

"THE DOGS OF WAR"

Revised Screenplay

by

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based on the novel

by

Frederick Forsythe

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FADE IN

1 EXT. ROAD - CENTRAL AMERICA - DUSK

1

A frantic, disorganized evacuation is in progress. Panic stricken people thrashing about at the edge of the road where an old DC-3 idles tentatively. Mortar shells are being launched into the area from the surrounding hills. Rockets and flares erupt in the dark sky. Burnt out military vehicles are being cleared off the road, still smoking from being struck just moments earlier by ground fire. The majority of the crazed mob are Central American. A siren wails and the jeep it is fixed to noses through the frenzy toward the planes open rear door. It bears a number of regular army officers. They wave their rifles angrily forcing the frightened civilians away from the plane. A ragged band of WHITE MERCENARIES arrives at the side of the plane simultaneously with the jeep. The leader is a rangy American with a weeks dirty beard on his face, his eyes virtually hidden in the coating of night black heavily applied to his face, there is a deep gash over one eye leaking blood down the front of his torn fatigues, he has the facial expression of one who lives by instinct alone, thoroughly unpredictable. This is JAMIE SHANNON, a worn and raw man. The MAJOR alights heavily from the jeep and confronts Shannon at the plane's door. He speaks with a strong Spanish accent.

MAJOR

This plane only has room for military staff and members of the provincial government.

SHANNON

(raising the muzzle
of his carbine)

Tell me the six I should shoot to make room for my men.

Shannon's men are just behind him now. One of them, thirtyish American named Richard is being held upright between DREW, also American, tall, thin, icy, a man to be wary of at all times, and MICHEL, a solidly built Belgian incapable of being startled. The entire left side of Richard's shirt is torn away and his chest is a morass of blood and powdered sulfur. He is nearly dead. Behind them is DEREK, a steady Englishman who has been here before and long since lost the seed of panic, and TERRY, another American, a square built man near thirty-five whose continual scanning of the seething crowd and the rocket bursts above reveal the core of a man just barely clinging to resolve.

The Major nods affirmation to the armed soldier standing in the door and Shannon steps to one side to let his men board.

All around the frightened throng of soldiers and civilians alike press toward the plane and rush any vehicle that passes in a horrific scramble for any means of transportation out.

2 INT. THE PLANE - DUSK

2

The seats are almost all filled and Black army personnel still come through the rear door. There are few civilians. Shannon is standing in the aisle next to his seat looking back at Drew and Richard in the next row. Drew is trying impatiently to share a cigarette with his friend who is now certainly dead. Derek and Michel are in the next row followed by Terry alone, next to the window, head bobbing anxiously. The Major enters and starts up the aisle.

DREW

(to Richard)

Hey, Richard! Come on, man ...

DEREK

(smiling at Jamie)

I'll take a pay cut next time if we can play with the winners.

The Major stops beside Richard and lifts his head and the cigarette drops out of his mouth.

MAJOR

(incensed)

This man's dead!

The Major turns and hollers back at the man about to close the rear door.

MAJOR

Corporal! There's one more seat!

DREW

He's alive!

Drew yanks a grenade off his belt, slaps it into Richard's dead hand, binds the fingers about it and the spring loaded lever and pulls the pin. The tensile strength remaining in the fingers is enough to keep the lever in place. All eyes on the hand as it starts to relax and the lever moves further out.

SHANNON

Everyone who came with me goes home.

Shannon looks back to Derek.

SHANNON

Get us out of here.

Derek pops to his feet and heads up the aisle toward the cockpit. The Major stands stoically. Just as the hand is almost open Drew snatches the grenade and reinstates the pin.

DREW

(elbowing Richard)

You're losing your grip.

3 INT. THE COCKPIT - DUSK 3

Derek has his automatic rifle leveled at the pilot.

DEREK

(darkly)

Let's see if this thing can fly.

The pilot accelerates the engine RPM and the plane rolls.

4 EXT. AIRSTRIP - DUSK 4

The plane pulls onto the end of the runway and the throttles open full. As it taxis people are VISIBLE running at the plane, wounded and dying are SEEN on litters lining the perimeter of the tarmac, rockets still EXPLODE high above, mortar shells IMPACT near the road.

5 EXT. THE SKY - DUSK 5

The DC-3 banks sharply after takeoff and bright FLASHES of phosphoric light eerily expose the cataclysmic havoc far below.

MAIN TITLE "THE DOGS OF WAR"

6 INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - NEW YORK - DAY 6

The light, airy bedroom. A hauntingly attractive woman blessed with a lean body is languidly making a decision about what to wear. The stacks of clothes on the bed indicate it has been going on for some time. In the background the stereo EMITS Dinah Washington singing. "The Song Is Ended". She drapes a silk blouse about her bare shoulders to test the color.

DREW (O.S.)

(hollering)

Come on, Miranda! Shit!

She doesn't react at all.

7 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAY 7

Drew and Shannon are sipping at Jack Daniels and soda and independently pacing about the vast room. Its size is enhanced by the sparse furnishing. Though everything is expensive, there isn't much of it. A couch, several chairs, an Oriental rug, sheer curtains rippling in the air on the high windows. Both men are in expensively tailored slacks, sport jackets and ties. Neither bears so much as a mark from the wounds they carried when last seen.

Continued

7 Continued

7

DREW

(irritated)

I could strangle her when she pulls this crap.

SHANNON

Relax.

Shannon stops in front of the window and looks out over the river. Both of them are inhibited by the orderly world, the casual pace, the routine. Their perspective of the world is "fleeting", blurred. They are men continually on their feet.

DREW

What've you been doing?

SHANNON

I was down in Puerto Rico for a few weeks.

DREW

(walking toward window)

Was it hot?

SHANNON

(moving again)

I don't know ... never left my room.

He steps to the portable bar cart and gives himself another pour of Jack Daniels. Drew suddenly whirls away from the window looking puzzled and angry.

DREW

Damn it! Richard believed if you didn't care about anything, had nothing to come home to, you'd always get back. So why in hell'd he get Evelyn pregnant?

SHANNON

(avoiding the question)

... I'll be broke by spring. Ready to go back to work?

With over half the apartment stretching between them each sips at his drink and considers.

DREW

Maybe he got her knocked up by accident ...

SHANNON

... maybe it's not even his kid.

8 EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - QUEENS, NEW YORK - DAY 8

It's a small neighborhood church with a patch of lawn and a plain facade.

PRIEST (O.S.)

(to Evelyn)

What name do you give this child?

EVELYN (O.S.)

Richard Patrick Miller.

9 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY 9

The baptism is in progress. Shannon stands beside EVELYN, Richard's widow. The Priest and the infant son are before them and a gathering of friends and family behind. Shannon holds a small piece of white linen in one hand. Drew and Miranda conceal small smiles stimulated by the solemnity in Shannon's face.

PRIEST

What do you ask of the Church for your child?

EVELYN

Baptism.

PRIEST

(to Shannon)

Are you ready to help the parent of this child in her duty as a Christian mother?

SHANNON

I am.

PRIEST

Do you reject Satan?

SHANNON

I do.

Drew stops struggling with his fatuous humor and senses for the first time how seriously Shannon is taking this.

PRIEST

All of his works?

SHANNON

I do.

PRIEST

And all his empty promises?

SHANNON

I do.

VOICE OVER TRANSITION:

10 INT. EVELYN'S HOME - DAY

10

It's a small, squat post World War II home in Queens. Inexpensively furnished with chintz curtains and bleak walls. The friends and relatives have gathered here to drink vat wine, eat finger sandwiches and fuss over the infant. Evelyn hands the baby to an older woman and wordlessly asks Shannon for a moment alone.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Do you reject sin so as to live in the freedom of God's children?

SHANNON (O.S.)

I do.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Do you believe in the Holy Spirit, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, the Resurrection of the body and life everlasting?

11 EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - DAY

11

Shannon and Evelyn stand alone in the dreary winter day. In the b.g. the windows REVEAL the contrasting warmth and conviviality inside. Dirty snow, chill air and the colorless vision of suburban winter are the backdrop.

EVELYN

... when Richard deserted in Vietnam I wish you'd had him arrested instead of bringing him back and covering for him. He was yours after that ... he wanted you to be the baby's Godfather so you are, but don't come around ... please.

SHANNON

I'm not around much ... but I'd like to know how you're doing... help out when I can.

EVELYN

... when Richard was home I always wondered who was dead somewhere because of him. No more ... if I'd had a father to run home to like Jessie I'd have left him like she left you.

SHANNON

(patiently)

... if you're ever having any kind of trouble you call me.

Continued

11 Continued

11

EVELYN

I won't. I'm marrying the first steady man who asks.

12 EXT. CEMETERY ON THE EDGE OF A FREEWAY - DAY

12

A snowy grave. The unblemished headstone reads, "RICHARD EDWARD MILLER - husband & son -- 1950 - 1988". A pair of male feet (shoes) are sloppily dancing in the powdered snow covering the plot. Drew's voice can be heard trying to sound like Scottish bagpipes.

MIRANDA

Drew! Cut it out!

ANGLE REVEALING Shannon, Miranda, and Drew at Richard's grave. Others visiting neighboring plots look horrified at Drew's irreverent jig.

DREW

Shut up!

SHANNON

(flatly)

Your sense of humor stinks.

DREW

(stopping)

He pisses me off. He had a game. A mind game ... it worked, it got him home every time and he blew it ... and I miss him.

SHANNON

Maybe he wanted a reason to quit ... having a kid's better than most.

DREW

Nobody needs a reason to quit. You get tired of the easy money and you quit.

MIRANDA

(antagonistically)

Really? Your Trust will take care of you for life ... why do you go back?

Drew interrupts.

DREW

Who the fuck's talking to you!?

Continued

MIRANDA

(thoughtfully)

Do you know Drew only makes love to me right after you come back from somewhere ... never for months before, but right after.

DREW

(livid)

I couldn't stand you more often!

SHANNON

I'm going to walk home ... I'll see you.

Shannon turns and starts away across icy ground.

DREW

Hey, come on, Jamie!

Miranda steps quickly and falls in beside him.

MIRANDA

This how it was with you and Jessie?

SHANNON

Pretty close.

MIRANDA

You know in some horrible way Drew and I love each other.

SHANNON

That's too bad.

Shannon walks on, Miranda pulls up and watches him move away and in the b.g. Drew stands at the grave using his foot to smooth the churned snow left by his idiotic dance.

13 INT. APARTMENT/HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

13

A "moderately" priced accomodation on the lower East side. The Latin clerk and doorman both wear hand-me-down uniforms with unraveling braid and faded color. The once new furniture has been retread with vinyl. Shannon strides past the desk and is assured with a hapless bobbing of the clerk's head that there are no messages.

14 INT. HOTEL - THIRD FLOOR - EVENING

14

Shannon exits the elevator while reaching for his room key. He stops at a dark wooden door and works the latch.

15 INT. SHANNON'S ROOM - EVENING

15

There are virtually no personal effects. A chrome dinette set, a deep velour couch flanked by stained hard-wood and tables and tall, tasteless Grecian lamps all centered behind a laminated coffee table on iron legs. A few days' newspapers are scattered around, an empty beer bottle, a dirty ashtray, some paperback best sellers and a portable radio. Shannon turns on the radio and ROCK MUSIC ripples the air. He takes a beer from the refrigerator REVEALING an automatic pistol resting in the door shelf and several boxes of cartridges on the uppermost grill. While drinking the beer he absently turns on the TV. The volume is off and after a brief look at a man broadcasting the evening news the picture loses horizontal control. Shannon makes no move to fix it. Shannon goes into the bathroom and pops a couple of aspirins with his beer and several medals and decorations are REVEALED in a frame hanging right over the toilet. He leans into the mirror and unhappily examines his eyes. Back in the kitchen he drops his empty beer can and gets a fresh one. He walks into the living room and drops onto the couch. The TV still flips monotonously backed by the radio. He reaches in the end table drawer and pulls out a stack of unpaid bills. Another pistol is GLIMPSED. He tosses the bills aside and tilts up the beer can. He leaves the room without touching either the radio or TV. In the bedroom he yanks open his closet door and on the backside is a poster size blow-up of he and a very attractive, very blithe woman. Their expressions bespeak exuberant love. He looks a second or two, turns and snaps up the phone, dials the operator and when her indistinguishable VOICE CRACKLES in the receiver he hangs up. He turns around and slams the closet door.

16 INT. HANDBALL COURT

16

Shannon's intense, perspiring face bobs IN AND OUT OF FRAME scored by the hollow, ECHOING THUD of the ball smacking the wall. You would think he is in a game. Another ANGLE REVEALS he is playing alone. He is bleeding off the virulent energy generated by emotional suppression and frustration. A MAN in shorts appears at the small court and hollers in.

MAN

Looking for a game?

SHANNON

No.

The man shrugs and backs out. Shannon continues batting the ball just as hard as he can.

17 INT. CINEMA - NIGHT

17

CLOSE UP of a Bruce Lee type snarling ... the screen suddenly erupts into violence -- knives slash, clubs crack and blood runs as the Bruce Lee type fights off, single-handedly, a savage screaming assault by a gang of brigands ... exotic Far Eastern setting.

18 EXT. CINEMA - NEW YORK - NIGHT

18

Drizzle, sleet ... there are no lines outside the cinema and the street is almost deserted, late. A shabby, scabrous part of New York ... Shannon walks out of the cinema alone. He turns up the collar of his leather flight jacket and walks off into the night, shaking his head and laughing quietly to himself.

19 INT. CORNER MARKET - DAY

19

A pair of hands has cut a box of one dozen eggs in half and is taping off the ends.

A WIDER ANGLE REVEALS Shannon, several days' growth of beard on his face, standing somberly in the checkout line. The female checker glowers at him for having insisted on half a dozen eggs. She continues ringing out his order. Everything is in small quantities: a pair of spotted bananas, a small tin of coffee, a quart of milk, one lemon, two apples, etc.

20 EXT. CORNER MARKET - DAY

20

Young boys with sleds haul ladies' groceries home for tips. Several are idling along the front of the store bantering in that pre-adolescent voice capable of vibrating glass. None of them see any potential in Shannon with his one bag. A BLACK BOY sits apart from the rest. He doesn't have a sled. He has a square piece of plywood with 2 X 2 boards nailed around the perimeter to prevent anything falling off and it's pulled by a loop of clothes line rope. Shannon's glance is met with the steady, unhurried appraisal of a peer.

21 EXT. DREARY STREET - DAY

21

Shannon is walking several feet ahead of the black boy. The Kid is pulling his makeshift sled with Shannon's lone bag of groceries.

22 EXT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

22

The Kid is handing Shannon the single bag. In return he receives two dollars.

SHANNON

I bought my first bike doing what you're doing.

KID

Shit, if you got yo'self a bike you wasn't doin' what I'm doin'.

Continued

22 Continued

22

SHANNON

... paying the rent?

The Kid takes the slack out of the rope and starts towing his board away.

KID

... when it gets paid.

The Kid takes off running back toward the market. Shannon watches a second then goes inside.

23 INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

23

The eerie glow of the digital readout bank on the scaled down console of a computerized chess game. Shannon makes a move, punches in the corresponding numbers, grabs his beer and waits for the transistorized brain to retaliate. When its response lights up in the small windows Shannon moves his opponent's chess piece.

SHANNON

(noting the move's
consequence)

... shit.

24 EXT. STREET - NEW YORK - NIGHT

24

Expensive leather heels clicking even strides on the dark, gritty pavement. A shadowy figure immaculately dressed in a dark suit covered over with a fine English camel hair topcoat pauses directly across the street from the building Shannon lives in. He pulls a slip of paper from his pocket and verifies the street number. He waits for a spate of traffic to pass then heads diagonally toward the ground level entrance.

25 INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

25

Shannon has started another game with his "electronic companion". The phone rings. He grabs it unsteadily.

SHANNON

Yeah!

There is the CRACKLE of a responding voice.

SHANNON

Endean? Don't know him. No!
No esta noche! Manana!!

Continued

25 Continued

25

Shannon hangs up the phone and with the beer can tipped to his mouth reconsiders his next move. The beer can is empty so with some effort he gets out of bed and heads for the kitchen. While he is reaching into the refrigerator for a fresh beer the DOORBELL SPUTTERS and his hand instinctively shifts from the cold beer to the even colder pistol.

26 INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT AND HALLWAY - NIGHT

26

Shannon cautiously opens the front door. The rigid, angular man facing him is SIMON ENDEAN. His short grey hair, parade ground posture and imperious facade smack of military.

SHANNON

How'd you get up here?

Endean doesn't alter his expression. He holds up a crisp one hundred dollar bill in his hand.

27 INT. SHANNON'S KITCHENETTE - NIGHT - LATER

27

Shannon is suffering with a cup of black coffee. Endean is sitting at the table, still in his coat, clearly underlining the absence of cordiality or hospitality.

ENDEAN

... the corporate interests I represent contemplate investing several hundred million dollars in the development of certain resources in Zangaro. Do you read the papers, Mr Shannon? Zangaro's President, Jean Kimba is frequently on the front page ...

No response from Shannon.

ENDEAN

Last month there was a territorial dispute between two native tribes in Zangaro ... Kimba thought the mediation of something so trifling to be beneath him ... so he dispatched a combat unit from the capitol and had one tribe slaughtered ... everyone ... women and children.

Without looking at Endean, Shannon refills his own coffee cup.

Continued

SHANNON

Don't fish around for moral indignation, Mr Endean ... it's no more a part of my business than it is yours.

ENDEAN

(letting it slide)

Before money is invested in Zangaro we have to know a lot more about the stability of Kimba's regime. If a coup d'etat is imminent as some rumors have it ... or even possible, we have to know.

SHANNON

You should be able to get that kind of information through embassy sources..

ENDEAN

(annoyingly condescending)

The bulk of it would be classified and what we would get would have been filtered and sanitized to the point of being worthless ... besides, there are no embassies. Who in the hell do you think would carry on diplomatic relations with such a maniac?

SHANNON

I don't know. Maybe there's some country as desperate for an ally as you are for a buck. You want me to go find out if it's feasible to do business with the son-of-a-bitch!

ENDEAN

(regaining his composure)

The world's running short of commodities, Mr Shannon. One day the world could go to war over rice.

SHANNON

You and your friends stockpiling the soya sauce?

ENDEAN

The job pays ten thousand dollars.

SHANNON

Fifteen. Half tomorrow and the rest when I get back.

Continued

ENDEAN

It's a simple reconnaissance, not a war.

SHANNON

How'd you come to me?

ENDEAN

You were bottom man on a list of three American mercenaries. The first one's in South America and the second's been missing in Laos for six months and presumed dead ...

SHANNON

Twenty thousand.

Shannon slides his coffee cup aside and drags a beer can over to replace it. Endean rises sternly to his feet and Shannon stays put, smiling lopsidedly at him.

