

~~THE DAY OF~~ THE JACKAL

Rewrite

by

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Screenplay

by

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Inspired by the novel

THE DAY OF THE JACKAL

by

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November 16, 1995

FADE IN:

1

"NIGHTLINE" BROADCAST

1

Ted Koppel's VOICE is heard over a succession of ACTUAL NEWS FOOTAGE depicting nightmarish scenes of urban violence and chaos--bodies lying in gutters, parking lot black-marketeers bludgeoning each other over turf, teenage addicts and prostitutes huddled around public parks and street corners--each despairing image all the grimmer for taking place on the joyless gray streets of the former Soviet Union....

KOPPEL V.O.

"Drugs, prostitution, extortion, murder, even the dread specter of nuclear terror: a veritable tidal wave of crime is rising from the streets of the former Soviet Union and crashing onto the international scene with such force it may already have reached these shores."

Now the familiar NIGHTLINE TAG MUSIC SURGES and TED KOPPEL himself appears, incisive and all-business while behind him, concurrent with his words, MORE IMAGES LOOM.

KOPPEL

Good evening. In Pautuxent, Maryland this afternoon, FBI undercover agents posing as right-wing militiamen arrested two men for allegedly attempting to sell them weapons-grade plutonium, the first such arrest on U.S. soil. The suspects--both Russian nationals of Tchetchen origin--are reputed members of the so-called Tchetchen Mafia, a consortium of crime syndicates which, though spawned in the breakaway Republic of Tchetchniya, has spread throughout the Russian Federation and beyond.

CLOSE on various mugshots of scowling, sneering Tchetchen thugs: lean, dark, mustachioed men with pock-marked, prison-pallid complexions and a kind of hatchet-faced, wall-eyed sameness of physiognomy suggestive of inbreeding...

KOPPEL

Descended from a society of fierce Muslim hill tribesmen, the Tchetchens' seething, centuries-old tradition of armed hostility to Russian rule was the backdrop against which their "Mafia" evolved from loose-knit outlaw bands into an organized network dealing in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KOPPEL (cont'd)

everything from international murder and extortion to drugs and prostitution with profits running into the billions. As evidence this is no longer just a Russian problem, the F.B.I. has opened a Legal Attaché office in Moscow while U.S. and Russian law enforcement have jointly agreed to place this man atop each nation's Ten Most Wanted List.

The screen flashes a picture of TEREK MURAD, his cold face as hard and sharp as a knife.

KOPPEL

Terek Murad, often called "Terek Grozni" or "Terek the Terrible" is the undisputed head of the "Magmu'at" or "Company", the largest and most violent gang in the Tchetchen network. To discuss this new joint effort to combat what some experts consider to be the most dangerous manifestation of organized crime in history, our guests tonight are Donald Brown, Director of the FBI, and Alexander Radzinski, the Russian Federation Minister of the Interior. Good evening gentlemen. Since today's arrests in Maryland seem to underscore the international nature of the foe I suppose my first question should be: are we safe?

The familiar split screen, RADZINSKI on one side, puffy, tired; BROWN on the other, dynamic, casually confident:

BROWN

I'd say yes, safe within reason, Tai.

Radzinski shifts uncomfortably in his seat...

KOPPEL

Minister Radzinski?

From a folder the sad-faced Russian produces a shattering photo showing the horribly rent bodies of a man, woman, and 2 small children sprawled before a blood-sprayed wall. The image is so awful even the usually detached Koppel gasps.

RADZINSKI

This is photograph of Mayor of St. Petersburg, Nikolai Semanhko, and his wife and children. They were shot down to death in their home last week because

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RADZINSKI (cont'd)  
Mayor had spoken out against Magmu'at.  
This is only most recent in hundreds of  
killings--world-wide--of anyone opposing  
Terek. So you will forgive me, gentlemen  
if I say no, I'm afraid no one is safe...

PULL IN on Radzinski as his jaw sets, sad eyes narrowing:

RADZINSKI (CONT'D)  
...not one man, not one woman or child,  
not one soul on this earth.

## 2 EXT. MOSCOW STREET - NIGHT

2

What passes for the suburbs in post-Socialist Russia: wave upon wave of cement-colored cinder-block apartment compounds sprawled out in a tangle of pot-holed streets.

A big black Mercedes peels around a corner, roaring down a wrong-way street. Suddenly facing the oncoming headlights, a dented little Lada (Russian Fiat) just has time to panic-swerve to the right, the Doppler effect making the blare of its HORN sound like a plea for mercy as the Mercedes' huge black form hurdles by.

Inside the Mercedes nobody even looks back as it barrels on, oblivious to all, traffic lights and pedestrians be damned. Yesterday only the *nomenklutura*, the Party elite dared drive with such abandon. Today it's another, more powerful elite daring all with utter impunity: the Russian criminal.

## 3 EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

3

We HEAR the bass line of an 80s Brit "haircut band" hit throb into the night as the Mercedes pulls up at a blank storefront where a desperate throng of Russian night-lifers crowd around the roped-off doorway. A DOORMAN scurries out, opening the passenger door, and Terek's brother, GHAZZI MURAD alights, a skinny, shambling, goggle-eyed buzzard of a man flanked by giant blond Russian bodyguards DIMITRI and SASHA, both swaggering ex-Airborne troopers. Dimitri tosses the keys at the Doorman as they pass, entering the club.

## 4 ACROSS THE STREET

4

From a dark doorway a tall WOMAN in black overcoat and headscarf observes the commotion of Ghazzi's arrival with hawk-like keenness. This is MAJOR VALENTINA KOSLOVA of the Russian Federation Militia and MOVING CLOSER we sense the ferocious intelligence and resolve suggested by her intensely aquiline features and piercing gaze. She might be a handsome woman were it not for the grisly, disfiguring acid SCAR running down one side of her face but while that

(CONTINUED)

and pride have made the possibility of romance unlikely her commitment to the cause of justice fills her life, almost amounting to a grand passion....

Eyes locked on the Doorman, Valentina nods toward a GRAY DELIVERY TRUCK parked down the block.

## 5 IN THE TRUCK

5

As Valentina starts across the street the DRIVER hits the ignition, nodding back as he pulls into traffic. If he seems typically, resignedly Russian, the man beside him is emphatically American. Square jawed, fit, remarkably youthful at close to 60, FBI Deputy Director HAMILTON PRESTON is head of the American Legal Attaché Office, the ranking U.S. law enforcement officer in Russia. He lifts a walkie-talkie from the folds of his windbreaker.

PRESTON

Op is a go for MVD only, U.S. personnel  
stay out. Say again, no U.S. involvement.

## 6 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

6

The club is going full blast, BARMEN and WAITRESSES scurrying about the dance floor, threading through the evening's crush. Dimitri pulls a chair as a sullen Ghazzi makes himself at home. The Club's manager, ANATOLY VASILOV, a Gianni Versace-clad weasel, skulks over to Ghazzi's table. They exchange greetings IN RUSSIAN VIA SUBTITLE:

VASILOV

Ghazzi the Great! I expected you later.  
And how is Terek?

GHAZZI

(to Dimitri)

Ghazzi the Great. At least he knows my  
name.

(to Vasilov)

Find us some company, Anatoly.

Vasilov motions o.s and several Russian and Tartar semi-beauties in near identical too-tight black knit mini-dresses stalk for Ghazzi's table, draping themselves around him. Meanwhile a waitress brings a platter piled with watercress sandwiches. Dimitri and Sasha plunge in, wolfing them down with smacking and sloshing sounds while...

## 7 EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

7

Valentina strides purposefully across the street to the front of the club while simultaneously 2 plain gray VANS

(CONTINUED)

pull up and stop. The Doorman glances up to see Valentina standing before him, slowly unbuttoning her coat and shrugging it off. Underneath she wears a full Militia Officer's uniform complete with man's breeches and jackboots. The Doorman just has time to blink before a SQUAD of heavily armed MVD (Interior Ministry) TROOPERS with AK-74s, gas masks, and full body armor explode from the back of the vans. The Doorman reaches for a gun but Valentina JABS the muzzle of her Marakov pistol hard into the bridge of his nose. He sinks to his knees with a yelp, holding his nose with both hands while the Troopers and Valentina rush into the club. Meanwhile Preston and 2 MORE U.S. AGENTS in "FBI" windbreakers and caps spill from the truck as it roars up, Preston kicking the pistol away from the Doorman's hand....

8 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

8

Flashlights streaming, the MVD squad charges into the bar while the frightened crowd stampedes, screaming and scrambling out of the way. The Troopers surround Ghazzi's table, catching everyone unawares. Dimitri jumps up, spilling a B-girl from his lap while Ghazzi remains locked in his seat. A dozen gun barrels pointing at his head, he only smiles, turning to Sasha and snorting:

GHAZZI

Interior Ministry? What, didn't we give them their baksheesh this week?

Valentina steps forward, holstering her pistol and:

VALENTINA

I am Major Valentina Koslova of the Federation Militia and we are not for sale. You're going in and this time there's no buying your way out.

Another smile as he produces a huge wad of Deutschmarks and:

GHAZZI

Oh, I'll bet there is.

She stuffs the money back into his pocket and tosses a warrant on the table in front of him:

VALENTINA

Ghazzi Murad, I arrest you for the murder of Nikolai Semanenko, Mayor of St. Petersburg. You are advised not to resist.

Ghazzi examines the warrant then looks around the room, incredulous.

(CONTINUED)

GHAZZI

But you have no witness, how--

Up to now Preston and his men have hung on the periphery as observers, weapons holstered but now Preston steps up:

PRESTON

They don't need a witness. You cut yourself on Semanhko's window while breaking in and left your DNA at the scene.

GHAZZI

DNA? What is this nonsense?

PRESTON

That nonsense is accepted as conclusive evidence in any court in the western world--including Russia now thanks to us.

A look from Valentina convinces Ghazzi that it's all true. He turns back to Preston:

GHAZZI

And who are you? American?

PRESTON

Correct. Deputy Director Hamilton Preston, FBI.

GHAZZI

And it is you who are responsible for this... evidence?

PRESTON

Correct again.

GHAZZI

(to Valentina)

You lie with Americans now? With strangers? Enemies?

VALENTINA

Who harms the innocent is my enemy. My only enemy.

GHAZZI

The innocent...

(snorts contemptuously)

Woman.

(to Preston)

But you, you cheat. It's one thing to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GHAZZI (cont'd)

play the game, it's our game. But you who have no business here, who don't belong, yet you come here and help these whores to cheat--that makes you a whore's filth. You hear me, a whore's bloody filth!

Ghazzi's eyes go wild, his long, skinny neck turning red. Valentina and the other cops stiffen and Preston gets an inkling that these are a breed of criminal outside his experience, men who don't give up even when held at bay.

VALENTINA

I say again, you are advised not to resist.

PRESTON

I'd listen to her if I were you.

GHAZZI

Really? Well I'm not you, you cuntin' filth! I'm a man and I'd die spitting blood before I'd let any woman arrest me, much less that scar-faced dike!

Used to such talk, Valentina registers nothing but Preston...

PRESTON

SHUT YOUR MOUTH, YOU LITTLE--

What happens next happens in split-seconds as Ghazzi suddenly flips the table over and LUNGES at Preston with a BLADE from his sock. Before Preston can get his gun up Ghazzi is on him, whipping the blade across his eyes. Preston draws back, the blade slashing the bill of his cap as he stumbles over backward, CRACKING his head hard against a table's edge and dropping his gun. Valentina dives in and all 3 are carried to the ground, grappling. Dimitri and Sasha make their move, trying to shield their leader. The MVD soldiers and FBI agents all around them react, drawing down with their weapons, but:

VALENTINA

No, I want them alive!

With Preston momentarily stunned, Valentina wrestles Ghazzi alone, trying to keep his knife-hand away with her left while trying to reach her gun with her right. Ghazzi grabs her throat with his free hand, trying to squeeze the life out of her.

Meanwhile, giving and receiving horrible blows. Dimitri and Sasha struggle against the MVD men with inhuman fury....

(CONTINUED)

Now Ghazzi brings all his weight to bear on Valentina, crushing her larynx. Nearing unconsciousness, the policewoman just manages to free her pistol, jamming the muzzle up under the gangster's chin, and FIRES, sending a bullet through the top of his head.

Patrons shriek as the gunshot reverberates through the club.

Ghazzi's grip loosens, eyes fluttering involuntarily as he dies. Gasping for air, Valentina manages to push the body away and the now revived Preston hauls her to her feet as Sasha and Dimitri are finally subdued with a few last butt-strokes and handcuffed together while the pool of black blood under Ghazzi's head spreads across the floor....

9

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - LATER

9

Blue lights swirl. Uniformed MVD OFFICERS keep back a CROWD of the curious. Almost composed, Valentina sits on the curb in front of the club. Preston appears beside her with a flask of brandy. She takes it gratefully and drinks. After a beat:

PRESTON

Look, I'm pretty certain you saved my life in there and I want you to know I appreciate it. Do the same for you someday.

VALENTINA

Let's hope you never have to.

PRESTON

Speaking of which, Major, I know I'm only here to give advice when asked but I gotta tell you, I'm too old and you're too important for this kind of excitement. I say we let the youngsters and underlings make the arrest next time.

VALENTINA

Next time...

Preston nods and walks away. Valentina takes another sip of brandy, her hand trembling noticeably.

10

EST. SHOT - HELSINKI, FINLAND

10

The Finnish capitol, neat, clean, sparkling in the sun of a Scandinavian spring....

A small crowd of TOURISTS drink and eat in this typically clean, well-lit Finnish restaurant. A dozen men are seated at a long banquet table at the far end of the main salon. At the head sits Ghazzi's brother, TEREK MURAD-- 'Terek The Terrible'--outwardly pleasant, with even a kind of earthy charm, but with the dead, lustreless eyes of one who has killed. 2 of his Russian bodyguards, KOLYA and ALEXEI, are on either side. Around the table, TCHECHENS sit in rapt attention while at Terek's right, Vasilov finishes his story:

VASILOV

I was detained overnight, beaten, and released. I came as soon as I could. Terek, I'm sorry. There was nothing to be done.

Terek nods, thinking, then almost as an afterthought:

TERIK

How many Militia were killed?

VASILOV

It happened so fast, they just burst in and killed him before--

TERIK

Yes, yes, but how many did you kill?

VASILOV

Well... none actually.

TERIK

None. Not even one?

VASILOV

Well I did what I--

TERIK

YOU WHAT? YOU LET THOSE MILITIA DOGS AND THEIR AMERICAN MASTERS KILL MY BROTHER. WITHOUT KILLING EVEN ONE IN RETURN? YOU HID BEHIND THE SKIRTS OF YOUR WHORES IS WHAT YOU DID!

Terek is halfway out of his chair, veins in his forehead bulging. Stunned by his outburst, a tense silence spreads across the banquet table and through the entire restaurant. Badly shaken, Vasilov starts sputtering:

CONTINUED:

## VASILOV

Terek, we didn't have a chance, there were thirty of them, plus the Ameri--

Before he can utter another syllable Terek produces a hatchet from behind his back and brings it HISSING down into Vasilov's head with an appalling "crunch", striking again and again, driving him into his plate, blood running everywhere midst breaking glass and scattered china. A gasp of unutterable horror ripples through the entire restaurant, the tourists literally paralyzed with fright, too terrified even to run. Meanwhile, Terek stands, hatchet in hand, splattered with blood, looking like some weird 20th century version of an ancient Tatar war Chieftain. He looks around at his lieutenants then tosses the bloody hatchet onto the table. Meanwhile Vasilov's twitching, shuddering corpse slides out of the chair to the floor.

## TEREK

I loved this man. He was my friend, my dear friend and partner. I loved him like a brother. So think, all of you, if I do this to one I love, what will I do to those I hate?

Terek sits back down and picks at his plate for a moment then pushes his it away with his thumb, speaking very softly, like Satan preaching to his angels:

## TEREK

So the American FBI declares war on us. And like they did the Mafia in their country, they will try to hunt us down, all of us. Like they did my brother. Very well. They have attacked, we will respond. Spread the word in Russia: 5,000 dollars for each dead MVD soldier, 50,000 dollars for the scar-faced bitch that killed my brother, and 100,000 for the chief FBI officer in Moscow...

PULL IN on Terek as his eyes voice drops to a whisper:

## TEREK

But this is only part of it. Mister FBI Director Brown makes me Public Enemy Number One? So be it. He will find out personally what I do to my enemies. America must learn that its actions have consequences.

A plush luxury hotel suite. A MAN sits in a leather chair, lean, suntanned, impeccably dressed in a black Saville Row suit. He has no name -- only a reputation and though not outwardly aggressive something in his subtly predatory, sardonic manner suggests a palpable evil. An armed man, POLITOVSKY, is near the door, guarding the scene while, untouched drink in front of him, the Man watches a nature documentary on cable showing an African hyena stalking a terrified little wobbly-legged zebra colt, the hyena's tormenting of the weaker creature ghastly and protracted. An English-accented NARRATOR explains:

NARRATOR

"Unlike other, less cunning predators the hyena takes no chances, never attacking unless sure of a kill. Though a consummate killer, he is clearly no gentleman."

The Man in Black allows himself the merest hint of a smile as Terek enters, breathless, Alexei and Kolya in tow. The Man lowers the TV's volume with a remote but leaves it on.

TEREK

I apologize for keeping you waiting. I had other business to dispose of. Kolya, Pertsovka.

The armed man pours Terek a pepper vodka and hands it to him.

MAN

If we could get to the point.

Terek tosses back his drink and sets himself, facing him:

TEREK

The MVD killed my brother. I will see that they drown in blood for it but their allies in the United States -- I want to send a message...

Terek leans forward in his chair, fairly trembling with blood-lust:

TEREK

...a very public message, one to strike fear into the marrow of their bones.

The Man uncoils in his chair, leaning forward, his movements fluid, arrestingly concise.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

And the target?

Terek shows him a photograph. The Man looks at it, his expression remaining blank. Terek puts it in a shredder.

TEREK

If we choose to employ someone such as yourself on this, a professional--

MAN

You have to hire someone like me. No Russian national could even get close. The FBI, MVD, Interpol -- they're all over you. Besides, you're messy, obvious, and emotional.

Terek registers a moment of surprise but lets it pass.

