always.

AMOS

Because Carlos is the master of the techniques of survival which we will teach you and because he is an efficient killer for whoever employs him, then for him there are simply no rules. Unlike you Miguel, you're a rule follower, aren't you?

Ramirez says nothing.

AMOS

Carlos is the opposite of that and that's what's so seductive, you know? He can kill whomever he chooses... ravish whoever he chooses... take whatever he chooses. Do... whatever he chooses. It is to be in many ways a superman, not bound by the mores or morals of humanity.

JACK

And if you learn what we can teach you, you'll be one, too. If not, you'll be dead.

56 INT. ABANDONED PRISON - CAFETERIA - THE NEXT MORNING

56

It is a huge, empty room. Ramirez sits at the lone table as Amos enters. Ramirez is eating a bowl of porridge. His breath steams out in the cold. The room is freezing but instead of a warm jacket, he wears light prison overalls.

AMOS

Good morning. How's the porridge,
you like it?

RAMIREZ

'Morning. It's not bad.

He finishes what's left in the bowl. Amos reaches over to a side warming table. There is a huge pot of porridge there.

AMOS

Good... finish everything in the
pot.

RAMIREZ

There's got to be like... eight
helpings in there maybe...

AMOS

No questions... Just do.

From now on, unless otherwise indicated Ramirez is in the too-tight shirt and tie and light jacket.

Jack is in the distance, observing.

*

57 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ABANDONED PRISON - DAY

57

Ramirez is doing furious situps, hanging off the balcony of one of the tiers, with his feet linked under one of the bars so that as he does his sit-up it is over an abyss. Amos stands in front of Ramirez, puffing on a cigar as he speaks, so that Ramirez is gulping in breaths of cigar smoke as he exercises.

AMOS

Name and place of birth!

RAMIREZ

Illich Ramirez. Caracas,
Venezuela.

AMOS

Your father?

RAMIREZ

Doctor Jose Altigracia Ramirez...
Do you have to smoke that cigar?

AMOS

Yes.

There is a silence between them. This is obviously the end of that subject. Then Amos goes on.

AMOS

Carlos' father abandoned him and his mother because he wanted to be a playboy. Your father abandoned you in effect, when he was sent to prison. Either way, it's a lonely child missing his father. I want you to take what you know of your real father and superimpose it onto this the image of Carlos' father, so when you talk of one you are talking of the other with the same emotion... the same love, the same resentment... the same sadness, the same anger.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. CEMETERY - MONTREAL - DAY

58

As Jack and Ramirez walk toward the cemetery, we SEE Ramirez who wears a lightweight white parka so that he shivers in the cold in contrast to Jack's heavy winter gear. Ramirez carries what appears to be a gun.

JACK

You need to not only remember the names on every tombstone, but where they are so when I call out a name, you whirl and shoot.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

They walk into a scene that is completely surreal. Standing behind every tombstone is one of the crew of trainers. Each man wears a white parka and white pants against the freezing cold. In the center of their impromptu circle stands Ramirez, also wearing white, but of much lighter material so that he shivers in the cold. All of them including Ramirez hold paint pellet guns. It is a cemetery full of living targets which can shoot back. Jack stands outside the circle.

*
RAMIREZ

It's kind of cold. You think I might be able to borrow a warmer jacket from someone?

*
JACK

Brisson! We don't want you to be comfortable. That's just what will get you killed.

Ramirez hesitates a moment, trying to remember where the tombstone with the name "Brisson" is. The trainer who stands behind the "Brisson" tombstone has no such hesitation. He fires at Ramirez and an ugly black splotch of paint explodes on Ramirez's white suit. Ramirez shakes his head in frustration.

*
JACK

DuPres! Paquet!

Ramirez whirls, misses one, is hit again with another black splotch but hits the Paquet tombstone square in the chest with a black splotch of his own.

*
CUT TO:

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THE ASSIGNMENT

46.

59 OMIT

OMIT 59

60 OMIT

OMIT 60

61 INT. "KITCHEN SET" - PRISON - DAY

61

In the middle of a huge room, a movie set has been erected. There are flats supported by sand bags which form the "set" of a kitchen. The set is perfect in every way but its position inside of a huge prison hall lends a quality of the macabre, since no movie is being shot here and no audience will ever see these performances. Jack is there with Ramirez. He opens the refrigerator and Ramirez looks inside as Jack times him on his watch, then closes the refrigerator. Ramirez sneezes. He has caught a cold but must ignore it.

RAMIREZ

Top shelf... some milk, some juice, maybe some cottage cheese, a couple bottles of beer, some tomatoes... I don't know...

JACK

What kind of milk, how many cartons, open or closed, what kind of juice, how full was the bottle, was it cottage cheese or cream cheese, how many bottles of beer, how many tomatoes? This is life and death!

Jack opens the cupboard.

JACK

Look here... Ten seconds, how many cups, saucers, plates, look this time!

62 OMIT

OMIT 62

63 INT. CAFETERIA - ABANDONED PRISON - MONTREAL - DAY

63

Ramirez sits practicing his Venezuelan accent in English, repeating phrases he hears from a native speaker on a tape recorder as he eats another of the interminable bowls of porridge.

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(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

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64 EXT. CEMETERY - MONTREAL - DAY

64

Ramirez once again stands in the center in his lightweight white parka surrounded by trainers in heavy white parkas. Jack is nearby.

*

JACK

*

Here's the thing about Carlos. He doesn't fit any mold. His father is an extraordinarily wealthy playboy who's a Marxist at the same time... DuFraisne!

*

Ramirez whirls and misses and is hit by the trainer. Jack shakes his head and continues.

*

*

JACK

*

The guy's such a fanatic he names his three sons after Lenin. And I don't mean John. The same thing is true for Carlos. He's a guerilla fighter who loves champagne and caviar... LaPierre!

*

Ramirez whirls and hits the trainer in his shoulder at the same time that he himself is hit. Jack's look betrays no emotion.

*

*

*

JACK

*

He doesn't want to be Che Guevara, he wants to be the James Bond of the People's Liberation Front. It's not so much radical chic as an excuse for sadism. Paquet!

*

As he says this last, Ramirez whirls and shoots another trainer, dead in the chest. Ramirez smiles. He is beginning to enjoy playing terrorist.

*

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65 OMIT

OMIT 65

65

66 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

66

We are speeding down the road in a suped-up open Jeep POV Ramirez, who is driving. Suddenly, we SEE Jack and Amos up ahead. Amos pulls a lever and a barrier snaps up at chest level across the road. We jam on the brakes and

CUT TO:

67 INT. JEEP - DAY

67

Ramirez is at the wheel. Suddenly he sees the barrier plate a hundred yards in front. He hits the brakes and the emergency brake at the same time.

NEW ANGLE

The tires scream and leave black tracks, as the Jeep slides sideways towards the barrier. Just before reaching it, the car completes a 180-degree turn and roars back, but at the last second fishtails and swerves off the road.

ANGLE ON - RAMIREZ

He is obviously frustrated.

ANGLE ON - JACK

He shakes his head in disgust.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

JACK

Dead again.

68 & 69 - OMITTED

68 & 69 OMITTED

70 EXT. BELVEDERE - DAY

70

Ramirez and Jack walk together on the belvedere which is an observation area with a railing around it, overlooking the abandoned prison. In between the belvedere and the prison is a field which is almost completely barren except for one tree. It sits down below.

In the distance, we SEE a snow mobile approach with its lights on. Just then, Jack takes a pocket sized remote transmitter and slips it into the front pocket of Ramirez's jacket, turning it on as he does.

RAMIREZ

What's that?

JACK

It's a transmitter.

RAMIREZ

For what?

JACK

Target practice. You're the target.

Jack quickly moves away from Ramirez. As Ramirez moves, he notices that the snow mobile changes direction as well, and continues to home in on him. And then there is a second snow mobile. And then a third, all of them coming straight for him. He starts to run. The snow mobiles turn and continue bearing down on him, driving him closer toward the railing. We SEE the snow mobiles are controlled by radio antennas, evidently homing in on his transmitter.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

Jack, who has moved quite a ways off, pulls out a Beretta and sets it on the rail. We SEE on the snow mobiles, a lit-up remote device.

JACK

If you shoot out the receivers, they'll stop. There are ten rounds in this clip. The first two are live, the next three dummy, then three live, two dummy.

Ramirez stands like a deer in the headlights for an instant and then goes running for the gun. He cannot make it to the gun before the first snow mobile barrels down upon him. He is right against the rail now and goes diving into the snow. The snow mobile goes directly over him and crashes through the rail, falling down to the field below. Ramirez is up and running, grabs the gun, fires two rounds and misses, then hits three dummy rounds which click away as the second snow mobile draws closer. Then he fires and hits a headlight, then fires and misses, then fires and hits the remote device. That snow mobile stops in its tracks. The third now barrels down on Ramirez. He clicks off two dummy rounds and just before the snow mobile hits him, a shot rings out. The receiver shatters and we SEE Jack standing with the smoking gun with which he has just saved Ramirez's life.

JACK

Three times dead.

71 INT. CAFETERIA - ABANDONED PRISON - DAY

71

It is after lunch and Jack and Amos are eating ice cream sundaes while Ramirez sits eating the last bit of porridge from the huge bowl.

AMOS

You finish all your porridge?

RAMIREZ

(deadly)

Yeah... yeah... I finished all my porridge.

AMOS

Good now you can have some more.

He motions for the waiter who crosses with a fresh pot and starts to ladle it out into Ramirez's bowl. Ramirez reaches up and tears at his tie and rips open the top button. Ramirez explodes batting the waiter's hand away and sending the bowl flying.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

RAMIREZ

Enough of this porridge shit man,
hijo de puta! Fuck it man... I
ain't eatin' no more of this shit!
And I ain't wearin' this fuckin'
shirt anymore either!

With that he rips off the tie and rips open the shirt.

AMOS

Why Miguel amigo, whatever is the
matter? *

RAMIREZ

I'll tell you what the matter is
man... I been here twelve mother
fuckin' weeks an' all I've had to
eat the whole time is this shit!
And those dumb ass basketball
games... what's that?! You damn
near kill me with those fucking
snowmobiles... I haven't seen my
family in three months and I still
don't know what any plan is or what
I'm supposed to be doing!

AMOS

Congratulations! You're acting
like a child... like a spoiled
brat...

JACK

And not a Navy Lieutenant
Commander, which is exactly what
would get you killed.

AMOS

Finally you're acting like a
willful spoiled child which is just
what Carlos was.

JACK

We couldn't just let you study
Carlos. If this thing is going to
work, you have to become him.

Ramirez looks at him in disgust. *

RAMIREZ

The two most elite intelligence
services in the world and the best
you can come up with is this
porridge bullshit?! *

(CONTINUED) *

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

*

AMOS

As a child Carlos was fed that porridge that you love so much every day. He hated it. Every woman or man he's ever been close to he told about that porridge... how the very smell of it made him sick. And now it makes you sick.

JACK

When he was in school he was a scrawny little kid. The last one to get picked for any teams. He felt as clumsy as we've made you feel...

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*

AMOS

His father smoked cigars... the same ones whose smell you complained about. The only cover that can save your life... is the one you believe yourself. Now... are you ready to pass the next test?

*

*

Ramirez just looks at them, in a kind of shock.

AMOS

I'll take that for a yes. You're about to go into your house. Your wife has told you she was away with the children for a week. She is entering the house for the first time in a week with you. The children are still at Grandma's so the two of you have a nice romantic time ahead of you. Walk through the house... through the living room and the kitchen only. You have thirty seconds. Walk casually through the house so as not to make her suspicious of anything you do and find out if she's telling you the truth or not. If you pass this test your questions will be answered. If not... you'll be sent home to Virginia and this will be the end of it.

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72 INT. ABANDONED PRISON - LIVING ROOM SET - MONTREAL - DAY

72

Ramirez walks casually through the living room with camera following. Amos and Jack walk behind him. Ramirez bends down

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

to tie his shoe near the sofa. He crosses into the kitchen and camera follows. He opens the refrigerator and takes out a carton of milk. He takes a drink from the carton and dribbles some onto his shirt and onto the floor. He gets an "I'm such a slob" look on his face. Then he replaces the milk, crosses to the sink, takes the sponge off the sink and a paper towel. He mops up the spill with the sponge first and then with the paper towel, then tosses the paper towel into the trash. As he speaks, Ramirez himself will be amazed at how much he is able to deduce using the techniques he's been taught.

JACK

(looking at watch)

Time's up.

AMOS

Nu? Is she telling the truth or lying?

RAMIREZ

She's got to be lying, otherwise this would be a very short test and I don't think that's what you had in mind. She had a man over.

JACK

How do you know?

RAMIREZ

She hasn't been here in a week? Then why was the sponge still damp. It means she washed dishes. Take a look at the dish rack. There's water in the tray underneath it. Probably from a couple of plates. There's a bit of water in the silverware tray. The milk is still fresh... not even a hint of being sour and the date on it is a week from today... means she just bought it yesterday or the day before. The margarine's fresh-bought but it's already been opened. Same with the bread.

AMOS

How do you know it was a man?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

RAMIREZ

(ignoring him a beat)

She might have met him at a bar
because there's a book of matches
in the garbage. She was probably
careful to throw the cigarette away
but there's still a bit of ash and
that cigarette smell at the bottom
of the liner.

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JACK

What else?

RAMIREZ

I think they made love on the sofa
because one of the cushions has been
turned over and there's the indenta-
tion of a tennis shoe print in the
rug over there.

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*

He looks down at Jack's shoes.

*

RAMIREZ

Sorta like the ones you're wearing,
Jack. Besides, I know it was a
man because I smelled after-shave
on the couch.

*
*
*
*

He gets a quizzical look, crosses to the couch, sniffs.

RAMIREZ

...Cheap kind.

He crosses to Jack and sniffs Jack as well.

RAMIREZ

Jack... you've been fucking my wife.

He holds index finger and thumb up to Jack's head like a gun,
reprising his mentor's gesture to him and making the sound of a
gunshot with his mouth.

RAMIREZ

Now who's dead?

CUT TO:

73 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

73

We have four quick cuts. Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! In each one, Ramirez who stands in the center of the trainers, whirls like a ballet dancer and beats each trainer to the punch, hitting dead center on each one with his paint pellet gun. From the side, Amos and Jack nod to each other approvingly.

73A EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

73A

A triumphant Ramirez walks with Amos and Jack.

JACK

The plan is to get the KGB to eliminate Carlos for us. Carlos knows every link between the KGB and every terrorist organization in the world. He's not only the smoking gun, he knows every contact there ever was. We make the KGB think that Carlos is ready to turn... ready to go over to the CIA, and they'll take him out.

RAMIREZ

Why would they think Carlos would go over to the CIA?

AMOS

Money... fifty million... not for the forces of world revolution this time, but for him, in his pocket with a new identity and CIA protection. They'll believe it... if we lay it out right... they'll believe it.

RAMIREZ

When do we move?

AMOS

Not so fast. You're far from ready. I would think another three months of training and then...

RAMIREZ

Bullshit! I'm ready now. Give me any test you want. Christ, I already passed your tests... what more do you want?

73B OMITTED

OMITTED 73B

74 OMITTED

OMITTED 74

75 OMITTED

OMITTED 75

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THE ASSIGNMENT

57.