28 INT. AUTO MECHANIC GARAGE - DAY

28

Shannon is peering through a 35 mm camera with a 300mm lens. He is in the garage office with one of the men we saw in the opening. Terry. He is in coveralls, grease on his hands, tools poking out of various pockets. He is nervous in Shannon's presence.

TERRY

What the hell you know about bird watching?

SHANNON

(informing him)

Ornithology. You don't stand right under 'em. I need a cover that'll get me through customs with a lot of camera gear.

TERRY

How long you be gone?

SHANNON

In and out in a week.

TERRY

You watch yourself, Jamie.

SHANNON

They start shooting at me I'll try and throw your camera clear. If I'm not back in a month you and Drew come bail me out.

Continued

28 Continued

28

TERRY

(uneasily)

... you bet. Drew was by last week. He wanted me to go to Canada with him ... was going to hunt bear. Seemed like a damn messy way to get killed to me.

SHANNON

Did he go?

TERRY

I don't know. He told me about the baptism. I think it's damn fine ... you'll be a hell of a Godfather.

Terry is earnest. Shannon raps him on the shoulder affectionately, slips the camera gear back in its sack and hangs it over his arm and with a hollow smile retreats from the office.

SHANNON

... see ya.

29 EXT. CORNER MARKET - DAY

29

The black Kid with the makeshift sled is sitting hard against the wall waiting for a job and trying to keep out of the cold air. Someone stops right above him and he looks up. It's Shannon pulling a brand new sled with wooden stake sides for hauling small loads. The Kid eyes it warily.

SHANNON

... you have a Godfather?

30 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

30

The FRAME IS TOTAL BLACK. The SOUND of TRAFFIC ECHOES in muffled rivulets on both sides. A small interior light is switched on by Endean. He and Shannon are seated beside one another in an ultra plush interior. The enmity they established on first meeting persists.

ENDEAN

A cover that requires such specific and extensive information as ornithology is unnecessarily risky.

SHANNON

Tell me a better way to get my camera gear through customs.

Continued

30 Continued

30

ENDEAN

Just a tourist.

SHANNON

What the hell would a tourist be doing in Zarango? They come for the 'murder and torture' season. I'll do it my own half-assed way ... I've come back alive from all my wars.

ENDEAN

The object of war isn't coming back alive, it's winning ... and meticulous, minimum risk planning wins wars.

31 EXT. QUEENS/MIDTOWN TUNNEL - DAY

31

A long, black, sleek limousine pours out into the light. With its dark smoke glass windows it has the ominous presence of a phantom vehicle.

SHANNON (O.S.)

... dead men win wars.

32 INT. SHABBY CONVAIR 440 - DAY

32

ANGLE ON a book lying in the lap of Shannon: "Native and Migratory Birds of Equatorial Africa."

The FRAME is JARRED. It becomes more violent and Shannon awakens. The plane is half filled with seedy passengers. The black stewardess makes her way past Shannon. He forces himself to go back to digesting the material in the book. The plane continues to lurch.

33 EXT. CLARENCE AIRPORT - WEST AFRICA - DAY

33

The air boils and blisters. The aging Convair comes RUMBLING in and touches down in the dry, red-grey dust. Military Police jeeps are on slow patrol around the field. As the plane taxis toward the lone terminal building, soldiers are VISIBLE everywhere, more lounging around than patrolling. They wear drab-green trousers and shirts, canvas boots, webbing belts, and peaked caps that look like baseball hats. They are a shabby, unpressed, unwashed and unprepossessing lot.

33 Continued

33

The plane stops, and Shannon, carrying his two carry-on cases, with a shoulder bag and a camera slung around his neck, steps out of the door and starts down the steps. He is wearing a rumpled suit and plain plastic sunglasses. He is followed by an Asian businessman, three blacks and TWO NUNS.

Shannon comes to the bottom of the steps and starts across towards the terminal. Behind him, the others are moving away from the plane. Whatever luggage is to be unloaded is on a small hand cart. As Shannon gets to the terminal building, the stairs are being wheeled away from the Convair and it starts to taxi off for take-off almost immediately. Shannon stops and watches it go; the plane is getting out awfully fast.

34 INT. THE PASSENGER TERMINAL - DAY

34

Mass confusion reigns here. The air is hot, with flies BUZZING everywhere. There looks to be a small sea of unclaimed luggage over which a few CUSTOMS OFFICERS are arguing with one another. The passengers off the Convair are waiting for their luggage to be taken off the hand cart.

Shannon crosses to the Passport and Customs Desk and reaches into his pocket for his passport. He glances up and sees a large photograph of President Jean Kimba.

The black Customs Officer is surly looking, with bad teeth. He takes Shannon's passport and examines it.

OFFICER

Brown.

SHANNON

Keith Brown.

The Officer looks at Shannon and then back to the passport.

INSERT: Shannon's face with Keith Brown written under it.

OFFICER

(virtually an order)

In there, please.

The Officer gestures for Shannon to go with him to a small room. Shannon hesitates. Several soldiers move away from the wall where they have been lounging. Shannon heads for the room.

35 INT. INSPECTION ROOM - DAY

35

The two cases are open, their contents spilling out onto a table. The Officer picks up Shannon's camera, and weighs it in his hand. The soldiers are very close, watching with dangerous indifference, their weapons large in their hands. The Officer puts down the camera and indicates Shannon's shoulder bag. Shannon opens it. The Officer takes out two bottles of Scotch whisky. There is a perceptible stir beyond Shannon. His back is wet with perspiration. The Officer stares at the whisky and gives a shake of his head.

OFFICER

Do you have a drinking problem, Mr Brown?

SHANNON

I thought there might be a shortage of good scotch over here.

The Officer slowly slides one of the bottles over in front of him, clearly laying claim to it.

OFFICER

There is.

The Officer finds a carton of cigarettes and it joins his booty. Several newspapers, The International Herald Tribune, The Guardian, Le Monde and finally a copy of Playboy. All of it is placed on "his" side of the table. Then he gestures at Shannon.

OFFICER

Your pockets, please.

Shannon empties his pockets of matches, change, a few African franc notes in a clip, his wallet with American dollars, some British pounds, some French franc notes. He takes out his book of traveller's cheques. The Officer picks up the traveller's cheques and returns them to Shannon. He empties the wallet, and counts the money, separating the currencies. He takes the dollars, and counts off a hundred. He takes the pounds and counts off twenty, the French francs and counts off another hundred -- he's taken half of what Shannon has. When he's finished, he looks up at Shannon.

OFFICER

Airport tax.

He shoves the bills into his pocket. Shannon reaches for the remaining money. The Officer stops him, and takes another twenty dollars.

Continued

35 Continued

35

SHANNON
 (containing anger)
 What's that for, sport?

The Officer indicates the lone bottle of booze left to Shannon.

OFFICER
Importation tax.

Shannon nods in acceptance. The Officer reproduces Shannon's passport and stares at it for a beat. Then he looks at Shannon, who says nothing. The Officer puts the passport on the table, finds a stamp, and gives the open page one hard whack, leaving a purple seal.

OFFICER
 Welcome to Zangaro.

He hands the passport back to Shannon. Shannon puts it away, and starts gathering his things and stuffing them back into their cases.

36 INT. THE AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

36

Shannon comes out, carrying his things. A PRIEST is waiting while the Two Nuns finish putting their things away. He sees Shannon, and after a beat nods pleasantly. Shannon returns the nod, and heads for the exit.

37 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

37

Shannon comes through the door onto the street, and now realizes he is drenched in sweat. He hears the argument over his money begin in the building behind him. The road before him leads to the City of Clarence from the airport. It has some traffic on it, dusty trucks and cars RATTLING by. Shannon looks around for some sort of transport into town.

PRIEST'S VOICE
 (Irish-American accent)
 Can I give you a lift into town, my son?

Shannon turns. The Priest is with the Two Nuns, carrying one of their suitcases.

SHANNON
 Thank you, Father.

38 INT. THE PRIEST'S VW MINI BUS - EXT. BRIDGE AIRPORT ROAD - 38
DAY

Shannon sits uncomfortably in the back, with one of the Nuns.
The other one is sitting in front, next to the Priest.

FIRST NUN

(to Shannon)

Did they open your things, too?

The Priest glances into his rearview mirror at Shannon.

SHANNON

Sure.

SECOND NUN

I think it's disgraceful.

PRIEST

Now, sister ...

(to Shannon)

... You'd be staying at the
Independence, right?

SHANNON

How'd you know?

PRIEST

It's the only hotel where foreigners
are allowed to stay. Dexter, the
manager, is a good sort.

SHANNON

My name's Keith Brown.

39 VW BUS - SHANNON'S POV - a burnt out vehicle. Parts are 39
being scavenged from it. Two young men are fighting over
the charred rear seat.

40 VW BUS - SHANNON'S POV - A small black child in mutilated 40
clothing sits in the dust alone, crying.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Is this your first trip to Zangaro,
Mr Brown.

SHANNON (O.S.)

... yes.

41 VW BUS - SHANNON'S POV - Two black soldiers walking down 41
the narrow road forcing the Priest to slam on the brakes.
Another pair of soldiers lounging in the nearby shade are
amused by this.

42 INT. VW BUS - DAY

42

The Priest frantically jabs the horn several times and shouts at the soldiers.

PRIEST

Hey! Move off the road.

One of the soldiers points his rifle at the Priest and waves his arm angrily.

SOLDIER

(to the Priest)

Move on! Move on!

The outraged Priest holds his ground for a second and the soldier re-grips his rifle with both hands.

PRIEST

Welcome to Clarence, Mr Brown.

43 EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOTEL INDEPENDENCE - DAY

43

The VW pulls into a large square, up to the once-grand three story structure with its marquee announcing HOTEL INDEPENDENCE.

The door of the car opens and Shannon waits while the Nun gets out and lets him push the seat forward. Shannon stares at the Priest, then nods and gets out.

44 EXT/INT. HOTEL INDEPENDENCE - DAY

44

There are tables and chairs on the veranda across the front of the building. The VW drives off as Shannon walks into the lobby. Through the windows we can SEE him approach the desk, above which hangs the obligatory photograph of President Kimba. DEXTER, a black man in his late fifties, wearing a white shirt, dark tie, and a rumpled white linen suit, is behind the desk. Shannon comes up to the desk and Dexter looks up.

SHANNON

My name is Brown, Keith Brown.
I cabled you about a room.

DEXTER

Brown?

He looks through some papers, and then looks up.

DEXTER

We've received no cable, M. Brown.

Continued

SHANNON

I wired from New York over a week ago.

DEXTER

The telegraph system is somewhat irregular. How long do you wish to stay with us?

SHANNON

Four or five days.

Dexter has turned the Registry Book and examines it.

SHANNON

You have something on the second floor?

DEXTER

Foreigners are restricted from the second floor ... sorry.

Before Shannon can respond Dexter goes on politely.

DEXTER

(extending his hand)

Your passport, please.

Shannon hesitates.

DEXTER

It will be returned when you leave.
You'll have room # 12 ...

Dexter summons a boy sitting across the lobby to carry Shannon's bags.

SHANNON

I'd like to rent a jeep ... something
I can drive into the bush.

DEXTER

There is no game hunting in Zangaro ...

SHANNON

I want to photograph some of your native
birds ... I'm an ornithologist ...

(clarifying)

Bird lover.

DEXTER

Of course. I'll see what I can arrange.
(to the young boy)

Room #12 for Mr Brown.

Continued

44 Continued - 2

44

The boy takes the bags and Shannon sets off behind him. In the background an unused billiard table and dart board idle in a deserted pub room opening off the lobby.

45 INT. SHANNON'S ROOM - DUSK

45

It's decorated in tacky modern. None of the colors are remotely compatible, there are several lamps with cheap imitation African hide shades and several worn area rugs scattered about the floor. Shannon, sipping an African beer, is making an inspection of the room. The first thing he notes is the slide bolt lock that is used to provide security from inside the room has been removed. He picks up his CAMERA, parts the window curtains and stares into the street through his 300mm lens.

INSERT: PAN the square. A colorless, moodless sampling of Zangaro life. Clothing of those moving about the square are ill-fitting, soiled, their faces, bleak, pitiable. Men squat in a closed circle in the dirt playing some primitive game; boys in the b.g. kick an inflated pig's bladder between two trees; women lug burdens toward their homes; soldiers lurk in the shadows with their rifles held carelessly.

SOUND: A SIREN screams wildly in the evening air.

Shannon lowers his camera and takes in the ensuing activity with both eyes to absorb the entire panorama. Within seconds everyone has run off the streets and into their homes. Suddenly there is no one anywhere to be seen save the few soldiers. Now the few animals, goats, pigs and dogs, are free to forage in the square. The siren stops. A few seconds later a tan-colored Zangoran Army jeep rolls past bearing four very alert, heavily-armed soldiers. It crabs along while the soldiers peer into all the shadows and alleyways with practised skill. Shannon steps back from the window and settles on the edge of his bed to finish his beer.

46 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

46

Shannon, dressed in jeans, hiking boots and a light shirt emerges with his camera draped over one shoulder. Dexter sees him approaching.

DEXTER

Mr Brown ... your jeep is on the street.

SHANNON

Thanks.

He heads for the front door.

47 EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

47

Shannon exits and walks across the veranda toward the waiting jeep. A large black man sits at one of the tables having a cup of coffee. He watches Shannon. He is a dour, menacing man named GEOFFREY. Shannon gets into the jeep but cannot find the KEY.

Geoffrey gets to his feet and walks to the jeep. He dangles the keys in Shannon's face.

GEOFFREY

I will drive.

Shannon hesitates a beat then climbs into the passenger seat.

48 EXT. STREET - MORNING

48

The jeep pours recklessly down the narrow aisle cleaving the huts. Animals and people alike hop out of its path.

SHANNON (O.S.)

You the expert on native birds?

GEOFFREY (O.S.)

No.

The jeep turns out of sight.

49 EXT. ROAD - DAY

49

The jeep is approaching a military jeep pulled off to one side with a flat tire. It has a fairly sophisticated multi-directional machine gun mooring in the back end with a pair of automatic weapons fitted to it. One soldier works lazily over the tire, three others relax and gab in the grass just behind the vehicle. Shannon eyes it carefully as they rocket past.

SHANNON

(to Geoffrey)

... I've got an auto-club card.

No response from the murky black man.

50 EXT. A MILITARY BIVOUAC AREA - DAY

50

There are a uniform cluster of tents, several armored vehicles, stacks of arms and ammunition, and scores of men milling about.

ANGLE: Shannon's jeep is approaching. Again his attention is on the soldiers. Suddenly the jeep veers so hard left it all

Continued

50 Continued

50

but pitches Shannon into the road. There was a FORK in the road and Geoffrey had deliberately, violently steered the jeep onto the left one. Shannon whips around and glares at him and Geoffrey merely smiles.

51 EXT. ROAD SIDE - DAY

51

The jeep is pulled off the road next to the dense "bush". Geoffrey is just climbing out, Shannon is still in his seat.

GEOFFREY

Our most exotic birds are in the bush ...

Geoffrey gestures ominously toward the thick bush. Shannon holds for a second. Geoffrey smiles tauntingly.

GEOFFREY

... you want to see our birds?

Shannon finally climbs out and starts after Geoffrey.

52 EXT. DENSE BUSH - DAY

52

Geoffrey moves ahead easily, always smiling, making it as difficult as possible for Shannon lumbering along behind with his camera gear slung about his neck. There are bogs and insects and reptiles of all kinds. Shannon is grass-whipped, his feet are wet and rotting, his cheeks scratched from branches and limbs, his perspiration has soaked through all his clothing. He looks beat.

GEOFFREY

Where in America do you live?

SHANNON

(irritably)

... East 39th.

ANGLE: Shannon holding very steady while he snaps a picture of a bird on an overhead limb. Geoffrey watches with amusement.

GEOFFREY

What do you do with the pictures?

SHANNON

I sell them to magazines.

GEOFFREY

You're not very smart. You should take pictures of naked women.

Continued

52 Continued

52

ANGLE: Shannon struggling up a rocky hill behind Geoffrey who moves with the ease of an animal.

GEOFFREY

You must be much smarter and stronger
to live here than in your country.

Shannon doesn't answer. He's having trouble keeping up.

GEOFFREY

Americans are weak ... you have no jungle.
You get scared in the bush, lost.

SHANNON

I'll see you at the jeep.

ANGLE: Geoffrey turns around and Shannon has vanished. Ducking down in the bush out of sight. There is only the diminishing sound of his rushing through the thicket. Geoffrey smiles to himself and starts off at an easy pace.

INTERCUT: Shots of Geoffrey, first unhurried, moving easily, expecting at any second to come upon Shannon, worn out and lost. Then his pace quickens. In a time he is running frantically, his own face being whipped by the heavy vines and whip-like branches. His breath begins to shorten, it's a matter of pride now. He is running at a full sprint. He is angry.

53 EXT. EDGE OF THE BUSH - DAY

53

Geoffrey's emergence is preceded by the noise of his arrival. His thrashing about. He suddenly bursts into the light. He looks wildly toward the jeep. It stands alone, Shannon nowhere to be seen. The exhausted man smiles and lumbers toward it.

When Geoffrey comes around the far side of the jeep to get in behind the wheel he discovers Shannon sitting comfortably on the running board having a cigarette. Geoffrey's face drops. Shannon smiles.

SHANNON

... in my jungle you'd be just another
asshole.

Shannon gets to his feet. Geoffrey swallows any contemplated response.

54 EXT. DUSTY STREET OF CLARENCE - DUSK

54

Geoffrey is driving the jeep toward the hotel. Soldiers lounge in the shade, rifles carelessly drooping muzzle down in the ground, shops are boarded up, posters of Kimba are

Continued

54 Continued

54

everywhere, some store burnt out. Up ahead several soldiers are dragging a terrified boy from his home, the mother pleading in protest. Seeing Shannon they stop and hold the boy quiet until he has passed. A second later the jeep passes several white men with camera equipment walking in the direction they have just come from. Shannon turns in his seat inquisitively.

55 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DUSK

55

Shannon, face scratched, clothes torn and muddy, hair matted, stands talking to Dexter at the front desk.

DEXTER

Did you see many birds, Mr Brown?

SHANNON

(ignoring the question)

Do I need an escort to walk around the city?

DEXTER

... it would be advisable.

SHANNON

I'd appreciate a fresh guide. The man you sent this morning specializes in jungle work.

DEXTER

... I did not send him.

There is a commotion at the door. THREE ENGLISHMEN, a documentary film crew, are being herded into the lobby by a pair of Zangoran soldiers. The soldier barks loudly in (Fanti) and ALAN NORTH, the on-camera face as well as the director bobs in angry deference.

NORTH

(angry)

We can't do a film on your bloody country from the hotel lobby ... Goddamit.

With a menacing gesture the two soldiers withdraw leaving the three Englishmen to gather their senses.

CYRIL

(the soundman)

Fucking maniacs.

Continued

55 Continued

55

NORTH

We'll be out the end of the week.
Leave it till then.