TEREK

Can you do it?

MAN

Doing it isn't the problem, the problem's getting away afterward. As a professional, that's a big consideration.

TEREK

But you could kill this person?

MAN

Certainly.

TEREK

Will you do it?

MAN

Depends. If I take this job I'll never be able to work again. I'll have to disappear. Forever. You're going to have to pay.

TEREK

How much?

MAN

Twenty million dollars. Cash. Half now, half on completion.

Terek thinks it over then gives a short laugh and:

(CONTINUED)

TEREK

Why not? Done.

MAN

How many people know about this?

TEREK

We three. And Kirilenko in St. Petersburg.

MAN

Get him out of Russia. Tonight. Don't refer to our arrangement by fax or on the phone. Ever. Find a place outside Russia to disappear. Get some bodyguards and hole up til the job's done. If word of this operation leaks it will be my choice whether or not to continue. Either way I keep the initial payment. All right?

Terek pauses to mull this over a moment then nods. The Man pulls a Mont Blanc from his coat pocket and scribbles something on a sheaf of paper, handing it to Terek.

MAN

This is the number of my account in London. The Bank is Child and Company. Once you've transferred the funds I'll move, provided I'm ready. I won't be rushed by anyone. This is my show, I pick the time and the place, no one else gets the details. All I need from you is a number in the U.S. where I can get updates on any changes in security measures. Telex the number with the money. I hear from you by Wednesday or the deal's off. I won't contact you again.

The man rises, making for the door. Terek hands the account number to Alexei then calls out to the Man.

TEREK

One thing. What name will you use?

The Man in Black glances at the still-running TV -- the finished with his kill, the hyena is feasting greedily.

MAN

What name did you use to contact me?

(CONTINUED)

TEREK

(shrugs)

Well...

MAN

That's the only name you'll ever know me by.

The man nods and exits, closing the door behind him. Done. Terek stares at the door for a moment then muses to himself:

TEREK

The Jackal...

13 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

13

A brass plate in English and Russian: OFFICE OF THE LEGAL ATTACHÉ, EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA...

Preston, Valentina, and two other FBI Agents, McMURPHY and WITHERSPOON, sit around a long conference table. Rounding out the meeting is the head of the MVD for the Moscow area, MAJOR GENERAL BELINKO and his aide, COLONEL GOLOV.

VALENTINA

Informants tell us Terek's put bounties on all MVD and FBI personnel. Deputy Director Preston and I have special bounties on our lives. In two weeks seven MVD operatives have been killed.

PRESTON

At least we know we're getting to him.

VALENTINA

Informants say this is just to start, Terek's planning something more dramatic.

She stands and passes out a stack of photos of a small hotel in a picturesque Finnish village.

VALENTINA

Eight days ago an Arkady Kirilenko of St. Petersburg met Terek and his two top lieutenants at a pensione in the town of Schlemstaad, sixty kilometers west of Helsinki. They've been there ever since.

Valentina walks over to a VCR, inserting a tape. The image is grainy, jostled, but still legible. First the CAMERA PANS UP, scanning the upper floors of a neat village pensione.

(CONTINUED)

VALENTINA

They've taken the entire Third floor for themselves and their bodyguards -- all former Spetsnaz -- nine in all. Not one's left the building in five days.

More shots of the building: upper floors and the entrance. Preston stares a hole in the monitor. The camera shows a limping man exit the building. This is POLITOVSKY, the armed man who stood in Terek's meeting with the Jackal.

VALENTINA

Their only contact with the outside is this man, Viktor Politovsky: left Russia illegally in 1975, French national, ex-Legionnaire, goes to the Schlemstaad Post Office twice a day for Terek's mail which arrives general delivery.

PRESTON

(turns to Witherspoon)

Contact Interpol and the French Attaché. Get everything you can on a Legionnaire named Politovsky.

The tape goes to static. The General stands.

GENERAL BELINKO

So it appears Terek has a plan. I suggest we find out what it is. I will brief the Minister. Good day, Mr. Preston.

Belinko, Valentina, and Golov stride out. The FBI men exchange uneasy glances.

PRESTON

I got a feeling.

14 EXT. SKY - DAY

14

A Lufthansa 747 SCREECHES out of a blue sky and makes a perfect two point landing....

15 INT. AIRPORT VIP LOUNGE - DAY

15

Well-heeled TRAVELERS come and go. The man we now know as the Jackal sits at a corner table reading a Paris newspaper. At an adjacent table, a BEARDED MAN works on his 5th drink. Bluff, red-faced, he has 'Sail Canada' stickers all over his battered Halliburton case. The Jackal watches the man push from his table and stagger for the free hors d'oeuvre.

(CONTINUED)

## AIRPORT ANNOUNCER

"SAS announces immediate departure of  
Flight 569 non-stop service to London  
Heathrow..."

The Yachtsman's attention is all on the snack table. In one deft move, the Jackal rises, leans over, opens the man's briefcase, removing his wallet and passport and stuffing them into the newspaper before walking out. Nobody saw a thing...

16 ESTABLISHING SHOT - LONDON

16

17 EXT. SOHO - DAY

17

The Jackal walks down a Soho back street, finding an address and pushing through a squeaky doorway. ZOUX MUSIC thuds from somewhere in the building as the Jackal climbs a flight of stairs and knocks on a door. A dreadlocked JAMAICAN opens it.

JACKAL

Good afternoon.

18 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY

18

An unmade mattress lies in a corner, paintings hang on bare brick. A complex color press and several drafting tables are scattered about a mostly empty loft/studio. The Jamaican sips tea at the kitchen table. Spread out in front of the Jackal are a variety of ID cards and the wallet lifted from the airport. As the Jamaican looks on, the Jackal examines an Ontario driver's license. The name on the document is Charles C. Murdock -- the picture is the Jackal's.

JACKAL

Very nice.

JAMAICAN

The new lamination, mon, that's the tricky part. Gotta use Ethyl-acetone. Nasty stuff, mon, gives you liver cancer. I used a disk drive to erase the magnetic strip.

The Jackal angles the license in and out of the light -- the holograms shine beautifully. The Jackal thumbs through Murdock's wallet. Each of several photo IDs -- Canadian National ID card, a yacht club membership, library card -- have been similarly altered.

JACKAL

Perfect. What do I owe you?

(CONTINUED)

The Jamaican opens a small recipe box on the table and plucks out an index card.

JAMAICAN

Looks like the balance is 375 pounds.

The Jackal produces a stack of twenty-pound notes and exchanges it for the Jamaican's index card, crumpling it up and sticking it in his pocket.

JACKAL

Here's five hundred. Thanks.

DREDLOCKS

Hey, thank you, mon.

19 EXT. LONDON OFFICE, CHILD & COMPANY BANK

19

A street in Kensington, across town. The Jackal gets out of a cab, heading for the discreet entrance to the bank where a liveried doorman bows graciously...

20 INT. BANK PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

20

The Jackal enters an opulently appointed office with mahogany wainscoting. Behind a beautiful French partners' desk the bank president, CLIVE WOOLBURTON, stands and smiles. Clearly the man without a name is one of his best customers.

WOOLBURTON

We've been expecting you. We received the wire draft you discussed.

Woolburton opens a file and hands over a deposit slip. The Jackal examines it, satisfied.

JACKAL

Exchange five million for Deutsch Marks. Transfer it to my annuity in Zurich. Three and a half transferred to Yen. Split the deposits equally between my accounts in Panama and Macao.

WOOLBURTON

Very good, sir. And the remaining one point five million?

JACKAL

Keep it in dollars. I'll need to open an account in Luxembourg. Get me some credit cards -- use an American Bank. I'll send you the names by registered mail next week.

(CONTINUED)

WOOLBURTON

I'll overnight the cards to your box in Montreal.

(handing him another slip)

This also came with the draft.

It's a single sheet of telex paper. On it is a phone number, (212) 555-3452, and the name SLASCHEE. Woolburton takes his folder and starts for the door.

JACKAL

May I use your computer?

WOOLBURTON

Of course. Everything's ready for you.

Woolburton opens the desk -- inside is a state-of-the-art Macintosh 840AV. Woolburton turns it on and leaves the room. The Jackal opens a humidor on the desk and helps himself to a \$40.00 Havana cigar, dropping into a leather chair. He lights the cigar and burns the phone number in an ashtray then swivels to face the computer.

JACKAL

Address S-Y-N-W-E-A-P Colin. At. Three two. November. Zebra.

The screen blinks and scrolls the spoken Internet address. The Jackal is Net surfing.

JACKAL

Text. Backslash, reference client zero zero eight zulu. Inquire availability. Triple-A equipment.

There is a pause, then the answer silently scrolls across the screen. The effect is eerie.

COMPUTER SCREEN

(typing)

GOOD AFTERNOON.

HOW MAY WE HELP YOU?

The Jackal exhales smoke. As he speaks, his words appear on the Macintosh screen as type.

JACKAL

I'm interested in an intermediate range system. High cyclic rate.

The answer appears silently on the screen. It's like meeting the Devil in Cyberspace.

(CONTINUED)

COMPUTER SCREEN  
MAN PORTABLE?

JACKAL  
Compact. A vehicle-mounted unit.

COMPUTER SCREEN  
WHAT CALIBER?

JACKAL  
Not smaller than 7.62.

COMPUTER SCREEN  
AVAILABLE. 7.62mm M134 ELECTRIC GATLING  
GUN.

JACKAL  
I prefer non-U.S. equipment. A single-  
barreled system.

COMPUTER SCREEN  
AVAILABLE: YUGOSLAV 20mm 19/55 CARTRIDGE.  
CYCLIC RATE 800 ROUNDS PER MINUTE.

JACKAL  
Too heavy.

COMPUTER SCREEN  
AVAILABLE: POLISH ZSU-33 ELECTRIC  
14.5mm. CYCLIC RATE 1400 ROUNDS PER  
MINUTE.

JACKAL  
Interested. Range and muzzle velocity,  
question mark.

COMPUTER SCREEN  
EFFECTIVE COMBAT RANGE 3500 METERS.  
MUZZLE VELOCITY 1700 METERS/SEC.

JACKAL  
I'll take it. I'll need 2,000 rounds of  
ammunition. Armor-piercing incendiary.

COMPUTER SCREEN:  
COST WILL BE  
(pause)  
200,000 DOLLARS U.S.

JACKAL  
Transfer of funds in the usual manner.  
Half now, half on delivery to this  
address: Letterham Shipping. Montreal.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACKAL (cont'd)  
Quebec, Canada, GlH 876. Client name:  
Murdock, Charles C.

COMPUTER SCREEN  
CUSTOMS REQUIREMENTS?

JACKAL  
List the item as a carbon sailing mast.

The cursor blinks. The computer types out:

COMPUTER SCREEN  
DELIVERY DATE MAY 23.

The Jackal turns off the machine as Woolburton enters.

WOOLBURTON  
Your transfers have been made. The  
credit cards will be issued as soon as  
you can provide the names.

JACKAL  
You'll hear from me next week.

The Jackal stands and stubs out his cigar.

JACKAL  
Thanks for the cigar.

Woolburton bows formally. The Jackal lets himself out.

21 EXT. RED SQUARE - NIGHT

21

Eating piroshki wrapped in greasy newspaper, Preston and the  
CIA Station Chief, LAWSON, stroll beneath the towering  
spires of St. Basil's Cathedral.

LAWSON  
I had a request from the Russians to get  
someone out of Finland. I thought it had  
something to do with you. Should we  
help?

PRESTON  
I didn't say this. But yeah.

LAWSON  
How important is this?

Lawson stops. Preston's eyes drill him. Lawson shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

LAWSON

Okay, then we didn't have this conversation.

Lawson tosses his paper into a trash can with a nod and disappears into the nighttime shadows.

22 EXT. SCHLEMSTAAD, FINLAND - DAY

22

Carrying a briefcase, Victor Politovsky limps down a cobblestone street, briefcase in hand, waiting for a car to pass before crossing the street to the Post Office where a blue Finnish postal truck is parked out front.

2 MEN in jeans and sport shirts unload mail sacks onto the sidewalk. Politovsky walks past, going to the curb to avoid the sacks. As he passes the rear of the postal van...

The 2nd man pulls a wide-barreled, stubby-looking 40mm anti-riot gun and FIRES. With a dull, popping report a golf ball-sized rubber bullet is driven point blank into Politovsky's chest, blasting him back six feet. Briefcase spilling, he lands near the mail truck where he's picked up and thrown inside. The 1st man plucks Politovsky's briefcase from the cobblestones, tosses it inside the truck, jumping in after it. The 2nd man picks up the rubber bullet, pockets it, slamming shut the doors, and the van drives off.

23 INT. MOSCOW AIRPORT - NIGHT

23

Standing next to a Russian ambulance, Valentina, Preston, Witherspoon, and McMurphy watch as the ramp of an Aeroflot jetliner HISSES open and the rear stairs edge down slowly. CREWMEN carry a stretcher down the ramp. Politovsky is strapped to the gurney, bound and gagged. As the Crewmen wheel the gurney toward Valentina, she places a neatly-folded warrant into the sheets.

VALENTINA

Viktor Politovsky, you are under arrest for unlawful exit and association with criminal elements.

The gurney is pushed into the ambulance. Doors SLAM and the ambulance roars off. Valentina looks glum.

PRESTON

What's wrong?

VALENTINA

Do you know where they're taking him?  
Lubyanka Prison, Special Branch custody.  
That means he won't be questioned, he'll

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VALENTINA (cont'd)  
be interrogated. I realize we need what  
he knows, but...

She shakes her head, walking off with a sigh. Witherspoon  
shrugs at Preston, mystified:

WITHERSPOON  
We got him, didn't we? What the hell  
does she want?

PRESTON  
To do what's right, not what's expedient.

24 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - AMERICAN EMBASSY

24

A VIDEO SCREEN shows the interior of an operating room. Politovsky is strapped to the table, his INTERROGATORS done up in surgical garb. Above an IV drips sodium pentothal into his arm. Non-medical-looking electrodes are hooked to his head. Preston, Witherspoon, and McMurphy watch the screen. Valentina sips coffee and reads from a transcript. General Belinko sits impassively smoking a cigarette. On the monitor, one of the MASKED FIGURES asks questions. On the tape, Politovsky groggily answers. Valentina alternately translates for Politovsky and his interrogator:

VALENTINA  
"Why is Terik in Finland? Tell us."

On the monitor, the Interrogator SCREAMS into Politovsky's ear. The electrodes on Politovsky's head crackle. He convulses, gasps, recovers. Valentina's voice stays even.

VALENTINA  
"Security. Must stay safe until...job."  
(for Interrogator)  
"What Job? What are they planning?"  
(for Politovsky)  
"Example. The Americans."  
(for Interrogator)  
"What example? What are they planning?"  
(for Politovsky)  
"Kill. Example. Jackal. Jackal."

From the monitor there is a prolonged BEEP -- Politovsky's heart monitor goes to flat-line. A DOCTOR pushes the Interrogator aside and slaps defibrillator paddles on Politovsky's chest, shocking him once, twice... Valentina hits the remote and the screen goes blank.

WITHERSPOON  
Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL BELINKO

Drug-assisted interrogation is legal in matters of state security. Unfortunately, Mr. Politovsky had an undiagnosed heart condition.

PRESTON

He said 'Jackal'?

GENERAL BELINKO

This means something to you, Mr. Preston?

PRESTON

There's supposedly a killer for hire who uses that name. Several assassinations were credited to him but we've never been able to prove he even exists.

Belinko takes a drag then lets it out slowly. He exists. Belinko turns to Valentina and nods.

VALENTINA

From time to time he was KGB asset.

PRESTON

Do you have a name?

VALENTINA

No name. Payments were made to the contracting organization or a Hong Kong bank account. No KGB officer has ever seen him but it was believed he was possibly American or Canadian. If this Jackal is North American then whatever Terek's planning, the U.S. is a likely venue. Moreover...

(takes a breath)

Letters found in Politovsky's briefcase contained biographical material on Donald Brown, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

WITHERSPOON

Good God, you mean they're going after the head of the FBI? They must be crazy!

PRESTON

Think so? Or do you hope so.

25 INT. CUSTOMS DESK, MONTREAL AIRPORT - DAY

25

The Jackal approaches a CANADIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER, hands over an American passport. The Customs Officer opens it -- the picture is the Jackal's -- the name is James William Hayslip.

(CONTINUED)

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
Purpose of your visit to Canada?

JACKAL  
Fishing.

The Customs Officer looks over the desk. There's a fly-fishing case next to the Jackal's luggage. He stamps a visa into the Jackal's passport and:

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
Enjoy your stay, Mr. Hayslip.

26 INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

26

Canadian and Quebec flags fly over a used car lot. Outside the showroom windows a brand new blue minivan is parked. At a desk in the showroom, the Jackal signs a contract.

SALESMAN  
Let me run this through the manager, Mr. Murdock. Just take a second.

The Jackal hands over a platinum credit card and an Ontario driver's license, both in the name of Murdock.

JACKAL  
Charlie. No hurry.

27 EXT. CANADIAN SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

27

The Jackal sits behind the wheel of his blue minivan, reading a newspaper. A couple of spaces down, a harried young mother pulls up in another minivan. The Jackal watches as she gets her twin infants out of the car, into a stroller, and trudges into the supermarket. The Jackal opens the door and walks to the rear bumper of the harried Mom's van. He quickly starts to unscrew her license plates...

28 INT. RENTED GARAGE - NIGHT

28

The Jackal's van is parked, windows masked with tape and newspaper, painted white. Stripped to the chest, Jackal removes a respirator mask and puts away a spraygun, going to a bench and picking up a stopwatch. He starts the watch, picks up a garden hose with a high-pressure nozzle, and sprays the side of the car. The special water-based paint comes off easily. He smiles and continues around the car...

29 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

29

An American sitcom plays on the TV. The LAUGH TRACK'S the same but the actors converse in awkwardly-dubbed Quebecois

(CONTINUED)

French. The Jackal sits on the bed, road maps, books, and reference materials scattered all around him. Next to the nightstand is a pile of recent purchases: small TV set, a video camera, a 1000mm photo lens, and a remote control unit, the kind used to direct model airplanes. The Jackal writes on the pad in his lap: "HOW", "WHERE", and "WHEN", placing a checkmark beside "HOW"...