PAGE 57 - OMITTED

75A EXT. ABANDONED PRISON - SUNSET

75A

The sun is just setting. There is the silhouette of the prison in the snow. A kind of dark serenity permeates the scene.

75B INT. CAFETERIA - ABANDONED PRISON - SUNSET

75B

Ramirez sits at the table in the huge, dark and empty room. The table is set with champagne and caviar. He has his Arabic book and tape and earphones.

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*

RAMIREZ

(studying to himself in
Arabic)

Shoo Ismak? Isme... Carlos. Isme
Carlos.

INT. NEW MONITORING ROOM - ABANDONED PRISON - EVENING

75C

We are in a new setting. It is a kind of dungeon, perhaps once a solitary confinement cell. It is crowded here now with Jack, Amos, and Technician #1 who sit in front of a new bank of monitors. On one we SEE Ramirez eating in the cafeteria.

AMOS

It should be hitting him now...

ANGLE ON MONITOR

We PUSH IN on Ramirez on the monitor.

75D INT. CAFETERIA - ABANDONED PRISON - EVENING

75D

Ramirez sits as before. He is eating his caviar as he looks at his Arabic textbook. *

ANGLE ON - THE TEXTBOOK

It shows a picture of a street in an Arab country, possibly Libya. It is a typical street scene; a dispassionately sterile photograph in which one can almost hear the BBC announcer voice in your head saying, "And here is a typical scene in lovely Tripoli..." There is a man in a business suit walking on the sidewalk in this picture. We CUT back and forth between Ramirez and then as Ramirez strains to look harder, unbelievably, we PUSH IN tighter on the picture from his POV and to our amazement, the man in the picture looking back up at us is Ramirez! Then suddenly the man in the picture moves and his finger comes up to his lips and he looks at us and says, "SHHHHHH." Just then, a street vendor in the same scene pulls out a gun and shoots Ramirez in the picture in the head. Ramirez falls and the picture goes back to a still shot of Ramirez lying face down in the black and white photo, oozing black blood onto the white sidewalk of beautiful downtown Tripoli.

He looks out the window at the bluish sky as we shift focus between him and his background. He looks down at the bowl of porridge. *

ANGLE ON -THE CAVIAR *

It is crawling with ants. *

BACK TO SCENE

Ramirez picks up the bowl and throws it across the room.

RAMIREZ

Jack! Jack!!!! Amos!! You
motherfuckers! *

He gets up, looks at the TV camera and walks down the corridor to the observation room. *

75E INT. CORRIDOR - ABANDONED PRISON - MONTREAL - EVENING

75E

Ramirez walks down the corridor past the surveillance room. The satellite dish is still there but there are no technicians to be seen. He follows the cable that snakes down the corridor towards the command room.

75F INT. COMMAND ROOM - MORNING

75F

Ramirez walks along the cable until he comes to the plastic-enshrouded satellite tracking system. He pulls one of the plastic panels to discover that the place is totally empty. He bends down and picks up the cable as if it were a lifeline on a stip at stormy sea. He follows it hand over hand to where all the equipment was - it's gone. He looks around and through the plastic, starts to see the silhouettes of people moving and talking. Abruptly, he pulls the panel aside - just some pigeons against the moonlight shafts.

75G INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - EVENING

75G

Ramirez enters the Observation Room with its looming observation tower that now has become home to the hundreds of pigeons inside it. The place is completely deserted.

RAMIREZ

Jack!!

At the sound of his shout, hundreds of pigeons explode out of the observation tower like bats in a primal cave. Ramirez instinctively crouches in terror.

RAMIREZ

Amos you piece of shit! Wen anta?
Coos echtak ya sharmuta!

*

ANGLE ON -

POV Ramirez. It is blurry and then there are brilliant flashes that cut across our eyes, slicing across our vision, blinding us.

BACK TO SCENE

Ramirez knows they have doped him.

RAMIREZ

So she tried the first bowl of caviar and said, that's too hot, and she tried the second bowl and said, that's too cold and so she tried the third little itsy bitsy bowl of caviar that belonged to little Miguel and that turned into maggots and that was just right...

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(CONTINUED)

75G CONTINUED:

75G

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75H INT. CORRIDOR - ABANDONED PRISON - NIGHT

75H

Ramirez runs down the corridor. There are cells on either side of him now. They are empty. He is trying to hold onto his sanity.

NEW ANGLE - POV RAMIREZ

The cells are now full and each of the cells contains... him! He is trying to get out of all of them.

ANGLE ON - CELL #1

*
*

Ramirez is in Carlos' black jeans and T-shirt.

ANGLE ON - CELL #2

*

Ramirez is in his dress white Navy uniform.

ANGLE ON - CELL #3

*

Ramirez is dressed as a doctor, operating on a patient with Jack assisting him. Ramirez pulls a brain out of the patient's head.

RAMIREZ

Here's the problem, Doctor. He needs a new brain.

(CONTINUED)

75H CONTINUED:

75H

He tosses the brain to Jack who catches it.

JACK
Brilliant, Doctor!

Jack eats the brain.

JACK
And tasty, too!

ANGLE ON - RAMIREZ

as he walks down the corridor.

75I INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

75I

ANGLE ON - RAMIREZ'S HAND

It morphs from his own hand to that of a child and the child's hand gives birth to a woman's hand who morph's up alongside of him. It is Ramirez's mother.

NEW ANGLE

Child Ramirez and his Mother walk down the corridor behind two Cuban prison guards. The cells are full of Cuban political prisoners. There are shouts and screams of agony from men being tortured somewhere far off. They reach Ramirez's father's cell. Child Ramirez reaches out for his father's hand. A guard pushes his hand away. RAMIREZ'S FATHER speaks in Spanish.

RAMIREZ'S FATHER
Vaya mi hijo. Vaya rapido!

75J INT. CORRIDOR - ABANDONED PRISON - NIGHT

75J

ANGLE ON - PIGEONS

They come flapping their wings, dive bombing at us.

NEW ANGLE - RAMIREZ

He walks in his black jeans and T-shirt. The cells are empty around him but up ahead he hears the sounds of someone making love. Well, not making love... fucking. He approaches the sounds and there in one cell is his wife Maura under Carlos, humping away at her. Carlos looks up at Ramirez.

ANGLE ON CARLOS

in cell humping Maura.

(CONTINUED)

75J CONTINUED:

75J

CARLOS
(looking at Ramirez)
I think she likes me better...
don't you baby. She likes it
rough... you never knew that?
Yala... ruh mi hun.

He motions for Ramirez to leave.

ANGLE ON - RAMIREZ

He is about to rush the cell when more pigeons come flapping down at him. He turns and...

75K INT. CORRIDOR - ABANDONED PRISON - NIGHT - SFX

75K

NEW ANGLE

The pigeon becomes a dove gliding in a shaft of moonlight. Then it leaves the moonlight and it turns into a crow.

NEW ANGLE

The crow turns back into a dove and then suddenly the dove begins to choke, to vomit. It opens its beak and out of its mouth emerges the wet, slimy head of a full grown ravenous crow. It is coming straight out of the dove's mouth and straight at us, to devour us. We HEAR RAMIREZ SCREAM OVER THIS.

75L INT. ABANDONED PRISON - CORRIDOR ENTRANCE - MORNING

75L

Jack and Amos walk down the corridor. They both look as if they have been up all night, which indeed they have. Both are in need of a shower and shave.

AMOS
I hope we didn't go too far with
this.

JACK
I'd rather have him wind up in a
mental institution fucked up on LSD
than shot in some back alley in
Libya. If he can't handle this, he
sure as shit can't handle going
operational.

They round the corner. There, looking up at them, sitting in a chair, showered, shaved, looking fresh and ready to greet the day is Ramirez. He is reading his Arabic book. He looks up at them.

RAMIREZ
Okay... what's next?

76 OMITTED
77 OMITTED

OMITTED - 76
OMITTED - 77

07/02/1996

THE ASSIGNMENT

64.

78 OMITTED

OMITTED - 78

79 OMITTED

OMITTED - 79

80 OMITTED

OMITTED - 80

81 OMIT

OMIT 81

82 OMIT

OMIT 82

83 OMITTED

OMITTED 83

84 INT. KGB HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR - MOSCOW - NIGHT

84

We begin on a shot of a huge statue of Lenin which dominates this corridor. As camera swings around we SEE a HEAD KGB OFFICER with his KGB AIDE. OVER this shot we SUPER:

KGB CENTRAL COMMAND - MOSCOW

The head KGB officer holds a report. He reads aloud in Russian and we SUPER ENGLISH SUBTITLES. From now on, all dialogue in Russian will be indicated by putting the dialogue in parentheses. The KGB Officer is very smug about the report.

HEAD KGB OFFICER

(glancing up from report)

(We're just gotten information from our resident in Zurich that the CIA head of station there has deposited letters of credit in the amount of fifty million dollars into the account of a Mister Paulo Ortega... It would appear the Americans are dangling a very impressive bait for what I can only assume is a very juicy fish. I want to know who this Paulo Ortega is and what he's going to give the C.I.A. that is worth so very much money. And then we'll see what we can do about that.)

He smiles with a great deal of self-satisfaction.

85 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MAGIC HOUR - AERIAL SHOT 85

Ramirez races down the road in the Jeep. The road twists and turns as a light snow begins to fall.

86 INT. JEEP - NIGHT 86

Ramirez drives and we SEE that he has an earpiece which goes to a Walkman tape recorder. We HEAR the instructions being fed to him on the tape in Jack's voice:

JACK (THRU TAPE)

You're going to hit a hairpin turn exactly three tenths of a mile from the stop sign which should be coming into view at any minute.

NEW ANGLE - ON THE STOP SIGN UP AHEAD

BACK TO SCENE

Ramirez starts to slow down.

JACK (THRU TAPE)

Don't stop for the stop sign, don't even slow down for it. You've got to hit the hairpin exactly fifteen seconds after you pass the stop sign.

We see that Ramirez is going 60 miles an hour down the straightaway. The road is open and straight ahead. Ramirez drives on with total focus. The intensity is obvious. Up ahead is a hairpin turn.

JACK (THRU TAPE)

The hairpin should be right in front of you. Keep your focus. You can't let down even after you negotiate the turn. You never know what's going to be around the next corner... or whose life might depend on your reactions.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

NEW ANGLE

ON the Jeep as it negotiates the turn.

87 INT. JEEP - NIGHT

87

We have a shot of the road, POV Ramirez through the windshield. Suddenly as we negotiate the hairpin turn, there up ahead of us sits Jacks in the middle of the road TIED TO A CHAIR, looking straight at us.

ZOOM TO JACK

sitting straight, tied into the chair so that he could not run if he wanted to. He doesn't move, just stares forward, as if trying to lock eyes with Ramirez.

RAMIREZ (O.S.)

(as his hand starts for brake)

You asshole!

HIGH ANGLE

The Jeep turns slightly to the right, then sharply to the left. And as its back wheels lock, it slides and completes the 180-degree turn. Just short of Jack.

CLOSE - JACK

His face is white, his stare frozen. He has seen death before. Never that close.

BACK TO SCENE

Ramirez jumps out of the Jeep, coming straight at Jack.

RAMIREZ

You crazy-assed mother fucker! I could have killed you!

JACK

You can't let down! This isn't a game... it is life and death. You have to be ready for anything, all the time.

RAMIREZ

Fuck you!

Just then we HEAR the roar of the snowmobiles coming out of nowhere, bearing down towards them.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

JACK

(calmly)

The clip in your gun has three
live, two dummy, one live, three
dummy, one live.

Ramirez looks at him, pushed to the breaking point now.
He pulls the transmitter out of his pocket and crosses right to
Jack and stuffs it in Jack's pocket.

RAMIREZ

No rules, Jack? Then you fucking
deal with it.

Ramirez waits for Jack to say something... to protest... to say
anything. Jack says nothing. Ramirez turns in a fury and starts
walking away as the snowmobiles bear down from four different
directions, coming straight towards Jack. Jack says absolutely
nothing. Ramirez turns and sees Jack is making absolutely no
attempt to toss the transmitter. Jack simply locks eyes with
Ramirez. Jack is not going to budge. Ramirez turns his back and
is about to continue walking away but the noise of the
snowmobiles bearing on the unrelenting Jack grows louder.
Ramirez can take it no more. He turns, pulls out the gun and
must run right to where Jack is in order to get shots off at each
snowmobile. He fires through the dummy rounds until he takes out
all four snowmobiles, the last of which comes to rest only a few
feet away from them both. Ramirez is exhausted. When Jack
speaks it is quietly and with contempt.

JACK

You pussy. You rule-following
pussy.

Ramirez turns, looking at Jack, unable to believe his ears.

JACK

You know why you don't fuck around
on your wife? Not because you don't
want to. You're a man. You want to
fuck everything. But you don't...
because you're afraid it would cost
you what... your wife, your family,
your self respect maybe...

As we watch Ramirez listening to Jack, we can see him going over
the edge.

JACK

...You know what Carlos would do if
he was married? He'd bring
whatever woman he

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2)

87

JACK (CONT'D)

wanted home and make his wife fuck her. That's what no rules means. That's what you're too much of a pussy to get.

Ramirez walks straight over to Jack, pulls his hair back so that Jack is staring up at him and then he puts the barrel of his gun at Jack's temple. Ramirez is not bluffing now. He has gone completely into the dark side for the first time.

RAMIREZ

No rules, Jack? Okay... We're in a fucking foreign country on a secret mission... I can't be here, I'm on a submarine. The U.S. Navy's my alibi. What's the count on my ammunition, Jack? Is this one live or a dud? *

He stares down at Jack and we can see that Jack does not remember the count, as Ramirez pulls the trigger. CLICK!

RAMIREZ

What about the next one, Jack? Live or dud... who cares... no rules, right? *

He pulls the trigger. CLICK!

JACK

(perversely proud)
Yes, my good son...

RAMIREZ

Think you can be lucky three times in a row?

He pulls the trigger. CLICK!

RAMIREZ

How about four?

He is about to pull the trigger once again when we HEAR:

AMOS (O.S)

Annibal! It's over!

Ramirez turns to see him, as Amos walks down the embankment towards him.

JACK

Stay out of it.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (3)

87

AMOS

It's over, Jack. He's it.

*

Ramirez stays with the gun pointed at Jack. It is obvious he is in a killing mood, perfectly ready and willing to squeeze the trigger once again. Amos takes the gun from Ramirez, points it up and pulls the trigger... KABOOM!

88 EXT. ROAD BY DEAD SEA - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

88

WE SUPER THE FOLLOWING: ISRAEL - APRIL, 1987

We have an aerial shot over a date plantation which sits incongruously in the middle of the desert beside the Dead Sea, as we MOVE TO REVEAL a car driving along this barren road. The CAMERA pivots around the car as we See the landscape scroll behind it; the tortured rock formations, the mountains reflected in the water, a desert-scape that looks like something out of Dante, as Peugeot cuts its way along the road.

89 INT. PEUGEOT - DEAD SEA - ISRAEL

89

Jack is in the car with Amos, who drives, and Ramirez. Ramirez has a bandage across his nose. He has black eyes from plastic surgery. Jack hands Ramirez a small bundle which he opens. Inside is a black T-shirt and black jeans.

RAMIREZ

What's this?