KEN

(the cameraman)

How 'bout a beer?

NORTH

... meet you on the veranda.

North walks to the desk where Shannon and Dexter stand.

DEXTER

Some trouble, Mr North?

NORTH

Nothing, Mr Dexter ... just a fundamental difference about the value of human life. Any messages?

DEXTER

The wireless is still out ... Mr North, this is Mr Keith Brown ... an American.

North happily extends his hand.

NORTH

(taking in Shannon's
rumpled, filthy appearance)

You can tell an American anywhere.

Both men smile good naturedly and shake hands.

NORTH

Have a beer with us?

56 EXT. HOTEL VERANDA - DUSK

56

North, Cyril, Ken and Shannon are all seated around a small table overlooking the still congested street.

SHANNON

What are you doing down here?

NORTH

Arrived five weeks ago to make a film about President Kimba ...

SHANNON

What the hell's he like?

CYRIL

We ain't seen the bastard yet.

Continued

NORTH

We're leaving Friday anyway ...

KEN

(indiscreetly)

... and the film we're taking out
will give the world nightmares.

NORTH

(cautioning)

... hey, enough of that.

At that point the curfew SIREN begins to WAIL. The square begins to empty with a crazed kind of locomotion; like rabbits running erratic courses to avoid a hawk swooping out of the sky. Shannon looks at his watch.

SHANNON

Earlier today than last.

NORTH

Never the same time ... like every-
thing here it's at Kimba's convenience.

The patrol jeep RUMBLES around the corner and starts to traverse the square. Instantly the three Englishmen and Shannon are on their feet and headed for the lobby. The square is deserted. The jeep lumbers on.

57 INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

57

North and Shannon are seated alone in one corner. A pair of Russians drink eagerly and talk too loudly at another table and a small, rumpled man who looks ineffably miserable leans on the bar. There are a few others in the room, but none that concern us.

NORTH

... the sad little runt at the bar
is Herr Vazelle, the Swiss Consul
General ... he's been trying to get
transferred for more than a year ...
I don't think it matters anymore.
He's an alcoholic now ...

SHANNON

What about the Russians?

NORTH

Couple of mining engineers were in
here a few months ago ... did some kind
of survey. Russians must of got onto
it and sent these two down, but they

Continued

NORTH (Cont)

haven't been able to get a government permit ... bastards are losing their minds.

At that moment the little bit of conversation in the room trails off. A Zangoran OFFICER and four armed soldiers have stepped into the arch connecting the bar to the lobby.

NORTH

(under his breath)

... put on your party smile.

The soldiers remain at the door while the Officer steps to the bar and drops a coin and is handed a small glass of brandy. He raises it to the room.

OFFICER

President Kimba!

Everyone raises their glass and mutters responsively. The Officer takes a sip then starts toward Shannon's table.

OFFICER

(clipped Oxford dialect)

Mr Keith Brown, American ornithologist.

Shannon nods and smiles.

OFFICER

President Kimba shares your interest in our native birds.

The Officer raises his glass to his mouth.

OFFICER

(to Shannon)

Drink, please.

Shannon drinks.

OFFICER

Due to his many responsibilities, President Kimba has not the time to research the scientific names of many of our species.

Again he raises his glass.

OFFICER

Drink.

Continued

Tension is growing in the room. The Officer is trying to get Shannon drunk for some reason. Shannon drinks again and it would seem by the glassy drift in his eyes that the liquor is having its effect. The Officer reaches into his pocket and retrieves a slip of paper.

OFFICER

The scientific name for the great crested grebe would please the President enormously ...

SHANNON

(bleary-eyed)

... why don't we do this in the morning?

Instead of answering the Officer raises his glass again intending for Shannon to do the same. He does.

SHANNON

... podiceps cristatus.

OFFICER

(forcing another drink)

The Storm Petrel?

SHANNON

... hydrobates pelagicus.

Without being asked Shannon downs the rest of the drink and commences to rattle on mindlessly.

SHANNON

... and what about the Bubbling Cisticola and the Estrilda Troglodytes and my favorite and yours, Nectarina Famosa and Arachalthena Affinis. Let's not forget one of the little fuckers.

OFFICER

Public drunkenness is a crime in Zangora.

The Officer turns and heads for the arch where the soldiers step aside so he can pass first. When he is gone North allows the smile he has been suppressing throughout the entire incident.

NORTH

... buy you another ginger ale?

SHANNON

(quickly draining his glass)

No thanks. I'm going to get some sleep.

Continued

57 Continued - 3

57

NORTH

Me too, I guess.

The two men exit the bar together.

58 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

58

Shannon and North are exiting the bar. Both stop to admire a strikingly beautiful black woman, tall, lithe and sensuous in a full length white native caftan that closely follows the subtle contours of her body. She walks up to Shannon and stops. This is GABRIELLE DEXTER.

GABRIELLE

Mr Shannon. I am Gabrielle Dexter ...
my father suggested I escort you
about Clarence tomorrow.

SHANNON

I'd appreciate that.

GABRIELLE

I'll call for you in the morning.

She sways to her left and walks away at the same unhurried, languid gait.

NORTH

That's the only sight worth seeing
in this bloody town..

SHANNON

(mildly sarcastic)

... she always that friendly?

NORTH

I wouldn't know. She's never said a
word to me.

The two men head toward the staircase across the lobby.

59 EXT. STADIUM COMMENTARY BOX - NIGHT

59

A square, flat hatch is slowly pushed up, SQUEAKING a little as it rises.

Shannon's head and shoulders APPEAR. He climbs quickly out on-
to the roof and closes the hatch. He moves quietly to the
edge of the roof and meticulously scans the PRESIDENTIAL
RESIDENCE over the stone wall that surrounds it. He takes a
pencil and paper from his shirt and begins to sketch what he
sees.

Continued

59 Continued

59

SHANNON'S POV: The residence is made up of a grouping of low white buildings surrounded by a twelve foot high stone wall with broken glass imbedded around the top. There are barracks huts inside where the guards live and several can be seen on duty. All are armed with automatic rifles. Others are relaxing around cook fires, their weapons lying too casually in the dirt.

Shannon finishes his drawing, tucks away the paper and returns to the hatch. He lifts it and disappears down the latter closing it behind him.

ANGLE: On the second level of the commentators platform. Shannon is about to turn to the ladder that will take him back to the ground when the SHADOW of another MAN suddenly moves into the FRAME. It is impossible in the dark to tell who it is. Shannon whirls around ready to attack.

NORTH

Around here even the birds know better than to come out at night.

North and Shannon stand silently facing each other.

60 EXT. VERANDA/NORTH'S ROOM - NIGHT

60

North is pouring them both a drink from a bottle he has in his room.

SHANNON

(taking the glass)

Thanks. What did you and your crew do that got you in a scrape today?

NORTH

We were killing time, shooting some 'local color' stuff up one of the streets off the square. A couple of soldiers were hauling off a boy about fifteen ... he tried to pull free and one drove a bayonet through his throat. My cameraman's instinct for news is stronger than the one for survival ... he pointed the damn camera at 'em and they went berserk. Ripped out the film and herded us back here.

SHANNON

I'm surprised Kimba would let a camera crew in here.

Continued

NORTH

He's a classic lunatic, totally unpredictable. I'd be more surprised if he lets us out.

SHANNON

How in hell does he stay in power? No threats to him? No coup ...

NORTH

He's out of his mind ... but far from stupid. He offends civilized man, but doesn't attack him. His brutality is localized ... he won't attack his neighbors, never strays beyond his own borders ... is quite content to terrorize and slaughter his own ... unlike Hitler.

SHANNON

How in hell'd Kimba get in power?

NORTH

(wryly smiling)
... he was elected.

Shannon looks surprised.

NORTH

When Zangaro revolted and won an end to its colonial status it sent a five man panel to negotiate its independence ... when the mediation was done two of the men ran for president ... Jean Kimba and a physician, a moderate name Dr Okoye ...

SHANNON

It's hard to beat a military man when you've just won independence.

NORTH

Exactly. Okoye wanted to maintain some economic ties to the mother country ... he could see what would happen without them ... Kimba strutted his medals around ranting about "neo-colonialism" and Zangaro's need of no outside meddling ... he was elected easily.

SHANNON

There ever going to be another election?

NORTH

Two have been scheduled in the last four years ... both were cancelled. Okoye would have won them both.

Continued

SHANNON

... this Dr Okoye ought to be out in the bush with a gang of patriots planning the revolution.

Shannon takes down the rest of his drink.

NORTH

In Zangaro patriotism is "treason" ... if you're caught or even suspected of doing anything threatening to Kimba's regime he has your entire family murdered ...

The two men sit quietly for a second or so digesting the grisly implications of such a deterrent.

SHANNON

... doesn't matter. Patriots don't start revolutions anymore, stock holders do. Somebody'll figure out how to make a few dollars over here and if Kimba doesn't co-operate they'll blow away his memory.

NORTH

No, disseminating the truth, that'll get it done. Nobody knows what's really going on here ... it's all rumor and speculation. If I get all my film out of here and on the air ... things will happen. That's where it'll start.

Shannon hauls himself to his feet and stretches luxuriously.

SHANNON

Money my friend ... money to feed and house men ... money for guns and ammunition ... that's where it'll start and end.

Shannon moves to the door.

NORTH

Hey, what were you doing up there tonight?

SHANNON

Would you believe anything?

NORTH

(wagging his head "no")
Uh, uh ... know what I think? I think you're with the CIA ...

Continued

60 Continued - 3

60

SHANNON

(forcing an indulgent
smile)

... you'd believe anything.

He nods congenially and exits to the corridor shutting the door behind him.

61 EXT. BIRD ISLAND - DAY

61

Shannon and Gabrielle walk along outside an arena. Natives linger in the stifling shade of the trees. The pervading character is one of idle people, suffering, starvation. Mothers rush out and grab up their foraging youngsters as Shannon and Gabrielle move along. The atmosphere is heavy with fear and want.

62 EXT. KIMBA'S PALACE - DAY

62

Shannon and Gabrielle walk along the sea wall. Soldiers are lounging on the grass in front of the palace. The flag of Zangaro flies from the flag pole.

SHANNON

Great spot for a tourist hotel.

GABRIELLE

That's the Presidential Palace ... it belonged to the British Governor in colonial times.

SHANNON

Great pad.

63 EXT. MARKET AND SWING BRIDGE - DAY

63

The better part of the building's facades are plastered with posters of Kimba, a glowering, bull-necked man with a massive face, small eyes and a ridiculous military jacket strewn with countless medals from every battle since Waterloo.

SHANNON

(speculating)

... you went to school in Europe.

GABRIELLE

The colonial government sent me there for three years. When I came home I was assistant to the minister of tourism.

Continued

63 Continued

63

SHANNON

What do you do now?

GABRIELLE

(tentatively)

... I am still with the government.

64 INT. SMALL CHURCH - DAY

64

Shannon and Gabrielle are carefully making their way up an old wooden staircase to the belfry.

GABRIELLE (O.S.)

... what do American papers say of Zangaro and President Kimba?

SHANNON (O.S.)

I don't read the papers.

65 EXT. BELFRY - DAY

65

The broiling Clarence landscape rolls away from the church in every direction. Dry, uninhabited streets intersect at regular intervals and the only SOUNDS are those of BRAYING ANIMALS and CRYING BABIES.

GABRIELLE

(pointing)

... in 1937 the colonial government erected new ministerial offices and it was the first electricity in Zangaro ... a year later the grand pavilion was built ... at the spring assemblies as many as a thousand people would be dancing inside ... the chandeliers were shipped from Europe ...

SHANNON

(pointing at the garrison)

... how old is the garrison?

GABRIELLE

Details regarding the garrison are not available to anyone.

Gabrielle turns and starts back down the steps. Shannon lingers a few seconds for a final, studious appraisal of the garrison.

66 EXT. COFFEE WAREHOUSE - DAY

66

The gigantic doors are open REVEALING an empty interior. The building itself is in sad disrepair. One lone native work-

Continued

man struggles with the impossible task of single-handedly applying a fresh coat of whitewash. A fly on an elephant's ass. Shannon and Gabrielle watch.

GABRIELLE

President Kimba hopes to have the plantations in operation again by next year ...

(without conviction)

... then these warehouses will be full again.

They start to walk again.

SHANNON

... do you have a passport?

GABRIELLE

(a little surprised)

Why do you ask?

SHANNON

This doesn't seem to be a place you'd be by choice.

GABRIELLE

(smiling wryly)

I am a survivor, Mr Brown. What I do is never determined by choice, only by circumstance.

67 EXT. THE GARRISON - DAY

67

Shabbily dressed soldiers loiter around the gates. They stare malevolently at Shannon.

As they pass in front of the two huge sheet metal gates Shannon steals a look at the hinges and lock. Very old, very worn, in desperate need of repair. Shannon jogs a few paces ahead and whirls around with his camera up and motions for her to stand still. The garrison gates are directly behind her.

SHANNON

For the scrapbook!

GABRIELLE

(almost girlish)

A 'scrapbook'?

SHANNON

(snapping the picture)

It's where you save your memories.

68 EXT. THE SQUARE - DAY

68

Shannon and Gabrielle are walking toward the hotel. They are more relaxed, the gait is easy, they are actually walking closer together.

GABRIELLE (O.S.)

What's in your scrapbook?

SHANNON (O.S.)

Nothing.

69 EXT. HOTEL VERANDA - LATE DAY

69

Shannon and Gabrielle sit across from one another at a small round table. The bottles of beer between them are three-quarters gone. Shannon smokes. When their glances meet they only hold for a second then they break it off self-consciously.

On the veranda a boy of ten rushes a small dog and after a small tug o' war scampers away with the animal's bone. Gabrielle is visibly disturbed.

SHANNON

... in New York they wait for the dog to finish the bone ... then they eat the dog.

GABRIELLE

(mildly defensive)

Blacks in Zangaro have always been hungry...

SHANNON

(somberly)

... have you been away lately?

GABRIELLE

(meeting his gaze)

Not for many years.

SHANNON

It's a good time to go ...

(trying to be implicit)

... the climate's better anywhere else in the world.

GABRIELLE

(trying to read him)

What are you doing here?

SHANNON

Studying birds ... birds know how to survive ... birds migrate ... they sense when things are going to change and they fly away.

Continued

69 Continued

69

Gabrielle stares at him with a new intensity carefully considering and unraveling what he's trying to say. At that second the CURFEW SIREN shatters the evening still. It jolts Gabrielle. She gets to her feet.

GABRIELLE

I'm late.

SHANNON

... have dinner with me in the hotel.

GABRIELLE

It's impossible.

Without another word she turns and rushes inside. All about there is the frantic activity as everyone hurries from the streets and the piazza. Shannon slowly gets to his feet and starts for the lobby.

70 EXT. REAR OF HOTEL - NIGHT

70

Shannon eases out of the rear door. He is dressed in dark shirt and pants, his face blackened. He moves quickly into the underbrush.

71 EXT. NEAR THE GARRISON - NIGHT

71

Shannon moving along in the shadows. He is calculating the height of the wall and the amount of clear open space a man would have to cover to get to it. An extraordinary SOUND startles him and he presses flat against the wall. Twenty feet further along one of the soldiers is standing atop the wall pissing on the ground below. He sways drunkenly. When he turns to conclude with a stream into the garrison Shannon darts away in the dark.

72 EXT. NEAR THE FRONT GATE - NIGHT

72

The night is heavy with heat and dulled NIGHT SOUNDS. Shannon slowly moves along the far wall and slows as he hears voices.

Two soldiers stand by the main gate. Shannon stops, backs off, and then disappears into the shadows.

73 EXT. ALONG THE ROAD - NIGHT

73

Shannon walks quietly, passing a few bars, lit inside by paraffin lamps. He gets to a building and rounds it and sees a small crossroads, three soldiers guarding it. He backs off, melting into the shadows.

74 EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

74

Shannon moving along behind the buildings that line the main street. He is making mental note of where specific troop locations stand, proximity and angle to the "palace". Suddenly he trips over something in the dark. He jumps back.

ANGLE: to reveal a very old native man hunched against the wall of the building, huddled in the dark. Shannon starts to say something then realizes the old man is dead. Starved to death. He moves on.

75 EXT. CROSSROAD - NIGHT

75

Shannon observes several soldiers guarding the road into town. They are sitting in a half-track eating fruit and talking somberly. Shannon notes their position and moves off quietly.

76 EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

76

Shannon stands in the thicket just off to one side of the road and by the available moonlight, checks the time on his wrist then starts the stop watch. He steps onto the edge of the road and starts toward the beach area at a "military jog". He runs quietly, effortlessly.

77 EXT. NEAR BEACH - NIGHT

77

Shannon pulls up and checks his watch to see how long the journey took him. After noting the time he starts back toward town staying near the extreme side of the road.

78 EXT. ALONG THE ROAD - NIGHT

78

Shannon is walking back towards the lights of center city when he hears a drunken voice. He slows, and looks around as a SOLDIER lurches INTO VIEW, stops, and sees Shannon. Shannon keeps his place as the man sways forward, gripping his Mauser two-handed by the butt and barrel.

The man is big, filthy, eyes red. He mutters something. Shannon shrugs.

SOLDIER

Hey! You, come here!

Shannon shrugs again, and makes a move past. The man suddenly snarls and jabs the barrel of the gun at Shannon.

Shannon grabs the barrel with one hand, moves it away from his stomach, and jerks hard, pulling the Soldier off balance.

Continued

78 Continued

78

A quick look of surprise crosses his face, and he squeals with rage. He reverses the gun, gripping it by the barrel, and swings it like a club. Shannon steps in close, blocks the swing by grabbing the Soldier by both biceps, and brings his knee up hard.

The Soldier grunts in pain and the gun drops. Shannon's right hand comes up in a stiff arc, slamming the Soldier under his jawbone. There's a distinct hard CRACK and the man goes down like a sack. He is dead. Shannon looks up and down the road then quickly drags him to one side. He goes back for the rifle. He cracks the breech and ejects a cartridge. He works the bolt again and nothing comes out. The magazine had ONE bullet. That surprises Shannon. He hooks the rifle over his shoulder, lugs the Soldier to the side of the road to dump the body into the ditch.

79 EXT. ROAD/DITCH - NIGHT

79

Shannon is trying to dig a grave in the rocky ditch bottom. He drops the rifle beside the Soldier's body. Suddenly there is the SOUND of a MOTOR. Then headlights. A patrol Jeep is moving along the road. Shannon throws himself in the ditch atop the corpse.

The jeep creeps past just a few feet above Shannon and the dead soldier. Once it is passed he realizes there is no way he can dig an adequate grave in the hard ground. Shannon hoists the soldier on his back and heads towards the beach again.

80 EXT. THE SEAWALL - NIGHT

80

Shannon dumps the body and the rifle over the wall and into the ocean. He turns and sprints back toward town.