30 ESTABLISHING SHOT - CAPITOL MALL, WASHINGTON, D.C. 30

31 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, FBI OFFICES - DAY 31

Preston, Valentina, Witherspoon, and McMurphy are briefing the Director, Donald Brown who looks much the same as he did on "Nightline"...

BROWN

I want this op close-hold, no publicity.  
Put a working group together: State,  
CIA, Secret Service, and Russian  
Embassy. You'll have daily progress  
reports, 9pm every evening, this office.  
(turns to Valentina)  
Major Koslova?

VALENTINA

Since 1983, KGB provided funding for  
five direct-action missions. One bombing  
and four assassinations by gunshot. The  
Jackal was the operative.

The Director frowns over a file, setting it down.

BROWN

Not giving me much to work with, Ha.

PRESTON

We don't have much, sir. Major Koslova's  
informers can't finger, they don't know  
who he is. CIA can't track him, they  
don't know who to tail. INS can't stop  
him at the airport, they don't know what  
name or papers he'll be traveling under.

BROWN

Then what?

VALENTINA

Using KGB files, I've identified six  
operatives we believe to have actually  
seen him. Four are dead, one is in Libya  
but the last is believed to be here in  
the United States. A Basque Separatist

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VALENTINA (cont'd)

named Isabella Celia Zanca, she was part of the ETA action group responsible for blowing up Admiral Cierro Blanco in Madrid. Jackal performed the actual operation so it's possible she had some sort of contact with him. She might at least know what he looks like. The problem is we have no idea of her whereabouts. However her Interpol file says that in the 80's she was involved with one Declan Joseph Mulqueen, an Irish Republican Army commando she met while he was in Spain on a mission.

PRESTON

Mulqueen was one of the Provos heaviest operators, so heavy in fact, in '87 he shot up an SAS Sabre Team and Thatcher herself turned the heat on him. Fled here to the U.S., then in '89 picked up two twenty-five year sentences for weapons trafficking which he's presently serving out at Walpole State prison.

BROWN

The point being?

PRESTON

Mulqueen may know how to get to Isabella Zanca. But if he does we're gonna have to give him something.

BROWN

I'll talk to Justice. But don't promise too much. After all, he's a terrorist.

Valentina watches Brown drums his fingers nervously, a look of sympathy in her eyes--only she can see that for all his professional cool he's very worried. Brown looks up suddenly:

BROWN

What?

She shakes her head, averting her eyes. She'd die before blowing his cover...

32 EXT. EXERCISE YARD, WALPOLE STATE PRISON - DAY

32

Cradling an M-16, a PRISON GUARD strolls atop a high brick wall while in the yard below BAD BOYS swagger, PUNKS skulk, the usual cacophony of basketball games and general hubbub.

Solitary, the hole, where it's never day or night....

DECLAN (pronounced Deck-lin) MULQUEEN does finger-tip push-ups in a space hardly big enough to lie down, his sole possessions an orange jumpsuit and a gray blanket. Finished, he splashes his face in the small steel sink. Slim and quick in his movements, he is very attractive, his frank, bright eyes and ready smile suggesting both charm and vitality and an enigma: though miles from the killers around him in dignity and intelligence, whether a lifetime of the grimmest kind of warfare imaginable has made his soul as dead as theirs we can only discover as we go. Presently keys RATTLE O.S. and the peephole in the cell's steel door slides open:

GUARD  
Visitors, Mulqueen.

Preston, Valentina, and Witherspoon sit across a polished table from Declan. The Irishman leans back, looking them over through hooded eyes that take in everything--including Valentina's scar--but register precisely nothing. He speaks with a sing-song, velvet-over-iron Ulster accent:

DECLAN  
Isabella's done nothing here. What do you want with her then?

PRESTON  
She's entered the country illegally.

DECLAN  
Heard you FBI lads were in a shambles, but sendin' Deputy Directors out to chase down illegal aliens? You're muddled worse than the LAPD. Give over, Preston. Who're you really lookin' for?

Weighing it for a moment, Preston decides to level with him:

PRESTON  
A man. A pro. Calls himself the Jackal.

DECLAN  
Oh. The mystery man. That fella.

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON

We think she might've seen him. She may be able help us find him. If so we'll arrange a pardon for her signed by the President of the United States and a guarantee of no extradition. We'll also guarantee that the Spanish government never knows her whereabouts.

DECLAN

They don't know now, do they? And neither do you. Best keep it that way.

Preston sighs, exchanging glances with the others. Valentina leans forward, her Russian accent and natural ardor taking Declan by surprise.

VALENTINA

Would it matter that you might be saving a human life?

DECLAN

And whose might that be?

VALENTINA

Mr. Donald Brown, Director of the FBI.

DECLAN

Oh, that'd be droll.

Witherspoon jumps in, full of take-charge aggressiveness:

WITHERSPOON

All right, let's cut the bull--cooperate and we'll get you transferred to a minimum security prison--end of story. We know there have already been four attempts on your life here in Walpole.

Glancing at Declan's file, Valentina jots down a note to Preston reading: "And three inmates dead." Preston frowns.

DECLAN

That was all a misunderstanding. About drugs. Nothin' to do with me.

WITHERSPOON

Be that as it may, bottom line is every gang in this prison wants you dead and our deal's your only chance to ever leave this place in one piece. So, Mick--  
(exaggerated enunciation)  
Suggest you from-ears-clean-wax and listen-up!

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN

Well... since it'll be at least 32 years before I can even think about leaving this place, whether or not I do it in one piece is a matter of supreme indifference to me. So, prick--

(exaggerated enunciation)

Suggest you up-stick-deal-arse and fuck-off.

(turns to Valentina)

Sorry for the language. Been in prison.

A pause while Preston and Valentina glare at Witherspoon. Nice going. Then Preston exhales wearily and:

PRESTON

Allright, what would you take to help us?

DECLAN

First I'd have to be convinced Isabella would be kept safe. Then you'd have to let me go--not just out of here, I mean back to Ireland. A free man.

PRESTON

Well that's just flat impossible.

DECLAN

No it's not. Get me a pardon.

PRESTON

Out of the question. Read your own file, it's not just the gun-running conviction, you're officially a murderer with 17 confirmed kills of British military and police personel.

DECLAN

Read further and you'll see that if I'd been willing to kill just one American policeman I wouldn't be here.

VALENTINA

I don't see the distinction. You still took the lives of 17 human beings.

DECLAN

The distiction's that I killed during a war. Now that war's over and I want to go home. I just want to go home.

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON

Well it's not gonna happen.

DECLAN

Just the chance then. Your best effort to get me freed. Just your word on it. I'll settle for that.

PRESTON

I'm sorry.

They all get up and start to leave. Declan decides to play his trump card, calling after them:

DECLAN

So the Jackal's after your Director, is he? Well tell the Director to get his affairs in order. Nobody can save him from that lad, not you, not Isabella, nobody. Nobody that is... except me.

They stop. PULL IN on Declan until his face fills the frame:

DECLAN

Oh, I've met him you know.

They exchange looks, jaws dropping. Declan goes blithely on:

DECLAN

Didn't I mention it? In the safe house outside Gibraltar. Spent some time with the fella, got to know him pretty well. Well enough to know that for all your men and money and computers you'll never find him. Never. You can't. But I can.

VALENTINA

You can? How?

DECLAN

I know him. I know how he thinks. Because I think the same way. Two of a kind, he and I, God help me. Get me out of here and I'll prove it.

36 INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

36

This improbably thrown-together group of hunters walks to the gate and stops. Preston takes a set of keys from Witherspoon, pointing to Declan's shackles.

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON

You're officially released into FBI custody but unofficially you're in my custody which means you're on your honor, so if we need those, say so now.

(on Declan's silence)

Well?

Declan reluctantly shakes his head. Preston removes the cuffs. The FBI men go to ticket counter. Valentina sits down and starts reading a dog-eared Russian paperback. Declan sits down next to her. After a moment she suddenly becomes aware that he's staring at her.

VALENTINA

What?

Her hand instinctively goes to her scar, a subtle gesture, but Declan instantly picks up on it, covering seamlessly:

DECLAN

Sorry to stare but... well, you're a woman, aren't you?

(on her reaction)

Like I said. Been in prison.

She blushes and we sense that, however unseemly, the novelty of having a male react to her as a female is not entirely unpleasant. Curious, he takes the paperback from her hand.

DECLAN

So what's the book then?

VALENTINA

(embarrassed)

Please...

He thumbs through it. Though it's in Russian, he recognizes the romantic-era woman in man's dress on the frontispiece:

DECLAN

Ah, it's George Sand! Fancy George Sand, do you?

VALENTINA

Very much. You know her work?

DECLAN

Oh, marvelous stuff, all about...

Suddenly self-conscious, he smiles, trying to finish his sentence with gestures suggesting love. Again she blushes...

A working-class, bayshore suburb, the houses of watermen and factory workers jumbled together in this once-picturesque bay-front neighborhood. A white Chevy Caprice SEDAN with "government" written all over it coasts to a stop. Inside, Valentina drives, Declan next to her, Witherspoon and Preston in back, poring over files. She slows, turning to Declan who looks at the small house they're approaching with children's toys scattered across an otherwise-neat front lawn. He shifts uneasily.

VALENTINA

Nervous?

DECLAN

Well, eight years. Lifetime, isn't it?

VALENTINA

The two of you were...

Valentina points to the volume of George Sand in her bag. Declan's look says, "Yes, madly." Valentina nods:

VALENTINA

Then seeing you will please her.

DECLAN

Think so?

VALENTINA

I'm positive.

DECLAN

I don't know, Jay-sus...

VALENTINA

You are nervous, aren't you?

He sighs as she pulls up and stops. Getting out, he makes for the front door. The FBI men start to follow but Valentina stops them and follows him herself, arms full of files and papers. Declan looks at the mailbox. It says 'Decker'. Hesitant, he rings the doorbell. Inside the house we HEAR a dog BARKING, then footsteps and a MAN'S VOICE:

MAN'S VOICE

Get down, Muffin!

The door opens. A husky man, GEORGE DECKER, 40, answers:

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN

Uh, Mr. Decker, is it?

DECKER

Yes.

DECLAN

My name's Declan Mulqueen, this is Miss Koslova. We'd like to speak to your wife.

O.S. VOICE (accented)

Who is it, George?

DECKER

For you, Izz.

ISABELLA steps into view, a 2 year-old girl on her hip, an intense Spanish beauty with smoky eyes and hair black as a raven's wing. On seeing Declan she puts the child down and they fairly dive into each other's arms, cleaving to each other, as if for dear life. Valentina doesn't know where to look. There's clearly so much between these two and Decker has the grace to understand:

GEORGE

I'll take the children out back.

Tears in her eyes, she nods her thanks as George takes the little girl and heads toward the back yard. Isabella pulls her head back for a good look at Declan's face.

ISABELLA

My beautiful Irish. But those eyes. What have they done to those eyes?

DECLAN

Well, it's the years, isn't it? But you're the same, still knock a man dead with a single glance. What'd you, strike a deal with Satan for eternal youth?

ISABELLA

(laughs to Valentina)

This Irish. As if I can't look in a mirror.

Valentina eyes only react minutely, but realizing her gaffe, Isabella is mortified. Declan jumps in:

DECLAN

They let me out to ask you something.

(CONTINUED)

ISABELLA

Ask me what?

VALENTINA

First you should know there are documents guaranteeing your safety.

Valentina hands a sheaf of papers to Isabella who sets them on a table without so much as a glance, turning dead serious:

ISABELLA

The only guarantee I need is standing in front of me.

38 EXT. STREET - DAY

38

Preston and Witherspoon are in the car, watching the Decker house, Witherspoon filling out a report on a clipboard.

WITHERSPOON

I think Mulqueen's gonna make a break soon as he gets the chance.

PRESTON

Maybe. I don't know. Hard one to figure.

WITHERSPOON

Maybe we can use the girl against him, as insurance.

PRESTON

Listen, however he plays it, we play it straight. Isabella Zancana's involvement remains classified.

(points to his clipboard)

That means nothing in the report--no name, no location, nothing--got it?

39 INT. HOUSE - DAY

39

Valentina, Declan, and Isabella sit in a modest but well-appointed living room. While Isabella speaks to Valentina Declan stares at her in a sweet agony of longing memories:

ISABELLA

I never knew his name but he was definitely American. He had some kind of special military training where he learned Spanish. In El Salvador, I think. I didn't like talking to him. We were all dangerous people, but he was... different. Declan was fire, all passion. He had a cause. This man was ice, no feeling, nothing.

(CONTINUED)

VALENTINA

It would be best if you keep the reason  
for our visit a secret. From everyone.

ISABELLA

Don't worry about George. He doesn't  
know anything about my past and he  
doesn't want to. All he needs to know  
is... I love him.

Isabella smiles apologetically at Declan. Though he shows  
little, Valentina can tell he's dying inside. She stands:

VALENTINA

Thank you, Mrs. Decker. You've been very  
helpful.

(to Declan)

I'll wait for you outside.

The two women shake hands and Valentina leaves. Isabella  
watches Valentina go to the car through the window then goes  
to a music box on the mantle. From a hidden drawer she  
produces a small key and hands it to him, whispering:

ISABELLA

This opens a locker at Norfolk Greyhound  
Terminal. Inside is a clean passport and  
ten thousand dollars cash. Your friends  
left it with me in case you ever showed  
up. Take it and go. Back to Ireland.

DECLAN

Can't just yet.

ISABELLA

What, you gave your word? Go now. You  
know once he kills whoever he's after  
they'll send you back to prison.

DECLAN

When I believe that, I'll use the key.

Time to go. Once more they embrace, gently this time.

DECLAN

Ah me... Are you happy at least?

ISABELLA

Yes, in a way. I love my children. And  
my husband. In my way, I mean. I won't  
lie and tell you there aren't nights  
when I... need things. You know.

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN

Yes, I know those nights.

ISABELLA

Then I need so badly, things he knows he can't give me. But he loves me enough not to try and I bless him for that.

DECLAN

So do I.

ISABELLA

But Declan, some nights I can close my eyes and sleep and no dead faces come to wake me--and that's more than I had. You wouldn't have me give that up, would you? Even though you know I would?

DECLAN

Give me some credit, will you.

They finally kiss, fully and passionately, both knowing it's wrong, but taking it anyway--it has to last them a very long time. Declan steps back and with a silent wave, he leaves...

40 EXT. INTERSTATE 64 - VIRGINIA

40

The beautiful stretch of highway heading back to Washington. The sedan passes in traffic, Valentina at the wheel...

41 INT. VALENTINA'S CAR - DAY

41

The Feds in back concentrate on paperwork. Declan stares out the window, lost in sad thought. Valentina speaks low:

VALENTINA

What's wrong.

DECLAN

Nothin', it's just seein' the kids and that house and, you know, the husband.

VALENTINA

(pauses)

She's Basque, isn't she? They say Basques live by the Vendetta--if they hate someone, it's to the death. It's the same way when they love.

DECLAN

Thanks... Valya, is it?

(CONTINUED)

She nods, keeping her eyes on the road. He shakes his head.

DECLAN

Well, Valya. How come you know so much about...

VALENTINA

I know.

DECLAN

(laughs)

You and George Sand.

VALENTINA

(bristles)

You think I don't because I've only read about it? I do know. And better than many who--

DECLAN

Please, I didn't mean it like that. Only laughed 'cause I remembered your book.

VALENTINA

(pauses, sighs)

I'm sorry... I act like a fool sometimes.

She is absolutely mortified at herself. After a beat:

DECLAN

How'd it happen?

VALENTINA

What? Oh...

(touches her scar)

An accident. I was a child.

DECLAN

And because of that you've never...

VALENTINA

In spite of good intentions, I've found that few can actually deal with it.

DECLAN

Oh, I don't know...

VALENTINA

Not if it means forever.

DECLAN

Well even if that were true, does 'forever' have to be a condition?

(CONTINUED)

VALENTINA

If not forever it's just an imitation.

DECLAN

Still, if you don't take a chance, you may wind up with nothin'.

VALENTINA

If I can't have it all I'll gladly take nothing.

He has no answer for that. They drive on in silence. Then:

VALENTINA

By the way, whatever Isabella gave you after I left, I trust you won't use it until after our business is concluded.

DECLAN

Don't miss a thing, do you?

She looks straight into his eyes, shaking her head:

VALENTINA

No. I see everything.

He nods sadly, but his respect is fast approaching awe...

42 INT. OTTAWA TOOL AND DIE COMPANY - NIGHT

42

A nondescript machine shop on an industrial side street, the Jackal's minivan parked out front. The place is full of milling equipment, lathes, and molding machinery. A single light burns in the office where the Jackal bends over a set of plans, going over them with an owlish, squalid-looking machinist, LAMONT, who peers over his shoulder.

JACKAL

...with a sub-assembly made of titanium and as light as the stresses will allow. The carriage must traverse through 270 degrees, drive and feed mechanisms powered by two 10 amp servos. The entire system's got to run off 12 volt DC.

LAMONT

Ok, yeah. Car battery. Cool. How much weight is the arm gonna have to support?

JACKAL

Fifty-five kilograms.

(CONTINUED)

LAMONT  
That's a big fucker.

Lamont whistles. The Jackal frowns. Lamont walks to a grease-smeared refrigerator and opens a Molson.

LAMONT  
Want a beer?

JACKAL  
(declining)  
I'll need the unit in eight days.

LAMONT  
(guzzling)  
I can do that.

JACKAL  
How much?

LAMONT  
The titanium's gonna be a problem. It's a listed material up here, take a little time. And a little more money...

JACKAL  
How much?

LAMONT  
Fifty grand.  
(on his silence)  
Well, forty.

JACKAL  
Half now, half on delivery.

LAMONT  
(looks at plans again)  
This sucker's definitely gonna kick some ass...

The Jackal bristles, his face becoming a death's head:

JACKAL  
Get something straight. When you're finished, you hand over the plans and any scrap material you have left and you forget both the name Murdock and the technical specs on this project. Got it?

LAMONT  
Yeah. Shit man, I'm cool. Relax.

Declan stands looking over a highway map of the U.S. while Preston is at a desk nearby, poring over files. Witherspoon enters, breathless, hardly able to contain himself.