JACK

What you'll wear from now on. Black T-shirt and jeans... it's the only thing Carlos ever wears whenever he's not out being a terrorist. It's the opposite of what he was forced to wear as a child... you know... the school uniforms, the white tight collared shirts... It's become like a fetish for him.

AMOS

And to match your new wardrobe, in another two days your bandages will come off and you'll get to show your beautiful new nose to Carla.

RAMIREZ

Who's Carla?

JACK

She's a Venezuelan. She was Carlos' main squeeze about fifteen years ago. She'll put the finishing touches on the act.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

RAMIREZ

Why's one of Carlos' girlfriends helping us?

AMOS

Carlos used her... like he uses a lot of women. She emigrated to Israel. Now she wants to get even.

RAMIREZ

What do you mean used her. How?

JACK

He put her on an airplane with a bomb in her suitcase. She would have gone up with everything else. What's that song say? There are fifty ways to leave your lover? Make that fifty-one.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

AMOS

She's about thirty-seven... still attractive.

JACK

So it's not gonna be a hardship.

RAMIREZ

What's not gonna be a hardship?

JACK

Making love to her.

Ramirez looks at Jack in shock.

JACK

Annibal... the way in is a woman... her name is Agnieszka. It's part of the trap. The KGB will be watching her... we'll make sure of that... She's a more recent girlfriend of Carlos... But they've got to be convinced and so does she. Carlos, you, are going to ask her to do something. She has to believe you're him or she won't risk it.

Ramirez just looks at him, as if cheating on his wife was obviously not part of the bargain.

JACK

What the fuck are you lookin' at? You're gonna help murder this guy, you draw the moral line at extramarital sex?

Ramirez is quiet.

JACK

Don't think of it as cheating. Think of it as fucking for the flag.

AMOS

"When in doubt, close your eyes and think of England."

*

90 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DEAD SEA - SUNSET -

90

At first we should not realize we are near a building of any kind. We open on a WIDE ANGLE on the Dead Sea from a stunning POV. CRANE DOWN to reveal the silhouette of Ramirez smoking a cigarette. We now SEE that his nose is exactly that of Carlos. He has just a bit of dark circles left under his eyes, just enough to make him seem moody. He tosses the cigarette and turns to enter a room. Now we see that this is a deserted barracks pock-marked with artillery shells and machine gun bulletholes from past wars.

90A EXT. BALCONY - SAFE HOUSE - DEAD SEA - SUNSET

90A

Ramirez turns to enter the barracks with a wide-angle of the landscape overlooking the Dead Sea. He now wears a black T-shirt and black jeans. The Peugeot is parked near the barracks that sits on the edge of the cliff in b.g.

90B OMIT

OMIT 90B

91 INT. SAFE HOUSE - DEAD SEA - SUNSET

91

start TIGHT on a shot of an ashtray. It is overflowing with cigarettes. A woman's hand picks up the butt that is in the ashtray and with the last of its ember she lights another cigarette off it. She is CARLA, mid-thirties, hard edged which mars the beauty she still has. She is intense, neurotic and bitter.

She and Ramirez are alone in the living room. She sits in a corner. We become aware of the room. It is a study in contrasts. Light shoots in through shell holes and cracks in ruined walls. And yet, the interior is somehow soft, sensuous, with thick carpet, muslin drapes and a large bed that resembles at one and the same time, a boxing ring and an altar. She pays no attention to Ramirez. She doesn't even acknowledge that he's entered the room. She is in a kind of reverie.

CARLA

The thing about Carlos is... he doesn't lose himself with a woman... not with a lover... maybe with a whore I don't know... I wasn't his whore. Lovers are different to him... he might have a use for them... so he has to seduce them properly. He has to make sure they're so crazy about him they'll do anything for him.

RAMIREZ

When did you.....?

She holds up a hand without looking at him, commanding his silence.

CARLA

Shhh! You're not here.

She rocks herself back and forth, comforting herself and now for the first time we see the bottle of Irish whiskey she holds at her side. She raises it, takes a long gulp, some of the fluid dripping down the corner of her mouth. She doesn't bother to wipe it away. It is there next to tearstains on her cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

Slowly, her rocking back and forth, her primal comforting, the act of an abused and abandoned child will turn into strokes, caresses of a secret style from a phantom lover who will get her in the mood for what she must do. She must get herself wet. She must get herself ready. She must recapture what it is to be seduced by Carlos. Her hand is her lover now.

CARLA

You don't exist until I'm ready to let you exist, and then... you do exactly what I say.

She leans her head back and conjures Carlos up in her mind.

CARLA

It's not pleasure for him... it's... it's... it's... this sick kind of conquest... you know this seduction... he's got to make you not just a lover but a disciple... a worshipper... He brainwashes you with his body... so... so... you'll do anything... you see because he's the perfect lover... he does it all to... not to please you... but to excite you... to... to make it dangerous for you and then, that's very sexy too, to a woman... that danger... like he could kill you in a second... but instead he makes you come... So he's almost killed you, you see? And you have this orgasm right then and it's like he's killed you and there isn't anything left of you and he makes you be born again the way he wants you to be. So there isn't a thought in your brain that he hasn't put there. Not a feeling in your body that he hasn't put there.

She masturbates herself stopping just short of climax. Then she looks up at Ramirez, acknowledges his presence and lets him exist.

CARLA

Take off your clothes.

RAMIREZ

Just like that?

CARLA

Look Mister...

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

RAMIREZ

Miguel...

CARLA

I don't want to know your name...
I don't want to know anything about
you okay. This isn't fun for me.
I'm not here to play soft music and
be romantic. I'm here to help you
kill him... At least I hope that's
what you're going to do. They
promised me it was.

RAMIREZ

Yes.

CARLA

Take off your clothes.

ANGLE ON RAMIREZ

He takes off his clothes. CAMERA SHOOT FROM THE WAIST UP.

CARLA

You're smaller than him.

RAMIREZ

(shaking his head)

Great.

Carla slaps him suddenly without warning hard across the face.

CARLA

That's what he would have done if I
would have said something like
that. Without a moment's
hesitation. What's wrong with
you?! No eres ni hombre!

Ramirez back hands her and she flies backwards against the couch.

ANGLE ON CARLA

lying against the couch. Her mouth is bleeding just a little.

CARLA

Now come to me and kiss where you
hit.

She puts her finger to her lip and sees the blood. Ramirez bends
down to her, the passion rising.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (3)

91

CARLA

Kiss where the blood is and then
smear it on my lips so I taste it.

Ramirez bends down and kisses her and the blood smears and he
kisses her passionately.

CARLA

Now go down on me... yes like
that... si... si... tease me...
tease... but don't let me come...
control me... it's got to be when
he wants it... yeah...

Ramirez's head goes down out of frame.

DISSOLVE TO:

NEW ANGLE

Ramirez and Carla in bed, both naked, Ramirez is on top...

CARLA

Ask me if I like it... he always
asks... he wants to hear it.

RAMIREZ

You like it....

CARLA

Demand it.

RAMIREZ

(harder)
You like it?!

CARLA

Yeah...

RAMIREZ

You like it?!

CARLA

Make me beg.

RAMIREZ

Beg for it...

CARLA

Please...

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (4)

91

RAMIREZ

Yeah...

CARLA

Please... Tell me you want me to
come...

RAMIREZ

I want you to come now...

CARLA

You want to feel it all over you...

Ramirez is too turned on now to follow instructions.

RAMIREZ

Oh yeah baby... yeah... you make me
feel so good.

CARLA

Stop! ...Stop it!

She pushes Ramirez back. She sits up gropes for a cigarette.

RAMIREZ

What... What'd I do...

CARLA

He never loses control... He never
tells you how he feels. He's in
control. He's the one who makes
you feel what he wants you to feel.
He never feels anything... You
stupid... stupid...

She fumbles with a lighter... Then she throws it aside and the cigarette.

CARLA

Roll over!

RAMIREZ

Why?

CARLA

On your back!

Ramirez rolls onto his back and she gets on top of him. CAMERA
SHOOTS FROM THE WAIST UP.

CARLA

I'm Carlos... You're me.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (5)

91

She starts humping him. Her voice goes down very low.

CARLA

You like it...

She humps harder. Ramirez evidently does.

RAMIREZ

Yeah.

CARLA

You like it?

RAMIREZ

Oh baby...

CARLA

Ooooo I want to make you come...

RAMIREZ

Yeah...

CARLA

I want to make you come... I want to feel it all over me.

RAMIREZ

Yeah... yeahhh... Yeahhhhhh.

Ramirez is almost at the point of orgasm and Carla reaches down with her hands and starts to choke him.

RAMIREZ

(scared)

What the fuck are you doin'?

CARLA

Let me... let me do it... Put your hands down.

She humps him harder and chokes him and he climaxes and then she releases her grasp on his throat...

CARLA

He does that... he's crazy... he chokes you... just a little.

She gets off him and lights up a cigarette.

CARLA

Then he goes to the refrigerator and eats... He's always hungry afterwards... always... God I feel like filth.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (6)

91

She starts crying and the crying grows louder. Ramirez rolls over to her to take her in his arms.

RAMIREZ

I'm sorry... I'm sorry.

CARLA

Get your hands off me!

RAMIREZ

Shh... I'm not him... I'm not Carlos... I'm...

CARLA

I don't care who you are. I don't want to know anything about you... except that you're going to kill him.

92 EXT. K.G.B. HEADQUARTERS - MOSCOW - NIGHT

92

93 INT. K.G.B. OFFICE - NIGHT

93

A HEAD K.G.B. OFFICER is with a K.G.B. AIDE. He reads a report.

HEAD K.G.B. OFFICER

(It seems our friendly bank manager in Zurich has received instructions to put a new name on the account of our mysterious Mister Paulo Ortega... Agnieszka Kozinski. Does the name sound familiar?)

K.G.B. AIDE

(Should it?)

HEAD K.G.B. OFFICER

(I ran a check on her. She's a French national... originally Polish. She was a girlfriend of Carlos.)

K.G.B. AIDE

(Our Carlos?)

HEAD K.G.B. OFFICER

(The question is... is he still our Carlos. Or is he about to become someone else's.)

94 EXT. AGNIESKA'S APARTMENT - PARIS - DAY

94

A beautiful young woman whom we will come to know as AGNIESKA enters her apartment building.

95 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARIS - DAY

95

Agnieska collects her mail. She stops when she comes to a postcard. We cannot make out what it says, but it has a profound effect on her. Dialogue is in French with English Subtitles.

AGNIESKA

My God... My God... It's him.

96 EXT. - BALCONY - SAFE HOUSE - DEAD SEA - SUNSET

96

Ramirez stands looking out to the horizon, smoking a cigarette when Jack comes up behind him.

JACK

Well... not the most painful way to burn your bridges behind you, huh Miguel?

RAMIREZ

What do you mean?

JACK

Saint Miguel the faithful husband is dead. Long live Carlos. You've cheated on your wife... now you can do anything.

RAMIREZ

What I did in there I didn't do to cheat on my wife and you know it.

JACK

Hey, pussy's pussy.

Ramirez turns to look at him as if a light bulb has just gone on.

RAMIREZ

I just got it about you, Jack. You can't get it up, can you?

The look on Jack's face for once, having been caught completely off guard, betrays the fact that Ramirez is dead-on. Just then, we HEAR:

AMOS (O.S.)

We've got it. Just confirmed.

JACK

Got what confirmed?

*
*

ANGLE ON - AMOS

He crosses towards them, holding a decoded message.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

AMOS

The KGB has set up a surveillance on Agnieszka. And Agnieszka has received her summons from her long-lost love... Carlos, telling her to come and meet you. At the meeting you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96*

AMOS (CONT'D)

convince her you're Carlos. You ask her to handle some bank transactions. She will. Then the KGB knows Carlos and Ortega are the same man. Then later they'll see you meet with a CIA agent. They'll have all the pieces. They'll know Carlos has turned.

RAMIREZ

Where do I meet with this Agnieska?

AMOS

Libya. That's where Carlos is.

RAMIREZ

Couldn't we wait till he takes a trip? I mean Libya... shit.

AMOS

The waiting is more dangerous to you than going to Libya. We've laid out a trap. Now we have to be careful not to get caught in it ourselves.

97 EXT. SHORE OF DEAD SEA - ISRAEL - SUNSET

97

Ramirez and Amos walk along the road which runs straight along the Dead Sea. Here and there are strands of barbed wire and the barracks in the b.g. As they walk, they pass a sign which says: THE DEAD SEA - YOU ARE NOW STANDING AT THE LOWEST SPOT ON EARTH... ELEVATION: 393 METERS BELOW SEA LEVEL.

AMOS

Jack doesn't know that we're having this talk and I don't want him to know... understand?

RAMIREZ

Okay...

AMOS

Nothing can make you ready for combat but combat. Jack would be against me telling you this... He would say you shouldn't have a thought in your head that we haven't put there but you're not just a box that we're going to fill up with our own ideas. You have a right to know certain things.

RAMIREZ

I appreciate that Amos... a lot.
It's funny, I started out hating you...
I mean I'm still gonna sue you,
don't think you're off the hook for
my broken ribs, but...

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

AMOS

But now you love me and we're going to run away to San Francisco and find a reformed rabbi to perform a mixed gay marriage. Listen to me... You're going to feel more alone than you've ever felt in your life. It will hit you all of a sudden and you'll think your heart's going to jump out of your chest, you'll think everyone around you can hear your heart beating, and that everyone around you is an enemy agent. I want you to be prepared for that. So you can deal with it. Understand?

*

In the far distance, we are vaguely aware of a huge truck barrelling along, coming straight down the highway towards them.

RAMIREZ

Yes.

AMOS

We had an agent... the best we ever had in training. We were going to infiltrate him into Beirut and then use him to penetrate the PFLP. No student ever scored higher than this man... We set up his cover for six months in Argentina. He was perfect. And then we sent him to Beirut. He got off the plane, went to his hotel, went up to his room and had a nervous breakdown.

Suddenly it seems, the truck is right on top of them, heading straight for them, like monster in a child's nightmare. It passes within inches and Ramirez has to fight to keep from jumping as the truck roars past them. It is not a monster, just a truck. Then again, it could have killed them just the same.

AMOS

We had to mount an operation to send in a man posing as a doctor so we could drug him and get him out on a plane. Okay? Now you understand? Nothing prepares you. I want you to know that so when it hits you, you don't panic, you feel the fear and then get rid of it.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

RAMIREZ

Jesus...

AMOS

You splash some water on your face. You take some deep breaths. You look in the mirror and when you look in that mirror, I don't want you to find Annibal Ramirez. You find Carlos. If you find Carlos, that's what everyone else will find too. And if you find Carlos and anything goes wrong, he's the one who can get you out of it. Because he's the best.

*

RAMIREZ

(after a beat)

I got a wife I got to go back to when this is over. I got kids I got to go back to when this is over. I want to go back as Annibal Ramirez... not Carlos.

AMOS

You will... you'll need a time of decompression and it will be hard at first, but you will. Because inside you aren't Carlos... you aren't a terrorist. But right now, in order to save your life, you've got to be. You've got to look in the mirror and find Carlos. Do you understand?

It is almost said like the offering of a vow.

RAMIREZ

I do.

AMOS

You won't be able to go in with a gun... too risky... so we're going to have to get one to you once you're in place. How I don't know yet... But we'll get one to you. You'll make your way out by boat. We'll be on it. But we won't be able to help if anything goes wrong. We'll make our way down the coast to a friendly state and then fly back to London, and from there back to the U.S.