81 EXT. REAR OF HOTEL - NIGHT

81

Shannon is about to cross the clearing to the rear door when the SOUND of SOMEONE APPROACHING propels him back into the foliage. It's Gabrielle. She moves quickly to the door, warily glancing about, then vanishes inside. Shannon considers his observation for a few seconds then he too enters by the rear door.

82 INT. SHANNON'S ROOM - NIGHT

82

It's the middle of the night. Only a hazy shaft of moonlight allows Shannon to be seen lying in the rumpled bed in restless

Continued

82 Continued

82

sleep. Suddenly the ceiling light is thrown on and Shannon's eyes snap open wildly.

He looks up into the dark faces of a dozen soldiers ringing his bed. The Officer who had questioned him about the birds is with them.

SHANNON

(attempt at bravado)

Don't tell me ... The Jackson Five!

Several sets of large, black hands grab at Shannon and jerk him out of bed.

83 INT. CLARENCE JAIL - DAY

83

In a semi-dark stone room Shannon is having the living hell beaten out of him by a pair of large guards with hard rubber bats. They are enjoying their work. Shannon finally loses consciousness. He is pulled onto a chair and doused with water. There are welts and contusions all over his face. The Officer peels back his eyelid to be certain he is still alive. Then he motions for his men to get him on his feet.

84 INT. JAIL OFFICE - NIGHT

84

Shannon is propped in a stiff wooden chair like a sack of rags. The Officer and his two men stand to one side and on the far side of a clean top bulky desk sits a dark FIGURE in tropical clothes, his face lost in the bad light.

MAN

Mr Brown? Mr Brown, can you hear me?

SHANNON

(with difficulty)

... barely.

MAN

(louder)

Mr Brown, what do you do in Clarence?

SHANNON

... could I have some water?

MAN

You are an ornithologist, are you not?

Continued

84 Continued

84

SHANNON

... yes. There's noise in my head ...
a glass of water ... please ...

The man behind the desk removes something from his drawer and holds it up for Shannon to see. It's the picture he took of Gabrielle in front of the garrison gates.

MAN

Why did you take a picture of the
garrison, Mr Brown?

SHANNON

... it's a picture of a girl ... she
gave me a tour ... just something for
the scrapbook ...

MAN

I will ask you again ... why did you
take this picture?

SHANNON

... she's pretty isn't she ...

85 INT. THE CELLBLOCK - MORNING

85

Shannon, in worse shape now than when last seen, is being shoved head first into a filthy cell. He hits the far wall and crumples in a small pile. The iron door is shut behind him and the lock cranked into place. There is a slop bucket in one corner, rags and waste on the floor and a piece of rusty sheet metal over the window with large nail holes driven through it to allow in tiny bores of sunlight. Shannon's breathing has a liquid quality to it. He lies there motionless, small, painful moans rattling his throat.

86 INT. SHANNON'S CELL - DAY

86

He is now propped up in one corner using the scraps of rags and the fetid water to soothe the bumps on his head. The lock on the cell door is cranked open and he tenses. When the door opens a civilized looking black man in a lightly rumpled suit walks in carrying a medical bag. This is DOCTOR OKOYE. He turns to the guard.

OKOYE

Thank you.

The guard withdraws leaving the cell door open. Okoye bends down beside Shannon.

OKOYE

Mr Brown ... I am Dr Okoye. Can you
get on your feet?

Continued

86 Continued

86

SHANNON

I doubt it.

OKOYE

(kneeling)

Mr Brown, your English friend, Mr North, he has gotten the Swiss consul to file a protest, he himself is demanding to interview you before his camera ... our government is concerned it has made a grave error. They are holding the plane for you at the airport ...

Without another word being spoken Shannon makes an enormous effort to get to his feet. With Okoye's help he does.

87 INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

87

Shannon is shuffling along with one arm draped over Okoye's shoulder. The guards have all withdrawn out of sight.

SHANNON

... what the hell was I arrested for?

OKOYE

Possibly keeping the wrong company. You were with one of the President's mistresses most of yesterday.

Shannon's eyes meet Okoye's.

88 EXT. PRISON GATE - DAY

88

Ambulance comes out of prison - turns and moves down street.

89 INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

89

Shannon and Okoye are in the rear, Shannon lying on the soiled litter. Way up front two Zangaro soldiers sit in front chattering like kids.

OKOYE

Mr Brown, tell me why you are in Zangaro.

SHANNON

(in pain)

... you don't think I'd change my story now, do you.

Continued

89 Continued

89

OKOYE

I want you to understand, Mr Brown, Kimba is Zangaro's difficulty. We want no interference from anyone ... when he falls it will be our effort, our redemption. No white face will be present ... do you understand?

SHANNON

... Whatever you say.

They ride in silence for a few seconds. The ambulance sliding wildly around corners.

SHANNON

... did Gabrielle Dexter have me arrested?

OKOYE

No ... she isn't treacherous ... she's a beautiful woman and beauty is a currency ..unfortunately at this time in Zangaro it only has value in the Presidential Palace.

90 EXT. CLARENCE AIRPORT - DAY

90

The ambulance arrives and Okoye is helping Shannon out the rear. There is more than the usual amount of confusion. North is there with his film crew. There is an irregular chain of soldiers keeping everyone away from Shannon and Okoye. Shannon is limping badly.

OKOYE

Don't worry all your bags have been brought to the airport.

At that point North begins shouting from back in the crowd. He is pushing forward toward Shannon with a microphone in his hand. The soldiers immediately move between them.

NORTH

Hey! Brown! Are you all right? What were you arrested for, Mr Brown?

The soldiers force North back away and he moves back easily dispatching a grim little smile to Shannon.

91 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

91

Shannon is being hurried toward the boarding door. Black workmen are pushing a hand truck carrying luxury items, like champagne, French wines etc. in the opposite direction.

Continued

91 Continued

91

OKOYE

(handing him a vial)

These will dull the pain ... get to
a doctor as soon as you land.

Shannon takes the pills. As he is about to disappear through
the door a familiar voice hails him.

GEOFFREY (O.S.)

Mr Keith Brown! Mr Keith Brown!

Shannon slowly turns in the doorway to greet the leering face
of his former guide. He stands back in the crowd, his
gleaming teeth high-lighting a mocking smile. Geoffrey hands
Shannon his passport.

GEOFFREY

(crude English)

Can't leave Zangaro without your
passport, asshole.

Shannon manages a taut smile of satisfaction. Now he knows
who did him in and it will be settled sometime.

92 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

92

It is in the air. Shannon is slumped in his seat struggling
with his pain. A STEWARDESS moves to his side.

SHANNON

... could I get a cup of water?

STEWARDESS

Of course ...

(she bends closer)

... An Englishman in the terminal asked
me to give you this.

She hands him a bulky letter envelope and walks away. He
looks at it a second then tears it open. There is one
canister of exposed 35mm film. There is a brief note in bold
printing: "I know I'm right about you. Good Luck, North".

Shannon settles back in his seat. The Stewardess brings
him the water and he takes one of the pain pills.

93 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NEW YORK - DAY

93

CLOSEUP of a cranial X-ray.

Continued

DR HENRY OAKS (O.S.)

... no fractures ... tell me why the hell you didn't see a doctor in London?

ANGLE REVEALS Shannon sitting on an examining table stripped to the waist. All the scars of his years of wars are bared. Slashes on the back and chest, a depression half way down the right side of his trunk between two ribs, plainly a bullet wound and several less dramatic wounds scattered on his shoulders. His face is still severely bruised from the beating in Zangaro.

DR HENRY OAKS is a man in his fifties, balding, not in particularly good physical condition and deadly serious about his work.

SHANNON

New doctors want case histories ...

DR OAKS

There still blood in your urine?

SHANNON

Some.

Dr Oaks scans Shannon's chart and lightly, wearily bobs his head.

DR OAKS

(turning pages and counting)
 ... four ... five ... six ... shit.
 At least six healthy concussions in the last three years ... two crushed discs ... two temporal fractures ... a major pneumothorax ... perforated stomach ...

Shannon gets to his feet as though he'd heard it all before and starts putting on his shirt.

DR OAKS

(voice intensifying)
 ... a hundred bouts with unheard of tropical diseases ... a shit load of fractures to arms and legs ...
 (getting angry)
 Dyscrasia! Dysentery! Dyspepsia!
 Dysuria! Dysphoria!

SHANNON

... anything starting with 'D'
 I didn't get?

Continued

93 Continued - 2

93

DR OAKS

(flare of temper)

Yeah, dead!

Shannon reaches for the door.

SHANNON

Henry ... how would it look if I gave
my doctor a coronary?

Shannon walks out into the corridor and Dr Oaks follows.

94 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

94

Shannon and Dr Oaks walk side by side in the narrow hall. As they approach the exit beside the nurse's station, the doctor has a parting remark.

DR OAKS

I don't know what you planned for
your old age, or who you figured
to spend it with, but I suggest you
get at it ...

(soberly)

... you've taken an awful lot of
years off the back end of your life.

Without looking to see what impact his remark has on Shannon, the doctor drops the case file folder on the nurse's desk and continues up the corridor. Shannon holds with his hand on the exit door considering the comment.

95 EXT. SHANNON'S STREET - DAY

95

It's still grey winter. The little Black boy is pulling his new freight sled with a lone bag of necessary items from the market.

96 INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

96

The Black boy coming out of the elevator with the sack held in both arms. He stops in front of Shannon's door and knocks. When Shannon finally opens the door, we can SEE he's been drinking for days. Though the bruises on his face are diminishing his general appearance is alarming.

97 INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

97

The television is turned to a game show with the volume off, the RADIO is TUNED to a Latin station, empty beer cans march

Continued

97 Continued

97

in irregular lines on every flat surface and Shannon is sitting at the dinette table using a scissors to cut out vacation ads from the New York Times. They're scattered like an old lady's coupons; Jamaica, Tahiti, Spain, Trinidad, The Virgin Islands, etc. He stops, grabs the phone and dials operator.

SHANNON

... person to person ... Jessie
Shannon ... area code 609 ...
(frustrated pause)
... operator ... hey ... never mind
... Hey!

Shannon slams down the phone.

98 INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT - DAY

98

We come up in middle of conversation. Shannon gets himself a beer without offering one to Endean.

ENDEAN

Why the hell didn't you call as soon as you got back?

SHANNON

You want explanations or information ... I ain't got the time for both.

ENDEAN

Go ahead.

SHANNON

Kimba's government will stand until the opposition is organized and armed ... not a minute longer.

ENDEAN

Is there any chance of a military coup?

SHANNON

Not now. Kimba doesn't trust his soldiers ... they're armed, but ammunition is doled out in small amounts ... never enough for a revolution. Unless there's a guerilla army outside Zangaro that I don't know about ... Kimba's going to stay in power for a while.

Continued

ENDEAN

How long?

SHANNON

You want a guess? A couple of years maybe ... if you don't behave yourself, he kills you. That gets real discouraging.

ENDEAN

(matter-of-fact)

The people I represent won't do business with a government that will collapse in a couple years ... and they haven't the time to wait until it does.

SHANNON

Well I bet you and your friends have other countries lined up to sack.

ENDEAN

(going on)

Could a well financed, well equipped mercenary expedition succeed?

SHANNON

... depends on the objective.

ENDEAN

... replacing Kimba as president.

SHANNON

Jesus Christ ... what'd your friends find over there, oil? ... Uranium?

ENDEAN

Could it succeed?

SHANNON

Probably.

ENDEAN

How long would it take for you to get an operation like this off the ground?

SHANNON

I'm not interested. You asked for a 're-con,' you got it, I'm paid and through.

ENDEAN

You know damn well after what happened to you over there we can't send someone else in for familiarization ... you must have started all kinds of speculation.

Continued

98 Continued - 2

98

SHANNON

I'm glad I don't have your problems.

ENDEAN

(smug smile)

You must be quite comfortable in a profession where there are no ethics.

SHANNON

No more than you.

ENDEAN

(confident)

We'll make it twenty-five thousand.

Shannon moves across the room and holds open the door. Endean holds a second then steams out. Shannon slams the door behind him.

SHANNON

(sipping his beer)

... adios.

99 EXT. NEW YORK PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

99

Shannon pulls out in a sleek, glistening Transam. He GUNS the ENGINE, the mufflers crackle and he turns it loose up the deserted street.

100 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

100

The sleek Transam tracking at high speed.

101 INT. THE WARNER HOUSE - NIGHT

101

Four men in their fifties and sixties sit around an old solid oak game table playing poker. The room is immense. The house of wealthy people. ROBERT BLANTON WARNER is a raucous drinker, a balding man with a drinker's complexion, a chest-rattling cough and little grace.

Across the enormous living room, the PHONE begins RINGING.

WARNER

God damn it!

He starts to struggle to his feet and it is noted he uses a cane. Before he is upright, a striking brunette in her early thirties bolts into the room headed for the phone. She wears jeans and a heavy suede jacket lined with sheep sheer. This is JESSIE WARNER.

Continued

101 Continued

101

JESSIE

I'll get it, Daddy!

Warner eases back down into his chair and as Jessie snaps it up on the next RING.

WARNER

(grumbling laugh)

Hard to hold my bluffer's composure with the damn phone ringing.

JESSIE

(at the phone)

Hello ...

The indifference runs out of her face with dramatic suddenness.

JESSIE

(almost disbelieving)

... Jamie?

Warner can sense something extraordinary is transpiring on the call and his attention is on his daughter rather than his poker hand. Jessie turns her back to him.

JESSIE

Where are you?

102 EXT. THE BAYVIEW MOTEL - NIGHT

102

Shannon is in an outside pay phone.

SHANNON

... the Bayview Motel ... it's a couple blocks from where the Starlight was ... it burned down.

103 INT. WARNER HOUSE - NIGHT

103

Jessie is very agitated. She uses both hands to hold the phone steady.

JESSIE

... that was two years ago. Jamie ... you okay?

(beat)

... what're you doing here?

104 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

104

SHANNON

... I want to see you ... please ...
(beat)

... down here ... I don't want to run
into your father.

105 INT. WARNER HOUSE - NIGHT

105

JESSIE

... give me half an hour, I'll be
there.

Jessie nervously returns the phone to its cradle, then holds
for a second sorting out her thoughts.

WARNER

(from across the room)

Jessie! Everything okay?

JESSIE

Yeah, sure, Daddy. I'm going out
for a while.

Jessie moves toward the wide arch connecting to the foyer.

WARNER

(hurriedly)

Could you get us more ice first?

JESSIE

Sure.

106 INT. WARNER KITCHEN - NIGHT

106

Jessie is breaking cubes out of a plastic tray and dropping
them in a silver bucket. Aided by a cane and still moving
with great difficulty, Warner appears in the doorway.

WARNER

... I'll stop playing poker when
Carlos is off .. you shouldn't be doing
this.

JESSIE

Don't be silly ... go in and play
your hand.

WARNER

... who called?

Continued

106 Continued

106

JESSIE
 (reluctantly)
 ... Jamie.

WARNER
 What'd he want?

JESSIE
 I don't know ... he wants to see me.

WARNER
 Think that's a good idea?

JESSIE
 (impatiently)
 We were married! If he wants to see me, I want to see him.

WARNER
 (edging nearer)
 ... he's the same, Jessie. I know it ... he hasn't changed. He's the same irresponsible bastard you divorced.

JESSIE
 (stridently)
 I didn't divorce him. You did.

Jessie wheels about and stalks out of the kitchen. Warner raises his cane and swats the ice bucket into the sink.

WARNER
 (peevishly)
 How the hell am I goin' to carry this!!

There is a few seconds of quiet then Jessie returns, angry, dutiful, defeated. She fishes the ice cubes out of the sink and replaces them in the bucket. Warner coughs feebly and tries to look frail and dependent as he withdraws to the living room.

107 INT. SHANNON'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

107

The TV is on, a hockey game in progress, the vertical hold unlocked and the picture rolling lazily and Shannon sits tensely on the edge of the bed guzzling a beer and smoking feverishly. There is a timid knock on the door. He springs to his feet. When he opens the door, Jessie is standing there with dark glasses on, tears running down her cheeks.

JESSIE
 Hi.

Continued

107 Continued

107

SHANNON

... Hi. Why the dark glasses?

JESSIE

(small sobs)

... So you wouldn't know I was crying.

SHANNON

... They do a good job.

Before either take another breath, they are in one another's arms. They hold tight and kiss each other repeatedly, errantly, the neck, shoulder, cheeks, etc. The tiny sounds of primal joy flutter softly from them both.

108 EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

108

They are walking slowly, arm in arm, each with a bottle of beer.

JESSIE

... What happened to your face?

SHANNON

What's the difference ... I'm okay.

JESSIE

How come we're not reminiscing?

SHANNON

About what? All the shit ... everything that went wrong? I love you, Jessie ... that's why I'm here ... I want to move west ... Wyoming maybe, or Colorado. I want to get a job and buy a house ...

JESSIE

... We used to talk about that ... raise kids and horses ... we're a pair, huh? All we have to reminisce about are old dreams.

SHANNON

I've got enough money to carry us for a while ...

JESSIE

When were you thinking of going?

SHANNON

Soon as I can. Tonight... right now.

Continued

108 Continued

108

Jessie stops walking and wraps her arms around his waist. She bears the small knowing smile of a mother who knows her child.

JESSIE

Nothing impulsive about my Jamie ...
always the considerate planner.
(she kisses him)
... Why don't we keep it simple tonight.

109 INT. SHANNON'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

109

They have just concluded making love. Both are spent. Jessie lights a cigarette and they share it.

JESSIE

You haven't asked about my father.

SHANNON

Sure, I did ... I asked you to leave with me. He must still be living or you'd come.

JESSIE

... It wasn't his fault.

SHANNON

(insincerely)
... Yeah, I know ... it was mine.

JESSIE

... as much as anyone's.

SHANNON

(defensive)
I didn't move out.

JESSIE

It's what you do, Jamie ... you fight wars. Not ours, not yours ... just wars ... you're hired to kill people ...

SHANNON

I wasn't doing that until I realized your father had you half talked into coming home.

Shannon takes the cigarette and takes a deep drag and hands it back to her. Both lie quietly contemplating what's been said.

JESSIE

... He needs someone he can depend on.

Continued

SHANNON

... Most alcoholics do.

JESSIE

Would you feel any different if he had heart trouble or cancer?

SHANNON

... Come with me, Jessie. By the time he gets around to dying, there won't be a dance left in you.

JESSIE

... I envy you ... You can make your decisions simply by choice ... mine are made by ...

SHANNON

(interrupting)

... Circumstance.

JESSIE

... Yeah.

She drags on the cigarette and stubs it out. She rolls over on her side and lays her head on Shannon's chest and the two hold each other gently.

110 INT. SHANNON'S MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

110

Shannon is on his stomach, head buried in a pillow, body angled toward the edge of the bed. Jessie is standing in the half light nearly finished dressing. She moves quietly so not to wake him. Slowly she edges near to him. She looks down with tears in her eyes.