WITHERSPOON

Got him! Charles H. Calthrop. Detroit, Michigan. Ex-Green Beret, age 39, Court-martialed 8-6-'92. Michigan DMV says he claimed 2 lost driver's licenses in the last 6 months. Ran him through National Driver's Register--Illinois and Indiana issued duplicate licenses last week.

PRESTON

(rises quickly, dons coat)  
Have Customs run his passport--I want to know where he is and where he's been. Then call Andrews and tell 'em we're wheels-up in twenty minutes.

44 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

44

A Gulfstar business jet rolls out of a starry sky. The cabin is a flying office with computers, cellular phones, fax machines, etc. Witherspoon walks down the aisle, cellular phone tucked in his ear, relaying information to Preston:

WITHERSPOON

(to Preston)

Pentagon... DoD records... Service in Honduras, El Sal, Beirut. Sniper School Instructor. ATF says he has a Federal Fire Arms license and carry him as owner of three CAR-15s, a Barrett .50 cal. and too many pistols to list.

In the back, Declan is bemused by this show of technology, Valentina scribbling notes in the seat next to him. At the front, McMurphy works another phone. He's got an update:

MCMURPHY

Detroit PD surveillance says neither of his two cars are parked in the neighborhood.

PRESTON

We're ten minutes out. Tell Detroit PD to secure the house and begin the search.

FBI AGENTS scurry through the house, searching every inch, plowing through desks, drawers, kitchen cabinets. Meanwhile 2 AGENTS with a cutting torch burn their way into a wall safe. Preston, Declan, and Valentina enter. Preston is handed a folder which he opens, passing it to Declan. It's the service record of one Charles H. Calthrop. The photo is of a very young Green Beret Lieutenant -- the face is so extremely, gawkily youthful as to be unrecognizable.

PRESTON

That him?

DECLAN

(studying photo)

Could be... He's had surgery. His face has probably changed a number of times.

PRESTON

(to Witherspoon)

The neighbors say he's on a hunting trip in Canada. Check for a Charles Calthrop flying from any Canadian airport to or from Helsinki around the time of the Jackal's meeting with Terek.

VALENTINA

Also anyone flying to Stockholm. He could take the train from there. If that doesn't work try Oslo, Copenhagen, and the Baltic Ferry lines.

DECLAN

He'll be using false papers so you'll have to check every passenger.

PRESTON

You heard them.

WITHERSPOON

I'm on it.

PRESTON

And get a laser in here. I want prints.

VALENTINA

If you take the first three letters of Charles and the first three letters of Calthrop, you get the word Chacal--

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN  
(pounces on it)  
French for jackal.

The hunters exchange looks, a chill running up their backs...

46 INT. MONTREAL AIRPORT - DAY

46

The Jackal walks to the Customs desk in the departure area.  
The female CUSTOMS OFFICER is extremely friendly.

CUSTOM WOMAN  
Good morning...

The Jackal smiles blankly, opening a red Argentine passport.  
The Customs woman stamps an exit visa into it, hands it back.

CUSTOMS WOMAN  
Senor Ruidiaz. Hasta la huego.

47 EXT. PARKING GARAGE, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

47

Carrying a black shoulder bag, the Jackal walks to the railing of a rooftop parking deck, producing a small pair of binoculars and looking out across the city. From the BINOCULARS' POV we SEE: the Capitol dome, Pennsylvania Avenue, the U.S. Mint, finally the White House...

48 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

48

The finishing touches are being put on the new wing of a Children's Hospital. A WORK CREW paints lines on a fresh asphalt parking lot where a sign announces a gala opening next week. A list of Washington luminaries appear under the headline, including the First Lady, a Senator, the Surgeon General, and the Director of the FBI. The Jackal takes a photograph. While O.S. we HEAR the opening BASSLINE of DISCO MUSIC cranking up, the Jackal checks off "where" and "when"...

Donna Summer's "Hot Love" thumps from the jukebox of this upscale gay bar off DuPont Circle. The place is medium busy with a clientele of gay "clones", conservative homosexuals in government jobs, dressed mostly in slacks and LaCoste aligator shirts. While on the dance floor, a Brooks Brothers-clad BUREAUCRAT-TYPE dances with a beefy CONSTRUCTION WORKER, the Jackal sits at the end of the bar drinking a beer. Drink in hand, a good-looking young lawyer takes the stool next to the Jackal. His name is DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS

Hi.

Several drinks later. Douglas and the Jackal sit at a back booth, laughing at shared joke. Douglas puts a hand on the Jackal's knee.

DOUGLAS

I think you better come home with me.

JACKAL

(touches Douglas' hand)

I'd love to, but I can't. I have to fly back to Atlanta tomorrow. And wrap up my divorce.

The Jackal grimaces then nods at Douglas' raised eyebrow:

JACKAL

She knows.

Douglas nods sympathetically, absolutely buying his pose. The Jackal is clearly a splendid actor.

DOUGLAS

I'd sure like to see you again.

JACKAL

Well... let me have your number.

DOUGLAS

(hands him card)

You're not gonna call.

JACKAL

I will. Hey, have a little faith in people. Like I do. 'Night.

(CONTINUED)

Touching his cheek, he walks out. Douglas is utterly smitten.

51 EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - NIGHT

51

The Jackal walks down a Georgetown street past fashionable homes of lobbyists and lawyers, peering in the windows of parked cars. Some have blinking red security lights on the dash but one gleaming BMW is dark. Donning gloves, he takes out an ice pick and silently punches it through the window. Expanding the hole with a few blows of his gloved fist, he reaches in and snatches what he's been after: the plastic resident parking permit dangling from the rearview mirror...

52 EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. USED CAR LOT - DAY

52

A SALESMAN leafs through a stack of \$100 bills while the Jackal gets behind the wheel of a late-model yellow minivan, exactly the same model as before...

53 INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

53

The meeting is an august one: Director Brown, DEPUTIES from CIA, NSC, and SECRET SERVICE, Russian AMBASSADOR KOLDIN, and Security Director BOLITONOV. The only man in the room without a tie, Declan sits at the far end of the table with Valentina. Everyone has a file. Preston turns to Brown.

PRESTON

Maybe we should start by canceling your public appearances.

NSC REP

I don't think that's quite necessary yet. This Calthrop'll need time to prepare. Meanwhile, if he's in the U.S. or attempts to enter, we'll arrest him. Mexico and Canada have the flyer, if he shows they'll detain him. If he turns up in a 3rd country Ambassador Koldin assures us one of their Alpha Teams will deal with him. Also we're running checks on Helsinki travel so one of the passports should come back with a flag.

Declan siezes the floor, oblivious to the beaureaucratic heavies' startled reaction to his outsider's appearance.

DECLAN

Finding one's not enough. He told me he always operates with four false identities--three with him and another at a drop box somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

BOLITONOV

That was some time ago. He might have changed his methods since then.

DECLAN

He's had no reason to. Anyway we better assume he hasn't 'cause otherwise we're sunk and Mr. Brown here's a dead man.

CIA REP

Are you sure the situation's as dire as you make it out? I mean might we not be making a mountain out of a molehill here?

Declan gives Valentina a look like, "Who is this asshole?"

VALENTINA

The Jackal is following Terek's orders for a very bloody, very public assassination--a statement if you will. Terek makes doing his own killing a point of honor so if he's commissioned another to do this for him, be assured, it's something to take very seriously. Director Brown will never be safe until the Jackal is captured or killed.

CIA REP

(to Brown, reassuring)

One independent-contractor, shop-at-home do-it-yourselfer? Let's get real. With just the assets in this room the guy's as good as got. That's if he doesn't make a mistake first and put his own dick in the wringer--which is what these clowns usually do. Don't worry, Don.

DECLAN

Will somebody pour a bucket of water on this glipe 'fore his snorin' wakes the neighbors?

PRESTON

Mulqueen!

DECLAN

Keep your hair on...

(regroups, faces Brown)

'Scuse me, sir, but if you think all your high tech and readouts and bells and whistles're gonna stop this man you're dreamin'. He knows it all back to front, knows how to make it work for

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN (cont'd)

him. Right now you've got a name, that's all. The Jackal's got a target and he's got a timetable. As for makin' mistakes, he's been 20 years at a trade that doesn't forgive error and not only prospered, he's prevailed. You think he's up against a stacked deck? Other way 'round.

Brown isn't a man who scares easy but this gives him pause. He turns for confirmation to Preston who nods. Brown exhales:

BROWN

All right, on the search for this Jackal I'm giving Preston's team the point. It'll be conducted in absolute secrecy. Needless to say, the minutes of this briefing are classified. That's all.

Brown gets up. The others follow suit as...

54 EXT. INTERSTATE 65 - NIGHT

54

Northern Indiana, the middle of the night, and the only beacon on this flat expanse of prairie is a floodlit road sign with a fat arrow and the words "to Chicago". The Jackal's D.C. minivan roars under the sign, heading north...

55 INT. HIGH RISE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

55

Wrapped in a towel, the Jackal walks to a window, the city of Chicago spreading out beneath him. He sits down and dials long distance.

PHONE VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

JACKAL

Jackal.

PHONE VOICE (O.S.)

Jackal is blown. They know about the FBI Director and they know about Calthrop.

The Jackal hangs up the phone. For a long moment he stares out at the city. Somewhere, far below, a SIREN WAILS...

56 INT. O'HARE AIRPORT, U.S. CUSTOMS AREA - DAY

56

Carrying a shoulder bag and suitcase, the Jackal exits a cab and enters the Customs Area, walking toward the CROWD at the departure counters. For a moment he stops, thinking... does he really want to do this? Finally, he makes for the line marked U.S. PASSPORTS...

57 INT. JET WAY - DAY

57

The Jackal walks down the walkway, showing his ticket to a pretty FLIGHT ATTENDANT and boarding an AIR CANADA DC-9.

58 EXT. MONTREAL, LETTERHAM SHIPPING - DAY

58

A waterfront street in Montreal. A white minivan turns into the parking lot of the shipping offices. It's close to quitting time and as the Jackal slides out from behind the wheel a pair of SECRETARIES are exiting the building. Holding the door for them, the Jackal enters...

59 INT. LETTERHAM SHIPPING

59

Lights are being switched off as the Jackal, now Charles C. Murdock again, walks to the desk. The MANAGER looks up.

JACKAL

Uh, Murdock--got a shipment to pick up.

60 EXT. LETTERHAM SHIPPING - DAY

60

A hand dolly leans against the white minivan as the manager shoves a long wooden box into the back and slams the trunk shut. The Jackal smiles.

JACKAL

Thank you much.

61 INT. PRESTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

61

Valentina dozes on a couch in the corner while Declan sits at Preston's desk in a circle of lamp light, shaving with an electric razor. Finished, he opens a drawer to put the razor back and SEES a PISTOL under some papers. He looks at the gun, then at the couch. Valentina is asleep. Suddenly the overhead lights come on and Preston enters, file in hand.

PRESTON

Oslo travel came up with a James William Hayslip who flew from Toronto May 7th, two days before the meeting with Terek. So we checked the Social Security number on his passport. It's legitimate, but guess what--it belongs to an inmate committed to a mental institution in Virginia 12 years ago.

DECLAN

(holds up one finger)

That's him!

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON

(produces another file)

Now, ready for the bomb? Canadian travel says Hayslip flew to Montreal eight days ago.

Valentina leaps up from the couch, taking the files from Preston. She hands Declan a passport photo--the face is a variation of the Jackal's. Preston tugs on Valentina's lapel.

PRESTON

The RCMP liaison officer in Montreal's name is Beaufres, he's checking hotels in the area. Make sure he covers car rental companies and every airline with service to the U.S. And get that photo over to Customs.

DECLAN

The picture won't be worth much unless he's using Hayslip's name--which he won't. He'll have a different name and face for operating on the ground.

62 EXT. MONTREAL - STRIP MALL COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

62

The Jackal, wearing tinted contact lenses, his hair style and color totally unlike the picture, finishes off a sandwich at an outside table, in sight of his minivan parked out front. A MAN sitting in a parked sedan across the street looks away as the Jackal turns his gaze toward him. Sensing something's not right the Jackal stands, putting a couple of bills on the table. He walks away from his van, pretending to gawk into a grubby-looking shoe store window--in the reflection of which he can SEE 2 OTHER MEN getting into the sedan. All 3 men are looking his way. Walking a few doors down, the Jackal enters an all-night copy shop.

63 INT. COPY SHOP

63

At the counter, a bored TEENAGE CLERK reads Byte magazine.

JACKAL

Do you have a computer I can rent?

64 INT. COMPUTER RENTAL BOOTH - NIGHT

64

The Jackal's fingers fly over the keys. There is the SOUND of a dial tone and then a number being dialed. The Jackal types out: "SYNWEAP @: 32 November Zebra", then on the computer screen: CLIENT REFERENCE 008 ZULU--DO YOU HAVE UPDATES?

(CONTINUED)

The computer screen silently types back: IMPORTANT YOU CONTACTED US. INTERNET PENETRATED. POSSIBILITY YOUR SHIPMENT COMPROMISED.

The Jackal types: POLICE?

The answer scrolls silently across his screen: HI JACKERS.

65 INT. MINI-VAN - NIGHT

65

Driving through the outskirts of Montreal, the Jackal checks his rearview mirror. In the road behind him, the sedan follows at a discreet distance. The Jackal turns into the underground parking garage of an "All Suites" hotel. The sedan pulls to the curb as the parking barrier comes down behind the Jackal's minivan.

66 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

66

The Jackal drives to the lowest level, backing the van into a space. Knowing he doesn't have much time, he quickly removes the temporary plates, putting on the stolen ones. Then, opening the back of the van and tossing a blanket over the crate, he pulls out a pair of rubber surgical gloves and a SMALL BLACK AEROSOL CAN which he handles with great care. Locking the hatch back up, he pulls on the gloves, picks up a high pressure hose and begins to wash the white paint off the van...

The men from the sedan--call them LOPEZ, ALVEREZ, and ZIMANSKI--walk down the ramp. Big, tough-looking, all with bulges in their jackets, they look out at the cars parked around them.

LOPEZ

You guys check upstairs.

He keeps looking. Alvarez and Zimanski move to the stairs.

67 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

67

Going up, the Jackal stands alone in the glass elevator, the looming interior of the hotel opening around him, 10 floors of hallways and balconies over a cavernous indoor courtyard. He looks down. 5 floors below, he sees Alvarez and Zimanski talk to a CLERK at the front desk, then go to the elevators.

68 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

68

The Jackal slips into his room, grabbing his already-packed bags...

Lopez stands at the front bumper of a blue minivan. In a puddle under the bumper, he notices a white swirl dripping off the van--remnants of the white paint. Lopez smiles, walks to the rear of the van and peers in the window, spotting the blanket-covered crate. He reaches for the back door handle latch. Suddenly a SHOUT bursts from his lips. He jerks his hand back--the handle is sprayed with CONTACT POISON, absolutely lethal. Blood streaming from eyes, mouth, and nostrils, staggering through babbling convulsions like an epileptic, Lopez finally falls, his sloshing death-rattle echoing through the empty garage...

## 70 INT. HOTEL FIFTH FLOOR - NIGHT

70

Zimanski and Alvarez exit the elevator into the hallway, stopping her in front of the Jackal's door as a MAID trundles past with a cleaning cart. Zimanski stops her:

ZIMANSKI

Uh, we left our key in the room. Can you let us in?

MAID

Certainly, sir.

Inserting her pass key into the lock, she turns the door handle and SCREAMS--the room door has also been poisoned. The Maid falls to the floor, her bloody shrieks pealing through the hallway as she dies, her rigid hand still clutched to the knob. Transfixed in horror, Zimanski and Alvarez instinctively go for their guns, but--

The Jackal SPRINGS into frame from behind, on them in an instant. A rapid flurry of action as the Jackal takes them out with swift precision: he DRILLS his left fist with tremendous force into Zimanski's throat, letting him fall in a choking heap with a crushed larynx while turning on Alvarez, in one move bending his gun arm back, SNAPPING it like a twig, and using it to spin him into a neck-hold that automatically CRUMPLES his spinal cord with a sickening 'cluck'. Over as quickly as it began, all is silence as the Jackal steps over the bodies and walks calmly down the hall to the stairs...

## 71 INT. GULFSTAR JET - DAY

71

The flying office is pointed north, Preston, Valentina, and Declan huddled in the back.

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON

Hayslip's disappeared, probably using one of the other identities. We've given Hayslip's passport picture to the Border Patrol. Maybe we'll get lucky.

VALENTINA

The only place we're sure he's been is Montreal. I'll call the RCMP for any unusual criminal activity there.

DECLAN

He won't draw any attention to himself. I told you, he doesn't make mistakes.

VALENTINA

No, you're wrong. And you've been wrong-- men like that always make at least one mistake. After all, isn't that how you were caught?

She goes forward. Preston looks at Declan, gleam in his eyes:

PRESTON

So, there!

Both men burst into laughter, as much to relieve tension as anything. Then Declan turns pensive, lowering his voice:

DECLAN

Tell me about her.

PRESTON

Well... you don't have to worry about her if that's what you're wondering. Best cop I've ever seen.

DECLAN

Honestly... How so?

PRESTON

Well she saved my life for one thing. And did it knowing she'd be under a death sentence from Terek for killing his brother.

DECLAN

Fierce woman.

PRESTON

And can you imagine what it must've taken to do what she's done? A woman like her? In that country, under that system? Amazing...

(CONTINUED)

Declan nods, brows knitting thoughtfully as she returns.

VALENTINA

RCMP reports quadruple homicide in  
Montreal: one with crushed larynx, one  
broken neck, two by some sort of poison.

Both look at Declan who bows his head in gentlemanly fashion:

DECLAN

He made a mistake.

72 INT. ALL SUITES HOTEL - FIFTH FLOOR - DAY

72

Valentina, DECLAN, Preston, and RCMP Detective BEAUFRES,  
stare down at the taped silhouette of the Maid's body. A  
plastic bag is taped over the door handle.

BEAUFRES

We discovered the poison when a Montreal  
Detective opened the door. He's still in  
critical condition.

PRESTON

Did you get prints anywhere?

BEAUFRES

No. We had to call a hazardous waste  
unit to sterilize the room and hallway.