99 EXT. LIBYA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

99

As passengers come out of the plane we recognize Ramirez amongst them.

SUPER: TRIPOLI, LIBYA - MAY 1987

100 INT. LIBYA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

100

A cold, dreary, oppressive airport. Grim-looking SOLDIERS and even more menacing SECURITY MEN in dark glasses. In the line of arriving PASSENGERS, at the passport control booth, is a limping Colombian businessman. Scanning the place from behind sunglasses, his heart is POUNDING, POUNDING, POUNDING. This is it. This is real enemy territory now, and he knows it.

RAMIREZ'S POV

The foreboding paranoia that everyone is staring at him. Soldiers, security men, airport employees, other passengers. They all seem to know his secret. They're all just waiting for the axe to fall. Ramirez heads over to the Customs booth. He turns back as a guard pushes him aside to let pass a rich Arabic family. A young fat girl holding some toys grimaces at him as she indelicately makes her way with her family through the crowd. In the b.g. we notice a Mercedes waiting for them through the glass doors of the airport. Ramirez continues on his way towards the Customs booth. Behind a curtain, he sees a man being searched.

OFFICIAL

El Pass'port!

The sudden harsh voice jolts us all.

CLOSE - OFFICIAL

Pockmarked face with exaggerated features. Ugly and mean. Ramirez hands him his Colombian passport. The POUNDING quickens.

OFFICIAL

Sheil el Nadara!

He barks in Arabic, motioning Ramirez to remove his sunglasses. Ramirez does, fighting to remain calm under the man's granite gaze. The official looks at the passport and back at Ramirez. The following dialogue is in Arabic with English subtitles.

Now and for every other scene in which Ramirez passes himself off as Carlos, he has brown eyes.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

OFFICIAL
Ricardo Moran Vargas?

RAMIREZ
Yes.

CLOSE - RAMIREZ'S FACE

Tiny beads of sweat begin to form on his forehead.

OFFICIAL
Your business?

RAMIREZ
Pipes. I sell pipes.

OFFICIAL
Pipes?

Ramirez nods, smiling apologetically, searching for the words in Arabic. Ramirez struggles to appear calm. His heart's POUNDING, however, intensifies.

RAMIREZ
For the oil...

OFFICIAL
Oil?

RAMIREZ
Pipes for oil... Petroleum...

OFFICIAL
(after a beat)
Step over behind the curtain.

NEW ANGLE

Ramirez's luggage is being thoroughly searched by the Official. Finally the Official looks up at him.

OFFICIAL
All right. You can go.

Finally he stamps the passport.

101 EXT. LIBYA PALACE HOTEL - DAY

101

We have a shot of the cab, an old Mercedes coming towards us, and then under the arch leading to the entrance of the hotel. Ramirez steps out and he's assailed by a bunch of kids begging and trying to grab his baggage. He looks around.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

ANGLE - POV RAMIREZ

Across the street at a cafe soldiers with guns laugh. From a shop window, the silhouette of a man seems to look right at us. Across the street, kids on a balcony throw a water balloon at a horse pulling a cart and the horse bolts right in front of Ramirez.

BACK TO SCENE

As the street urchins continue to beg and grab at his luggage, and the taxi driver demands impatiently to be paid, suddenly out of nowhere, a bellboy appears and smacks one of the kids who falls to the ground. They all disperse as the bellboy takes the luggage and leads Ramirez who pays the cab driver and then crosses to the hotel.

102 OMITTED

OMITTED 102

103 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LIBYA - DAY

103

The bellboy enters with Ramirez, sets down his bags and then opens the shutters of the window. Ramirez tips him silently. Once the bellboy has left, Ramirez walks to the phone and checks it out. Then he crosses to the shutters. Perhaps he sees a shadow looking in his direction from the dark apartment across the street. He closes the shutters. Just then, there's a LOUD KNOCK on the door. He jumps and automatically goes for his gun. But he has no gun... and his heart begins to POUND again. The LOUD KNOCK repeats itself.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

RAMIREZ
(in Spanish)
Who's there?

An incomprehensible response in Arabic.

RAMIREZ
(in accented English)
What do you want?

VOICE
Room service.

RAMIREZ
(after a pause)
I not order nothing.

VOICE
Iced water.

RAMIREZ
Iced water?

VOICE
Yes, sir.

The voice is young, and not too assertive. Ramirez consults his watch and looks out the window again. Everything still seems to be normal.

VOICE
Sir...?

Ramirez carefully opens the door. In walks a young, rather innocent-looking WAITER with a jar of ice water. He wears a fez on his head. As he places it on a table, Ramirez eyes him with suspicion. Suddenly the waiter reaches underneath his jacket and... pulls out a small handgun.

ON RAMIREZ

He is frozen with fear.

ON WAITER

Putting his finger to his mouth to signal silence, he shoves the gun and silencer under a napkin. Then he takes off his fez and from within, pulls out a small grenade and extra clip of ammunition. Without any further attempt at communication, he exits the room.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

RAMIREZ

Jesus.

Ramirez walks back into the bathroom. He splashes water on his face and takes three deep breaths and then slowly looks up into the mirror... and finds Carlos.

103A OMITTED

OMITTED 103A

104 EXT. STREET IN LIBYA - DOWNTOWN TRIPOLI - DAY

104

We SEE a beautiful dark haired woman of about thirty coming down the street. There are several other pedestrians as well. The woman is Agnieszka. She carries a large bag of groceries.

104A EXT. STREET - TRIPOLI, LIBYA - RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

104A

A van is parked on the street. Agnieszka walks along. The van starts. A man whom we will come to know as VLADIMIR adjusts the mirror. His partner NIKOLAI readjusts it and in it we SEE Agnieszka, walking. The two KGB operatives, now both see Agnieszka.

VLADIMIR

(There she comes...)

NIKOLAI

(Do you see Misha?)

VLADIMIR

(Not yet.)

Behind Agnieszka about fifty feet behind her we SEE several pedestrians, one is an Arab and another a European. Agnieszka goes up into an apartment building.

VLADIMIR

(There he is.)

Around the corner comes another Arab businessman type. The first Arab stops in front of the apartment house and bends down to tie his shoe. The second Arab comes up alongside of him and the first Arab gives an almost imperceptible nod. The second Arab goes into the apartment house.

(CONTINUED)

104A CONTINUED:

104A

VLADIMIR

(He's passing her to Leonid. For Russians, they make good Arabs.)

The van makes a U-turn and pulls around the corner to give them another vantage point of Agnieszka's apartment.

105 INT. VAN - LIBYA - DAY

105

The two Russian operatives continue their stakeout of Agnieszka's apartment.

106 INT. APARTMENT - LIBYA - LATE AFTERNOON

106

Agnieszka enters the apartment. She opens the door and slowly walks in. The apartment is dark. She is about to turn on the lights when suddenly a hand grabs her from behind around her mouth and another hand holding a gun snaps right down next to her head. She drops the groceries and screams but the hand muffles it. She struggles a bit but the person who holds her hisses.

PERSON HOLDING HER

(in an Arabic accent)

SHHHHHHH. One sound and you're dead.

Outside the door we hear faintly the sound of footsteps. We still cannot make out who is holding her. He appears to be an Arab in traditional garb completely bald with mustache and glasses. He speaks in a thick Arabic accent.

PERSON HOLDING HER

Carlos... when is he coming here?

He loosens the grasp on her mouth.

AGNIESKA

I don't know what you're talking about.

PERSON HOLDING HER

Don't play games with me. We've had you followed. We know you're going to meet him. Now, when?!

AGNIESKA

I don't know any Carlos... please I'm telling you the truth.

The person holding her still has his gun at her head. He cocks the trigger back with a loud noise. The gun has a silencer on it.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

PERSON HOLDING HER

This gun has a silencer. There won't be any noise. Now talk!

AGNIESKA

I don't know what you're talking about... I'm not from here. I just came to visit a girlfriend. This is her apartment. She'll be here tomorrow... please.

The person who is holding her throws her to the floor. He stands over her.

PERSON HOLDING HER

You're lying...

AGNIESKA

I swear to you... I'm telling the truth...

The bald Arab who was holding her slowly takes his belt out of its loops and puts his gun back in his pants. He holds the belt as if he is going to strangle her.

AGNIESKA

What... what are you going to do to me.

PERSON WHO WAS HOLDING HER

First... I'm going to have some fun with you... and then...

He reaches up to his glasses and takes them off and his mustache and false nose...

RAMIREZ

Then I'm going to have something to eat... I'm famished.

PRODUCTION NOTE: THE BEGINNING OF THIS SCENE SHOULD BE PLAYED WITH ANOTHER ACTOR SO THAT THE AUDIENCE HAS NO HINT THAT THIS IS RAMIREZ. THEN ON THE CUT WHERE HE TAKES OFF HIS GLASSES, IT SHOULD BE THE ACTOR PLAYING RAMIREZ, BUT HE IS BALD.

AGNIESKA

You bastard! I haven't see you for two years and this is the way you...

Ramirez laughs.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

RAMIREZ

I had to be sure I could still
trust you.

He bends down to her and kisses her.

AGNIESKA

I came all the way to this god-
forsaken country didn't I? I've
been holed up in this place you
arranged for me for the past
twenty-four hours... I couldn't eat
I couldn't sleep... nothing just
sitting in here waiting for you.

He picks her up in his arms and starts carrying her to the bed.

RAMIREZ

So why did you leave...?

AGNIESKA

Whoever stocked this place with
food didn't leave much of a
selection... I wanted to go out and
get some nice things for you. You
weren't supposed to be here for
another three hours. I could have
made a nice dinner.

RAMIREZ

I've got what I want to eat in my
arms right now.

He lays her down on the bed and pulls up her skirt and his head
goes down out of screen as Agnieszka arches her back and sighs.

107 EXT. HARBOR - LIBYA - LATE AFTERNOON

107

The silhouette of a fishing boat drifts along the coastline.

108 INT. FISHING BOAT - LIBYA - LATE AFTERNOON

108

We see the silhouettes of two men against the out of focus
backdrop of the city. They are Jack and Amos, chain smoking.
Both men dressed as fishermen. Jack checks his watch.

JACK

I wonder what he's doing now.

AMOS

Practicing safe sex, I hope.

109 INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT IN LIBYA - SUNSET

109

Ramirez is in bed with Agnieszka. She lays back smoking a cigarette, sighing.

AGNIESKA

My God... my God...

RAMIREZ

Yeah... Now, let's eat.

He gets up and throws on his pants and crosses into the little kitchen. Agnieszka follows, draping a blanket around her. She crosses to a window and opens it.

RAMIREZ

What are you doing?

AGNIESKA

Just getting some air in here...
Don't be so jumpy.

He turns back to the refrigerator and opens it. Agnieszka crosses to the fallen sacks of groceries.

AGNIESKA

Forget about what's in there... I
found caviar and, here's some pate.

RAMIREZ

Didn't like the food I'd left for
you, huh?

His eyes scan the refrigerator.

AGNIESKA

Couldn't eat a bite of it.

ANGLE ON RAMIREZ

His eyes still scan. He pulls a cucumber out of the refrigerator and takes a bite and makes a face.

RAMIREZ

Ughhh... I don't blame you.

He opens the lid on the garbage can and throws the cucumber inside.

ANGLE ON

INSIDE OF GARBAGE CAN

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

At the bottom are cigarette butts. CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON ONE - IT IS FILTER-TIPPED.

Ramirez turns around to her and comes up behind her.

RAMIREZ

Who was here smoking a filter-tip
cigarette my darling?

AGNIESKA

What?

RAMIREZ

You don't smoke filters.

AGNIESKA

What are you talking about?

He grabs her by the back of the neck and shoves her face down into the garbage can.

RAMIREZ

That's what I'm talking about! The
filter-tipped cigarette. Who was
here.

AGNIESKA

You're crazy... no one...
I...Illich... listen... I ran out
of cigarettes and... and I was at a
cafe and I bummed a cigarette... I
had a cigarette and coffee and came
back here... that's all.

RAMIREZ

(loosening his grasp just
a little)
You bummed a cigarette... that's
all.

AGNIESKA

Yes... yes... you know I can't have
coffee without a cigarette.

RAMIREZ

I believe you.

He straightens her up and rises with her. Then all of a sudden
he grabs her by the throat and starts to strangle her.

RAMIREZ

The nearest cafe is two blocks
away. A cigarette wouldn't have
lasted that long... so you bummed a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
cigarette but it wasn't in a
cafe... it was very close to
here... In this apartment
building. Who did you meet with?
That window was a signal wasn't
it?! Wasn't it you puta bitch!

He starts to strangle her and we see not Ramirez but Carlos.

RAMIREZ
Tell me or you're dead!

He is choking the life out of her. She croaks out an answer.

AGNIESKA
The French... the D.S.T... They
made me... I didn't have any
choice...

RAMIREZ
You sold me out!

He is choking the life out of her when we hear footsteps
racing down the hall. Ramirez throws Agnieszka down, grabs his
gun and grenade and races to the open window and goes out onto
the fire escape. His feet are bare. He has no shirt on.

110 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - APARTMENT BUILDING - LIBYA - SUNSET 110

Ramirez comes out of the apartment onto the fire escape.
Bullets hit the wall next to him and below we SEE several D.S.T.
agents shooting up at him. A D.S.T. agent appears inside the
apartment and shoots at Ramirez. Ramirez moves out of the way of
the shattered window.

ANGLE - POV RAMIREZ

looking down and across the alley.

111 INT. VAN - LIBYA - SUNSET 111

VLADIMIR
(Gunfire?! What the hell is going
on?!)

The two Russian operatives get out of their van.

112 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - LIBYA - SUNSET 112

D.S.T. agents from below are shooting up at Ramirez. Their
gunfire destroys everything in sight. Ramirez leaps over the
railing and flies across the street, landing on a terrace. His
momentum is so strong that he is propelled through the glass
doors of the terrace.

113A INT. APARTMENT - NEXT LEVEL - LIBYA - SUNSET

113A

Ramirez goes through the window of the apartment as bullets continue to fly. He cuts his feet on the broken glass.

113B INT. APARTMENT - NEXT LEVEL - SUNSET

113B

Ramirez quickly goes through the apartment, falling into the room, landing hard where a family is eating and watching TV. We see now that Ramirez is wounded.

114 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - LIBYA - SUNSET

114

Ramirez comes out the door and starts toward the stairs. Ramirez suddenly bangs into a D.S.T. agent. The two of them look at each other in shock for a beat. Neither was expecting the other to be there. The moment seems to last forever. They are literally face to face. Which one will react first? Ramirez takes half a step back, raises his gun and fires, exploding the DST agent's forehead. Ramirez has a moment of horror, splattered with the blood and brains of this man. We Intercut a flash of the DST man being hit in an instant, almost subliminal replay as if Ramirez's brain must register the scene twice to comprehend it. Just then, a shot rings out from below and Ramirez, who can't help staring in horror at the dead man, flees once more for his life.

115 INT. APARTMENT HOUSE - STAIRWELL - LIBYA - SUNSET

115

Two more DST agents follow the trail of blood up the stairs.