JESSIE

(quiet, so not to wake him)

... 'Bye, Jamie.

She tiptoes to the door and silently lets herself out into the damp, grey morning. There is a long silence in the room, then Shannon's body contracts violently and he drives his fist into the headboard. He had been awake all the time.

SHANNON

Shit.

111 INT. DREW AND MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

111

The STEREO is BLASTING disco music. Shannon is nursing a drink and tossing darts at a board placed entirely across the

Continued

111 Continued

111

room and Drew is mixing himself another drink. Miranda dances alone in the center of the room apparently in a world of her own.

DREW

Hey ... if you're going to pass on that Zangaro thing, give the guy my number ...shit, I'll go.

SHANNON

(ignoring his remark)
... Anybody hungry?

DREW

What the hell's he want, advisors? Guerilla operations? Reconnaissance ...

SHANNON

... He wants the whole damn country.

MIRANDA

(sarcastic)
That's nothing for Drew. The psychiatrist said he could do anything he put his mind to.

DREW

(ignoring her)
You got it worked out in your head?

SHANNON

I've thought about it.

MIRANDA

Drew, if you're going to take over a country, I wanna come watch.

DREW

Get off it, God damn it!

Drew snaps up the phone.

DREW

I'll get the car up. Let's eat.

112 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

112

The three of them are waiting tensely for the elevator to arrive. Drew is particularly uneasy.

MIRANDA

(from nowhere)
Do we all know I'm pregnant?

Continued

112 Continued

112

Both men look around surprised.

DREW
(abjectly)
... for Christ's sake.

MIRANDA
(going right on)
So we have a dilemma ...

Drew lurches toward the door to the stairwell.

DREW
I'm walking down.

MIRANDA
(childishly)
Then you can't vote!

Drew's panicky FOOTFALLS are HEARD echoing up through the concrete shaft as he bolts from landing to landing.

MIRANDA
... If I have the baby I want a divorce ... if I have an abortion I don't want a divorce ... if I have the baby Drew wants to stay married... if I have an abortion he's going to kill me and himself ... so ... what's your suggestion?

The elevator doors part and a sour looking old man gazes out impatiently waiting for them to board. They step in and the doors slide shut.

113 INT. THE LOBBY - NIGHT

113

There is a commotion on the sidewalk involving Drew. He and the DOORMAN are pushing one another. The elevator arrives and as Shannon steps out he sees what is going on outside and bolts through the revolving door.

114 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

114

There is a uniformed bellman unloading the rear of a taxi just ahead of Drew's car. Drew gives the Doorman a hard shove sending him back against the car.

Continued

114 Continued

114

DREW

The God damn dent wasn't there this morning!

DOORMAN

Hey! Lighten up, man! I didn't even park your fuckin' car!

DREW

(swings at him wildly)

You're a liar, you son-of-a-bitch!

As Drew wobbles unsteadily from the momentum of his arching punch the bellman, coming to the aid of the Doorman, leaps on Drew's back. In an instant Shannon is there. He chops expertly to the bellman's lower back. The pain inflicted causes the man to drop away from Drew and Shannon, in a battle frenzy, pounces on the man and raises his lethal right hand as he had done in the instant prior to killing the soldier in Zangaro. Then he freezes. He looks into the bellman's face. It's a terrified Latin boy of seventeen. Shannon relaxes his hand, his mind furiously projecting to the tragic consequences of what he almost did.

115 INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

115

He rushes in, the TV is on and probably has been for hours. The picture is rolling as always. Shannon moves right through the room to the bedroom.

116 INT. SHANNON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

116

He rummages through a drawer and comes up with a phone number book. He dials with purpose. It is ringing. Finally someone on the other end answers.

SHANNON

Endean?

117 INT. AUTO MECHANIC GARAGE - DAY

117

Terry and Shannon are standing next to a car with the hood popped up. Terry nervously rubs a rag in his greasy hands.

TERRY

It's a bad time, Jamie ... my sister and her husband busted up so she and her kids moved in with me ... you know she don't work. She ain't going to manage too well if I take off...

Continued

117 Continued

117

SHANNON

(sincerely)

Hey, I'll miss you ... but you'll
make the next one, huh?

TERRY

(relieved and smiling)

You bet your ass! Just got to get
her and those damn kids off my back.

Shannon shakes his hand.

SHANNON

I'll see you ...

After a second's hesitation Shannon turns and walks toward
the enormous roll-up door leading to the street. Terry
stands stoically watching him go. Just as Shannon disappears
the shop manager hollers over to Terry.

SHOP MANAGER

Hey, Terry! Sturgis wants to know
if his car will be ready by five!

Terry whips around, seizes the plug wires right at the
distributor and rips them out like a batch of weeds.

TERRY

No!

118 EXT. 5TH AVENUE AIRLINE OFFICE (BOAC) - DAY

118

Shannon and Drew are just exiting.

SHANNON

You call Paris and Liverpool and tell
Michel and Derek to meet us at the
Great Eastern Hotel tomorrow afternoon.

The two men start up the street.

DREW

... you believe the shit Terry gave
you about his sister?

SHANNON

Leave it alone. It's his story not
yours.

DREW

Hell, I got a better one with
Miranda pregnant.

Continued

118 Continued

118

SHANNON

You wanna stay home?

DREW

No ... watching Miranda get fat is going to be nauseating.

119 INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

119

Shannon is sprawled on the couch with a beer and the phone. The young black boy is on the floor eating potato chips and watching the TV (it is adjusted). The new sled is just inside the door.

SHANNON

I wouldn't waste any time getting the money deposited. Getting it altogether in forty-one days is going to be damn near impossible as it is.

(Endean is talking)

... and don't forget the insurance! A hundred thousand each of us. I'll give you the two European beneficiaries later ... over here it's Mrs Drew Blakely... 416 74th ... right. For me ...?

Shannon looks at the kid on the floor.

SHANNON

Hey ... what's your name?

120 EXT. LONDON HOTEL - DAY

120

A London taxi stops at the curb, a doorman steps to his task and Shannon alights with Drew right behind him. They grab their flight bags and small suitcases and walk inside.

121 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

121

Shannon and Drew are just concluding the business of registration at the desk. A key is handed to them and they turn to follow the boy with the bags. Enroute to the elevator they pass the portal entering the PUB. Two men are recognized leaning in the doorway holding half empty glasses of whiskey; DEREK the Englishman and MICHEL the Belgian, both were seen in the OPENING.

Each man slugs down the remainder of his drink, deposits the glass on the bar and starts off after Shannon and Drew.

Continued

121 Continued

121

ANGLE on a balding, sullen man of indeterminate nationality watching the four of them from across the lobby.

122 INT. SHANNON'S LONDON HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

122

CLOSEUP of the infrared photos of the palace that were taken by North.

SHANNON(O.S.)

... in forty days Zangaro celebrates its independence ... it's the only day we can be absolutely certain Kimba will be in the garrison.

REVEAL the room. Coffee cups, loaded ashtrays, beer bottles, heavy, dense cigarette smoke drifting with no hope of escape, the four men poring over maps and pictures Shannon has spread before them.

DEREK

How long have we got to hold the damn place?

SHANNON

As long as it takes for a helicopter to ferry the new President in from the border.

MICHEL

Any idea who it's going to be?

DREW

Nixon.

SHANNON

We're picking up twenty-four Zangaran exiles ... Cuban trained.

DEREK

They ain't goin' to be worth a shit in a fight, but they oughta be able to pinch us some good cigars.

MICHEL

What the hell we supposed to do with Kimba?

SHANNON

Just give him to the new government. If he gets loose the poor bastard who's going to be President won't make his inauguration.

Continued

122 Continued

122

Shannon takes a map of Clarence off the table. It shows the harbor as well as the town.

SHANNON

Anybody interested in how we're going to do this?

MICHEL

(smiling to Derek)

... you interested?

DEREK

(passing the smile to Drew)

Shit, I won't understand anyway ... Drew?

DREW

You ought to punch up your briefings, Jamie ... If they're not informative they'd at least be entertaining.

SHANNON

We're going all the way in. We blow it and no one comes back.

Like naughty school boys, the three stifle their smiles, sit more upright in their chairs and try to look "terribly" interested. Shannon allows a smile.

123 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

123

Drew walks through the nearly deserted lobby with a medium size brown sack in one hand. He waits at the elevator. Once he disappears inside the CAMERA LOCATES the same man who had them under surveillance before. He is standing across the lobby using the public phone.

124 INT. SHANNON'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

124

The briefing is in a "winding up" stage.

Everyone is half nodding, in need of shaves, clothes rumpled and sweat-soaked.

Drew comes in with the sack. It contains packs of cigarettes, cups of coffee, chewing gum, several candy bars and some rolls.

DREW

I walked halfway to Piccadilly ...

Continued

SHANNON

Better than someone from room service getting a look at what we got going on here ...

Everyone reaches for a coffee.

SHANNON

... Sometime today there'll be a million dollars deposited in a Swiss account ... I'll know how to draw on it by tonight ... we're on our own. What we need we buy and spread it around. The tough part will be the freighter.

DEREK

... Schlinker, in Hamburg.

SHANNON

I thought of him. He still operating?

DEREK

As far as I know.

SHANNON

It's got to be clean and registered.

DREW

He can probably come up with the four outboard inflatables too ...

DEREK

It ain't going to be no flippin' bargain basement with only forty days ...

MICHEL

... thirty-nine.

SHANNON

Mortars, detonators, grenades ...
(questioning)
Baker's in Hamburg too?

MICHEL

He spent last year in Mallaga ... sold some not-so-good rifles to a bunch of Croations ... they cut a piece of his stomach out ...

SHANNON

... he's probably a real honest man for the time being.

Michel nods agreeably.

Continued

SHANNON

9 mm. ammunition?

MICHEL

Baker as well ...

DREW

Or the Canadian ... he has contacts in Yugoslavia.

DEREK

Who arranges for the End-User certificate?

SHANNON

I'm seeing Benny Lambert in Paris tomorrow.

DREW

And Schmeissers from Boucher ...

SHANNON

That's Derek's old friend.

DEREK

(seriously)

I cut his fucking throat once.

SHANNON

All right, we're all clear on what we have to get done. Leave messages for me here if you have to ... give me names and dates and I'll see to it the monies get paid ... and run hard deals ... these characters put up a million dollars for the operation so let's make sure there's a change because I figure we ought to keep it.

Smiles all around in response to that last remark. Shannon holds up his coffee cup for a toast.

SHANNON

Everyone goes home ...

MICHEL

Vive la mort! Vive la guerre, vive le sacre' mercenaire!

All of them raise their cups, salute and drink.

125 EXT. PARIS RESTAURANT - DAY

125

A flower girl moves along street. Enters restaurant.

126 INT. A SMALL FISH RESTAURANT - PARIS - DAY

126

BENNY LAMBERT, a small, weasley-faced man, is wolfing down oysters. A platter of two dozen sits before him. He takes a swallow of Sancerre, and returns to his oysters. Shannon sits opposite, watching. Lambert pauses: waves away flower girl.

LAMBERT

The only thing my stomach can digest.

He sips his wine with an expression of supreme pleasure.

LAMBERT

However, this, for my liver, is suicide.
(philosophically)

Mais ...

SHANNON

Benny ...

LAMBERT

Of course I can get you an End-User Certificate, mon vieux. My contact returns from Belgrade at the beginning of next week.

SHANNON

How much?

LAMBERT

Fifteen thousand.

SHANNON

Francs? Pounds? Or dollars?

Benny is now going to pretend he's a gambler.

LAMBERT

(tentatively)
Pounds?

SHANNON

Francs.

LAMBERT

(quickly)
Dollars.

SHANNON

Ten thousand.

LAMBERT

Done!

Shannon makes to get up, and then remembers something.

SHANNON

Benny ... we're in a hurry ... eat later.

127 EXT. ROAD IN BRUSSELS - NIGHT 127

BOUCHER, a fat, sweaty man, blots the perspiration from his brow while watching the steep road through his windshield. His truck is standing still, engine off. Finally headlights appear. He heaves with relief.

128 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT 128

This is the truck that is approaching. Michel is at the wheel. He sees Boucher's truck and pulls off.

129 EXT. THE TWO TRUCKS - NIGHT 129

Michel slides out of his truck warily. He's had dealings with this man before. He walks over toward Boucher who has climbed out of his own truck.

MICHEL (In French)

... Hello my friend.

BOUCHER (In French)

Fuck you.

He gestures with his head for Michel to follow. They move around to the back of Boucher's truck and he opens the rear doors. He shines a flashlight inside. There are a dozen flat armament cases stacked in two rows.

MICHEL (In French)

They're exactly what was ordered?

BOUCHER (In French)

Exactly.

Michel grabs Boucher's wrist and turns the flashlight so it shines into the fat man's face and down his throat. It REVEALS an ugly, irregular purple scar running halfway around the throat. The wound isn't that old and would probably still be sensitive to the touch.

MICHEL (In French)

... always nice doing business with regular customers, eh Boucher?

Boucher allows a saccharine smile.

130 EXT. HAMBURG - DAY 130

Drew comes out of the Landesbank and heads off down the street.

131 EXT. STORE FRONT/SCHLINKER'S TOYS - DAY

131

Drew stops and gazes through the window at the colorful profusion of toys.

132 INT. SCHLINKER'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

132

Close on a small plastic tank. A proportionately small "armor piercing" projectile strikes it in the "sweet" spot and the tank flies into its many pieces.

SCHLINKER (O.S.)

... I have the war toys for little boys of all ages.

ANGLE ON Drew now a bit self-consciously fiddling in fascination with the toy rocket launcher on top of Schlinker's massive old desk.

DREW

... Rocket launchers and 9mm. ammunition.

SCHLINKER

... for big boys. The launchers are American ... fifteen hundred dollars a unit ... 9mm. standard ball, sixty-five dollars per thousand ... ten percent surcharge for an End User Certificate.

DREW

(intended menace)

... you can do better than that.

SCHLINKER

(not at all fazed)

... absolutely. Another ten percent for export license, customs clearance ...

DREW

(hostile)

If you're trying to stick us I can do business down the street ...

SCHLINKER

(unruffled)

... auf Wiedersehen.

Drew bolts to his feet, pauses long enough for Schlinker to relent if he had a mind to, but he doesn't, then rushes out the door. Schlinker remains indifferent. He reaches for the toy tank and looks it over curiously. A second later the door opens again and Drew petulantly re-enters.

Continued

132 Continued

132

SCHLINKER

... I will need the name of the exporting vessel for the applications and permits and full payment within two days ...

Drew drops heavily into the seat again. He's lost a battle of "will" and it bugs him.

SCHLINKER

I'm pressured by the IRA, the Basques ... The Red Army, Black September ... everyone everyday ... it's part of doing business,

Drew continues to pout.

133 INT. A GARAGE IN BRUSSELS - DAY

133

Michel is neatly placing plastic wrapped Schmeissers in the bottoms of empty fifty gallon oil drums marked, CASTROL OIL. He is alone. The van he was driving is parked inside with 2 x 6 planks running onto the rear bed as a ramp. The crates the Schmeissers came in are broken open and lying about the room.

LATER Michel is leaning down over the barrels with an acetylene torch welding false bottoms into the drums to conceal the carefully packed Schmeissers.

The torch splutters and goes out. He tries to re-light it. Nothing. He turns and raps the acetylene tank. It rings hollow. It's empty.

MICHEL

Merde!

134 INT. LONDON BANK - DAY

134

Shannon is dealing with the VICE-PRESIDENT at a desk to the rear.

VICE-PRESIDENT

(reading back)

Mr Johann Schlinker ... Warburgstrabe
50 ... 4000 Hamburg 38. Correct?

SHANNON

Yeah. The funds will be deposited in his account by tomorrow?

VICE-PRESIDENT

Absolutely.

Continued

134 Continued

134

Shannon gets to his feet and extends his hand. They shake.

SHANNON

I'll have several more transactions over the next several weeks.

VICE-PRESIDENT

... it will be our pleasure.

Shannon turns and leaves.

135 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

135

Shannon has exited the banking house and is making his way through the foot traffic. A voice is HEARD shouting O.S.

VOICE (O.S.)

Keith Brown! Hey! Keith!

Shannon doesn't respond. The name obviously has lost its identification for him. Besides, he is lost in his own thoughts.

Then ALLAN NORTH is SEEN running through the pedestrians to catch up to him. When he comes alongside he tries again.

NORTH

Mr Brown you seem to have forgotten your name.

Shannon stops and turns. He is genuinely happy to see North.

SHANNON

I'll be damned! How the hell are you?

NORTH

How are you? Seem to have mended satisfactorily.

SHANNON

I owe you for helping me out back there.

NORTH

It's going to cost you a couple of beers.

SHANNON

You got it.

The two men cut directly across the street to a pub on the opposite corner.

136 INT. WINE BAR - DAY

136

North and Shannon are standing along the bar sandwiched between men on both sides chattering shoulder to shoulder with other bar habitues.

NORTH

(good natured)

You going to tell me your real name?

SHANNON

Shannon. Jamie Shannon.

NORTH

Sounds more of an alias than the other.
What're you doing in London?

SHANNON

If you're going to ask a lot of questions
I can't answer I'll wear myself out
making up stories.

NORTH

I hope to hell you're still on to
Kimba.

SHANNON

Did you ever get to interview him?

NORTH

After your ruckus with the soldiers one
of their lot showed up on the beach with
a broken neck ...

North watches for some reaction in Shannon's face. There is none.

NORTH

Kimba's paranoia took a jump after that.
He wouldn't see anyone ... executed
nine the next day ... four were women.

SHANNON

Dexter's daughter all right?

NORTH

That's funny ... the day I was leaving
she asked me about you. Something going
on there?

SHANNON

(ignoring the question)

Did you get your film on the air?

NORTH

(unhappily)

... last month.

Continued

SHANNON

Well ... how'd the truth do? The outraged citizens of the free world agree to finance a revolution?

NORTH

If you can believe the surveys ... it was avidly tuned OUT by seventy percent of those households containing one or more televisions and/or thinking adults.

North takes down a huge, imprudent mouthful of whiskey.

SHANNON

Just like home ... you know what good citizens in my neighborhood do when someone's killed? They move ...

NORTH

(bitterly)

... my producers put up a small fortune for that film ... took me ten months to get it together and the audience turns on "Colombo".

SHANNON

For the same money you could have bought yourself a small army and gotten rid of the son-of-a-bitch.

NORTH

(laughs wryly and drinks)

... I got to get back to the studio. Where are you staying?

SHANNON

I won't be in London long ...

NORTH

... you're going back aren't you?

Shannon doesn't respond.. The two men shake hands and North turns to leave. He stops after a couple of steps and looks back:

NORTH

... hope my pictures of the garrison will be some help.

Shannon allows a small telling smile and nods. North disappears into the throng. Shannon finishes his beer, drops several pounds on the bar and heads for the door. When he is gone the man who had been standing next to him throughout the scene turns TO the CAMERA. It is the man who has been following him since he landed in London.