Declan kneels to study the doorknob.

PRESTON

What the hell was it?

DECLAN

Shellfish toxin. Mixed with DMSO and  
sprayed on in aerosol probably.

PRESTON

Good God... What about the others?

BEAUFRES

The three men all had criminal records.  
The room was rented to an Argentine  
named Ruidiaz.

Declan looks at Preston, holding up two fingers.

DECLAN

Now then, where'd the fourth victim die?

They're near the empty parking spot in the garage. The body outline is where the man fell, about twenty feet from where the van was parked. DECLAN is walking past some POLICE TECHNICIANS as Beaufres talks.

BEAUFRES

Probably killed with the same poison, apparently on some sort of van parked in that spot, judging by the tracks.

Declan is crouched over the puddle of white paint film.

DECLAN

Had a coat of white water-based paint on it. He washed it off to confuse anyone who might be following him.

WITHERSPOON

(walks up)

Desk clerk picked out Hayslip's photo as the man who checked in under the Argentine passport. Bellman thinks he drove a white van with temporary plates.

DECLAN

(snaps fingers)

Just bought it--look for a new-bought car

PRESTON

(to Witherspoon)

Do an alpha trace on all purchases in this part of the country. Then check all the buyers and see who doesn't know about the purchase.

(to Beaufres)

Meanwhile, will you put out a bulletin on all minivans with temp plates?

DECLAN

No, he'll have stolen plates by now on whatever he's driving.

BEAUFRES

What do I use for a description?

PRESTON

Send the Hayslip photo.

74 EXT. SELF SERVICE CAR WASH - DAY

74

A 2 lane highway cuts through forestland. Off to the side of the road sits one of the anomalies of Canadian architecture: an art-moderne car wash in the middle of nowhere. The van's doors are open and the Jackal whistles as he scrubs the side of it with a soap-and-steam-gushing pressure brush finishing the original white-off job and washing off the door handle...

75 EXT. CANADIAN ROUTE 417 - DAY

75

As the Jackal pilots his blue van the radar detector on the dash starts to CHIRP. The Jackal glances at the speedometer and smiles--he's doing an even 55 miles an hour. Sure enough, cresting a slight hill, the Jackal pulls the sun visor down low as he spots an Ontario Provincial police cruiser parked facing traffic, a radar gun clipped to the window. The van sails right past...

76 EXT. OTTAWA TOOL AND DIE COMPANY - DAY

76

77 INT. OTTAWA TOOL AND DIE COMPANY

77

Through the window we see the Jackal's blue van parked out front as Lamont beams, watching the Jackal examine his handiwork. The unit is a hollow metallic cylinder, 3 feet high. Inside are servos, gears, electric motors, etc. A short support arms juts from the middle of the unit. Even without a gun stuck in it, the contraption looks odd and dangerous. The Jackal pushes the support arm and the entire unit glides effortlessly through 270 degrees. Bending down, he looks at the base. It's black--non-metallic.

LAMONT

Oh, I couldn't get any titanium so I had a friend mold the base out of carbon fiber instead. Came in 23 kilos under the weight you asked for. Cool?

JACKAL

Aren't you forgetting something?

(as Lamont shrugs)

The plans. I also want the left-over raw material and the carbon fiber mold.

LAMONT

Uh, maybe we oughta talk about that.

JACKAL

Oh?

(CONTINUED)

LAMONT

See, a rig like this, I figure it's supporting something pretty heavy. Gatling gun maybe, 20 millimeter cannon... So you gotta be shooting at something big. Armored car, bank vault-- hey, who knows, maybe a fuckin' airliner. Point is, a job like that can attract attention.

JACKAL

I don't want attention.

LAMONT

Right. That's why I figure the plans and the mold're worth a little bonus.

JACKAL

How much?

LAMONT

Oh, like... hundred grand. Hey, it's worth it. You got a serious piece of equipment there.

JACKAL

(pauses, shrugs)

All right. I'll have the first fifty for you tomorrow. But I'll need a place to test the mount first. Someplace we won't get noticed.

LAMONT

We got a place like that.

78 EXT. FOREST - DAY

78

A stand of old-growth pine, huge, towering trees, 3 feet across. A white paper plate is nailed to one of them, two nails where eyes would be, a third in place of a nose. The Jackal has the mount set up in a clearing about a quarter-mile away, his van nearby, an impatient-looking Lamont looking on, his beat-up sedan in the b.g. The Jackal cracks open the 'sailing mast' case, extracting the long, evil shape of a Polish ZSu-33 cannon. He places it on the support arm with the video camera and 1000mm lens on a bracket above the gun, all four feet of which snap perfectly into place. Lamont comes up next to him, nodding proudly.

LAMONT

See, man, that's craftsmanship.

(CONTINUED)

The Jackal connects the car battery to the mount then the small TV set and R/C unit seen earlier in the hotel. He hits a switch: on the TV screen is a view of the stand of trees. He works the joystick and servos WHIR, gun and camera panning left and right until they find the tree with the paper plate. Pushing a button on the joystick, the camera zooms in until the nails show plainly under the crosshairs.

LAMONT

Son-of-a-bitch...

The Jackal opens a metallic case--inside are several belts of 14.4mm cartridges fixed with odd, gleaming bullets.

LAMONT

Hairy lookin' rounds.

JACKAL

Penetrate anything. They're made of depleted uranium so once they get inside they spall--just go crazy. You'll see.

LAMONT

Aw-right...

He breaks three rounds from the end of a belt and inserts one into the breech of the cannon. Lamont stiffens.

JACKAL

Here get behind me, I gotta zero the gun.

Lamont does so and the Jackal lets the bolt CLACK forward. Eyes fixed on the TV screen, the Jackal squeezes the trigger. The cannon round DETONATES with a sound like a THUNDERCLAP. A flock of birds SQUAWK, bursting into the air en masse as the echo CRASHES through empty forest. The TV screen shows a bullet hole on the plate but high and to the left. Lamont is enthralled. The Jackal adjusts two screws on the mount and loads another shell, then returns to the joystick. Another DEAFENING REPORT and a whirlwind of bark and splinters BLASTS out from behind the tree. On the TV, a neat bullet hole appears dead center on the paper plate.

LAMONT

Whoa...

Reloading, the Jackal hits the keyboard under the joystick.

JACKAL

Hey, how do I make it sight-in automatically?

(CONTINUED)

LAMONT

Just punch in whatever windage and elevation you want and hit 'enter'.

JACKAL

Oh, right, right... let's see, have to sort of 'guesstimate'...

(hits keys)

Okay... Here, you wanna do the honors?

LAMONT

Shit yeah!

The Jackal steps aside as a thrilled Lamont hits 'enter'. Side-by-side, they watch the cannon automatically swing around, unexpectedly doing a COMPLETE ABOUT-FACE, the muzzle stopping just short of the Jackal but right between Lamont's eyes. Lamont freezes. The Jackal steps behind the breech.

LAMONT

What is this?

JACKAL

Hey, got it first try. Nice job, Lamont.

(points across clearing)

Okay, I'm gonna speed-test this thing now so... Run.

LAMONT

What?

JACKAL

I said run. Now.

His icy stare convinces Lamont and he bolts, sprinting across the clearing for all he's worth, cackling in terror. The Jackal follows his every twist and turn on the joystick, keeping him exactly in the crosshairs with perfect ease and precision, the effect on the TV very much like those Gulf War smart-bomb videos. Meanwhile, under his breath:

JACKAL

Come on, faster... good, back and forth, that's right... Keep going... All right, that's fine, stop.

(out loud to Lamont)

STOP!

Puffing hard, Lamont stops near his car, about 100 yards away. The Jackal hunkers over the TV, minutely adjusting the joystick while giving orders to the trembling Lamont:

(CONTINUED)

JACKAL

All right, stand up straight... good.  
Now hold out your right arm... Not your  
left, the other one... Hold it out  
straight... Higher... Okay, right there.

Insensate with fright, Lamont stands stock-still, right arm held straight out at shoulder level. A last trim on the joystick, then the Jackal pulls the trigger. The round SEVERES Lamont's right arm and most of his shoulder at the collar bone. Lamont wails loud and low, scarcely able to believe his eyes. The Jackal calls to him:

JACKAL

Move over by your car. Come on, before  
you pass out.

The cannon muzzle follows Lamont's incomplete form as he staggers to his car in a disoriented, swooning haze, sagging against the driver's door. The Jackal lifts a full belt of 14.4mm ammunition and snaps the lead shell into the breech.

JACKAL

Here's that bonus...

The Jackal LEANS on the trigger and with a hellish sound like the voice of Armageddon the cannon now FIRES FULL AUTOMATIC, its depleted uranium projectiles piercing the air in a FLAME-STABBING STREAK, RIPPING through a FIFTY ROUND BURST with unimaginable speed, the concussion raising a line of dust from the ground...

Lamont's body DISINTEGRATES into an explosion of pink vapor, shredded rags and bone fragments flying, the bullets ploughing through into the car beyond, OBLITERATING the driver's side with stunning suddenness and making the entire car seem to collapse in on itself. The power of this machine is staggering, like nothing ever seen. Shutting it down, the Jackal allows himself a smile, satisfied with the weapon. Indeed, it seems nothing less than the literal wrath of God.

79 INT. RCMP HEADQUARTERS, MONTREAL - DAY

79

Preston writes on a chalkboard. Scribbled on the slate is the Jackal's itinerary as they know it. And the names RUIDIAZ and HAYSLIP. Preston writes a question mark as Beaufres and Witherspoon enter.

WITHERSPOON

Last week a Charles C. Murdock bought a new blue Dodge minivan--which was a big surprise to Mr. Murdock since his passport and wallet were stolen at Frankfurt airport ten days ago.

(CONTINUED)

VALENTINA

That's the third identity.

PRESTON

Anything from the border? We sent a description of the van to every crossing from here to Manitoba.

DECLAN

Might've crossed already.

A uniformed MOUNTIE whispers something to Beaufres who nods.

BEAUFRES

Renfrew--a little town outside of Ottawa. I think your man's been there.

80 EXT. OTTAWA TOOL AND DIE - DAY

80

An RCMP helicopter ZOOMS down out of the sky and lands. Preston, Valentina, and Declan exit from the back, Beaufres the front. An ONTARIO DETECTIVE greets them.

DETECTIVE

The Coroner has the body parts at Glasgow. Not much left, what's there's mostly mush. Want me to take you over?

PRESTON

I think we got the idea. Let's look at the shop.

81 INT. OTTAWA TOOL AND DIE COMPANY

81

The place is being searched by MOUNTIES and PROVINCIAL POLICE, getting a thorough going-over. Declan pokes around the machinery. Valentina and Preston talk to Beaufres.

BEAUFRES

The owner's Ian Lamont, small-time hood.

Declan calls over from one of the lathes.

DECLAN

That's a carbon fiber mold over there.

82 INT. TOOL AND DIE OFFICE - LATER

82

Preston, Valentina, and Declan pore over a set of plans--the Jackal's plans.

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN

It's a remote firing station. Motors and servos depress and elevate the weapon. You run it off a hard wire or a remote control like a model airplane. We used to make them once in a while. But this mount's almost three times normal size. I'd say he has some kind of anti-aircraft weapon, probably electric. That's why he needs the minivan--to move it around.

VALENTINA

Is he going to shoot down a plane?

DECLAN

You can buy a mount for doin' that. Besides, a stinger missile's the thing for aircraft. No, something else's up.

PRESTON

What would his range be on a gun like this? Eight hundred yards? A thousand?

DECLAN

I think you're talking about at least a mile. But it's not just the range, it's the cyclic rate. With this kinda weapon, there'll be a hundred bullets on the way 'fore the first one even hits the target.

Preston paces the room, disgusted at the idea. And worried...

83 EXT. SILVER WATER YACHT CHARTERS - DAY

83

Sailboats and Cabin Cruisers are tied to a pier in a quiet, wooded cove. The Jackal walks down the dock with DAVIS, the cardigan-clad manager of this charter outfit. He points his clipboard at a beautiful, 48-foot sloop named "Deja Vu".

DAVIS

Water and fuel tanks are topped off. She's got radar, GPS, and auto pilot. Even a cellular phone 'case you wanna call your wife.

The Jackal looks her over. She's sleek, eminently seaworthy.

JACKAL

She's perfect.

It's late. CRICKETS sing, moths circle the lights over the pier as the Jackal's minivan pulls up next to Deja Vu. Her cargo hatch is open. Standing in the cockpit, the Jackal unscrews the plate at the end of the boom. The inside is hollow. The Jackal lifts the ZSU-33 cannon into the hollow space, pushing it in and re-attaching the end plate...

Sails furled, Deja Vu drifts far out in Lake Michigan, no land in sight. The Jackal walks aft, pulling a paper cover from the transom. The name Deja Vu has been replaced by 'Insolent Minx.', port of call, Chicago. The Jackal admires his handiwork, crumpling the transfer paper and tossing it into the lake. He returns to the cockpit and pushes a pair of buttons. The mainsail and jib unfurl on hydraulic rollers, wind instantly filling them. Insolent Minx and her deadly cargo are airborne, heading for Chicago. The Jackal takes a cellular phone and punches in a set of numbers.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello.

JACKAL

Jackal.

VOICE (O.S.)

They know about Murdock, Hayslip, and the Argentine. They have an Irishman helping them.

JACKAL

Irishman... Name.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mulqueen, Declan Mulqueen.

Recognition flares in his eyes along with a flash of relish.

JACKAL

The operation is a go.

Dinner time and the jet's big screen TV is on forward and the FBI men watch as their boss, Brown, speaks at a Washington women's gathering on CNN. Sitting alone at one of the tables, Declan looks out the window down at the moonlit world below. Valentina appears in the aisle next to him with a tray of food.

(CONTINUED)

VALENTINA

May I?

DECLAN

Please.

Sitting down next to him, she notices his untouched food.

VALENTINA

You aren't going to eat?

DECLAN

Not hungry.

VALENTINA

Do you mind?

He nods. She takes his tray and piles his food on top of hers. Declan smiles, looking back out the window. A BURST of appreciative LAUGHTER from the FBI agents at another table as on TV, Brown escorts the reassuringly matronly FIRST LADY to the podium. She gets off a quip and a sweet ripple of tinkling female laughter passes through the audience. Declan smiles fondly. Valentina points to Brown:

VALENTINA

What do you think of them?

DECLAN

The ladies? Well, I like the President's wife, don't you? Nice smile on her.

VALENTINA

Oh, Declan, you like all women. Isn't that the Irish saying? "Cherish the ladies..."

DECLAN

Well, I appreciate 'em, I suppose, bein' so often deprived of their company. Not so terribly odd, is it, to cherish what's different? Protect it. I know, you don't need anyone's protection...

VALENTINA

What I meant was what do you think of the FBI? Brown and his men?

DECLAN

I knew what you meant. Well... I like Preston. I think he's a fair man. He's very fond of you.

(CONTINUED)

VALENTINA

We've worked very closely this last year.

DECLAN

He told me you saved his life. And that poxy bugger put you under a death sentence for it? Not to worry, I'll go to Russia and kill the bastard for ya.

VALENTINA

You say that so easily.

DECLAN

Come, wouldn't you kill him if you had the chance? Tell the truth.

VALENTINA

I don't break the law, I uphold it.

DECLAN

The law, is it? Jaysus. The law's just a dirty rag the masters wave around when they want something out of you and ignore the rest of the time.

VALENTINA

You don't mean that.

DECLAN

Don't I? Listen, I hate the bloody law. I and mine've suffered under it all me life--and if the fooker was a man I'd bash 'im in the mouth.

VALENTINA

And justice?

DECLAN

Well, somethin' else entirely, isn't it?

VALENTINA

You can't have one without the other.

DECLAN

If you've got one you don't need the other.

VALENTINA

Do you think there's justice in my country? I've seen the law made into a whore more times than I can count. But not once did I use that as an excuse to break faith with it.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

Seeing her emotion and suddenly realizing he's calling her very existence into question, Declan pauses. Finally:

DECLAN

Well, then I guess... if there were more people like you, there'd be fewer people like me.

He gets up, moving off alone. She looks down, blushing again.

87 EXT. SAILBOAT COCKPIT - DAY

87

The Jackal lifts a pair of binoculars, pointing them toward a crowd of sails on the horizon. A flotilla of yachts is heading south--a large Stateside regatta. The Jackal helms over, bringing Insolent Minx into the wind and pointing her bow toward the cluster of sails...

88 INT. FBI H.Q., DIRECTOR BROWN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

88

Lights are burning on the 3rd floor, a lot of overtime being earned. The usual faces are gathered, slumped around the table, dejection plain on everyone's face. Preston faces Brown.

PRESTON

I'm afraid, sir, that immediately we conclude this meeting, I'm going to insist you move to Quantico until further notice. Things being what they are, 75,000 Marines on a military installation can protect you a lot better than we can.

The others nod, relectantly confirming the awful truth.

CUSTOMS REP

Every crossing point and airport servicing Canada has his photograph but RCMP has nothing. Border patrol and INS are on full alert and likewise.

SECRET SERVICE REP

It doesn't take Houdini to get across from Canada. He could just walk over.

PRESTON

No, he has a weapon and mount to transport.

Declan spreads a road atlas on the table and points.

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN

What kind of patrols are there on these?

PRESTON

The Great Lakes? Virtually none.

DECLAN

Are there ferry services?

CUSTOMS REP

Not many. We checked those. People drive.

DECLAN

What about private yachts? What kind of immigration controls are there?

CUSTOMS REP

Arriving vessels have to check with the Harbormaster.

DECLAN

If he took a boat he'd want to mix in with others. Any gatherings to speak of?

NSC REP

The Chicago-Mackinac Regatta's on.

BROWN

(to Preston)

What do you think?

PRESTON

It's better than just waiting for him to show up.

89 EXT. SAILBOAT COCKPIT, LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

89

The Chicago skyline looms on the horizon on this brilliant summer morning. Dozens of boats are crowded around Insolent Minx as the Jackal turns at the helm and looks behind him. Blue lights flashing, a Coast Guard cutter is coming up, a COAST GUARDSMAN on deck scanning him with binoculars. The Jackal coolly turns his face away and puts on a Cubs baseball cap. The Coast Guard cutter crosses behind Insolent Minx, then passes to starboard, turning on its firefighting hoses. Gushing celebratory fountains, the U.S. Coast Guard escorts the flotilla--and the Jackal--into Chicago....