116A EXT. ROOF - APARTMENT HOUSE - LIBYA - SUNSET

116A

Ramirez arrives at the top of the stairs. Reaching the edge of the roof, Ramirez looks across to the other side. The D.S.T. agents arrive at the top and see Ramirez. Ramirez takes a deep breath and jumps, barely making it, clinging onto a pipe on the side of the building. Once again, we Intercut the quick flashback of the DST man being shot. Then, as shots ring out around him, Ramirez pulls himself up and gets away.

116B EXT. ROOF - APARTMENT HOUSE - LIBYA - SUNSET

116B

Ramirez checks over the side of the building to see a D.S.T. car following. One agent steps out and starts to shoot at him. Ramirez fires back and shatters the windshield and then jumps to the next rooftop.

116C EXT. ROOF - APARTMENT HOUSE - LIBYA - MAGIC HOUR 116C

Ramirez's silhouette runs from roof to roof.

117A EXT. ROOF - APARTMENT - MAGIC HOUR 117A

Ramirez trips over a piece of metal and crashes through the metal roof of a shed, and then, landing, he takes off running through the narrow alley below.

117B EXT. ROOF - APARTMENT - MAGIC HOUR 117B

Ramirez runs down the dark and narrow alley.

117C EXT. NARROW ALLEY - MAGIC HOUR 117C

Outside a Turkish cafe, a D.S.T. agent shoots at Ramirez. All the diners duck for cover. Ramirez shoots out the lights, the fixture sparks and flies off its hook, sending a string of lights crashing down toward the D.S.T. agent, the bulbs exploding around his head.

117D EXT. SMALL ALLEY - NIGHT 117D

Ramirez arrives at a small street. In the distance we SEE the lights of a bright and busy street. Suddenly, headlights hit his face, gunfire rings out and Ramirez takes off followed by the oncoming car.

117E INT. COURTYARD - LIBYA - NIGHT 117E

Ramirez is running from the car dodging bullets. Ramirez lobbs a grenade at the car. It explodes right in front of the car, not taking it out, just damaging it. Ramirez runs across the street and is hit suddenly by a motorcycle which then veers off and goes crashing into an oncoming car. Ramirez gets up and runs into a doorway.

118 INT. COURTYARD - LIBYA - NIGHT 118

Ramirez, sweating and out of breath, scans his new and dark surroundings. While bleeding, Ramirez suddenly turns around and shoots. A DST agent falls out of the darkness, dead. Ramirez hears something. Turning around, Ramirez shoots an agent at the top of the building. The body falls and gets tangled into the string of electrical wires. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out another clip and re-loads.

119 EXT. STREET - LIBYA - NIGHT 119

Ramirez comes out of the doorway and waves down a taxi. Ramirez jumps into the driver's seat, pushing the driver aside. When the driver resists, Ramirez throws him out into the street.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

A passing truck nearly hits the driver. Other Arabs start approaching Ramirez but back off immediately once he raises his gun. The taxi makes a U-turn and leaves, racing through traffic. Ramirez checks his mirror and sees that he is picked up by a D.S.T. car. They begin to shoot at Ramirez and his back window shatters.

120A EXT. SMALLER STREET - LIBYA - NIGHT

120A

Ramirez is driving full speed. The car jumps as it hits the junction of the street. Ramirez continues to be followed by the car of D.S.T. agents. Ramirez turns into a small alley.

120B EXT. NARROW STREET - LIBYA - NIGHT

120B

Ramirez drives down the narrow street. The sides of the car barely fit through. Sparks fly from the metal scratching against the walls. The taxi's mirror pops off as the chase continues.

120C EXT. SMALLER STREET WITH ARCHES - LIBYA - NIGHT

120C

The cars continue to race through the streets. Ramirez suddenly sees two kids coming out of a garage. Ramirez veers out of the way and misses the kids. The car goes crashing into scaffolding and paint drops down onto the windshield. Once again, we Intercut the flashback of Ramirez killing the first DST agent, being splattered with his blood. Ramirez continues to drive away, wiping away the paint on the windshield.

120D EXT. SMALLER STREET WITH CAFE - LIBYA - NIGHT

120D

Ramirez tries to wipe away the paint. The cars continue to race through the streets.

120E EXT. STREET - LIBYA - NIGHT

120E

The two cars disappear down a hill. Ramirez's vision is blurred by the paint on the windshield. A car suddenly appears that forces him to veer left into a stairwell. The taxi descends the stairway. Ramirez suddenly pulls the parking brake and the other car hits Ramirez's car and flips over it and explodes. Ramirez, watching the explosion, takes off the other way.

120 EXT. STREET IN LIBYA - NIGHT

121

On the harbor, a police car is seen next to Ramirez's taxi. The sergeant reveals some blood inside the taxi but Ramirez is nowhere to be found. We SEE the KGB on the scene.

122 EXT. HARBOR - LIBYA - NIGHT

122

The fishing boat enters the harbor. Jack stands on the deck as the boat passes under a bridge. Out of nowhere a man jumps onto Jack and shoves him to the ground. Holding him by the neck, Amos appears and is about to hit Ramirez but Ramirez grabs Amos' arm and stares at him.

123 EXT. VILLA - LIBYA - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

123

We SEE Carlos' villa through the barbed wire. The silhouette of a guard is on top of the building.

124 INT. VILLA BEDROOM - NIGHT

124

The real Carlos is asleep in the bed with a beautiful Arabic woman. A Japanese KOJ enters and taps Carlos on the shoulder. Instantly he springs awake with a gun in his hand pointed at KOJ.

KOJ

Illich... you must get dressed.
There was a shooting tonight... We
have to talk.

CARLOS

What shooting... who?

125 EXT. FISHING BOAT AT SEA - NIGHT

125

126 INT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

126

Jack and Amos are with Ramirez who is furious. Amos is binding Ramirez's wounds.

RAMIREZ

What the fuck are you talking
about, you didn't know she was
working with the DST?

JACK

We didn't. How the fuck should we
know?

RAMIREZ

They're our allies, for Christ's
sake!

JACK

They didn't tell us this time. Why
should they it was their operation.
And we sure as shit weren't gonna
let them in on you being here.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

RAMIREZ

Why not?! That way they wouldn't have tried to kill me and I wouldn't have wound up killing them.

AMOS

It would have been too dangerous.

RAMIREZ

Too dangerous... what the fuck do you think that was back there? Safe? How the fuck more dangerous does it have to get?

JACK

Annibal, the important thing was it worked! The Russians have to think it was Carlos now.... What did they see? They trail the girl... and then there's a shoot out. Let's make sure they know it was DST... we can make sure they get that information. If they know the DST was there then what were they doing there if it wasn't to get Carlos. She betrayed you, so tomorrow we take her name off the bank account and we set up another place for them to get their pictures. We burned Libya but okay so we'll find another place. The only thing that matters is they've got to believe it now. It's perfect!

RAMIREZ

You fuckin' maniac! I killed four DST agents tonight! They're our allies and they were tryin' to kill me and I killed them. I killed our allies!

JACK

Hey fuck our allies!

Ramirez just looks at him in horror.

AMOS

Annibal... policemen wind up shooting other policemen... it happens. I would rather have you here feeling guilty about them than to know there was a meeting in Paris tonight where they were feeling guilty about you.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

126

JACK

Annibal... you did what you had to do and it worked. All the training worked. Carlos couldn't have done it any better.

He smiles.

127 EXT. K.G.B. HEADQUARTERS - MOSCOW - NIGHT

127

The Head K.G.B. Officer is there with his aide. Both look as if they've been up all night.

K.G.B. AIDE

(Whether Carlos was actually in there with her or not we don't know... All we know is there was a gun battle... D.S.T. agents from what we've been able to find out. But whether or not it was Carlos...)

HEAD K.G.B. OFFICER

(If it was Carlos and he sent for the girl... and she betrayed him... Well... we should keep watch on the girl. What he does about her will tell us more than anything else.)

128 INT. VILLA - LIBYA - MORNING

128

Carlos sits in the closed Villa with Koj and four other terrorists.

CARLOS

So the moronic D.S.T. find an old girlfriend and send her here to bait a honey trap for me... and then they trip over their own dicks and start shooting each other... why?

KOJ

There was a man with her... who we don't know... They must have spotted him come in... thought it was you and moved too soon... before she even made contact with you. Whoever he was... he was awfully good.

CARLOS

Where is the girl now?

KOJ

They've taken her to Paris.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

CARLOS

I want the bitch dead!

KOJ

It won't be easy.

CARLOS

If it was going to be easy I could hire a couple of junkies. I want the cunt dead! You handle it Koj. Hit her in Paris, right under their fucking noses and leave Europe through London.

KOJ

When?

CARLOS

Now! Leave now. Not this afternoon... not five minutes from now... Now!

Koj gets up and leaves. Carlos turns to the others.

CARLOS

Something else troubles me my friends. How was this woman going to make contact with me. You're the only ones who knew about this safe house. So one of you was her contact.

They all start to protest too late as Carlos pulls out his gun and shoots each of them.

129 INT. STAIRWELL - AGNIESKA'S BUILDING - DAY - EST. SHOT

129

SUPER OVER THE CIRCULAR STAIRWELL: PARIS - JUNE, 1987

Agnieska comes down the stairs, passes by camera.

130 EXT. AGNIESKA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - PARIS - DAY

130

A French DST security man comes out of the apartment building first. He looks around the street and then nods. A second DST man comes out of the building and gets in a black Renault after first checking underneath it to make sure there is no bomb and then popping the hood and examining the engine and then examining the ignition wires. Satisfied, he takes a deep breath and starts the motor and then the first DST man nods inside the apartment building and another DST man comes out with Agnieska next to him. He opens the door for her when two shots ring out, both of them hitting her in the forehead. The DST agents scatter for cover when suddenly the car parked in front of the Renault explodes with tremendous force and the DST agents are all hit.

131 INT. K.G.B. OFFICE - MOSCOW

131

The Head K.G.B. Officer is there. The Head K.G.B. Officer has a file opened on his desk. In it are photographs of Ramirez jumping out of the apartment in Libya. None of the photographs show his face clearly so there's no way of telling who it is. Just then the Aide comes in and hands a telex to the Head K.G.B. Officer.

HEAD K.G.B. OFFICER
(reading it)
(When?)

AIDE
(This afternoon... the girl and two
D.S.T. agents dead, one wounded.)

HEAD K.G.B. OFFICER
(So now we know... it was Carlos.)

He holds up the picture of Ramirez with just the back of the head showing.

HEAD K.G.B. OFFICER
(We still have to tie him to the
CIA... if that is what's going on.
I won't make a move against him
until I know for sure.)

AIDE
(Why?)

HEAD K.G.B. OFFICER
(Because my dear boy... four of his
colleagues shot in Libya, plus the
DST and now the girl. He's a very
dangerous fellow. One doesn't make
a move against such a man until one
is sure. And then one must move
very quickly and kill him... before
he has a chance to kill you.)

132 EXT. LONDON - HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

132

SUPER: LONDON - HEATHROW AIRPORT

133 INT. HEATHROW TERMINAL - ARRIVAL GATE - DAY

133

Ramirez crosses out of the arrival gate. He looks for all the world like a business traveler who is completely alone.

134 INT. HEATHROW TERMINAL - CAFETERIA - DAY

134

The Cafeteria is crowded and noisy. Ramirez walks with his tray as if looking for a table. There is an open seat where Jack and Amos sit with their backs to each other at separate tables. Ramirez crosses to Jack. Ramirez is still bald but his hair has grown out a bit.

RAMIREZ

(loudly)

Is this seat taken?

JACK

No, go right ahead.

Ramirez sits down and now the conversation is in hushed tones.

RAMIREZ

I want to go home. I want to see my family.

JACK

This isn't the place for this conversation.

RAMIREZ

(pissed off)

No rules, remember? I want to go home. You said yourself we can't move again till he leaves Libya. You don't even know when that's gonna be. He might stay there another year for Christ's sake.

JACK

No he won't. He's gonna make a move and it'll be in Europe just to stick it up the D.S.T.'s nose. I'm gonna go and find out about our connecting flight.

ANGLE ON - RAMIREZ

He picks up his soup spoon and turns it over and uses it to scan what's going on around him.

ANGLE ON - SPOON

IN the spoon we SEE Koj with a flight bag walking across the cafeteria toward Ramirez.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

BACK TO SCENE

Koj crosses around in front of Ramirez to get a better look, obviously surprised to see what he thinks is Carlos. Koj leans in close to Ramirez.

KOJ

(whispering)

Carlos... what are you doing here?

Ramirez looks at him, shocked for a moment and then recovering.

RAMIREZ

(hissing)

You idiot! Don't you know better than to approach me in public!

KOJ

(loudly)

Excuse me sir... I only wanted to know where I could buy a newspaper.

RAMIREZ

Go over there by the phone booths and wait... I'll come to you.

Ramirez gets up casually.

ANGLE ON - AMOS

He has heard everything that has gone down.

ANGLE ON - KOJ

He waits, standing a few feet away and not by the phones as he was told. He watches Ramirez. Something doesn't jibe... passwords were not exchanged. He crosses to Ramirez's side.

KOJ

(loudly)

Excuse me sir... I asked if you knew where I could buy a newspaper.

Ramirez stops for a moment. He knows that the line is some kind of code and he has no response to give so he starts up walking again. Koj is instantly behind Ramirez, his hand going into his flight bag and pushing the flight bag up against Ramirez's back.

KOJ

Make the slightest move and I shoot... and I don't miss. Walk to the rest room, very carefully.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (2)

134

Ramirez does as he is told.

ANGLE ON

Amos. He watches it all going down in the back of a chrome napkin holder. He slowly gets up, looks around for Jack and goes out into the corridor and sees Koj and Ramirez going into the rest room. Koj sees one of those sandwich board signs off to the side which says, "LAVATORY TEMPORARILY CLOSED FOR CLEANING." He pulls it in front of the door.

135 INT. RESTROOM - STALL - HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

135

Koj has Ramirez's head with one hand, while he holds the gun on him with the other. He forces Ramirez's head down deep into the toilet bowl. He flushes. The water level sinks and then rises, covering Ramirez's face. Koj holds him under water long enough to almost drown him. Then, instead of lifting his head out, he flushes again and the water level lowers.

KOJ

Tell me what I want to know quickly
or you're dead.

Just then Ramirez manages to kick back and overpower Koj and send him flying back out through the door of the stall. Ramirez is back on him in a second but Koj has his gun up and pointed right at Ramirez's head. They have shifted position now, so that they are not facing the stall, but the door of the bathroom. Koj is about to pull the trigger when we HEAR:

AMOS (O.S.)

Down!!

NEW ANGLE -

Ramirez ducks and rolls out of the way and Amos fires two shots into Koj's chest but not before Koj can get off a round right into Amos' chest. In an instant Ramirez is on the still-alive Koj grabbing his head in his hands and slamming it down onto the edge of the sink with a thud that cracks his skull. He quickly crosses to Amos who is dying.

AMOS

Get out of here... now...

RAMIREZ

I've got to get you to a doctor.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

AMOS

Get out now...

*

Ramirez cradles him.

*

RAMIREZ

I'm not going to let you die
here... I've still got a lawsuit
against you, remember?

*

*

*

Here, Amos speaks as a doomed father would to a son who
still has a chance to save himself from the Holocaust.

*

*

AMOS

My dear boy... my dear dear boy...
I am dead. Please God, don't let
it all be for nothing... Get out now...