137 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

137

Shannon is walking quickly back toward the hotel. The CAMERA RACK FOCUSES into the maze of faces making up the b.g. North is prowling along the storefronts always keeping Shannon in view.

138 INT. GARAGE IN BRUSSELS - DAY

138

Michel is seated on the floor leaning against one of the oil drums devouring a huge sandwich of cheese and meats while washing it down with a bottle of heavy red wine. He belches, glances at his watch, then forces himself to his feet. He pulls on his goggles, ignites the torch and goes back to welding the false bottoms in the drums.

139 INT. HOTEL ROOM - PARIS - DAY

139

The sitting room of an elegant suite. BAKER, a Canadian, has several sample books open on a table. They look like the sample books interior decorators use, but on closer look, which is what Shannon is giving them, they are catalogues for armaments of every shape and kind. Baker points to a picture of a mortar.

BAKER

All Czech-made.

He turns a page.

INSERT: Picture of a bazooka.

BAKER

This what you meant?

SHANNON

Yeah.

BAKER

We can convince them somebody wants two of each for testing. It'll wash with them.

SHANNON

Are they strict about End-Users?

Baker shakes his head.

BAKER

Not particularly. Can I suggest something?

SHANNON

What?

BAKER

Nobody buys a hundred mortar bombs, even for testing.

Continued

SHANNON

All right, three hundred.

BAKER

That's better.

Baker is making notations, and talking. As he talks, Shannon rises and goes over to the window. The curtains are closed.

BAKER

Twelve ... eighteen ... twenty-six ...
ten percent delivered Free on Board --

(looks up)

You got a ship?

Shannon, at the window, carefully moves one of the curtains.

SHANNON

Not yet. I'll get the name to you
when I do.

BAKER

(continues to tally)

... so that ten percent ... my piece
of it ...

FROM SHANNON'S POV out of the window, North stands in a doorway
several floors below on the street.

BAKER'S VOICE

... thirty-one five.

Shannon turns back, a small, private smile on his lips.

BAKER

Round it out to thirty-two.

SHANNON

Thirty-one five.

He pulls out a cashier's check.

SHANNON

Here's fifteen. You get another ten
when I see the stuff in Yugoslavia
crated and ready to go. The balance when
the ship sails..

BAKER

Fine with me.

140 EXT. PORT OF GENOA - DAY

140

The port is bathed in late afternoon sun. The motor vessel Toscana is moored to one of the docks. Two big 3000 ton freighters tied up on either side dwarf her. She is rusty, the paint blistered in many places. A seaworthy tramp. Derek and CAPTAIN WALDENBERG, a muscular, hard faced German in his mid-fifties are walking the deck.

WALDENBERG

She's been everywhere ... Haifa,
Gibraltar, Tangiers, Daker, Monrovia ...

They stop on the tiny forepeak and look back across the main deck. The tiny bridge sits aft and beneath it the captain's and crew's quarters.

DEREK

Single hold?

WALDENBERG

... Yes.

DEREK

We'd need a captain and crew ...

WALDENBERG

What would we be paid?

DEREK

Double wages for the crew and a flat
ten thousand for yourself.

WALDENBERG

Under those conditions ... I think we
would stay.

DEREK

(cautioning)

If we take her it won't be to haul
peanuts up from Monrovia.

WALDENBERG

Every cargo has its trouble ... peanuts
brings rats ... yours?

DEREK

(smiling)

Just trouble.

Waldenberg shrugs philosophically.

141 INT. CUNARD HOTEL - ESCALATOR - DAY

141

Shannon and Drew are moving up the escalator.

Continued

141 Continued

141

SHANNON

The boat is leaving for Toulon tonight.

DREW

I call Michel and tell him to get on the road ... Schlinker's hardware is already down at his warehouse in Valencia ...

SHANNON

I've got a meeting tonight. Endean is introducing me to the man who's going to be Zangaro's next President.

DREW

Pack your White House manners.

SHANNON

Do me a favor ... a guy named North has been following me for a couple days ... he's okay. He's a reporter. Don't hurt him and for Christ's sake, don't kill him ... but discourage him. He figures out what we're up to, he'll get it on the six o'clock news ...

DREW

... I'll reason with him.

142 INT. GARAGE IN BRUSSELS - NIGHT

142

Michel has just finished topping up the Castrol oil drums with oil from a larger holding tank. He is fixing the last lid tightly in place. There are six drums.

Suddenly he slaps himself on the side of the head as one might do when he has made a terrible error. He tries to lift one of the drums. Impossible. He kicks at it. He realizes he should have waited until they were loaded on the truck before putting in the oil. Now they are extremely heavy. He lays one over on its side so he can roll it. He rolls it to the planks that are his makeshift ramp. He starts the barrel up the ramp. It's very hard work, but finally he gets it up and stands it back on end. He is whipped. He jumps down and grabs his bottle of wine and drinks greedily.

LATER two drums are in place on the truck and he is laboring with the next. He is on the ground between the two planks, his back against the drum, pushing for all he is worth with his legs and shoulders. It's nearly killing him.

Continued

142 Continued

142

LATER five are aboard and he is struggling gallantly with the last. He is weak and half looped. Again he is walking backward with the drum against his back trying to use the strength of his legs. Right at the top he slips and has to drop to his knees between the planks to get out of the way of the drum. It rolls back down the ramp at growing speed, clatters across the concrete floor and wipes out a tool bench and the welding tanks standing near the far wall. Michel can only sit there dazed.

143 INT. CUNARD HOTEL/LONDON - NIGHT

143

Shannon is in the lobby pacing idly about when a chauffeur approaches.

CHAUFFEUR

Mr Shannon?

Shannon nods.

CHAUFFEUR

Mr Endean sent a car for you.

The Chauffeur leads and Shannon follows through the lobby.

144 EXT. CUNARD HOTEL - NIGHT

144

The Chauffeur holds the door while Shannon climbs in the back of a dark Daimler. The driver gets in and pulls away.

As the car slides around the corner, North is detected in the shadows. He immediately steps toward his car which is parked across the street. It's a narrow, dark side street.

DREW (O.S.)

Mr North!

North stops warily.

DREW

(coming across the street)

Mr North ... I'm with the Boy Scouts of America, and ...

Drew's humor is interrupted by a Land Rover Jeep swaying half out of control around the corner and bearing down on the two of them standing helplessly in the middle of the street. Drew dives back toward the curb, but it was unnecessary. The Jeep makes a direct and deliberate course for North. Though the

Continued

144 Continued

144

reporter moves with a frenzy, it's not in time. The car runs him down, over him, and continues up the street. However, it is now totally out of control. It slams into the side of a parked car, bounces into a light pole and crashes head on into the side of a building. With fire sputtering from beneath the hood, the driver jumps out and dashes into the dark. After a second to collect his thoughts, Drew is right after him. Various curious faces begin appearing in doorways and windows. A POLICE WHISTLE TRILLS in the dark somewhere.

145 EXT. VICTORIAN TOWNHOUSE - KENSINGTON - NIGHT

145

TO ESTABLISH where Endean is residing. The Daimler is in the crescent drive.

COL. BOBI (O.S.)

During the colonial days we fought
in the bush together ...

146 INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

146

It's an elegant setting. English antiques abound, wood paneling, carved stairway, chandeliers, Oriental rugs, expensive oils on the walls, the works. Endean, Shannon and COLONEL BOBI, a heavy black man in a dark Savile Row suit and regimental tie, and with a notably callous manner, sit sipping dark brandy before the library fireplace. Bobi has had too much to drink and his behavior has Endean quite tense.

COL. BOBI

... we were brothers. Then when he
makes himself President ... what is his
first official business? He puts a
price on my head!

Bobi laughs like a bear. He laughs alone.

ENDEAN

When independence was an issue, Colonel
Bobi was as much a national hero as Kimba.

SHANNON

(not impressed)

Where do we pick up the Colonel's soldiers?

ENDEAN

There are twenty-four waiting in
Freetown ...

Continued

COL. BOBI

They're good men. They'll die for Zangaro.

SHANNON

They'll be more help if they'll fight.

COL. BOBI

(malevolently)

If there is one who doesn't, I will take off his head and mount it on the palace gates ...

SHANNON

You and Kimba both have the same easy way of doing business.

COL. BOBI

(wide, lubricated smile)

Jean Kimba did not do business.

(a conspiratorial smile to Endean)

So now Sekou Bobi will be President ... and I will do a good deal of business with my friends.

ENDEAN

(to re-direct the conversation)

How about giving us a rundown on the battle plan.

SHANNON

Unless you're comin' along, it's nothin' you need to know about. You're due at the Garrison at 5:00 a.m. on the 25th. If you're one minute late I'll give the whole fucking thing back to Kimba.

ENDEAN

(intensely)

You're working for me, Shannon.

SHANNON

... Fire me.

Shannon knocks back the remainder of his drink, sets the glass down with a jolt and makes ready to leave.

SHANNON

If anything urgent comes up I'll be in touch.

Continued

146 Continued - 2

146

COL. BOBI
 (still drinking)
 Mr Shannon ... when I am President
 it would be to your advantage to be my
 friend.

SHANNON
 I got all the friends I can handle
 right now ... I'll write if I have an
 opening.

Shannon walks out of the room and a few seconds later the
 FRONT DOOR is SLAMMED. Uncertain as to exactly what Shannon
 meant, Col. Bobi simply pours himself another brandy, like a
 child keeping himself busy.

ENDEAN
 (annoyed)
 ... Maybe the bastard will get killed.

COL. BOBI
 There is no doubt at all.

Endean looks warily at this fearsome man.

147 EXT. CUSTOMS STATION - NIGHT

147

The truck rolls into a stop, the bright overhead lights full
 on the truck's tailgate. The POLICEMAN comes up. Michel
 rolls down his window.

POLICEMAN
 (yawning, in French)
 What is your cargo?

MICHEL
 (feigning weariness,
 in French)
 Castrol. A consignment for Rheims.

He automatically hands the Policeman the registration papers.
 In the rearview mirror he sees that the SECOND POLICEMAN has
 come outside with a wrench and a flashlight; he loosens
 the tailgate and climbs onto the truck bed.

148 INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

148

Michel sits tensely behind the wheel. Slowly he reaches down
 between the seats and brings up a .45.

149 EXT. THE TRUCK - NIGHT

149

The Policeman is at the first drum closest to the cab of the truck. He taps it. There is a distinct SOUND. Michel looks back through the small window. In turn, the Policeman raps each drum, working his way toward the rear of the truck. Arbitrarily he opens one drum and sticks his finger in. He smells the dark slick liquid and satisfies himself that it is indeed oil. Then he raps the last drum. The SOUND is very different. Very HOLLOW. He bangs on it several times for confirmation. He mutters something in French to the other Policeman.

150 INT. THE TRUCK - NIGHT

150

Michel is sweating freely. He brings the .45 up and holds it beneath his shirt.

POLICEMAN

(to Michel; in French)

You! Come out here!

Michel eases out of the cab, the .45 now tucked in his belt, out of sight. He walks around to where the two Policemen stand. One of them raps the drum again.

POLICEMAN (in French)

Why is one empty?

MICHEL (in French)

It shouldn't be.

POLICEMAN (in French)

(waving the manifest)

It lists six barrels of oil ...

The other Policeman is still examining the cargo with his flashlight.

SECOND POLICEMAN (in French)

Ah, look here.

Michel and the other Policeman lean near the barrel and look down at the bed of the truck where the flashlight beam points. There is a wide puddle of oil. It still seeps slowly from under the drum. Michel relaxes and works up a foolish smile for the officers. He shrugs and tries to look hapless.

POLICEMAN (in French)

You should be more careful ...

MICHEL (in French)

Yes, Of course.

Continued

150 Continued

150

The Policeman hands him the manifest and gestures for him to get on his way. Michel returns to the cab and slides in. He gets the truck in gear with some trouble and finally drives away.

151 INT. PUBLIC TOILET (CUNARD) - NIGHT

151

TIGHT ON the battered face of the man who had been trailing Shannon. His mouth is taped shut; cuts and scrapes are all over his face.

DREW (O.S.)

I was going to kill the bastard, but
I figured you might want to talk to him.

The man is tied and seated on top of a sink. Shannon and Drew are standing over him. He doesn't look frightened, merely pressured. Shannon viciously rips the tape from the man's mouth. It hurts like hell; his eyes water, but he doesn't "yelp."

SHANNON

Just so we understand each other ...
you're already dead ... just come
across with straight answers and
we'll keep it painless.

MAN

Go fuck yourself.

Shannon takes a water glass off the adjoining sink and smashes it. He takes the largest chunk of glass and glances at Drew. Drew seizes the Man from behind, either hand drawing back on the sides of his mouth. Shannon forces the glass into his mouth and the tape is reapplied. Now the Man is scared. He sits perfectly still with the jagged glass taped into his mouth.

Shannon cracks him across the face with an open hand, then again with a backhand. Within seconds, blood is seeping out from behind the tape. The Man finally nods in defeat. Shannon pulls off the tape and the Man gags while spitting out broken glass and blood. Shannon ignores the gore.

SHANNON

Who's paying you?

MAN

... Same as pays you.

Blood is sputtering from the Man's mouth. He coughs.

Continued

151 Continued

151

SHANNON

What'd he have you doing?

MAN

... security for your whole operation...

SHANNON

He tell you to kill North?

MAN

... he was a newsman ... he'd been
on you for a week ... he'd have blown
it for you ...

SHANNON

Did Endean tell you to kill him?

MAN

(stubbornly)

... I've been at this a long time.
I use my own discretion.

152 INT. ENDEAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

152

Endean is on the phone.

ENDEAN

It's all on schedule ... no, no
problems.

(beat)

This is a lousy connection ... Yes,
sir. I should be back in New York
before the end of the month ...
Bobi's first order of business
will be to execute our agreements
... if there's any problems I'll
call ...

At that instant the body of the Man Shannon and Drew had been
interrogating, erupts through the leaded glass window and
thumps on the carpet like a huge boneless fish. Through the
huge hole in the expensive glass, nothing can be seen but
dark. Endean sits there trembling, the phone still in his
hand.

ENDEAN

(struggling for control)

No ... nothing. It's the connection...
Yes, sir ... yes, sir ...

Continued

152 Continued

152

Endean remains leadenly slouched in his chair responding numbly to the questions being put to him, his eyes riveted to the pale body before him. The man starts to move, obviously in great pain.

153 EXT. TOULON HARBOR - DAY

153

The last shipment of gas-powered foghorns has been loaded onto the Toscana. The CUSTOMS OFFICER stamps the manifest, and turns to leave. Drew, nearby, glances at his watch. It is just after five o'clock.

Drew stops the Customs Officer.

DREW

Listen, the Captain needs some lubricating oil for the engines. It was ordered in Genoa, but it didn't arrive in time.

SHIPPING AGENT

Why did you not say something before?

He glances at his watch.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

We close at six. You can lay over until tomorrow.

DREW

We have to sail tonight.

The Customs Officer shrugs philosophically, and turns to walk off towards his office on the quay.

154 EXT. THE CAFE - AFTERNOON

154

Drew joins Shannon.

DREW,

The Shipping Agent's ordering oil.

He sees Shannon's expression.

DREW

I had to tell him something. What the hell could've happened to him?

SHANNON

We'll sail without him.

Continued

154 Continued

154

DREW

Without the guns??

SHANNON

We're not laying over.

He glances back at his watch.

155 EXT. CUSTOMS OFFICE ON QUAY - AFTERNOON

155

The Customs Officer is locking the door to his office. He picks up his lunch pail and coat and starts for his car. Just then, Michel's truck comes rumbling up the dock, and stops alongside the Toscana. Michel climbs out as Drew comes running along the quay, waving his hands to the Customs Officer.

DREW

The oil! It's the oil we ordered.

Michel has dropped the tailgate. The Customs Officer stares at the Castrol drums.

DREW

Ca Va?

The Customs Officer thinks, and then gestures.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Cui, ca va, ca va.

Shannon is moving from the cafe table as Derek comes out onto the bridge, smile or relief on his face. Drew helps Michel start unloading the drums.

156 INT. THE WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

156

Waldenberg sits behind the chart table, an open bottle of schnapps before him. Shannon faces him, Drew by his side.

SHANNON

Valencia, on the eighteenth.

Waldenberg nods, and pours himself another drink. He holds up the bottle to Shannon.

WALDENBERG

Drink?

Continued

156 Continued

156

SHANNON

Not when I'm working.

Waldenberg grins confidently.

WALDENBERG

Do not worry about me.

157 EXT. THE DECK - NIGHT

157

Shannon has a small overnight bag and walks with Drew towards the gangplank.

SHANNON

If he gets out of hand, you skipper the ship.

DREW

Where are you going?

SHANNON

Barcelona. Do you need anything?

DREW

No, I'm okay.

They get to the rail and Shannon is about to climb over the side onto the quay.

DREW

I called Miranda a little while ago.

SHANNON

... How's she doing?

DREW

Okay ... she had an abortion.

Shannon isn't sure what to say.

DREW

(uncertain)

... I'm glad. I was starting to feel like I had something to get home for.

Continued

157 Continued

157

SHANNON

I'll see you in Valencia.

Shannon bounds over the side and is gone. Drew remains alone.

*SUGGEST A LEGEND OVER FOLLOWING SCENE: "VALENCIA"

158 EXT. WATERFRONT - VALENCIA - NIGHT

158

Shannon pulls up in a taxi. He checks several company plaques fastened to the wall of a warehouse building. One reads: "A. SCHLINKER AND CO., LICENSED EXPORTERS." Shannon enters the dimly lit building.

159 INT. SCHLINKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

159

Schlinker looks up as Shannon enters. He looks concerned.

SCHLINKER

The port of embarkation has been changed. The Spanish authorities say there are no berths available in Valencia.

SHANNON

Where's it been changed to?

SCHLINKER

Castellon. Forty miles up the coast.

(a beat)

I have everything arranged for Valencia.

SHANNON

Change it. Have your cargo agent personally go north to Castellon to supervise the loading. Valencia harbor authorities can advise the Toscana of the change of ports.

Continued

159 Continued

159

SCHLINKER

If something goes wrong, I lose my license.

SHANNON

(quietly)

I want that ammunition on board tomorrow.

He sees Schlinker's expression.

SHANNON

What is it?

SCHLINKER

It hasn't left Madrid yet.

Now he sees Shannon's face grow menacing.

SCHLINKER

(quickly)

I hate these little provincial ports! If they check your End User Certificate, you are all finished.

SHANNON

You've been paid. Call your agent and get that shipment on the road.

SCHLINKER

(panicking)

It's too risky now. Cancel the order. I'll return the money.

Shannon reaches across the desk, grabs Schlinker, and hauls him to his feet by the lapels of his jacket.

SHANNON

Make the call!