90 EXT. CHICAGO YACHT CLUB - DAY

90

A forest of sailboat masts clog a sprawling marina, the piers crowded with YACHTSMEN and SPECTATORS. Declan, Valentina, Witherspoon, and Preston spread a map of Chicago on the hood of a police cruiser.

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON

Eighteen yacht clubs and marinas in the metro area. Witherspoon take Waveland. Declan and Valentina, Chicago Yacht Club. I'll take the locals. We're looking for an Ontario-registered boat. It may have race numbers, it may not.

A sudden, rapid series of EXPLOSIONS, exactly like gunfire. The hunters spin around. A BURST OF FIREWORKS spatters up from the piers. The tension level is beginning to tell.

PRESTON

Stay on your radios. If you find something, call in back-up. I want an arrest, not a firefight.

DECLAN

(pulls Preston aside)

What about lettin' me have a gun?

PRESTON

Are you crazy? If the right people even knew I was letting you walk around without cuffs I'd get forced retirement.

Preston and the others drive off. Valentina and Declan study the literally hundreds of boats in the harbor all around them, both shaking their heads in amazement. After a beat:

DECLAN

So many...

VALENTINA

Rich people.

91 EXT. YACHT CLUB PIERS - DAY

91

Declan and Valentina walks down pier 28, checking out the sailboat transoms--most are locally-registered. None look remotely suspicious.

VALENTINA

I'll check this way.

Valentina walks to the adjacent pier. FIREWORKS continue to bang and pop as Declan keeps searching here at pier 28. At the next one, pier 29, the Jackal's minivan, now green, is parked about 50 yards from the Insolent Minx. There's no sign of him on deck or on the pier. Valentina passes within 50 feet of the vehicle, but does not check it out. Walking down pier 28, Declan examines boats from Chicago, Milwaukee, Traverse City... Stopping at one from Thessalon, Ontario, a bikini-clad WOMAN emerges from below decks.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN  
Champagne?

DECLAN  
Maybe later.

Declan looks across the narrow space between docks at pier 29, catching sight of the blue minivan, curiosity piqued--though he can't see its license plate he can see into the cargo compartment where a blanket covers some bulky object.

Just then the Jackal emerges from Insolent Mix, stepping onto the dock as another string of FIRECRACKERS goes off. Suddenly TIME STANDS STILL as Declan SPOTS the Jackal walking for the minivan, the identification as much visceral as visual. His predator's radar telling him something's up, the Jackal turns. Separated by 20 yards of water, the Jackal and Declan LOCK ON to each other in recognition:

Declan's eyes...

The Jackal's eyes...

Declan has no cover, no weapon.

Walking down the road at the foot of the piers, Valentina catches sight of a man drawing a silenced pistol from his rain slicker and throwing down on Declan--it's the Jackal.

VALENTINA  
Declan!

The Jackal glances at her as Valentina draws her pistol. Declan dives off the pier into the water. Returning to the target of Declan underwater, the Jackal knows Valentina is about to fire and smoothly drops to one knee just as...

Valentina FIRES, her bullet smashing into a piling where the Jackal's head just was. Keeping his eyes on his underwater target, the Jackal points his pistol behind him and blindly RAPID FIRES 1-2-3-4-5-6 times in Valentina's direction...

Valentina dives over the fender of a car as half a dozen silenced slugs SPANG into it, pinning her behind the car. Though there are PEOPLE everywhere, only a few grasp what's happening. Meanwhile more FIREWORKS chatter as Valentina FIRES twice...

Both shot miss, but force the Jackal to move, giving up on Declan. He conceals his pistol and starts for the minivan...

Valentina dashes from behind the car fender just as a huge semi pulls a 40-foot sloop across the road, blocking her view. She rolls under the slowly-passing trailer...

(CONTINUED)

Spotting an OLDER MAN walking down the pier with his WIFE, the Jackal purposely bumps into him and from under his slicker PUMPS a silenced slug into his chest.

JACKAL

This man's hurt! Someone help! Somebody get a doctor!

The wife screams. Heads poke up from adjoining boats, a CROWD starting to gather as the Man writhes on the dock. Declan surfaces, hearing the minivan STARTING up above...

The minivan roars off Pier 29 past a Chevy Caprice double-parked by the gate--obviously an FBI car with its full set of antennas. The Jackal pumps FIVE BULLETS into its hood as he passes. Declan shoves through the crowd to where Valentina watches the minivan turning up the street. Soaked but unharmed, Declan runs up to her. She shakes her head.

DECLAN

Well, had our chance, didn't we?

92 EXT. PIER - DAY

92

The pier is crowded with an ambulance and police cruisers while the hunters confer, Declan turning to Preston:

Declan

He knew who I was and he wasn't surprised. Someone he hadn't seen in ten years. He knew I might be around. He was expecting me.

Preston gets it--there's a leak. He turns to Witherspoon:

PRESTON

We know the make and color of the car. See if anybody got the license plates then get a bulletin to every toll booth in Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. And I want registration cards from every hotel within 20 miles of the Interstate going east.

DECLAN

Might as well go back to Washington 'til we hear something. Only thing we can do now's stay between him and the target.

PRESTON

I guess you're right... Anything else?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

DECLAN

Yeah, give me the fookin' gun next time  
I ask for it.

93 EXT. TENNESSEE HIGHWAY - DAY

93

Hill country swells in a glorious spring morning as the Jackal's van, now green, crests a hill and down a draw.

94 EXT. BUBBA'S U-STORE-IT - DAY

94

Sunlight streams into an empty rented storage cubicle as the Jackal unlocks and heaves up the door. A reinforced cardboard box sits atop a wooden pallet. Toolbox in hand, the Jackal kneels in front of it. He slices open the front of the cardboard carton with a box cutter. There is a safe inside. The Jackal fingers the combination dial, pulls on the lever, and the latches pop. Gingerly, he lets the door open an inch, placing a wooden wedge between the door and the latch. Using cutters, the Jackal reaches into the crack and snips a wire. He swings the safe door wide open. Rigged to blow, a Thermite grenade is taped to the inside. He removes the grenade, replaces the pin, and puts it into his toolbox, then takes a thick manila envelope from the safe. He rips open the envelope. It contains a pair of Virginia license plates, some cash, and a full set of fake I.D. including credit cards, driver's license, and passport.

95 EXT. CANFIELD HOUSE INN. - DAY

95

A Victorian mansion somewhere outside of Memphis converted to a romantic weekend retreat. The Jackal's van is parked out front.

96 INT. FRONT DESK - DAY

96

A CLERK hands the Jackal a room key. The Jackal picks up his shoulder bag and heads across the lobby. Descending the staircase is a striking woman in a white sundress, straw hat, and summer gloves. This is JENNIFER STRASSER. About 40, she is very beautiful, very southern, and very wealthy. Passing on the stairs, the Jackal looks back at her...

97 INT. CANFIELD HOUSE, DINING ROOM - LATER

97

Evening service is ending. Alone at a corner table by the fire, Jennifer sips a glass of wine. She takes a cigarette from her purse. The Jackal appears from thin air with a lighter. She takes the light.

JENNIFER

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

JACKAL  
Mind some company?

JENNIFER  
No, I'd like that.  
(as he sits)  
What brings you to Memphis?

JACKAL  
Business.

JENNIFER  
What kind of business keeps you so fit?

JACKAL  
Uh, flattery. More, more.

JENNIFER  
No, your turn.

JACKAL  
Well, let's see...

He pretends to look her over and they share a smile...

98 INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

98

Using an oversized compass Witherspoon draw mile-wide circles on a huge map of D.C. next to a diagram of the Jackal's movements and identities. Preston turn to Declan.

PRESTON  
Which way do you think he's coming?

DECLAN  
East. But he'll take his time. He knows  
you can't watch toll booths forever.

Preston shakes his head, pacing as Valentina enters.

VALENTINA  
RCMP reports the Jackal flew from  
Montreal to Washington eight days ago.  
He used the Argentinian passport. U.S.  
Customs has an exit --

Preston draws a line from Chicago to Montreal on the diagram.

PRESTON  
Okay, he flew from Chicago back to  
Montreal two days before the killings,  
that leaves four days unaccounted for...

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN

He was here. He had to recce the shooting site, find a place to install the weapon, and plan his escape routes.

PRESTON

Damn! He's ahead of us every step.

VALENTINA

(to Declan)

What would you be doing now?

DECLAN

He's burned three ID's. He needs another. He'll get it from a drop box somewhere and we're back to square one.

PRESTON

But we have a physical description, at least that isn't going to change.

DECLAN

He has a lot of faces. For instance, he got out of Spain using cordite--you eat a piece, it gets you sick, an hour later you feel fine, but your skin's gray and bloated. You could pass for fifty.

PRESTON

(thinks hard, decides)

Allright, we're going to release the Hayslip picture. Maybe the public, God love 'em, will help. We'll say he's a suspected serial killer. The press eats that stuff up. Besides, it's the truth.

99 INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM - NIGHT

99

The lights are off. The white sundress and hat are thrown on the floor. Jennifer lies in bed, splashed by moonlight. The Jackal pulls her close. She puts a finger to his lips:

JENNIFER

Don't say anything, Mr. Walters.

Jennifer kisses him passionately, her hands unbuttoning his shirt, legs wrapping around his waist...

100 INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM - NIGHT

100

Jennifer is asleep. The Jackal gets up, finds her purse, and takes out her wallet, looking at her driver's license, memorizing the name and address. Reaching into his coat, he

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

takes out the cellular phone and steps into the bathroom, turning on the light and punching in numbers...

101 INT. FBI OFFICES - BATHROOM

101

Valentina enters and start checking the stalls. She stops in front of the one with an extra-blunt pair of wingtips showing under the door. From inside we hear a weary voice:

PRESTON

Guess this couldn't wait three minutes.

VALENTINA

Sorry, but we have a lead. Someone resembling the Hayslip photo and driving a green minivan checked into a hotel outside of Memphis. It makes sense. He went South and avoided the toll roads.

The toilet flushes. Preston creeps out of the stall.

PRESTON

I hate this job. All right... get Tennessee State Police on the location. Seal the roads in and get a helicopter on Interstate 40.

102 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

102

A MAID is ushered to a table by a STATE TROOPER. Valentina and Witherspoon gesture for him to sit so they can begin the questions. The rest of the GUESTS and STAFF are assembled nearby, waiting. A STATE POLICE SERGEANT takes a paper from the table and walks across the lobby, handing the paper to Preston. Declan sits next to him.

PRESTON

Why does he leave in the middle of the night?

DECLAN

Sometimes you just get a feeling. Or maybe he left once he got what he wanted. Or maybe he was warned.

PRESTON

(to the Sergeant)

He's got at least four hour's head start. Put out a bulletin on the car, list all his aliases, including the new one, Walters.

(to McMurphy)

Photograph everything. Get a latent

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

PRESTON (cont'd)  
 print team into the room. Cross-check  
 the prints between the DoD records and  
 the Hayslip passport application.

Valentina walks over and hands Preston a piece of paper.

VALENTINA  
 The maid says he spent the night with  
 this woman. According to her reservation  
 she lives in Charleston, South Carolina.

PRESTON  
 Let's talk to the lady.

103 EXT. INTERSTATE 285 - ATLANTA - DAY

103

The Jackal's minivan passes the towers of downtown Atlanta.

104 EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

104

The Jackal's van pulls from a stall -- it's yellow now.

105 EXT. CAROLINA MANSION - EVENING

105

Encircled by an immaculate white fence, pasture land dotted  
 with thoroughbred horses, a four columned mansion is  
 surrounded by state police cars and sheriff's cruisers. A  
 helicopter lands on the front lawn. Valentina, Preston, and  
 Declan alight and are met by a STATE TROOPER.

TROOPER  
 She's in the house. She's threatening to  
 call a lawyer. We didn't tell her  
 anything.

106 INT. JENNIFER'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

106

Preston and Valentina sit in wing chairs across from  
 Jennifer. Declan prowls the room. It's a formal Old South-  
 style salon done in antiques and Laura Ashley.

JENNIFER  
 I don't have any idea where he is. All  
 we did was have a drink in the lounge  
 after dinner.

VALENTINA  
 And when you met later in your room?

JENNIFER  
 How dare you--

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON

We know you spent the night with him.  
I'm sorry, Mrs. Strasser, but I think  
you should know how serious this is.

JENNIFER

(lights cigarette, nervous)  
I never saw him before in my life. He  
doesn't even know my real name.

VALENTINA

Did he say where he was going?

JENNIFER

New Orleans. He asked me to come down  
and listen to jazz with him.

Preston looks at Declan. They know he's headed north.

JENNIFER

What did he do?

PRESTON

He killed some people. If you see him  
again--if he contacts you, calls, or  
writes a postcard, let us know.

Preston pulls out a business card. She takes the card. As  
Declan, Valentina, and Preston head for the door:

JENNIFER

Look, I did something stupid. I hope we  
can keep it confidential.

107 INT. DIRECTOR BROWN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

107

The international/beaureaucratic group is gathered. Preston  
punches a button on a cassette recorder.

PRESTON

This was recorded at 1 a.m. this  
morning. It's a call to a number in  
Brighton Beach, New York.

A voice crackles from the speaker--the tinny, static-clogged  
sound of a phone tap. The voice is hard to place.

PHONE VOICE

"They're putting the Jackal's face on  
television, saying he's a serial killer."

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON

(stops the tape)

Unfortunately that information came from this room.

BROWN

Who? Whose voice is on that tape?

A moment passes then Security Director Bolitonov stands.

BOLITONOV

Mine.

Valentina remains looking at her hands as she addresses Ambassador Koldin..

VALENTINA

Mr. Ambassador, we have arranged to hold the 9PM Aeroflot flight to Moscow. A car is waiting to drive Colonel Bolitonov to the airport.

Witherspoon and McMurphy escort Bolitonov from the room. Silence reigns for a few moments. Everyone knows Bolitonov is on a one-way trip.

BROWN

How did you know whose telephone to tap?

PRESTON

I didn't... so I tapped all of them.

A buzz passes around the room, looks going back and forth...

AMBASSADOR KOLDIN

I have a diplomatic immunity. Who authorized you to tap my telephone?

VALENTINA

I did, Ambassador.

Ambassador Koldin doesn't like it, but backs down. Meanwhile Preston produces a photo, holding it up.

PRESTON

The Brighton Beach number belongs to this man, Varlam Slashev. He's the head of Terek's operations in New York.

109 EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH DELICATESSEN - DAY

109

A thoroughfare in the immigrant Little Moscow section of Brooklyn where a sign in the window of a storefront blinks: "Deli & Russki Magazeen". Bells JANGLE as VARLAM SLASCHEV breezes in, a big blue-jawed plug-ugly in Mizoguchi leather, walking through the front of the store and past a set of curtains into a back room...

110 INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

110

A number of thick-set RUSSIAN and TCHETCHEN criminal-types sit around a table, playing cards and smoking. Slashchev joins them at the table, trading jibes in Russian.

111 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DELICATESSEN- DAY

111

Outside, 2 WORKMEN put a sawhorse next to a CON EDISON VAN...

112 INT. VAN - DAY

112

Preston, Declan, Valentina, and Witherspoon are crowded inside the van. It's filled with surveillance equipment, TV monitors, parabolic microphones, etc. Declan sips tea from a paper cup. Next to him with a set of headphones, Valentina listens in on the card game.

VALENTINA

Uh, such language...

DECLAN

What, do you have a microphone in there?

WITHERSPOON

Laser pointed at the window. It encodes the vibrations and sends 'em back to us.

Declan shakes his head, amused by the display of technology.

PRESTON

(into a microphone)

Two six, Alpha Charlie. Tell me when we're clear out front. I want to keep the collateral damage to a minimum.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

"Uh, roger, Alpha Charlie. You've still got four...five civilians in the store."

PRESTON

We'll move in soon as it's clear. I've got agents all around the building and in the street with NYPD back-up. You two

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON (cont'd)  
stay in the van until ~~you~~ the SWAT Team  
enters.

Preston tosses Declan a bulletproof vest, Valentina another.

PRESTON  
No gun, but you can have this. You too,  
Major. And no arguments.

DECLAN  
You really gonna barge in there like  
that? If they're the mad dogs you say,  
they'll as like shoot, surrounded or  
not, if only for the hell of it. Could  
turn into a proper mess.

VALENTINA  
(nods to Preston)  
Remember Terek's brother, Ghazzi?

DECLAN  
And even if you do nick 'em, when's the  
last time one those buggers grassed to  
the peelers--talked to police I mean.

VALENTINA  
Never. At least willingly.

PRESTON  
What's your point?

DECLAN  
Let me go in there.

PRESTON  
What?

DECLAN  
I'll talk to 'em. Reason with 'em.  
Unarmed, just some geezer off the  
street. Worst they can do's say no.  
What'll it cost you? Even if I fail you  
can still do your door-bashin' routine.

Preston looks at Valentina. She shrugs:

VALENTINA  
It might be worth trying.

PRESTON  
Well... your funeral. But if anything  
goes wrong, we're coming in.

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN  
(to Valentina)  
I'll need a translator. You game, Valya?

VALENTINA  
All right.

Ready, they move to the door. Declan pauses, looking back:

DECLAN  
Oh... anything like a crowbar back there?

WITHERSPOON  
(looks, produces tire iron)  
Tire iron do?

DECLAN  
Lovely.

Sliding the tire iron up into his sleeve, he and Valentina get out, start for the deli. Witherspoon whispers to Preston:

WITHERSPOON  
Guy's crazy. From Nuts-ville.

DECLAN  
(overhears, looks back)  
Belfast.

113 EXT. DELICATESSEN - DAY

113

Declan and Valentina come across the street and enter the Deli. The WOMAN behind the register looks up, wary. Declan gives her a smile as they proceed to the curtain in the back, Declan poking his head through...

114 INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

114

Seeing Declan's head, Slashev and the other thugs do a variety of takes. Valentina peeks in too. Slashev stands.

DECLAN  
Uh, 'scuse us, but do you suppose--

SLASHCHEV  
No. No English. Private here. You go.