*

*

*

Ramirez stands as Amos literally pushes him away. Ramirez
is the brave and dutiful son as his father says, coaching,
teaching him to the last...

*

*

*

AMOS

Walk slowly... no attention.

*

Ramirez is ashen faced, knows Amos is right and forces himself to
stand up and walk almost robot-like out of the restroom.

136 INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - CORRIDOR - DAY

136

On a long shot we SEE Ramirez walk down the corridor till he sees
Jack. He says a few words to him and then starts to walk back
toward the restroom. Jack grabs his arm and literally walks him
out of the corridor and down an escalator.

137 INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

137

Jack and Ramirez stand next to a phone booth. Jack is on the
phone dialing. A voice with a cool British accent answers on the
other end.

PHONE VOICE

Cousins Industrial Maintenance, may
I help you?

JACK

Mister Simon Wicks, please.

PHONE VOICE

Ringing.

WICKS (THROUGH PHONE)

Simon Wicks here.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

JACK

This is Jack Shaw. Could you send
a clean-up crew to Heathrow. We've
had a rather nasty spill.

*

138 EXT. CAR - IN RAIN - LONDON - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

138

139 INT. CAR - IN RAIN - LONDON - DAY

139

Ramirez is with Jack who is on the phone.

JACK

(into phone)

Yes... I'm calling about my
cousin... Oh Jesus... Oh Jesus...

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

He shakes his head. Ramirez knows it means Amos is dead.

RAMIREZ

Oh God... no...

JACK

(into phone)

I understand... Yes... Good bye.

He hangs up the phone.

RAMIREZ

Amos?

JACK

He's dead.

RAMIREZ

Why?! Why didn't you let me go back to him... If we'd have gotten him help sooner instead of... instead of "we had a rather nasty spill!" Is that what it was Jack? Is that all Amos was... a rather nasty spill, mop it up, it'll be okay?! Huh?!

JACK

(dead panned)

He would have been dead anyway and he knew it. That's why he told you to get out.

Ramirez knows he's right.

JACK

(after a beat)

Looks like you're going to get to see your family after all.

RAMIREZ

What?

JACK

You're going home... it's off... for the time being at least.

RAMIREZ

Bullshit! I want him. I want that son of a bitch Carlos! And I want him dead!

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (2)

139

JACK

Tough shit what you want, Annibal. Koj had a ticket for Libya on him. Chances are he wasn't looking for you but...

RAMIREZ

He wasn't looking for me... He thought I was Carlos!

JACK

That's what I think too but the Director wants an operation review board... The D.S.T. shoot out... the girl winds up dead in Paris... now this... I've got to go back for the review and you've got to go home.

RAMIREZ

No way man... it was my fault... the whole thing... I want him dead!

JACK

What do you mean it was your fault?

RAMIREZ

When he asked me about the paper... if I coulda just bullshitted my way...

JACK

It was a password... you didn't know it... anything you would have tried would have backfired. I had a thing like that... Awfully warm for this time of year... the response was, yes but not as sticky as two summers ago... the guy says anything else... he even hesitates, you shoot him. I shot him... There was nothing else you could have done.

RAMIREZ

I'm not leavin' till we get him.

JACK

Nobody's askin' you. They're shuttin' us down. You go back home... maybe I'll see you again... maybe I won't. You'll either hear from me or you'll get new sea duty and that's the end of it.

Ramirez just looks at him shocked.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (3)

139

RAMIREZ

Just like that?

JACK

Just like that. I ain't the Madam
kid... I'm just one of the whores.
And so are you.

140 EXT. RAMIREZ HOME - VIRGINIA - DAY - RAIN

140

A taxi pulls up in front of Ramirez's house. Ramirez steps out of the taxi dressed in his Navy uniform and carrying his sea bag. He does not have a hat on and we SEE his head while not bald, is now in the shortest of buzz cuts, certainly much shorter than the way his wife last saw him. He stands outside the house looking at it like an adult who has come back to his boyhood home and finds it suddenly so small. Just then the door opens. There is Maura holding the baby and next to her, Joey. Ramirez runs toward them and they to him and we SEE them in tableaux, embracing. An idyllic family reunited.

CUT TO:

141 OMITTED

OMITTED - 141

142 INT. RAMIREZ HOUSE - STUDY - VIRGINIA - NIGHT

142

We begin on a shot of Ramirez's chair. It rocks back and forth violently as we PAN UP and SEE Ramirez, who is fucking Maura. They are both fully clothed, skirt hiked up, fly unzipped. This is not lovemaking. He is fucking her brains out. It is passionate, rough sex. Maura hits high "C" as Ramirez sweeps books off of a table, lifts her out of the chair and lays her out on the table. The two of them climax together. It is clear from Maura's look that this is the best sex she's ever had. Ramirez slowly rolls off her. He is smiling as well, and then becomes aware that Maura has begun to cry.

RAMIREZ

What's wrong?

MAURA

You've been with another woman...
haven't you.

RAMIREZ

What are you talking about?

MAURA

Haven't you?

RAMIREZ

No. What... what would make you
say a thing like that?

MAURA

You're different...

RAMIREZ

Maura... I was on a submarine...
there aren't any women on
submarines... There was nothin' to
do but read. They had one of
those... how to improve your sex
life books... I must have read it
about ten times. I tried out a
couple of things from chapter three
okay? I mean if it didn't turn you
on blame Doctor Ruth okay?

MAURA

(unconvinced)

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

RAMIREZ

Great. You want to check with the Navy to see if we had shore leave... I'll get you a fuckin' letter okay?

MAURA

I don't need any letters. And I don't need you to talk to me like that either.

Ramirez gets up and zips up his fly.

MAURA

Where are you going?

RAMIREZ

Get somethin' to eat... I'm starving.

He exits.

143 OMITTED

OMITTED - 143

144 EXT. RAMIREZ HOME - DAY SUPER: JULY, 1987

144

145 INT. RAMIREZ HOME - DAY

145

Ramirez comes into the house from the garage.

RAMIREZ

Maura... Maura!

Maura comes out of the kitchen.

MAURA

What?

RAMIREZ

Where's the car? The car's not in the garage. Where's the car?

MAURA

The fellow at the service station said it needed a tune up. I took it in this morning... You didn't say you were going to need it.

RAMIREZ

Don't do that anymore.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

MAURA

What?

RAMIREZ

I don't want anybody workin' on the car. Car needs something I'll do it. But I don't want anybody touchin' that car.

MAURA

Why? What difference does it make.

RAMIREZ

It makes a difference to me okay?
So don't do it.

MAURA

Did you check the mail?

RAMIREZ

Yeah I checked the mail. Still nothin' from the Navy. Why, you so anxious to get rid of me?

MAURA

I don't want you goin' back to those subs. I'll tell you that.

RAMIREZ

Yeah well I don't have much to say about it. It's the Navy you know.

MAURA

You can request another assignment. It's changed you Annibal. It's hurting us.

RAMIREZ

What's hurting us?

MAURA

Your attitude... that's what hurting us.

RAMIREZ

My attitude. I don't have an attitude man... you got an attitude.

MAURA

You're suspicious of everything that goes on... you snap at Joey, you snap at me. I don't like it.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: (2)

145

RAMIREZ

Look I just... it's hard gettin'
used to... you know... it's hard...
Listen... tomorrow's Joey's game.
Let's just go to Joey's game.
It'll be nice. It'll be like it
always was. You'll see.

He holds her to him.

DISSOLVE TO:

146 EXT. PARK - NORFOLK, VA - DAY

146

It is Little League Day. Adorable kids are dressed up in their uniforms ready to play the next level of baseball. They have graduated from T-ball to coach-pitch, in which the coach pitches the ball for the kids. There are hot dogs and lounge chairs, family dogs and... fathers. The mothers are there as well, as are brothers and sisters, but primarily it is the fathers trying to fulfill their own dreams of sports glory through their kids.

ANGLE ON - RAMIREZ AND JOEY

Ramirez has his arm around Joey, giving him his last bit of fatherly advice.

RAMIREZ

Okay... remember, what do we do?

JOEY

Keep my eye on the ball.

RAMIREZ

And who's the guy who wins?

JOEY

Whoever has fun, wins.

RAMIREZ

Right! So you go out there and
have fun.

He gives Joey "five" and Joey runs out to join his team at their dugout. Ramirez starts walking about toward Maura and the baby. As he does, he crosses next to another father, FRANK, who is with his son TYLER. Frank is about six foot four and to say that he is competitive would be the understatement of the year. He is harranguing his kid as if this were the deciding game of the World Series. He is on one knee so we don't see just how big he is.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

FRANK

I don't want so see you out there
dickin' around today, you
understand?

*
*
*

Tyler looks at his shoes. He is cowed and embarrassed.

TYLER

Yes sir.

FRANK

You're gonna be focused and
aggressive and you're gonna play to
win. Got it?

Tyler is still staring at his toes.

FRANK

Hey, you think I'm talking just to
hear myself talk? Look at me when
I'm talking to you!

Frank suddenly smacks him in the face. Annibal stops in
front of the two of them.

RAMIREZ

Hey pal, lighten up, what do you
say? It's just a game?

Frank looks at Ramirez and stands to his full six foot four.

FRANK

What did you say?

RAMIREZ

I said lighten up. It's just a
game and he's just a kid.

FRANK

He's my kid.

RAMIREZ

Great. So why don't we let our
kids have a good time. Come on,
I'll buy you a beer.

FRANK

I don't need you to buy me a
fuckin' beer, you piece of shit.
And you stick your face in my
business again and I'll beat the
living fuck out of you. What do
you say to that?

ANGLE ON - RAMIREZ

There isn't a trace of Ramirez here at all. It is pure Carlos.
(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: (2)

146

FRANK

What are you smilin' at, asshole?

RAMIREZ

(very quiet)

A dead man...

But before Ramirez can move, we HEAR:

MAURA (O.S.)

Annibal... please!

Ramirez turns. Maura is there beside him.

MAURA

Annibal please. Let's go sit down.

FRANK

Good idea, Annabelle. Your ol' lady just saved your ass.

MAURA

Annibal... please... Please...

Maura tugs at Ramirez's arm and Frank smirks. Ramirez cages the monster inside and turns with Maura. As he turns, Frank turns to Tyler as if he cannot believe the boy is still there.

*
*
*

FRANK

What are you doin' standing here?! You're supposed to be over there with your team! Now move!

*
*
*
*
*

The boy hesitates. Frank rears back his arm to hit him.

*

FRANK

I said...

*
*

*

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: (3)

146*

But before Frank can complete the sentence and strike his child, Ramirez comes flying through the air with a kick planted straight to Frank's head. It is sudden and violent and brutal. He comes down and with one side-kick, "knee-caps" Frank, which is to say he hits the top of Frank's kneecap and breaks it so that it is down around his shin. Frank starts to drop but before he can, Ramirez grabs his ears and brings his head down into his own swiftly rising knee. The result is devastating and Frank's nose is now all across his face. Blood is everywhere and Ramirez does it again. Now the object is Frank's teeth, so that when his head comes off of Ramirez's knee, his mouth is a mass of blood as well.

In slow motion, Ramirez turns and sees his son who stares in horror at what his father has just done. At the same time, Maura is up and grabbing onto Ramirez. Ramirez however is not done. Frank is completely defenseless now and Ramirez leans him back across his knee, pulls him by the hair exposing his throat like that of a sacrificial lamb about to be slaughtered. This time instead of a knife, it will be a karate chop from Ramirez which will crush Frank's windpipe and kill him. But before he can deliver the blow, Maura grabs his arm. He turns to her, almost about to hit her or throw her off and the two of them are face to face as Ramirez looks from her to his son and realizes how deep into the abyss he has plunged.

147 OMITTED

OMITTED 147*

148 EXT. STREET NEAR BALLPARK - NORFOLK, VA - DAY

148

An ambulance is receiving what is left of Frank on a gurney as Ramirez is led away in handcuffs to a squad car.

CUT TO:

149 OMITTED

OMITTED 149

150 OMITTED

OMITTED 150

151 INT. POLICE STATION - MARYLAND - DAY

151

The cell's metal door SCRAPES as it opens. The POLICE CAPTAIN motions to Ramirez to follow him.

MOVING

Leading Ramirez through a number of corridors, the Captain stops at a closed door.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

CAPTAIN
(opening the door)
He's all yours.

Remaining outside he motions Ramirez to enter.

152 INT. ROOM - POLICE STATION - DAY

152

Ramirez enters and sees Jack who smiles his cynical smile.

JACK
Little League, huh? Tough game.

RAMIREZ
What are you doing here?

JACK
It's show time.

153 EXT. POLICE STATION - MARYLAND - DAY - RAIN

153

Ramirez exits with Jack and starts across the street in the rain.

RAMIREZ
I got to have time to think it over.

JACK
There isn't any time. He's on his way to East Berlin. We have word he's planning another attack in Europe. He'll be there maybe four days at the most.

Ramirez stops dead right in the middle of the street. The traffic swirls around them.

RAMIREZ
Hey, I don't know what to do anymore, okay? I almost killed some little kid's father today. I don't know about anything anymore.

JACK
Hey, he was a baseball dad. He deserved it. Besides, from what I heard his kid was out, so what's the beef?

RAMIREZ
I don't know if I could come back from it again.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

JACK

What happened to I want the son of a bitch dead? You think Carlos has had a change of heart and turned nice all of a sudden?

RAMIREZ

Don't tell me about Carlos, Jack. I know exactly who Carlos is. I know a hell of a lot better than you do. But, maybe there's more important things to me, like keepin' from goin' crazy... like gettin' back to bein' me instead of me bein' some kind of fuckin' maniac.

JACK

You want to get back to bein' you? Then finish it. Kill him. Kill him and he's dead and it's over with. You walk away from it now and what do you think you're gonna be like the next time you read that that son of a bitch blew up some airplane full of women and kids.

RAMIREZ

Hey, the guy deserves to be dead. I know that.

JACK

This isn't abstract, Annibal. You're walkin' around with his face. Sooner or later one of the bad guys is gonna see it like Koj did, and next time Amos won't be there to take the bullet for you. Carlos doesn't forget. You help me get him or you're never gonna know when he's comin' after you... Listen to me kid. I don't have any friends, no family, no nothin'. The only relationships I ever had that mattered to me were with the people I killed. But I... I fucking created you! You can't just walk away now.

RAMIREZ

You did create me, didn't you... From the beginning... that kid in the hospital in Bethesda... when I was supposed to be the doctor... It was all bullshit, wasn't it? All an act...

There is a long pause. Jack turns cold as ice.

153 CONTINUED: (2)

153

JACK

This doesn't have anything to do with you and me. It's you and Carlos. You help me kill him... or I swear to you... I'll make sure he knows about you... I'll use you for bait. You and your whole fuckin' family too.

Ramirez grabs him and throws him against a parked car. He begins choking Jack. He may well kill him. Though Ramirez doesn't see it at first, Jack's gun is already out. Jack nudges Ramirez in the stomach with it. Jack is choking, unable to speak, but the gun is speaking for him.

JACK

Huh? Huh?

Ramirez looks down and see the gun and loosens his grip.

JACK

You want to try and kill me, that doesn't solve your problem, pally. You've got a Carlos problem. That's the guy you've got to kill. That's what it's all about now... you... and your family... or him.