160 EXT. PORT FACILITIES - CASTELLON - DAY

160

Shannon, in seaman's clothing, is walking on the outside of a chainlink fence.

From SHANNON'S POV we SEE the Toscana, there.

161 EXT. TOSCANA DECK - DAY

161

Shannon comes up the gangplank. He passes some Spanish OFFICERS. They are everywhere, peering into nooks and crannies. Some are by the main hold. One of them is looking at the oil drums. Waldenberg is pacing, sweating.

SPANISH OFFICER

(to Shannon)

Who are you?

SHANNON

Brown.

WALDENBERG

(calling out)

He's the last of the seaman.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Where are your papers?

Shannon takes out some papers. The CUSTOMS OFFICER inspects the papers.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

(shouting to Waldenberg)

Why do you need eight men on such a small ship?

WALDENBERG

He's a company employee who missed his ship in Brindisi and is getting dropped off in Malta on his way to Latakia.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

(to Shannon)

Seaman's card?

Shannon suddenly realizes he has forgotten to arrange for this.

SHANNON

I left it with my friend's gear aboard ship.

ANOTHER OFFICER is coming toward them.

Continued

161 Continued

161

CUSTOMS OFFICER (in Spanish)

Well?

SPANISH OFFICER (in Spanish)

The manifest is in order.

The Customs Officer senses something, but doesn't quite know what. He waits for the Chief Officer to give him directions one way or the other, but the Chief Officer shrugs, turns away and walks down the gangplank. His men follow him. The Customs Officer shouts down to an Army Captain to allow loading to begin. Shannon takes a noticeable breath, as the ammunition crates begin to swing aboard, the Toscana's three crewmen doing most of the work.

162 EXT. TOSCANA BRIDGE - NIGHT

162

The CREAKING freighter is just coasting out of the Catellon harbor. Shannon is alone. Waldenberg comes out of the wheelhouse and draws up beside him.

WALDENBERG

Was that the last port?

SHANNON

The last place anyone will inspect the hold.

163 EXT. TOSCANA DECK - DAY

163

It's a brilliant mid-ocean day. No land in sight throughout the full 360°. There is tremendous NOISE. Derek is tearing open the cases of arms and listening to tape cassette recorder pumping out American rock. Off the fantail Michel and Drew are TEST FIRING all the GUNS. The Toscana is towing an oil drum far in its wake and it's being used as a target. Drew is having the time of his life. Guns still hold a boyish fascination for him. Michel on the other hand is detached. The weapons are his "tools". After he FIRES he closely checks the "action". He breaks it down, inspects the breech, all very professional. Drew fires long, wild bursts, Michel is short and precise.

The crew stands back further on the deck cheering hits and "booing" misses. The grenade launchers are tested as well as the rocket tubes.

Waldenberg and Shannon watch thoughtfully from the catwalk skirting the bridge. Michel launches a ROCKET that HITS the DRUM directly and BLOWS it to pieces. A roar goes up from the deck crew.

Continued

163 Continued

163

WALDENBERG

Whose war you going to fight?

SHANNON

... mine.

164 EXT. THE TOSCANA - NIGHT

164

The boat is sitting in the swells off the African coast just west of Sierra Leone, town and port of Freetown. In the dark the "PUTT-PUTT" of a diesel ENGINE can be HEARD laboring toward the Toscana.

On board Shannon and his men stand ready with Schmeissers, straining to see into the blackness.

A small work light goes on above the stern of a small, seedy fishing boat. The craft is no more than twenty yards off the Toscana. A crowd of black soldiers in camouflage fatigues crowd the deck.

WALDENBERG

(from the bridge)

Throw a line!

A deck hand heaves a line to a crew member on the small fishing boat and the two hulls are drawn together. Without a word the soldiers scramble onto the Toscana.

DREW

(sarcastically)

Looks like a Black and White Minstrel Show.

Shannon ignores the line.

SHANNON

(up at Waldenberg)

Let's get out of here!

Ropes are cast off and the Toscana eases away.

165 EXT. TOSCANA - NIGHT

165

Drew and Derek are on the fore peak looking back across the deck. Below the twenty-four black soldiers sitting in one bunch, knees drawn up, eyes riveted to the dark African coastline. None is saying a word.

DEREK

... you think them buggers is up for a fight?

Continued

165 Continued

165

DREW

If they aren't Kimba's little army'll
sure as hell cut us to bits.

DEREK

Hope to hell they been around automatic
rifles before. Some of them bastards
probably been in the bush with bolt
action Enfields half their lives ...

DREW

We'll find out soon enough.

166 EXT. TOSCANA - DAY

166

There is an assortment of floating debris in the ocean off the starboard; a couple of oil drums, boxes, Schnapps bottles, inner tubes, a tire, etc. Twenty-four of the soldiers stand in a single row facing the targets, automatic rifles leveled from the hip, eyes unwavering, right foot drawn back slightly from the left, each a replica of the other in stance and stoicism. Derek is on the forepeak with his own rifle and the twenty-fifth soldier, their sergeant, stands beside him. Derek holds up his rifle for all of them to see.

Shannon, Michel, Drew, Waldenberg and some members of the crew are lounging about on the catwalk around the bridge watching.

DEREK

(hollering)

All right! We're going to fire a few rounds so you gets the feelin' of the pull! They'll want to pull up and to your right! Now I'll give you an example ...

SERGEANT (JINJA) (in Fanti)

Fire!

With precision all twenty-four men UNLEASH their WEAPONS simultaneously. The targets are lost in a frenzy of salt water and flying scraps. They all empty their magazines, the GUNFIRE CONCLUDES as simultaneously as it began. Each soldier expertly ejects the magazine, checks the breech and replaces a fully loaded one then returns to the ready position. Everyone is impressed. Derek more than anyone.

Jinja steps closer to Derek. He has an immensely gleeful smile on his broad black face. One gold tooth gleams in the sunlight. He holds out a huge dark cigar to Derek.

Continued

166 Continued

166

SERGEANT (JINJA)

Cuban!

Everyone has a good laugh while Derek happily lights up the cigar.

167 INT. TOSCANA' MAIN SALON - EVENING

167

The room is heavy with cigarette smoke. It's packed with everyone who will be involved in the raid. Shannon and his men, the Sergeant and all of his. Shannon has a map and several photos pinned to the bulkhead. Everyone's attention is riveted to what he is saying.

SHANNON

We'll be on the beach at four a.m.
The sentries are all spotted for you ...
just be quick and sure. There won't be
a real contact until we cross the bridge.

MICHEL

How long will it take us to get to the
bridge?

SHANNON

About ten minutes.

SERGEANT (JINJA)

(smiling again)
... for us only maybe five minutes.

SHANNON

(good natured)
You're going home ... we're just going
to work. And in case none of you have
ever worked with hired soldiers before ...
it's like this ... we handle tactics,
supply support fire and bring up the
rear in assault ... you got to be alive
to get paid. Everyone understand?

There is affirmative nodding among the soldiers. Only Derek,
Drew and Michel remain stoic.

SHANNON

(going on)
... once the attack begins we'll only
have fifteen minutes ... if it goes
over that Kimba's troops camped outside
town will run us over from the rear ...
check your gear and try to stay loose.

Shannon turns and heads for the wheelhouse.

168 INT. THE TOSCANA BRIDGE - NIGHT

168

Shannon and Waldenberg are looking over the charts.

SHANNON

Hold north of the border for two hours then start diagonally toward the coast.

(Shannon points to map)

... I want to end up right here at three a.m.

WALDENBERG

There are no gunboats?

SHANNON

None. After you drop us you hold right there until we get back ... if they start tearing us up this is the only place we got to run to.

WALDENBERG

(honestly)

I'll be here.

SHANNON

If you're not ... hope to hell I was killed.

169 INT. RADIO SHACK - TOSCANA - NIGHT

169

In a very dim light Drew sits over the two-way radio as though waiting for some instruction. Shannon slips in quietly, already in black face and battle dress.

SHANNON

(somberly)

Send it.

Without any questioning, Drew begins transmitting.

170 EXT. TENT - BOBI'S CAMP NEAR ZANGARO BORDER - NIGHT

170

SHOT of camp with helicopter.

171 INT. TENT - BOBI'S CAMP NEAR ZANGARO BORDER - NIGHT

171

Bobi sits passively running a soft cloth over his shiny boots. He is deliberately preoccupied with enhancing the gloss. Endean is sitting in a chair across from him. The light is provided by a gas lantern and the SIZZLING SOUND is all that's heard. Endean is restive, smoking one cigarette after another. He watches Bobi with apprehension.

Continued

171 Continued

171

Suddenly one of Bobi's soldiers bursts into the tent with a message in one hand. Bobi grabs it and scans the sheet.

ENDEAN

What's it say?

COL. BOBI

(smiling)

'... Strike up the band.'

Endean nervously takes a prolonged look at his wrist watch. Bobi stands and looks into a ten inch square mirror hanging on the center tent pole. He adjusts his hat, his medals and samples the sternness of his own expression. Endean is irritated watching his "peacock" preparing for his "triumphant" entrance in Clarence.

172 EXT. JACOB'S LADDER - NIGHT

172

Guerillas equipped with Schmeissers and magazines carrying flares, etc. move over the side.

Shannon, a Schmeisser in one hand, a .45 strapped to his chest, grenades and extra magazines hanging in straps that criss-cross his chest, stands on the deck of the Toscana watching the loading.

Michel, his face blackened like Shannon's and Derek's, moves over the side of the Toscana with a bazooka and twelve rockets. He is followed by guerillas carrying additional ammo.

Drew comes up alongside Shannon before going over the side.

SHANNON

... stay alive.

DREW

That's the idea.

Shannon drapes one arm over Drew's neck for just an instant and the gesture is returned. A genuine display of emotion between two comrades. Then Drew is on the Jacob's ladder headed for the rubber assault boat.

173 EXT. GARRISON - CLARENCE - NIGHT

173

The plaza is quiet. The soldiers on the outside of the walls can be seen resting at their posts.

Continued

- 173 Continued 173
 We can MAKE OUT evidence of decorations to celebrate Independence Day. Posters of Kimba, etc. An armored truck sits stolidly in the intersection. The crew is lounging about the vehicle.
- 174 EXT. CENTRAL DISTRICT - CLARENCE - NIGHT 174
 Soldiers are slowly patrolling the silent streets.
- 175 EXT. PENINSULA WATCH TOWER - BIRD ISLAND - NIGHT 175
 The powerful searchlight in the tower is relentlessly turning, its beam sweeping the harbor and outer shores of the peninsula. A sentry walks the tower parapet observing the sweep of the beam.
- 176 EXT. ASSAULT BOAT - NIGHT 176
 Shannon's eyes strain into the darkness.
 The rubber boat, lifted by a wave, glides quietly up on to the shore. Shannon, Jinja and five black guerrillas beach the boat. One of the guerrillas is loaded down with a backpack.
 Shannon gestures silently -- two of the guerrillas take up positions on the beach, remain motionless. Shannon, followed by the other guerrillas, head toward the tower searchlight.
- 177 EXT. TOWER - NIGHT 177
 The figure of the sentry high on the tower is silhouetted just beneath the revolving light.
- 178 EXT. HUT - BIRD ISLAND - NIGHT 178
 Four sentries sit around a low fire - a coffee pot steams over the fire.
- 179 EXT. BIRD ISLAND - NIGHT 179
 Shannon and group move towards tower.
- 180 EXT. TOWER - NIGHT 180
 Light revolving slowly with sentry standing on tower.

- 181 EXT. TOWER AND HUT - NIGHT 181
 SHOT begins in total darkness as light revolves it reveals four dead sentries near hut. As the light continues to turn we see that the tower sentry has disappeared.
- 182 EXT. BOXING ARENA - BIRD ISLAND - NIGHT 182
 Shannon and group run through stadium to the causeway.
- 183 EXT. SHORE AND CAUSEWAY - BIRD ISLAND - NIGHT 183
 Shannon and group spread out and drop onto the shore.
 Shannon drops down next to guerrilla with radio back-pack and presses the talk button.
- SHANNON
 (in low voice)
 Beach is clean.
- 184 EXT. SECOND ASSAULT BOAT - SEA - NIGHT 184
 Drew is wearing an earphone, attending to another HT-1.
- DREW
 We're on our way.
- He turns and flashes a light to the other rubber assault boat behind.
 Their underwater EXHAUSTS begin a MUFFLED RUMBLING SOUND. And the boats move toward the shore.
- 185 EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT 185
 The chopper gains altitude quickly, levels off and pounds away into the night-dark sky.
- 186 EXT. CAUSEWAY - NIGHT 186
 VARIOUS CUTS - Shannon and Jinja crawling across causeway. INTERCUT WITH SCENE 187..
- 187 EXT. ASSAULT BOATS AND SEA - NIGHT 187
 VARIOUS SHOTS of boats moving toward shore. INTERCUT WITH SCENE 186.

- 188 EXT. CAUSEWAY - CLARENCE - NIGHT 188
- Shannon and Jinja reach the Clarence side of the causeway. They move swiftly into the shadows near a military post. Shannon and Jinja sling their automatic weapons over their shoulders, hold their silenced guns close to their thighs and walk out toward the post. Two soldiers are dead ahead of them.
- 189 EXT. SHORE BIRD ISLAND - NIGHT 189
- Drew and others land on shore of Bird Island.
- 190 EXT. MILITARY POST NEAR CAUSEWAY - NIGHT 190
- Shannon and Jinja get closer to soldiers.
- JINJA
- Hey, we need a smoke.
- The soldiers turn. One of them replies in Zangaran:
- SOLDIER
- Beg somewhere else.
- Shannon and Jinja are coming closer.
- JINJA
- You're not being very friendly.
- SOLDIER
- Fuck you.
- His companion laughs, and then they sense something is wrong. They unsling their weapons too late ... the silenced guns jump at point blank range. Shannon and Jinja quickly drag the two bodies to the shore and dump them into the water. Shannon radios to Drew who has been waiting on the other side. Drew and others move across the causeway at a trot into the street. Shannon delegates two black guerrillas to take over the positions of the dead sentries.
- 191 EXT. MILITARY POST AND STREET - NIGHT 191
- Shannon, Michel, Jinja and ten guerrillas move off down a street, as Drew, Derek and eleven guerrillas move off down another street.
- 192 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 192
- Drew, Derek and eleven guerrillas move silently along street. This scene is INTERCUT WITH SCENE 193.

- 193 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 193
Shannon, Michel, Jinja and ten guerrillas move through the street.
- 194 EXT. SWING BRIDGE - NIGHT 194
Drew's group arrives seconds before Shannon's group. We see that the bridge is open, so that no pedestrians or vehicles are able to move from one side to the other.
- DREW
(sarcastic)
You didn't tell them we were coming?
- SHANNON
Shit! Derek! Get across to the center and close the bridge.
(looks at Drew)
The rest of you spread out.
- 195 EXT. SWING BRIDGE AND RIVER - NIGHT 195
Derek takes off his gun and moves down to the water, and slowly swims across to the bridge.
- 196 EXT. SWING BRIDGE - NIGHT 196
Derek climbs up to the top of the bridge and slowly cranks it into its normal position. The noise creates several tense moments.
- 197 EXT. STREET AND BRIDGE - NIGHT 197
Shannon silently orders the men across the bridge and tells Jinja to leave four men behind to guard the bridge.
- 198 EXT. BRIDGE AND CLARENCE - NIGHT 198
Shannon, Michel, Jinja and eight guerrillas move off in one direction, as Drew, Derek and nine guerrillas move off in another direction.
- 199 EXT. STREET - CLARENCE - NIGHT 199
Shannon and group move along the street toward the hotel.

200 EXT. STREET - CLARENCE - NIGHT 200

Drew, Derek and guerrillas move along street toward garrison. From behind them they hear the rumble of a military vehicle. They all hide as the vehicle passes them and moves down the street toward the garrison.

201 EXT. HOTEL INDEPENDENCE - NIGHT 201

Shannon comes running along the sea front, followed by the others. He leaps up to the verandah and through the closed hotel doors followed by Jinja. The others take up positions outside the hotel.

202 INT. HOTEL INDEPENDENCE - LOBBY - NIGHT 202

Shannon stops to get his bearings. Dexter comes crashing down the stairs, an old pistol in his hand, groping for the light switch. Which he finds: Shannon stands before him, battle-blackened, surrounded by armed men, all terrible-visaged.

Shannon crosses swiftly to him, grabbing him by the arm.

SHANNON

(menacingly)

Is Gabrielle with Kimba tonight?!

DEXTER

(confused and hostile)

What's going on? What is this?

SHANNON

(to Jinja)

Let's go.

Shannon and Jinja move to the hotel door as Dexter starts to follow. Shannon turns to Dexter.

SHANNON

Get your ass back in your room and don't come out!

DEXTER

What about Gabrielle?

Shannon is suddenly extremely agitated as though something were going wrong, although obviously it isn't, yet. He pokes his Schmeisser up under Dexter's chin.

SHANNON

If I see you again, I'll kill you.

Continued

- 202 Continued 202
Dexter immediately backs away. Shannon turns and runs out of the hotel, down to the sea front.
- 203 EXT. STREET NEAR REAR OF GARRISON AND STADIUM - NIGHT 203
Drew, Derek and group move around the back of the stadium and split into 2 groups. Derek and five guerrillas move toward the commentator's box in the stadium. Derek leaves two guerrillas to set up their position and moves off toward the road near the sea with three guerrillas.
- 204 EXT. ROAD NEAR SEA - NIGHT 204
Drew and three guerrillas move along road to sheltered area along sea front and begin setting up mortar position.
- 205 EXT. SQUARE AND ROAD BLOCK - NIGHT 205
Shannon and group move across square and spread out. Shannon motions to Michel to move forward. Michel moves forward along the sea front with two guerrillas and slips into the sea. They move along the breakwater until they are behind the roadblock. The three soldiers are lounging as Michel and the two guerrillas move out of the water, pull out wire garottes, and loop the wires over the heads and around the throats of the three soldiers, almost decapitating them.
- 206 EXT. SQUARE AND ROAD BLOCK - NIGHT 206
Shannon and group meet up with Michel and move off into the darkness toward the garrison.
- 207 EXT. STREET NEAR GARRISON - NIGHT 207
As Shannon and group near the garrison, Michel with five guerrillas moves into a holding position facing the street along the front of the garrison where eight soldiers are on patrol.
- 208 EXT. ANOTHER STREET LEADING TO CHURCH - NIGHT 208
Shannon, Jinja and three guerrillas move toward the church.
- 209 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT 209
Shannon, Jinja, break into the church as the other three guerrillas stand guard.