DECLAN  
Well actually my friend here speaks--

SLASHCHEV  
You go.

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN

It's all right, we just wanna ask some--

SLASHCHEV

I say, you go!

He advances on them. Surprisingly, Declan draws away. Shocked, Valentina starts to speak but he pulls her back.

DECLAN

Okay, all right, no problem then...

Sensing weakness, Slashev gives him a shove. Declan shrinks from him. Valentina protests but Declan stops her, holding both hands up, trying to pacify Slashev.

SLASHCHEV

Go now!

DECLAN

Easy now. Okay, no trouble, we're goin'.  
(through his teeth to  
Valentina)  
Come on then!

Pulling her along, Declan starts retreating back through the store. Valentina simply cannot believe her eyes. Slashev sneers. Then Declan stops, as if suddenly remembering something, starting back timidly, bowed at the waist.

DECLAN

Oh, uh, just one thing?

SLASHCHEV

(sighs)  
What...

DECLAN

This.

Letting the tire iron drop unseen from his sleeve, Declan suddenly HAMMERS one of Slashev's kneecaps, shattering it with a loud 'pop'. Slashev screams and staggers back, falling to the floor...

The other 4 thugs jump up, 2 going for their guns. Valentina draws her pistol and throws down on them. They freeze momentarily, still defiant...

Declan turns on a 3rd thug and quickly CRACKS him across the bridge of his nose, laying him out as the last thug throws a tackle on him. But Declan deftly side-steps, dips down, and PILE-DRIVES an uppercut into his chin, shearing off his

(CONTINUED)

front teeth. The thug drops, holding his mouth and moaning. Seeing their 3 comrades so rapidly and definitively dealt with, the 2 thugs with the guns are now thoroughly cowed. Valentina keeps them covered. Slashev suddenly recognizes her, snarling at her in Russian:

SLASHCHEV

The militia bitch! What are you doing here, you scar-faced cunt?

DECLAN

What did he just say to you... Never mind, I can see it in his face. Just tell him what I say...

Valentina translates his words into Russian as Declan bends down to Slashev, waving the tire iron in his face:

DECLAN

In case you don't know it, that knee's ruined for good. Now you listen to me, you dirty little villian--either you do exactly as I say...

Declan raises the tire iron and brings it HISSING down on Slashev's other knee-cap. Valentina gasps. Slashev shrieks in agony. Now both knees are ruined. Declan nods.

DECLAN

Or you're gonna spend the rest of your life in a wheelchair.

115 INT. DELI BACK ROOM - DAY

115

FBI and NYPD are tearing the front room apart, looking for other Russians and evidence to justify the raid while in the back room, Slashev and the other 4 thugs sit cross-legged on the floor against the far wall, hands on their heads, gentle as lambs, Preston and Witherspoon looking on in amazement. Declan walks up with Valentina, a compact cellular phone and a small black book in his hand. Preston turns to Valentina:

PRESTON

What did he do?

VALENTINA

Well, he... I better let him tell you.

DECLAN

Well, reasoned with him, didn't I? It's man's power to reason that lifts him above the animals. Got this out of it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN (cont'd)

The phone's how all that information got sent. The book's in Russian, his notes.

Declan hands over the phone and black book. Preston's amazed:

PRESTON

Wait a minute. Are you telling me this is the Jackal's phone?

WITHERSPOON

You're kidding!

DECLAN

No... don't think I am actually.

But now the point becomes moot as, surrealistically enough, the phone begins to RING.

WITHERSPOON

Don't have a hook-up yet. What'll we do?

DECLAN

Well whatever it is, do it fast. He won't call back.

Preston shrugs. There's nothing to do. He hands the phone to Declan. He answers it.

DECLAN

Hello, Jackal.

116 EXT. BAR-B-Q PARKING LOT - DAY

116

The Jackal leans against his van, a hand-held cellular phone in his ear. Their conversation INTERCUTS between them.

JACKAL

Declan. Hey.

DECLAN

Haven't seen each other since--well, day before yesterday actually.

In the card room, Preston scribbles the word TRACE on his notepad. Valentina starts out of the room.

JACKAL

Yeah, almost tagged you. By the way, don't bother tracing it. I'm on cellular.

Declan stops Valentina, shaking his head.

(CONTINUED)

JACKAL  
So... how's prison?

DECLAN  
Unpleasant.

JACKAL  
I can imagine. I'll bet you need some money. Whatever they're paying you to catch me, I'll pay you twice that to... not catch me.

DECLAN  
They're releasing me. How you gonna double that?

JACKAL  
Well, can't obviously. Too bad. How do we resolve this?

DECLAN  
Abort your mission.

JACKAL  
Ooo...sorry. Just too much money. Listen, love to keep talking but I'm just swamped, all these odds and ends-- you know me, God is in the details.

DECLAN  
Yeah, well, later then.

JACKAL  
Later. Precisely.

The phone goes dead. Declan shakes his head, handing it back to Preston. Slashchev gimps over, giving him a big smile.

SLASHCHEV  
Fuck you, FBI! He's gonna kill your boss.

Preston explodes, drawing a fist back to deck Slashchev but Declan grabs his arm and stops him, stomping down on Slaschev's instep. He falls, groaning. Declan pats Preston.

DECLAN  
Don't spoil my image of you.

117 EXT. WINDING ROAD - DAY

117

DAVE, a middle-aged man, drives down a rural road in a late-model sedan, obviously lost. As the road begins to curve, he looks down at a map on the seat next to him, drifting into

(CONTINUED)

the oncoming traffic lane. On the other side of the curve, driving at top speed, the Jackal sees the car coming at him, doing his best to avoid him. But Dave hits his brakes, beginning to skid, and CLIPS the rear end of the minivan. The Jackal keeps the van on the road. Dave ends up in a ditch. The Jackal jumps out. The left rear panel is pushed in. Opening the rear gate, he checks the gun mount and weapon. They're undamaged. Just then Dave staggers into view.

DAVE

Are you okay?

JACKAL

I'm fine. You all right?

DAVE

Yeah, but I think my car's pretty much done. I'm sure sorry about this. But don't worry, I got plenty of insurance.

JACKAL

Oh, don't worry about that.

DAVE

You sure?

JACKAL

Believe me, I'm sure.

Something in his manner tells Dave to drop it. He does.

DAVE

Well God, thanks.

The Jackal waves him away, getting back in his van.

DAVE

Guess I ought to be more careful. I could've been killed.

PULL IN on the Jackal as he smiles, starting his engine:

JACKAL

Yeah, you sure could've.

118 INT. SOUTH CAROLINA MANSION - DAY

118

Jennifer's home. The DOORBELL rings. Jennifer appears in the foyer, looking cool and elegant in a white linen suit. She opens the door. The Jackal steps into the doorway. Though trying to cover, her expression registers shock.

(CONTINUED)

JACKAL

You look surprised. Your husband's still away, isn't he?

JENNIFER

What are you doing here?

JACKAL

What d'you think, I came to see you.

(steps closer, turns earnest)

I'm sorry, I just... I had to.

119 INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

119

The Jackal dozes in bed. Jennifer lies next to him, biting her lip. She slips out of bed and pulls on a dressing gown.

120 INT. HALLWAY PHONE NOOK - NIGHT

120

Preston's card in hand, Jennifer starts to dial, then stops, returning the card to her purse. It simply isn't in her to betray someone... She turns around. The Jackal stands there, eyebrows raised innocently. Both attempt playful banter.

JACKAL

Couldn't sleep... who ya callin'?

JENNIFER

Nobody... Look, I'll be right in, I just have to make a quick call.

JACKAL

Not another man? I couldn't bear that.

JENNIFER

Never mind, nosy.

JACKAL

Nosy? Me?

JENNIFER

Come on...

JACKAL

Aw, Jennifer...

(mock-wounded)

Our first fight.

121 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

121

The lights flicks on. The Jackal studies himself in the mirror, opening his shaving kit. Inside are several bottles of hair dye. Finding a glass, he starts mixing the colors...

122 INT. JENNIFER'S GARAGE - NIGHT

122

The minivan is parked next to Jennifer's white Range Rover. Stripped to the waist, head wrapped in a scarf, the Jackal pounds out the left rear panel of the van. He's obviously been working hard. He takes the assembled gun-mount and puts it in place, using pressure clamps to secure it. It fits snugly across the width of the van. Putting his shirt back on, he gets behind the wheel and backs out of the garage. Then leaning out, he tosses a Thermite grenade into the Range Rover. It DETONATES with a flash, burning like a star.

123 INT. SITUATION ROOM - MORNING

123

Preston walks over to where Declan and Valentina are huddled over Slashev's black book. Declan looks up:

DECLAN

Valentina's translating Slashev's black book. Lots about Terek's operation in the US but so far the only things about the Jackal are these numbers and--

Just then Witherspoon dashes into the room from the corridor:

WITHERSPOON

Jennifer Strasser's been murdered. Last night. The Fire Department found her body on the second floor. Somebody tried to burn her house down.

PRESTON

I want to be in the air and on the way to Charleston in 15 minutes.

WITHERSPOON

You got to go to Quantico at 13:30 to check security on the Director, remember?

PRESTON

Oh, right, I forgot that's today. Damn...  
(to Valentina)  
Handle it for me, will you? The Director'd as soon have you anyway. You can join us when you get done.

VALENTINA

All right.

124 EXT. CAR FERRY - DAY

124

Pushing water before its blunt bow, the ferry chugs serenely north. The Jackal sits against the railing, Pimlico Sound

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

and the low islands of the outer banks sparkling in the crisp morning sunlight...

125 EXT. JENNIFER'S MANSION, CHARLESTON - DAY

125

Fire trucks and ambulances are parked all around. The garage has burned but the house is partially intact.

126 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

126

Police personnel bustle back and forth. Preston and Declan stand by the phone nook under which the taped outline of body is clearly visible. A CRIMINALIST hands Preston a set of fingerprint cards.

CRIMINALIST

Bed and hall, same prints as the hotel.

DECLAN

Then it was him. Heading north now.

Jennifer's purse and its bagged-and-tagged contents are laid out on the wall-desk. Declan picks up Preston's card.

DECLAN

What about this?

CRIMINALIST

That was in her purse. His prints weren't on it. In fact the purse was untouched.

PRESTON

So he probably didn't even know about it. Then why did he kill her?

DECLAN

He said something, something about money... and taking care of odds and ends. I think he's gettin' so much money for this job it'll be his last--so to ensure a happy retirement, he's tying up all the loose ends, meaning anyone who's ever even seen him, regardless, just killin'... everyone.

PRESTON

Jesus...

127 INT. SITUATION ROOM - DUSK

127

Valentina enters, exhausted. Witherspoon and McMurphy smile.

(CONTINUED)

WITHERSPOON

How was security on the Director?

VALENTINA

75,000 Marines to protect one man and it was my job to make sure of every single one of them. What about Preston?

WITHERSPOON

Still in Charleston. Looks like it was Jackal all right.

VALENTINA

Then he's going North now.

WITHERSPOON

(nods)

North Carolina and Virginia State Police are setting up roadblocks on 95.

VALENTINA

(goes to map)

Then to get here, he must pass by Norfolk... Wait a moment, that means he'll be very near--

Suddenly alert, she picks up the phone and...

128 EXT. HIGHWAY REST AREA - EVENING

128

Road flares sputter, lining the Interstate, and traffic has slowed to a crawl. A burly state TROOPER directs a passing into the rest area, the parking lot of which is filled with minivans--it looks like every minivan in Virginia is being stopped. Declan and Preston sit against the fender of a police cruiser, watching as STATE TROOPERS search vehicles and interview DRIVERS. The portable cellular phone in Preston's coat WARBLER. He flips it open and answers.

PRESTON

Preston... What?

(to Declan)

Valentina's evacuating Isabella and her family in case Jackal knows where she is.

DECLAN

Bit of a long shot. Still, I should've thought of that...

PRESTON

(barks into phone)

Get me a helicopter...

129 EXT. DECKER HOUSE - NIGHT

129

Government cars are parked in front of Isabella's house.

130 INT. FAMILY ROOM, DECKER HOUSE - NIGHT

130

Isabella's 4-year-old BOY runs through the room, dragging a big teddy bear behind him as his father's calls from o.s.

DECKER'S VOICE

Georgie, where are you? We gotta go.

The boy rushes out, the bear knocking a phone off its hook...

131 INT. FRONT HALL, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

131

Holding a little hand in each of his, Decker leads his 2 children, both dressed for a trip, out the door, escorted by several armed FBI AGENTS. Meanwhile McMurphy and Witherspoon close windows, etc. while the women talk in the living room.

VALENTINA

We'll close everything and make sure your house is secure after you leave. This is all only a precaution for a short while until we get this man.

ISABELLA

You really think you will find him? Because you won't, believe me. You can't.

VALENTINA

It's our job to try.

ISABELLA

And waste your time and maybe die? For nothing? No. Leave him to Declan. Declan knows what to do.

VALENTINA

I began this. I have to do what I can. Now please. Get your family away.

ISABELLA

Declan never listens either.

Isabella ducks out the door...

132 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

132

Preston and Declan are in a Virginia state police helicopter thundering north at 150 knots, both on cellular phones. Declan is trying Isabella's house, but:

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN

Can't get through for some reason.

PRESTON

(finishes on phone)

Doesn't matter. Isabella and her family are out of there. Valentina and the twins are just locking up. All a waste of time anyway. Hell, the Director doesn't even know where Isabella lives, I ordered Witherspoon to keep her out of the report. No way Jackal could know.

DECLAN

Yeah, suppose you're right. But our leaky Russian sure passed everything else to him. Here, look...

(takes out Slashev's book)

That's your phone number, that's the number of my hotel, Valya's...

PRESTON

(takes book)

Let me see that.

DECLAN

(points to numbers)

Wish I knew what these were.

PRESTON

That first one's the number of the Russian Embassy. Slashev must've needed it to stay in touch with our leak.

DECLAN

(points to 2nd number)

What about this one? I tried dialing it every way I could think but--

PRESTON

That's not a phone number, that's a computer access code...

(looks again, reacts)

Son of a bitch, that's an FBI access code! No wonder he was always one jump--

A pause as a dreadful possibility comes to both at once:

DECLAN

You don't think...

Preston instantly starts dialing. Moments later:

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR (V.O.)

"F.B.I."

PRESTON

This is Special Agent Hamilton Preston--  
my authorization number is 223578-Kilo.  
I need a voice transcription of field  
report November Alpha from 9-12 this  
year, Agent filing, Witherspoon, Timothy  
I. And I'm in a hurry, Operator...

OPERATOR (V.O.)

"Stand by..."

A series of beep and trills, then a monotone COMPUTER VOICE:

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

"Field report November Alpha, filed  
09:00 hours, Special Agent Witherspoon,  
Timothy I..."

PRESTON

Scroll...

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

"... to perform interview of subject  
Zancona, Isabella M. at subject's  
private residence, 9-4-3-0 Terrace View  
Drive, Phoebus, Virginia..."

PRESTON

Witherspoon, you by-the-book asshole--

DECLAN

(grabs his arm)

Call the local police.. Tell them to send  
every man they have. Valya's still there  
with your lads!

PRESTON

Good God...

Preston jumps on his radio as..

133 INT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

133

All is quiet. The interior house lights are on. Finished  
locking up in the front, Valentina goes to the stairs.  
McMurphy appears at the top.

MCMURPHY

Just gonna check the bath. Two seconds.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

She nods, going to the rear and into the kitchen.

VALENTINA  
Witherspoon?

The kitchen is empty and the BACK DOOR gapes OPEN.

134 INT./EXT. BACK YARD/HOUSE - NIGHT

134

A little wary, Valentina steps out onto the back porch, whispering:

VALENTINA  
Witherspoon...

Nothing. She moves slowly into the yard toward the garage...

Suddenly a BLACK SHAPE steps in front of her. She gasps and jumps back, reaching for her gun:

VOICE  
Please don't shoot me.

Witherspoon moves into the light with 2 empty trash cans.

WITHERSPOON  
Just taking out the garbage.

He shrugs. She relaxes, putting away her gun and smiling...

But behind her, unseen by either, ANOTHER BLACK SHAPE drifts through the darkness toward the open kitchen door...

Witherspoon dumps the cans by the porch, picks up another.

WITHERSPOON  
One more trip.

VALENTINA  
Well hurry, we'll meet you at the front.

He nods as she walks back to the porch and returns inside...

135 BACK IN THE HOUSE

135

She steps back into the front hall where McMurphy is just coming down the stairs.

MCMURPHY  
All done. Where's Witherspoon?

(CONTINUED)

VALENTINA

In the back yard. Taking out trash.

MCMURPHY

Man, that boy takes his job real--

Suddenly, from out in the back yard, a RADIO BLASTS ON at FULL VOLUME--evidently tuned to an oldies station, it plays "96 Tears". McMurphy and Valentina stiffen, drawing their guns and shouting over the din:

MCMURPHY

What the hell's that?

VALENTINA

It's coming from the back! Come on!

She rushes back toward the rear and into the kitchen. McMurphy starts down after her but suddenly we hear a muffled WHIRRING like a pneumatic drill and the stairs EXPLODE into splinters and flying chunks of wood as 20 BULLETS SMASH up through McMurphy's shoes and lower legs, the sound drowned out by the music. Yowling in pain, McMurphy tumbles down the stairs...

BACK YARD

The music still plays, louder now, as Valentina steps out onto the back porch, pistol at the ready. A nervous Witherspoon searches the yard frantically, gun in hand.

VALENTINA

Where is it coming from?

WITHERSPOON

I don't know...

136 BACK IN HOUSE

136

McMurphy lies at the bottom of the stairs, shot to pieces and shouting:

MCMURPHY

Stairway! Stairway!

McMurphy's warning is lost in the blast of the radio as the closet door under the stairs kicks open and the Jackal steps out, ramming home a fresh magazine on a silenced Mp5A submachine gun. McMurphy keeps shouting as the Jackal calmly walks over and steps down on his throat, shoving the muzzle of his gun into McMurphy's open mouth and FIRING...

Looking around, Valentina suddenly points to the edge of the rear deck where a CLOCK-RADIO/ALARM CLOCK lies in the grass, plugged into an outside outlet. Rushing to it, they pull the plug and everything abruptly returns to silence.