153A INT. RAMIREZ HOME - KITCHEN - VIRGINIA - NIGHT

153A

Ramirez is there alone with Maura. They are in mid-argument.

MAURA

No! I won't let you do it! You're not going back to those subs! It's changed you... You need help, Annibal. You could get some kind of stress disability or...

Suddenly, Ramirez bellows and slams his hand down on the counter.

RAMIREZ

Enough!

Maura is shocked by the sudden violence in him.

MAURA

No, not enough. Whatever is going on out there with your job...

RAMIREZ

With my job!? What do you think my job is, Maura... huh? What do you think is out there? A nice, pretty safe little world with shopping malls and little league and ballet lessons. You sit here in your little kitchen and cook your little meals...

(CONTINUED)

153A CONTINUED:

153A

He looks at her almost in disgust. She sees the look and slaps him. Faster than she could ever have considered, he slaps her and sends her back into the wall. She holds her cheek. He is an inch away from her face and now he is about to show her Carlos, to become him in front of her.

RAMIREZ

People are killing people out there! Jackals are licking up their blood waiting for the next corpse to drop... and I'm one of them. You get that? Do you get that now?!

He speaks very quietly, pulling the curtain aside, taking off the mask and letting her see the full horror.

RAMIREZ

I've murdered people. Not safe and clean and surgical firing a missile from some ship, but close and with my hands so their blood splattered on me... so their brains splattered on me. And they weren't the enemy, Maura... they were Allies. They were on our side. It was just to keep a cover... I've betrayed everything I ever believed in. I've betrayed you... I've fucked other women... I've killed men... There was a woman I would have killed but I just ran out of time. I've let friends die... I've become a terrorist... and I've made you and the children a target. Do you understand what I'm saying to you? Do you see me now? Do you see the monster? There's another one worse than me and he is out there and he will kill you and the children if I don't kill him first. ...That's my job, Maura. And if you don't mind, I'm late for work.

154 EXT. WEST BERLIN - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT
SUPER: WEST BERLIN - JULY, 1987

154

155 EXT. BERLIN WALL - LOOKING INTO EAST BERLIN - DAY

155

We are ON the ramparts on the top of the Berlin Wall. These are platforms from which people can stand and look into East Berlin, they're covered with graffiti to the East Germans, LET MY PEOPLE GO, that sort of thing. They look down over they dingy wall that divides the city marked with machine gun nests and observation posts. Jack stands there with Ramirez.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

155

JACK

We used a double agent to get word to the Russians that Carlos is really here to close his deal with us and not to plan a new attack in Europe. He has a new girlfriend... He's been fucking her brains out since he got here. He has her brought over every night in a limo. You'll be dropped near the mansion... as soon as she goes in, you make as if you're sneaking out... the Russians will be watching. You'll go to the meet. It's at that beer hall, there... see? You see it?

Ramirez locates the beer hall through his binoculars.

RAMIREZ

Got it.

JACK

You go to the meet at the beer hall. Play it out... let 'em take your picture... then you've got to get back. They're going to have to analyze the pictures and see through your disguise before they can authorize a hit. They won't be able to do that before you're able to get back to the mansion. At twenty-one fifteen a Volga with diplomatic plates, DC-four-five-nine-two will come by the northeast corner of the compound. It will slow down... you jump in. If you can't make it for any reason, there will be another run at exactly twenty-one forty-five. It's your only ticket out so don't be late.

RAMIREZ

Who do I meet? Who's my contact?

JACK

Me... My ass is on the line too.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED: (2)

155

RAMIREZ

Who cares? This isn't you and me.
It's me and him. If the Russians
don't go for the bait for any
reason...

JACK

If the Russians don't go for the
bait for any reason you will have
gotten out of there at twenty-one
fifteen per orders.

RAMIREZ

If the Russians don't go for the
bait for any reason, I'll go in
there and kill him myself. And if
I'm still alive I might just come
looking for you.

156 EXT. CARLOS' HIDEOUT - EAST BERLIN - LATE DAY
SUPER: WEISSEN, EAST BERLIN

156

THROUGH BINOCULARS

Across a street with a tree-lined divider, a large mansion
surrounded by a ten-foot high brick wall. The mansion's front
windows are heavily shuttered, with little light filtering
through. Nearby is a small lake.

157 OMITTED

OMITTED - 157

158 OMITTED

OMITTED - 158

159 INT. IVAN AND ANDREI'S CAR - ACROSS FROM CARLOS' HIDEOUT -
LATE DAY

159

Ivan looks through binoculars, staking out the mansion. He suddenly becomes agitated.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

IVAN

(Look!)

Andrei picks up his camera.

THROUGH BINOCULARS

A man's figure emerges stealthily from the shadows of the mansion's back wall.

ZOOM

The blonde, bearded Ramirez.

ANDREI

(You think it's him?)

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK... The quick sound of the camera shutters.

Faintly we HEAR the sound of a motorbike start up. Then we SEE Ramirez on the motorbike heading off. Ivan and Andrei follow him at a distance.

160 OMITTED

OMITTED - 160

161/1 EXT. ROAD LEADING INTO EAST BERLIN - MAGIC HOUR

161/1

The KGB car falls in behind another car separating it from the motorbike and follows Ramirez into town. He passes by giant steam pipes in the foreground as the KGB car follows.

161/2 EXT. ROAD - EAST BERLIN - MAGIC HOUR

161/2

A tram wipes the screen to reveal Ramirez, on his motorbike, followed by the KGB car. The landscape is desolate, with drab row-houses. Ramirez gets to a red light. As it turns green he sees the KGB car in his mirror. He jams across the street, just barely fitting in between two criss-crossing streetcars. Ivan and Andre lose sight of Ramirez.

162 EXT. STREET - EAST BERLIN - DUSK

162

Ivan and Andre shoot forward and then slow, as they spot Ramirez buying a newspaper at a newstand.

ANGLE ON - RAMIREZ

He holds his motorcycle helmet in his hand, and using it as a mirror, he sees the KGB car in its reflection. Satisfied that they have caught up with him again, he walks across the street to the beer hall.

163 INT. BEER HALL - DUSK

163

The large bierstube is crowded, noisy and enveloped in a thick cloud of cigarette smoke. Its lively, at times rowdy clientele is in various stages of intoxication. As the loud, oom-pah-pah-pah band plays popular German music, those who are not too busy eating, talking, or emptying liter-sized beer steins, sing along.

ON RAMIREZ

Fighting the crowd, he heads for the back of the beer hall, looking for his contact.

ON IVAN AND ANDREI

Entering the place, they pretend to be camera-carrying Russian tourists. A common sight in East Berlin.

ON RAMIREZ

He stops and stares.

RAMIREZ'S POV

Through the jam pack, the profile of a man, with a Tyrol hat who sits along the back wall. Busy eating, he seems totally oblivious to the hoopla around him. We can't really see his face.

ON RAMIREZ

As he cautiously approaches what he thinks is Jack. It isn't him. There is a sudden look of panic on his face and then he spots Jack also in the same kind of hat. Lifting his head, and turning to face Ramirez, we too recognize him. Under the hat, and the new heavy eyebrows and mustache, is... Jack. He smiles, takes off his hat, and motions his quest to sit down.

ON ANDREI (THROUGH IVAN'S CAMERA)

He's posing with a giant stein. A slight shift of focus and we can see Ramirez. Jack, however, is hidden by the waiter's back. Then, the Waiter moves on.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

ZOOM

A clear, unobstructed picture of Jack and Ramirez up close.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK... The rapid CLICKING stops only when the view of the two is blocked again by other people.

164 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BEER HALL - DUSK

164

Ramirez emerges from the beer hall. He heads back to his motorbike.

ANGLE

Seconds later, the two KGB come out. This time, only Andrei takes after Ramirez. Ivan gets into a taxi which heads in an opposite direction.

CUT TO:

165 OMITTED

OMITTED - 165

166 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANSION - NIGHT

166

Reaching the mansion, Ramirez discreetly steals his way toward its back wall. Then, just as slyly as he earlier had materialized, he disappears.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

ON VLADIMIR AT HIS POST

Watching Ramirez vanish into the mansion wall.

167 EXT. RAMIREZ'S HIDING PLACE - NEAR MANSION - NIGHT

167

He lies in the thick bushes, completely obscured from anyone's view and now he removes the blond wig and the rest of his disguise. Underneath his "disguise" clothes, he is wearing a pair of black jeans and black T-shirt. He looks exactly like Carlos now.

PRODUCTION NOTE: IT IS IMPORTANT TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IS GOING ON HERE. THE REAL CARLOS HAS NOT DYED HIS HAIR BLOND. THIS WAS NOT THE REASON FOR RAMIREZ PUTTING ON A BLOND WIG. THE LOGIC HERE IS THAT IF THE "REAL CARLOS" WERE IN FACT GOING TO A MEET WITH A CIA AGENT, HE WOULD HAVE PUT ON SUCH A DISGUISE TO MAKE SURE HE WAS NOT SPOTTED BY THE RUSSIANS.

167A INT. BLACK VOLGA - EAST BERLIN - NIGHT

167A

Jack takes off his disguise as he drives the Volga to the appointed corner of Carlos' compound. He looks at his watch. It reads: 9:15 as he slows the car to a crawl.

JACK

(to himself)

Come on... come on...

167B EXT. RAMIREZ'S HIDING PLACE - NEAR MANSION - NIGHT

167B

Ramirez watches as Jack cruises by.

RAMIREZ

Not till he's dead, Jack. Not till
he's dead.

167C INT. BLACK VOLGA - EAST BERLIN - NIGHT

167C

Jack sees that Ramirez is not going to show.

JACK

Shit.

168 INT. KGB HEADQUARTERS - EAST BERLIN - NIGHT

168

CLOSE ON MONITOR SCREEN

A head shot of Ramirez in his latest blond, bearded disguise. Grainy and blurred at first, it's gradually being brought into sharp focus.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

PULL BACK to reveal a GROUP OF MEN closely watching the screen of an impressive, state-of-the-art computer. We recognize only one of them. Andrei. At the computer's sophisticated keyboard -- manipulating the images on the screen -- are TWO TECHNICIANS in white overalls. Right behind them stands the Head KGB Officer from Moscow and his Aide.

HEAD KGB OFFICER
(orders the technicians)
(Now Carlos.)

ON SCREEN

It bisects, to allow a picture of the real Jackal (the splitting image of Ramirez) to appear on the right half of the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

The Head KGB Officer puts on his glasses and takes a closer look at the monitor.

HEAD KGB OFFICER
(The beard and moustache.)

One of the two technicians toys with the keyboard.

CLOSE - SCREEN

The beard and moustache on Ramirez' disguised image slowly disappear. The two faces look very similar.

CLOSE - SCREEN

A huge nose covers the entire left half of the screen.

ZOOM

The upper part of the nose only. And... the incriminating hairline where the bogus schnoz had been superimposed on the real one.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
(The nose is a fake.)

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: (2)

168

HEAD KGB OFFICER

(Match the nose. And get rid of
this wig...)

As the aquiline nose assumes the shape of the Jackal's -- the
hair changes both color and form to match his -- the two faces on
the screen become identical.

HEAD KGB OFFICER

(Have you identified the one he
was meeting with?)

TECHNICIAN

(His name is Jack Shaw. CIA
Counterterrorism.)

The Head KGB Officer turns to his Aide.

HEAD KGB OFFICER

(Get me the MFS on the secure
phone. I want them out of the
way.)

169 EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

169

ON MANSION GATE

It opens slowly. One by one, a half dozen MFS -- including the
two we've seen earlier -- sneak out. Just as furtively, armed
KGB -- led by the Head KGB Officer and his Aide move in through
the still-open door.

169A EXT. RAMIREZ'S HIDING PLACE - NEAR MANSION - NIGHT

169A

He watches the KGB men enter the compound.

RAMIREZ

(sotto voce)

Don't blow it Comrades... kill him.

170 INT. MANSION

170

Meeting no resistance on the ground floor -- whose security apparently has been the task of the MFS -- the intruders climb the open, spiral staircase. They move cautiously, silencer-equipped weapons in hand.

ANGLE

Reaching the upper floor, they hear the muffled sound of RHYTHMIC MUSIC coming from the far end of the hallway to their right. The Head KGB Officer motions his Aide to move into the corridor to their left. He does, taking three KGB with him. Four others -- including Andrei and Ivan -- follow the Head KGB Officer into the hallway to their right.

171 INT. HALLWAY

171

It's long, with several rooms on each side. As Vladimir moves gingerly into the first one, Ivan covers him from the door.

172 INT. ROOM

172

Illuminated only by the light which filters through the open door, the room is quite dark. A faint sound of SNORING reaches Andrei from the bed closest to the door. Quickly there, his arm goes up. Then, for a split second, the flash of metal as the knife comes down hard. The victim's last MURMUR. Followed by the SOUND OF MOVEMENT at the other bed.

ANGLE

In the beam of Ivan's flashlight, a waking JAPANESE is reaching for his gun. Pffft. Pffft. And he too falls back to sleep. Eternally.

173 INT. ANOTHER ROOM - MANSION

173

TWO more JAPANESE in the midst of a Go game meet the same fate. A burst from Head KGB Officer's automatic finishes them off.

174 INT. HALLWAY AND OTHER ROOMS - MANSION

174

Doing away with several more of Carlos' multinational gang, the five KGB finally reach the room with the large, heavy French doors at the end of hallway.

175 INT. OUTSIDE CARLOS' BEDROOM

175

Quietly approaching the carved-wood doors, a KGB tries the knobs. The doors are locked. Suddenly, the pulsating LATIN BEAT which emanated continuously from behind the doors, stops.

ON HEAD KGB OFFICER

He's startled by the sudden silence.

HEAD KGB OFFICER
(whispering)
(Quick! Quick!)

Not wasting any time, Andrei and Ivan kick the doors open. Diving to the side, they cover the other two KGB who storm in with their Kalashnikovs very much at the ready.

176 INT. CARLOS' BEDROOM - MANSION

176

ON CARLOS' BED

The voluptuous blonde -- her body glazed with post-coitus sweat -- is paralyzed with fear; covering her prized assets seems the last thing on her mind. She gapes at the KGB marauders with wide, blue eyes. Not so, Ramirez's look-alike. Caught reaching from under the sheets to replace the tape in the stereo by the bed, he instinctively tries for his gun.

ON HEAD KGB OFFICER

Standing at the door. His automatic no longer has a silencer.

HEAD KGB OFFICER
(sarcastic)
Don't even think about it. It
would deprive the KGB of the
pleasure of interrogating you.

ON CARLOS

Surprisingly, he seems quite relieved.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

176

CARLOS

KGB? I thought...

BACK TO SCENE

HEAD KGB OFFICER

What? That we were your new
friends... The CIA... Jack Shaw...

CARLOS

Jack Shaw...?

HEAD KGB OFFICER

Stop playing games. And it's no
use looking behind me... Your
associates can no longer be of
assistance. Not to you, not to
anyone...

CARLOS

(angry)

Comrade, you'd better have an
explanation--

HEAD KGB OFFICER

You've got it all wrong, Illich.
It's you who has all the explaining
to do... Now get dressed!
(to the blonde)
You too, Fraulein.

CARLOS

My pants...