- 210 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT 210
 Shannon, Jinja and one guerrilla rush up the steps of the church belfry.
- 211 INT. CHURCH BELFRY - NIGHT 211
 Shannon and Jinja take up positions, crouching at first, and then rising gingerly. The view of the garrison opens up to them. Shannon takes his binoculars and studies the garrison. Jinja hunches beside him with a flare pistol poised.
- 212 SHANNON'S POV: MOVING SHOT THROUGH BINOCULARS 212
 During this continuous shot each position is high-lighted and each man is noted at the ready.
 Note the barracks behind the garrison walls; everything is quiet, unprepared. Sentries walk their dreary routes, the floodlights make periodic sweeps of the area surrounding the garrison, two machine gunners are seen half dozing at their posts.
- 213 EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT 213
 The guerrillas are seen in position.
- 214 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 214
 Derek and three more guerrillas.
- 215 INT. CHURCH BELFRY - NIGHT 215
 Shannon lowers his binoculars and looks over to Jinja who hunches low bathed in sweat.
- SHANNON
 ... ever been to Central Park on the
 Fourth of July?
- Jinja stares blankly unable to comprehend the question.
- SHANNON
 Let it go!
- Jinja pulls the trigger on the broad bore flare pistol.
- 216 EXT. WITH DREW AND HIS MEN - NIGHT 216
 They see a white flare soar into the sky. The radio man signals and two men drop mortar shells into the tubes. The bombardment has begun.

- 217 EXT. ROAD NEAR FRONT OF GARRISON - NIGHT 217
Michel and five guerrillas see the flare, jump to their feet and run forward toward the confused soldiers.
- 218 EXT. ROAD NEAR FRONT OF GARRISON FROM OTHER SIDE - NIGHT 218
Derek moves in from the other side - the soldiers are quickly shot down.
- 219 EXT. NATIONAL GARRISON - NIGHT 219
Soldiers begin to pour out of the barracks behind the walls.
- 220 INT. CHURCH BELFRY - NIGHT 220
Shannon watches the first mortar SHELLS WHISTLE in and BURST inside the garrison yard where the soldiers are milling. At this point Shannon leaves Jinja and runs down belfry stairs.
- 221 EXT. ROAD BETWEEN STADIUM AND GARRISON - NIGHT 221
The guerrillas wait as an armored truck races into the street between the garrison and the stadium. Derek bursts into view, breath rasping in his lungs, just as the armored truck comes into close range. One look from Derek and the guerrillas trigger the rockets.
The armor-piercing SHELLS EXPLODE the truck into a great ball of flame.
- 222 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT 222
Shannon bursts out thro the church door, motions to two of three guerrillas to follow him as he moves onto road.
- 223 EXT. MORTAR POSITION - DREW - NIGHT 223
Drew loading and FIRING the mortar as fast as he and the other mortar men can drop the projectiles into the tubes. Drew is obviously having a good time.
- 224 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 224
Shannon and two guerrillas move out of shadows onto street leading to the front of garrison - they are fired upon by gun positions in wall of garrison.

- 225 INT. GARRISON - NIGHT 225
- All hell is breaking loose. The doors of Kimba's apartment are flung open and we suddenly SEE him for the first time. JEAN KIMBA, small statured, a silk robe pulled over his shoulders, eyeglasses barely sitting on his nose, pistol in each hand, comes rushing into the hallway. WINDOWS on the hallway are CRASHING inward, and there is SCREAMING as the BOMBARDMENT seems to surround them all.
- 226 INT. KIMBA'S OFFICE - NIGHT 226
- Kimba comes in, shouting incoherently. An AIDE is on the telephone.
- AIDE
(shouting)
Hello! Hello! Hello!
- He turns to Kimba and gestures hopelessly.
- AIDE
Lines are down. Lines are down -
- Kimba shoots him.
- 227 EXT. ROAD NEAR THE GARRISON - NIGHT 227
- Shannon runs along street to sea road with two guerrillas following.
- 228 EXT. MORTAR POSITION - NIGHT 228
- Drew yells at mortar man to keep firing and motions for the other three guerrillas to follow him.
- 229 EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE LEADING TO GARRISON -
MOVING VIEW - NIGHT 229
- Drew and his men are running as four soldiers leap into the street ahead of them from concealment and OPEN FIRE on the running group with rifles. Now we SEE Derek and his group converging. They hit the ground while Drew and his men take the FIRE standing, their MACHINE PISTOLS BLAZING in reply. Two soldiers go down, the others retreat into a building.
- Drew is quickly behind them, pulling the pin on a grenade, lofting it into the doorway. The GRENADE BELCHES FLAME and smoke into the street. He waves his men on, and they rise to run again, keeping low, SOUNDS OF ROUNDS from the direction of the garrison THUDDING into everything around them.

- 230 EXT. FRONT OF GARRISON - NIGHT 230
Shannon and two guerrillas join Michel's group.
- 231 EXT. GARRISON - NIGHT 231
MORTARS and GRENADES are whistling in and EXPLODING everywhere behind walls, and the sky above the garrison glows orange-red.
- 232 EXT. FRONT OF GARRISON - NIGHT 232
Shannon, Michel and guerrillas fire at gun positions.
- SHANNON
(yelling)
Hold your fire!
- After a moment the firing stops. The mortars are still exploding in the background.
- 233 EXT. PEDESTRIAN GATE FRONT OF GARRISON - NIGHT 233
The pedestrian gate is opened and one of Kimba's senior officers leads twenty soldiers out of the front of the garrison for a counter attack ... anticipating little resistance. The gates are slammed behind them.
- 234 EXT. FRONT OF GARRISON - NIGHT 234
Shannon, Michel and guerrillas OPEN FIRE with their automatic weapons on the floundering soldiers near the gate, picking them off one by one. They are abandoning their empty rifles and turning to run, as Drew and three guerrillas move into position.
- 235 EXT. GARRISON - NIGHT 235
Shannon's fire is RETURNED from the rooms above the gate.
- 236 EXT. FRONT OF GARRISON - NIGHT 236
Shannon and his men drop behind the sea wall as tracer SLUGS come RIPPLING back, glowing stream of fire as thick as a man's wrist crisscross the air. Shannon and his men scurry back to the water's edge.

237 EXT. STADIUM AND ROAD - NIGHT 237

Derek is in cover behind the corner of a wall. Now he steps out, an M-79 in his hand, a grenade in his mouth. He FIRES the GRENADE at the machine gun emplacement.

238 MACHINE GUN EMPLACEMENT - NIGHT 238

The GRENADE EXPLODES harmlessly, having fallen well off target. The machine gunner continues LAYING DOWN deadly fire.

DEREK

Fuck!

239 EXT. FRONT OF GARRISON - NEAR SEA - NIGHT 239

Shannon grabs a satchel bomb in one hand and his Schmeisser held fast against his hip with the other, and starts to move to the entrance to garrison.

240 EXT. GARRISON GATES - NIGHT 240

Several of the black guerrillas make a futile running assault. Several die in the MACHINE GUN FIRE, the others veer off into the darkness.

241 EXT. ROAD IN FRONT OF GARRISON - NIGHT 241

Shannon sprints across the road lugging the satchel bomb. The gunners in the gate house open a frantic, wild barrage of gun-fire.

ANGLE: One of the wild slugs tears through the strap Shannon is carrying the bomb by. It drops to the ground. He can't turn back for it, the machine gun fire is too intense. He dives for cover in a deadly shower of tracer fire.

ANGLE: On Shannon lying in the sparse cover of a shallow ditch.

SHANNON

(hollering into the night)

DREW!! COVER MY ASS!

ANGLE: On Drew lying low with Michel.

DREW

(to Michel)

What the hell happened to "support fire and bringing up the rear"!!

Continued

241 Continued

241

Drew jumps to his feet with his automatic rifle belching fire and a continuous stream of bullets. Michel jumps up beside him both yelling and firing like madmen.

ANGLE: Shannon seeing the two draw the fire bounds to his feet, rushes for the satchel, again collecting a fierce crossfire from the gate houses. However the fire of Drew and Michel is eating holes around the gun ports and contributing to the inaccuracy of their shooting.

ANGLE: Shannon grabs the bomb, rips the detonating cord and tosses it at the gates. He dives back at the shallow ditch with the dirt and grit flying all around him.

Michel and Drew dive for cover again just as the bomb goes off ripping the gates from their moorings and sending them cartwheeling back into the garrison grounds. Through the smoke entrance total chaos is visible.

242 EXT. ROAD IN FRONT OF GARRISON - NIGHT

242

Jinja smiles wildly seeing what Shannon has done, raises his arm and his men move in a rugged sprint toward the open gates. The FIRE FIGHT at this point is ferocious; soldiers and guerrillas FIRING at point blank range.

243 EXT. GARRISON GROUNDS - NIGHT

243

The guerrillas rush into the garrison grounds with Shannon in the lead. Derek drops the rocket launcher, grabs up his Schmeisser and takes off after them.

Everyone, Derek Shannon, Michel and Drew have all been hit by something. Not direct hits by bullets, but something, fragments, glass, stone, etc. All have blood mixed with their night-black. Sweat has marked their black faces with streams of lighter tracks where the black is diluted. Their clothes are torn, hands hot and bloody from continuous operation of their weapons.

The garrison grounds are littered with dead and dying. Burning bodies, men screaming in pain and fear, women wailing and cowering, huge holes blown in the concrete walls. It's a nightmarish sight.

Derek, Drew and Michel peel off in different directions with various guerrillas and start mopping up the bewildered, desperate soldiers. The brutality is what should be keyed. The excessive FIRING on fleeing men. The seeming relish in the faces of the three white mercenaries as they EMPTY their WEAPONS, slam in fresh magazines and continue. The carnage is awesome.

Continued

243 Continued

243

Shannon races up the steps to the garrison doors like a madman. He leaps half sideways through the wreckage of the once impressive doors and disappears inside.

Drew rushes toward a group of huts where the women who cook for the soldiers live. A soldier darts inside one for cover. Drew follows him.

244 INT. THE HUT - NIGHT

244

A woman cowers in the corner on the far side of a pile of rags she uses for a bed, she clutches her five-month-old partially clad son to her chest.

The soldier is cornered. He yanks a grenade off his belt and pulls the pin just as Drew EMPTIES his CLIP into the man's chest. The grenade drops to the ground and rolls over in front of the woman and her son. Without thinking Drew grabs it up and lurches for the door. Just as he gets his body into the threshold, the GRENADE held in front of him therefore away from the woman and child, it GOES OFF blowing him backwards into the dingy hut. He flops dead on his back atop the fetid stack of rags.

245 INT. THE GARRISON - DAWN

245

Stairs arch to the second floor balcony from both sides off the foyer. Two soldiers at the top throw down on Shannon. He RETURNS the FIRE on the run, his accurate bullets ripping through the two men and burying themselves in the walls in bloody soaked holes. Shannon makes the second floor.

246 INT. GARRISON SECOND FLOOR - DAWN

246

Shannon is charging down the corridor kicking open doors and POURING 9mm FIRE into every room. He is in a killing frenzy.

Outside the GUNFIRE is DIMINISHING. Only SPORADIC BURSTS are heard now.

A soldier rushes out into the hall and OPENS FIRE on Shannon with an automatic RIFLE. BULLETS RIP into the wood floor and ceiling all around him. Pieces of Shannon's shirt are sliced away. A shard of steel catches him on the cheek and slashes him badly. Shannon drops onto the floor on his buttocks with his back against the wall and RETURNS the FIRE from a sitting position. The slugs tear through the soldier's face and before he dies he grabs at his head and tries to run, however with no eyes he collides with the wall and finally drops. There is a bloody imprint from his face left on the wall, not unlike a Rorschach.

Continued

246 Continued

246

Shannon gets back on his feet and runs toward the grand double oaken doors the soldier had been trying to protect.

247 INT. GRAND DINING ROOM - DAWN

247

There is the remnant of good colonial taste, but it's all been worked over in "African baroque". Everything is gold crusted or dripping in crystal. The long dining table is set for twenty.

The heavy drapes on the windows are fashioned from fine European fabric, but look out of place positioned in proximity to multi-colored African bolts of cloth now crudely hung to cover the walls.

Shannon bursts through to find Kimba seated at the head of the table, his valet dead on the floor, a goblet of champagne in one hand, a broad, demented smile on his face, his other hand holding a nickel plated .45 to his own head. He toasts Shannon and raises the glass toward his mouth.

SHANNON

(raising his Schmeisser)

Nooooo!

Shannon and Kimba FIRE at the same time. Kimba's own bullet blows his head apart. Shannon's CONTINUOUS FIRE at such close range hurls the heavy man from the velvet chair and dumps him on the floor, his body still jerking as Shannon's FINAL SHOTS catch the body after it's already stretched out on the carpet. Shannon looks around wild-eyed. Denied the pleasure of knowing he killed Kimba, he charges across the room to a door leading to the private quarters.

248 INT. DOOR TO KIMBA'S QUARTERS - DAWN

248

Shannon kicks the door open.

SHANNON'S POV: The room is in the same bad taste as the dining room. The drapes are heavy and thick. They hang to the floor, they are dirty. The rich rug is spotted with filth, empty champagne bottles are everywhere, clothing is strewn on the furniture and floor. The bed is massive. A four poster with canopy of massive scale. A real "recreation creation", enough room to sleep four.

To one side, wrapped in a silk robe many times too large, quivering from deadly fright, her face screwed up with the horror of impending death stands Gabrielle.

Continued

248 Continued

248

Shannon fixes a gaze on her that leaves no doubt his mind has yet to regain its stability. He looks around the room and what he sees adds to his frenzy. He raises the Schmeisser and in one final, gut-spilling catharsis he **EMPTIES IT** into the bed. The shattered wood and dust fill the air. The rich brocade cloth of the canopy shreds and seems to turn to mist. The **WALL** behind the bed **EXPLODES** in a shower of granulated cement.

When the protracted burst of gunfire stops, the air is choked with debris. Shannon is physically and emotionally spent. Gabrielle is huddled on the floor in the corner gagging on her stampeding senses and all is TOTAL SILENCE.

SHANNON

(sepulchrally)

... everyone has a choice.

249 EXT. THE GARRISON GROUNDS - DAWN

249

The dead and dying are everywhere. The destruction is tremendous. Mangled walls and bodies. Trees uprooted. Fires here and there. Men helping other men with bandages and splints. Men moan and weep openly. Michel and Derek are seated on the Garrison steps having a beer and smoking cigarettes, Drew's body lying before them on a litter, the majority of his chest blown away. There are no distinct voices, just dazed MURMURS.

250 EXT. OUTSIDE GARRISON WALLS - DAWN

250

The sound of the HELICOPTER ROTOR overhead. Endean and Bobi's chopper lands just outside the gate arch. Nobody reacts to the arrival. There is suffering and dying everywhere. It would be impossible to tell who were the victors or the vanquished.

When the chopper settles down Endean and Bobi alight with triumphant smiles. The smiles retrench then they get a look at the scene around them. Bobi and Endean walk shoulder to shoulder through the carnage, through the gates toward the Garrison steps.

As Bobi moves toward the Garrison steps all eyes watch him suspiciously. There is no cheering, no enthusiasm. A great price has been paid. Besides, HIS UNIFORM IS SO SPOTLESS AND BLOODLESS BY COMPARISON TO EVERYONE ELSE'S. He didn't fight. He was safe. There is alienation in that alone.

Continued

250 Continued

250

Endean and Bobi pause for just an instant over Drew's body. He is the only dead white. Derek and Michel look up at them as though they were vermin.

After an uncomfortable second, Endean and Bobi move into the Garrison.

251 INT. GARRISON - DAWN

251

The two men step over and around a number of bodies.

Debris, furniture, shattered glass and cement are everywhere. They make their way up the stairs with controlled, purposeful steps. For them it is a "victory march."

252 INT. GARRISON - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

252

Endean and Bobi make their way down the corridor past the various men Shannon has killed. They pause outside the grand double-carved doors to the Presidential office.

253 INT. THE PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE - DAY

253

Endean and Bobi enter the room smiling.

ENDEAN

Damn fine work, Shannon ... damn ...

Endean's voice trails off as he takes in the scene in the office. DR OKOYE is seated behind the desk and Shannon, diluted black on his face, blood soaking his shirt from the inside in several spots, hair matted with dirt and sweat, eyes dark and empty, stands just beside Okoye.

SHANNON

You're late, Endean. Elections over, polls are closed.

Endean and Bobi stop in their tracks.

ENDEAN

What the hell's going on?

SHANNON

... this is President Okoye.

Bobi's sinister eyes nestle deeper in his head and his grin dissolves the gloom.

Continued

253 Continued

253

BOBI

(murderous murmur)

I am the President and I will decide
when there will be elections.

SHANNON

(his voice nearly gone)

You flunked the physical ... Zangaro
needs a human being.

ENDEAN

Your job's done, Shannon. What
happens now is none of your damn
business!

SHANNON

Whatever Zangaro's got that your
company wants, you'll get anyway
... you guys always do. But you're
probably going to pay a fair price ...

Bobi is slowly raising his hand toward the pistol holstered
about his waist. The hand he is using is shielded from
Shannon's view by Endean's body.

ENDEAN

This whole fucking country is bought
and paid for, Shannon ... just like
you.

SHANNON

You can't buy a country, Endean ...
just a man. And any man you can buy ...

There is a sudden flurry of movement. Bobi reaches for his
pistol and Shannon brings up his hand that -- to this point --
had been out of sight dangling behind the bulk of the
Presidential desk. He has a gun in it. With two ear-numbing
SHOTS he ends Bobi's life. The huge black man falls dead
instantly, massive puddles of blood swarming across his chest.
Endean can only stare at his "president" sprawled on the floor.

SHANNON

(continuing)

... ain't worth a damn.

Endean and Okoye quake in stunned silence.

254 EXT. GARRISON GROUNDS - DAY

254

The casualties are lined up and those that are still alive
are being ministered to. Bottles of plasma are suspended
from makeshift poles beside various victims. Black women

Continued

scurry frantically about with bandages and tubs of hot water. Derek and Michel are stoically struggling with the litter bearing Drew's body. They tether it in the back of an open jeep. In the b.g., Endean's helicopter is still idling, the pilot still at the controls.

Endean comes rushing down the Garrison steps, he is extremely agitated. He stumbles over the splayed leg of a dead soldier and almost falls to the ground. Repelled, he breaks into a half trot toward his helicopter.

Shannon and Okoye step out of the Garrison and stop on the bottom step.

OKOYE

(soberly)

I wish I could be certain this was the last time my people would have to die in the streets to reform their government ... I wish I could guarantee it was their last war.

SHANNON

(grim smile)

... it was mine.

Shannon starts to walk through the human debris toward the jeep and his men when Okoye speaks again.

OKOYE

(questioning)

Mr Shannon ... it would have been uncharacteristic for a man like you to do this for nothing ...

SHANNON

(looking back)

I didn't ...

Okoye watches him climb into the jeep.

As the helicopter rises into the sky the jeep exits the battered gates and Okoye, after a moment's hesitation, resumes his everyday role -- doctor -- and makes his way through the havoc tending to the wounded. The Americans and the corporate perpetrator recede leaving the twisted ravage of the short war for Okoye and his new government to deal with.

THE END