The Head KGB Officer motions to Andrei, who throws Carlos his
pants -- but not before checking to make sure there's no weapon
in them. He then hands the blonde -- who finally hides her
bazooms behind a sheet -- her clothes.

CARLOS

(continuing; getting dressed)

That's what was going on in Libya.
The CIA... The DST... They're
trying to set me up and you're
falling for it, you idiot!

HEAD KGB OFFICER

Enough. We tailed you to your
meeting. We have the pictures of
you with Shaw.

CARLOS

That's impossible. I've been here
all night.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED: (2)

176

CARLOS (CONT'D)
(points to the blonde)
Ask her.
(to the blonde)
Tell him.

ON BLONDE

She's putting stockings on a pair of legs that could distract even the most committed KGB.

BLONDE
(in a voice matching her looks)
It's true. All night...

HEAD KGB OFFICER
(unimpressed)
We know about your women... Now hurry up, both of you!

ON IVAN AND VLADIMIR

With Kalashnikovs still trained on Carlos, they seem unable to resist stealing glances at the blonde.

CARLOS
(to Head KGB Officer)
I'll prove it to you. You'll be pleading for my forgiveness. Let's just go. I want to be interrogated. I demand to be interrogated.

He seems truly eager to leave with them now, as if confident he can prove his case. Dressed, with the exception of a jacket, he casually grabs one which lies on a nearby chair.

HEAD KGB OFFICER
WAIT!

Too late. The Scorpion machine-pistol is already out, spouting deadly accurate fire. He kills the Head KGB Officer first, then...

ON KGB

They drop like flies, their bullets hitting everything but him.

ON BLONDE

Hysterical, she screams her healthy lungs out.

177 INT. HALLWAY - MANSION

177

Suddenly there's the sound of APPROACHING STEPS. The KGB are down the corridor, rushing to the bedroom, led by the Aide.

ON CARLOS

He doesn't hesitate. Firing a few rounds at them, he sprints toward the window and literally flies through its shattering glass.

178 EXT. MANSION - TREES - NIGHT

178

Ramirez lies in some bushes about fifty yards from the house, dressed in the black jeans and T-shirt. He hears the gunfire from the mansion.

RAMIREZ

What the fuck?

179 EXT. MANSION COURTYARD

179

It's a dark night, and only a few dim lights illuminate the rather large back yard.

ON CARLOS

Landing in a bed of flowers, he rolls, and is quickly on his feet with the machine-pistol in hand.

ON TWO ARMED KGB

Securing the courtyard, they rush to the spot where, apparently, they'd seen him land. Carlos, however, is no longer there.

ANGLE

Glued to the back of a tree, the Jackal cuts them down with one short burst and goes for the KGBs who appear at the broken window. As they take cover, he quickly confiscates a Kalashnikov from the dead KGB closest to him and makes it to the high wall which encircles the place.

Carlos climbs over the wall with the Kalashnikov and drops outside the compound to the grass below.

ANGLE ON RAMIREZ IN THE GRASS

He sees to his horror that Carlos is getting away. He is ready to scream, going crazy. He has no gun, he wouldn't stand a chance against Carlos, but there is no way he is going to let him get away, no way. He looks around for a rock... anything.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

There is nothing. Carlos turns his back. Ramirez sees his chance, he gets up on one knee ready to make his move when suddenly he sees two more KGB guys come running around the wall of the compound.

ANGLE ON RAMIREZ

He mouths the words:

RAMIREZ
Kill him... Kill him...

ANGLE ON CARLOS

He whirls and fires at the two KGBs who fall.

ANGLE ON RAMIREZ

He can't believe it. Carlos is getting away?

ANGLE ON CARLOS

He suddenly gets a look as if he feels someone's presence. His eyes open wide and he starts to turn when Ramirez comes flying out of the darkness and leaps on Carlos. The two are dressed exactly alike. Carlos is hit from behind and is stunned and drops the assault rifle.

Ramirez has Carlos down and is choking him. Carlos looks up at him more shocked than anything else. Finally Carlos manages to break the grasp and kicks Ramirez off. Now it is a dazzling display of martial arts. Then Ramirez charges Carlos and tackles him and the two go rolling off into the bushes and darkness. When they roll out of the bushes we have no idea which one is which or who we should be rooting for. Just then Jack's Volga drives up at the side.

ANGLE ON THE TWO CARLOSES

They roll over onto the bodies of two dead KGB. There is a Kalashnikov on the ground pointed into the Carlos on the bottom's side. The Carlos who is on top manages to get his finger over to the trigger and pulls it sending a burst into the Carlos on the bottom's body. Just then the Carlos on top looks up and sees Jack standing over him with a gun pointed at him ready to shoot. In b.g. we HEAR cars with sirens approaching. The Carlos on top looks over to Jack who is ready to shoot him.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: (2)

179

CARLOS ON TOP

Don't shoot. It's me you asshole!

Jack just stares at him and then lowers his gun.

JACK

Let's get the fuck out of here.

He turns around and starts to get into the Volga. The Carlos on top, whom we just thought was Ramirez bends down and reaches for the dead K.G.B.'s pistol.

ANGLE ON JACK

He gets that sixth sense feeling and turns around, his gun raised and pointed at the man whose hand is now on the pistol. Is it Carlos or Ramirez, who is standing there with pistol in hand almost turned to Jack but still at a disadvantage in this Mexican stand off.

JACK

Have you come looking for me now,
Annibal?

THE MAN WITH THE PISTOL

What the fuck are you talking about...

JACK

Awfully warm for this time of year
isn't it?

The man with the pistol knows this is a password of some kind and the look on his face betrays the fact that he doesn't have an answer. Jack is just about to shoot him when a burst of machine gun fire is heard from the approaching cars and it rips into the tree next to Jack who dives for cover.

That act of self-preservation gives the man we now realize is the real Carlos the chance he needs. With catlike grace he dives, rolls and vanishes into the shadows. He has gotten away and Jack has to decide whether to go after his quarry or rescue his friend. He opts for the latter, scoops up Annibal and throws him into the Volga and speeds off as cars approach from the other side.

180 EXT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

180

181 INT. PRIVATE ROOM - BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - DAY

181

Ramirez is in bed, hooked up to all the monitors and tubes and IVs but he is going to make it. Jack is there with him, having just entered.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

RAMIREZ

Any word?

JACK

How you feeling?

RAMIREZ

Did he get away?

Jack nods his head. Ramirez almost breaks down in tears. Jack crosses to him to comfort him.

RAMIREZ

Then it was all for nothing... the whole thing.

JACK

No it wasn't. He's finished. The KGB bought it. As far as they're concerned, he's the enemy now. He'll bounce around from one country to the next. But his paymasters have disowned him. None of their client states will risk using him. No one'll trust him again. He'll spend the rest of his life looking over his shoulder waiting to be betrayed. And it'll happen... sooner or later... when it's to some country's advantage... they'll give him up or they'll trade him. He's finished. It worked and he's finished.

RAMIREZ

Not for me he isn't... There are still two of us...

182 EXT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - DAY

182

A car pulls up at the hospital and Maura gets out and enters the hospital.

DISSOLVE TO:

183 INT. RAMIREZ'S ROOM - DAY

183

Maura is there with Ramirez. He is in mid-conversation with her. We don't know how long she's been there. He opens his eyes.

MAURA

Is it over?

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

RAMIREZ

No.

She crosses to him and gently takes his hand in hers.

RAMIREZ

You have to make a new life for yourself and the children.

MAURA

No.

RAMIREZ

Maura, anytime I start a car I'll wonder if this is the one that explodes. I couldn't bear the thought of you and the children being in that danger. He'll want me and everyone I've ever loved to be dead. Trust me... I know how he thinks because it's the way I think now too. I am so... sorry. I am so sorry...

Maura looks at him imploring him with her eyes.

MAURA

I won't leave you.

RAMIREZ

Maura, when my father was put into prison he told my mother to take me and leave and start a new life. That's what you've got to do.

MAURA

You're not in prison and I'm not your mother and I won't leave you. I will not let him do this to us. Not him... not the CIA... not anyone.

RAMIREZ

He'll come after me.

MAURA

Get me a gun and teach me to shoot and he'll have to deal with both of us. This animal will not destroy my family. Please... come home.

DISSOLVE TO:

184 EXT. RAMIREZ HOME - VIRGINIA - DAY

184

We hear a phone ring and it is picked up.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

184

MAURA (O.S.; THRU PHONE)

Hello...

We hear the voice of a friend of hers named GRACE.

GRACE (O.S.; THRU PHONE)

Hi... listen, do you and Annibal want to come over with the kids for a barbeque this afternoon?

MAURA (O.S.; THRU PHONE)

Uh sure, I think... but could I call you back later? We're just about to go to church. Annibal and the kids are already in the car.

GRACE (O.S.; THRU PHONE)

Okay, call me when you get back.

MAURA (O.S.; THRU PHONE)

Great. Talk to you later. Bye bye.

We hear the phone hang up. We hear the sound of a door opening and closing that leads into the garage from the house. We hear the sound of a car door opening. And then the key turning in an ignition. And then the door is blown off the garage as we see the Ramirez family car burst into an inferno and blaze away inside the garage in a fiery blast which would kill one and all instantly.

DISSOLVE TO:

185 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

185

The cemetery is set up for a funeral. There are various Navy officers and their families in the chairs. At the back of it all stands Jack wearing sunglasses, his face a mask into which it is impossible to read any emotion of any kind. There are four graves and four coffins, two adult-sized and two small ones. Admiral Crawford addresses the mourners.

CRAWFORD

How does one even begin to comprehend a tragedy like this. A highly respected Naval officer returns from six months of hazardous duty. He has escaped the danger we all come to know in the service of our country. He is about to go to church with his beloved family and in an instant... they are no more. They are with God. Our minds cannot comprehend such tragedy... only an undying faith in the Almighty a faith that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

says even though we cannot see it,
there is a plan. That and the
knowledge that as in life, so for
eternity are they together...

ANGLE ON JACK

He whispers to himself as he takes off his sunglasses.

JACK

Now you're free.

DISSOLVE TO:

186 EXT. ST. MARTIN - DAY

186

It is a beautiful island community with clusters of villas
overlooking a magnificent coastline. A postal truck winds its
way towards one of the houses.

The POSTMAN gets out of his truck and crosses to the door of the
house. He knocks on the door. The door opens... it is
Ramirez... or Carlos... we don't know which. He wears shorts and
a shirt.

POSTMAN

Mister Mendoza?

MENDOZA

Yes.

POSTMAN

Special delivery letter for you
sir.

The Postman hands the man an envelope. He signs for it and opens
the envelope. It is a newspaper clipping...

ANGLE ON THE NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

The headline is: NAVAL OFFICER AND FAMILY KILLED IN FIERY CRASH.
There is a handwritten note attached. It says, "Rest in Peace."

POSTMAN

Not bad news I hope.

MENDOZA

Someone... died.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

POSTMAN

I'm so sorry.

MENDOZA

This guy's better off dead.

POSTMAN

No one is better off dead I think.

MENDOZA

Some people are.

He tips the postman and closes the door.

187

INT. HOUSE - ST. MARTIN - DAY

187

Mendoza crosses into the house holding the newspaper clipping. He takes a cigarette lighter and burns it and across his face there is a hint of a smile... a very cold smile. He crosses out to the veranda. Down on the beach below, we SEE Maura and the baby and Joey playing.

JOEY

Poppi... come down and play with us.

We now know the man is Ramirez. He walks down the steps of his house to the beach to his wife and his children as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

188

EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING - SUDAN - DAY

188

WE SUPER the following: SUDAN 1994

Two bodyguard types wait outside the building at the entrance. An old man who walks with a cane and whose face is horribly disfigured by burns hobbles in to the medical building. He passes a plaque on the wall that says in English and Arabic:

DR. WASFI MUHAMMED, M.D.; PhD.
Cosmetic and Plastic Surgery

We SUPER THE FOLLOWING:

**NO FURTHER ACTS OF TERRORISM WERE EVER
ATTRIBUTED TO CARLOS AGAIN. HE MOVED TO
YEMEN, THEN JORDAN, THEN SYRIA AND FINALLY
TO THE SUDAN.**

188A INT. REST ROOM - MEDICAL BUILDING - SUDAN - DAY

188A

The old man locks the door and stands in front of the mirror. He pulls off the burn makeup and scalp wig and we see that he is Carlos. Several years older, but unmistakable. He takes off the old man's clothes and stuffs them in a trash can and underneath he wears the black jeans and T-shirt. Then he straightens up and exits the rest room.

188B INT. CORRIDOR BETWEEN RESTROOM AND DR.'S OFFICE -
MEDICAL BLDG. - DAY

188B

Carlos walks down the corridor and enters the medical suite of Doctor Wasfi Muhammed. There is a plaque on the door which says, DR. WASFI MUHAMMED, M.D., PhD, Cosmetic and Plastic Surgery.

188C INT. DR. MUHAMMED'S OFFICE - SURGERY SUITE - DAY

188C

This is a surgery suite complete with gas anaesthetic, a kind of high-tech barber chair that reclines for full surgery, gleaming scalpels, etc. DR. MOHAMMED is there with Carlos. The Doctor is hastily washing his hands.

DR. MUHAMMED

You're quite early. I wasn't expecting you for another half an hour.

CARLOS

I like to be unannounced. It's safer that way.

DR. MUHAMMED

Yes, yes, of course. If you'll just have a seat. I've done everything as you said. My assistant has been let go for the day. I'll administer the anaesthetic myself. I assure you sir, you are completely safe here.

He turns around to look into the barrel of Carlos' drawn and cocked .38 automatic.

CARLOS

I know.

188D EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING - SUDAN - DAY

188D

The scene is as before. The two bodyguards stand watch. Suddenly a car pulls up. Another bodyguard gets out and out of this car steps Carlos. The bodyguards acknowledge him as he enters the building.

188E INT. DR. MUHAMMED'S OFFICE - SURGERY SUITE - DAY

188E

Carlos leans back in the surgery chair. There is an IV attached to his arm. A Doctor in a surgical mask stands over him.

DOCTOR

Feeling drowsy now?

CARLOS

Yes...

DOCTOR

Would you like to see what your new face is going to look like when we're done?

CARLOS

Yes... of course.

DOCTOR

It's going to look just like this...

He pulls down his surgical mask and Carlos looks up at his own face. It is Ramirez. He holds Carlos, who struggles against the anaesthetic. Suddenly, a second pair of hands grab Carlos as well. It is Jack.

188F EXT. REAR OF MEDICAL BUILDING - SUDAN - DAY

188F

An ambulance is pulled up at the rear entrance and two attendants push a gurney out of the building with a patient whose face is covered by an oxygen mask. The two attendants push the gurney into the ambulance and race off.

**CARLOS WAS FINALLY ARRESTED IN THE SUDAN
AND FLOWN TO FRANCE TO STAND TRIAL IN
AUGUST OF 1994.**

As the ambulance pulls off with its siren blaring, WE CONTINUE WITH THE CRAWL:

**INTELLIGENCE SOURCES BELIEVE HE WAS
TRADED TO THE FRENCH BY THE SUDANESE
GOVERNMENT IN A BID TO OBTAIN WESTERN
AID. THERE ARE RUMORS THAT TWO RETIRED
CIA AGENTS PLANNED AND EXECUTED HIS
CAPTURE.**

07/02/1996

THE ASSIGNMENT

142.

THE END