WITHERSPOON

What on earth... who put--

VALENTINA

It was set to go off two minutes ago.

(looks up)

McMurphy! Come, stay close...

BACK IN HOUSE

They enter the kitchen, pistols held in front of them, cautiously clearing the room. Witherspoon goes to the dining room entrance, covering Valentina while she moves through, then following. They look into the living room--table, chairs, sofa--everything normal...

Turning to the front hall, suddenly both jump as "96 Tears" STARTS AGAIN, this time at a deafening 20-plus decibels on the living room stereo. Valentina turns to Witherspoon, shouting at the top of her lungs:

VALENTINA

Run! Go now! Get--

She flinches as something sprays into her face...

Witherspoon's jaw works up and down spasmodically, a RAGGED HOLE in his temple, jerking and firing his gun into the floor with an involuntary motion. A SECOND BULLET hits home from the living room and the side of his head EXPLODES...

Again Valentina flinches, sprayed with blood as Witherspoon drops dead on the floor. She dives into the nearby living room, FIRING her pistol toward the bullet's apparent source near the still-blaring stereo as she rolls to cover behind the sofa, gasping...

Her heart leaping, struggling to keep hold of herself, Valentina bites back her fear and jumps up, looking around the room for an instant and FIRING 1-2-3-4-5-6 times, SPRAYING the living room before ducking back down. With everything else going on, the music is truly maddening now. Quickly jumping up again, she FIRES 2 quick shots into the stereo, silencing it as she drops back to the carpet. She lies there a moment, catching her breath as...

(CONTINUED)

Now, as if in a nightmare, the Jackal's head appears above her, leaning over the top of the sofa--he's been lying there all the time. She looks up and her eyes widen. He smiles.

JACKAL

They always go for the sofa. It's the biggest thing in the room.

One silenced THUD and the back of the sofa rips open. She groans and doubles up with a slug in her abdomen. Quickly rising, the Jackal kicks the gun from her hand, then picks her up and carries her to the sofa, laying her out on it. He takes two of her fingers and presses them into the wound.

JACKAL

Press down hard. It'll slow the bleeding.

She's in excruciating pain, muttering in Russian. He dabs his finger into the blood from her wound and shows it to her.

JACKAL

See? It's almost black. Means the bullet's in your liver. You'll be dead in twenty minutes. If the pain gets to be too much, take your fingers away and you'll be dead in five. Either way you're going out.

Valentina's eyes are on the Jackal's, defiant to the end.

VALENTINA

You think yourself a man, but you couldn't bring fire from a furnace. That's why you kill.

JACKAL

Yeah, and if you had a dick you'd be dangerous, scarface. Do me a favor before you go...

He leans down close and hisses into her ear:

JACKAL

Tell Declan he can't protect his women.

138 EXT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - DAY

138

Lights flashing, a Virginia state police cruiser careens off the road and up onto the front yard. Ambulances have already arrived along with local police. Preston and Declan tumble out and run toward the house...

139 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

139

Chest heaving and fluttering involuntarily, Valentina lies in the middle of the living room floor, the PARAMEDICS clustered around her working feverishly to keep her alive. She lifts her head slightly as Declan enters. He gasps, seeing in an instant there's no hope, and rushes to her.

DECLAN

Valya!

VALENTINA

Declan... I tried...protect Isabella--

DECLAN

Please, Valya... don't talk.

Valentina grabs his hand. She's holding out on sheer will.

VALENTINA

My words made him angry...said tell you...say you can't protect your women...from him.

DECLAN

What?

A paramedic bends down, preparing a hypodermic needle:

PARAMEDIC

Let's try 20 CC's of epenephrine...  
(to Declan)

Please, move back and let us work...

Declan moves back. Valentina groans miserably, anguished at knowing she's about to die among strangers. Declan suddenly explodes, hurling the paramedics back, clearing them away.

DECLAN

Get away from her! Leave her alone!

A policeman moves to intervene but Preston stops him. The paramedics back off. Declan takes Valentina in his arms,

DECLAN

Valya, can you hear me?

She nods. He speaks softly in her ear.

DECLAN

It's only us here, you and me. Do you understand? Just we two, together....

(CONTINUED)

She nods again and for a moment time seems to stand still as he lifts her and presses close, running a hand through her hair. Then he kisses her, tenderly, deeply, with a lover's ardor, romantic and powerful, a magnificent kiss. She sighs, tenderly grateful for this stolen moment of beauty. Then, tears welling up in her loving eyes, she breathes her last breath into him...

Declan lowers her body back down. Lying there in death, pale as alabaster with the color drained from her, the lividness of her scar fades to almost nothing and we see her as she might have looked, rare, sensitive--and unutterably beautiful. Closing his eyes and hanging his head, Declan begins to weep...

140 EXT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - LATER

140

Isabella returns, making her way past cops and FBI agents to the living room as ambulance attendants haul away the body, spotting Declan standing in a corner with Preston. He has known much grief in his life, but at this moment he seems utterly inconsolable. Preston fades away as she appears at Declan's side, putting her arms around him.

ISABELLA

She said it was her job. I said she was a fool. But if it weren't for her, that would be me and my babies lying there.

(pauses, shakes head)

They're placing us into Witness Protection. They said there's too much chance of my real identity getting out.

DECLAN

Yes, that's good... I'm sorry, Isabella.

ISABELLA

So am I. For all of this. Such a woman...

Declan nods, looking down at his hands. Surreptitiously, Isabella pulls him over to the fireplace, reaches up into the chimney, and retrieves a 14-shot Browning 9mm AUTOMATIC PISTOL hidden there, wrapped in plastic. She holds it out. He looks at it, then her. She looks him right in the eye.

ISABELLA

It can't all be for nothing.

141 INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

141

A corner office of a high-powered Washington firm. Douglas, the gentleman from the gay bar, works through his daily agenda as a LAW CLERK sticks her head into the office.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

LAW CLERK  
You have a call on 6.

DOUGLAS  
(picks up phone)  
Hello?

JACKAL (V.O.)  
It's Walter.

DOUGLAS  
Walter! My God!

142 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

142

The Jackal leans against a pay phone. He smiles, narrow eyed.

JACKAL  
I told you I'd call.

143 EXT. HUNTING LODGE - QUANTICO - DAY

143

Marine recon teams patrol the grounds in the b.g. while a pair of burly FBI AGENTS stand on the lodge's porch in full battle gear, nervously vigilant, one with an M-16, the other cradling the impressive bulk of M-60 light machine gun...

144 INT. HUNTING LODGE - DAY

144

The working group is gathered around a dining room table, augmented by a SEAL TEAM COMMANDER and a GREEN BERET COLONEL. At the table's end, Preston looks like hell while the Green Beret stands in front of a map, pointer in hand.

GREEN BERET COLONEL  
Following a low light helicopter insertion, a team could infiltrate the weapon to a point here covering the northern approaches and Route One. If this weapon has anything near the range and cyclic rate you're advertising, it could engage any ground vehicle or aircraft approaching the base.

PRESTON  
He doesn't have a helicopter or a team to help him set up. He's alone.

BROWN  
(stands, checks map, sighs)  
What do you say, Mulqueen?

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN

Might as well face it--there's only one option left and it stinks. The only way he can make the kill and escape is from a distance. So we make sure you're always indoors with a cordon of human bodies around you and wait the bastard out. That's it, no capture, no justice, nothin', just wait till his timetable runs out.

PRESTON

God...

Preston stands suddenly and walks out. The others exchange horrified looks, digesting Declan's words...

145 EXT. FOREST, QUANTICO - DAY

145

The forested grounds around the hunting lodge. Preston stands in the middle of an oak grove, leaning dejectedly against a broad trunk as Declan walks up. He can tell at a glance something is very wrong.

DECLAN

What is it?

PRESTON

Nothing, it's just--all this, it's wrong, it's just flat wrong. I want to do something, I...

(faces him)

You know, the way you handled it when Valentina, when she... it was so, it was beautiful, it was so... gallant. And that's good because you... But what about me? What about me? I mean... I loved her too.

Preston begins to tear-up. It's so utterly unlike him that Declan's entire attitude toward him instantly changes.

DECLAN

Oh, Da'...

PRESTON

And the thing is, I just can't stop thinking that if I'd just trusted you and given you that God damn gun when you asked for it, the Jackal'd be dead now and Valentina...

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN

No, Da'. Don't do that to yourself.

PRESTON

I can't help it.

Preston turns away, hitting the tree trunk. Declan puts a gentle hand on his shoulder.

DECLAN

Listen, you think you made a mistake?  
Someday I'll give you my list of if-  
onlys. You'll cry your eyes out.

Preston nods, attempting a smile, and touching his hand...

146 EXT. DOUGLAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

146

A Jaguar convertible pulls into the drive of a neat suburban home. Douglas alights and moves up the walk.

147 INT. DOUGLAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

147

Keys RATTLE and the front door opens. Douglas walks into the foyer. Jackal's black shoulder bag sits on a chair nearby.

DOUGLAS

Hey, I'm home! I see you found the keys  
all right.

No answer. A TV NEWS BROADCAST drones from a portable set in the kitchen where shopping bags and take-out Chinese food is piled on the counter. Douglas peeks into the bags--there's a blue uniform, a black police pistol belt and handcuffs.

DOUGLAS

Walter? Where are you?

JACKAL (O.S.)

The garage.

The door leading down into the garage is slightly ajar. Turning off the TV, Douglas steps down into the garage.

148 INT. GARAGE

148

The minivan is parked inside with the gun and mount fully assembled in the rear compartment. The Jackal closes the rear gates as Douglas enters. He looks different.

DOUGLAS

Did you dye your hair?

(CONTINUED)

JACKAL  
You like it?

DOUGLAS  
I guess so...

The Jackal walks right past Douglas and into the kitchen without a handshake, kiss--or even a hello. A little miffed, Douglas follows back into the kitchen where the Jackal turns the TV back on. A WEATHER REPORT is just ending. He opens a carton of the take-out food, sits down at the kitchen table.

JACKAL  
You like Korean food? Dig in.

DOUGLAS  
I thought we were going out.

JACKAL  
Maybe later.

DOUGLAS  
So... looks like you did some shopping.

JACKAL  
Did you look in those bags?

DOUGLAS  
Hope I didn't spoil a surprise.

JACKAL  
Hmm... No, you didn't.

The Jackal draws his pistol and fires ONE SILENCED SHOT into Douglas's head. He tumbles back into the refrigerator, slumping to the tile. The Jackal puts the pistol down on the table and thumbs a remote control--the TV VOLUME INCREASES.

ANCHOR WOMAN  
"Recapping tonight's top story, police  
ask for your help to locate this man..."

The screen flashes the Hayslip picture. Hair now dyed and clipped, the Jackal looks very little like the photo.

149 INT. DOUGLAS'S KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

149

The Jackal unwraps the cellophane from a small gray tab of cordite, popping it in his mouth and chasing it down with a sip of coffee. He takes a small battery-operated TV set from his duffel bag and connects 2 coaxial cables, screwing them into a small black box. He next opens the back of Jennifer's garage door opener, plugging 2 thin wires into it, connecting it to the R/C unit he used to test the gun...

150 INT. DOUGLAS'S GARAGE - EARLY MORNING

150

Everything loaded in the duffel bag, the Jackal, dressed in a mechanic's jumpsuit under a windbreaker, gets into his van. Suddenly getting violently ill, he leans out and vomits heavily. Features bloated and gray, he looks ghastly--so ghastly in fact, that with his dyed hair he could easily pass for 20 years older.

151 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - EARLY MORNING

151

The Jackal parks the van on a Silver Hill side street, rear gate pointed downhill. He reaches into the duffel bag on the seat next to him and removes the resident parking permit he stole earlier, hanging it from the rearview mirror. He gathers up the duffel bag and locks the car.

152 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

152

The Jackal moves down a dirty alley. Making sure he's alone, he takes off his windbreaker and jump suit--underneath is the uniform of a Washington, D.C. police officer. Adding some padding in front, he opens the duffel bag, taking out a hat and gun belt and putting them on. Disguise complete, the Jackal looks to all the world like a paunchy, middle-aged, over-the-hill, "hairbag" cop. Gathering up his tattered duffel bag, he walks out into the street...

153 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

153

It's an hour before the grand opening festivities and the speaker's podium is empty. POLICE and SECRET SERVICE OFFICERS are gathering while WORKERS finish setting up the lines of chairs in the parking lot. Perfect in police uniform, the Jackal approaches from the street, looking up at the rooftops to right and left where SECRET SERVICE MARKSMEN are getting set, the well-oiled machinery of Washington security cranking up. The Jackal strolls closer. A block down, 2 COPS place a traffic barricade across the street while, radios CRACKLING, cop cars and motorcycles pass, the security cordon being drawn. The absolute image of a cop on the beat, no one even looks twice at the Jackal...

154 INT. MESS HALL (QUANTICO) - MORNING

154

Declan sits alone in the mess hall, watching TV. The First Lady is on Larry King, smiling at him with those clear, frank eyes of hers. Declan smiles fondly, remembering to himself.

DECLAN  
Cherish the ladies...

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

Suddenly SOMETHING clicks in his head...

155 INT. HUNTING LODGE - MORNING

155

Declan faces Preston with Brown and the others looking on.

DECLAN

Preston. We need a helicopter fast. The Director isn't the target, we're guarding the wrong person. Here, look...

Declan shows Preston a page 20 Washington Post item: "FIRST LADY TO OPEN CHILDREN'S CHEMO UNIT." PULL IN on Declan and Preston until their faces fill the entire frame:

DECLAN

He's after the First Lady.

PRESTON

What?

DECLAN

It always bothered me why he kept coming. He knew we could protect the Director, especially once I was involved. But he didn't abort, he kept coming--that's because we were guarding the wrong person. It didn't come together until I saw her on television and remembered: I can't protect my women. That's what he said to Valya. She got him mad and he let it slip--maybe on purpose, to tease us. You told me. The killing has to be a statement, public and brutal.

PRESTON

Wasn't he referring to Isabella?

DECLAN

Ostensibly, but he meant any woman, all women, the woman. He's not out to make a statement, he's out to commit an obscenity, an obscenity against the entire country--and kill the mother of America.

156 INT. PARK - DAY

156

The Jackal is set up on the hillside in a small park with the battery-operated TV and R/C unit-garage opener on the grass in front of him, protected by some trees, only 40 yards from his van with a good view of the dais. He sits

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

impassively as a spattering of POLITE APPLAUSE drifts from the hospital parking lot several hundred yards below...

157 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

157

At the podium, crowded with DIGNITARIES, a SPEAKER is winding up her ADDRESS. Hulking SECRET SERVICE AGENTS stand on the dais while some are mixed in with the CROWD of well-heeled Washingtonians in the parking lot...

158 INT. PARK - DAY

158

The Jackal peers down through a pair of small binoculars, scanning the dais, television cameras and microphones abounding, finally settling on the matronly, reassuring form of the FIRST LADY...

159 EXT. PODIUM - DAY

159

The Speaker concludes...

SPEAKER

Now it is my great pleasure to present the Surgeon General of the United States, Mr. Richard B. Taylor...

Hands PATTEN as a man in a be-ribboned Admiral's uniform takes the podium. A career beaureaucrat if there ever was one, the SURGEON GENERAL basks in the tepid applause, unfolding the 10-page single-spaced text of his speech.

SURGEON GENERAL

Ladies and gentlemen, it's my pleasure to chat with you today about the importance of the family...

160 EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

160

A Marine HH-60 helicopter is flies at top speed toward Washington.

161 INT. HELICOPTER

161

Inside are Preston, Declan, an agent named DENNEHEY, and three HRT types, POSTEN, AKASHI, and JOHNSON. Dennehy is on the radio. He turns to Preston:

DENNEHEY

She's already on the dais. Secret Service wants to know what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON

Tell them.

DECLAN

No! Tell them to sweep the area but don't let them try to pull her off that podium. If they do that he'll open up on the entire dais. With that gun, he can kill 200 people in 30 seconds.

Dennehy looks appalled, but he gets back on the radio.

PRESTON

If you're right, what's he waiting for?

DECLAN

The TV cameras will go to a live hook-up when she makes her speech--you can't get much more public and brutal than the First Lady being shot to jelly on live television.

162 EXT. PARK - DAY

162

The Jackal sees a PATROL CAR driving slowly down the road toward his van. He leaves his equipment and walks, brisk and confident, to intercept the car, waving. A COP leans out.

COP

You get the word? They're looking for a green minivan. Anything out of place.

JACKAL

Only minivan around here is that yellow one. It's got a local parking permit. I looked it over. Nothin'.

COP

Yeah, whole thing's probably a "better safe than sorry" circle-jerk. See ya.

Jackal gives them a salute. The Cops drives away.

163 EXT. OVER PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

163

In the street below PEDESTRIANS look up and gape as the Marine helicopter ROARS overhead, sweeping low and fast over downtown Washington...

164 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

164

Inside the SWAT TEAM hastily dons armor, readying weapons.

(CONTINUED)

DENNEHEY

Secret Service says the search came out negative. They're on alert, but she's going to the podium. Guess it's on us.

PRESTON

(to Declan)

You'll need a gun.

A look passes between them as Preston gives Declan his Beretta. Preston turns to Dennehey who reluctantly hands his gun over to him.

DECLAN

I'll need a rifle too.

Preston nods to Akashi who hands over his weapon--the strangely shaped, state-of-the-art PSG-1.

DECLAN

This some kind of modified G-3? Tell me about the optics. Been a while since I've shot.

AKASHI

It's a PSG-1. Got Zeiss, 6 by 42 telescopic, illuminated reticule.

DECLAN

Good. 400 meters...what's the maximum dispersion?

AKASHI

Eighty millimeters, sights graduated to six hundred.

Declan's fingers fly over the weapon, expertly checking battery, safety, trigger shoe, and adjustable stock. Then he checks the bolt and deftly threads a magazine into the well, cranking the action and charging it, ready to fire. Just then the CO-PILOT leans into the passenger compartment.

CO-PILOT

Ninety seconds out!

DECLAN

Come in from the west, under the building line.

PRESTON

That's gonna take longer.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

164

DECLAN

He's going to shoot with the sun at his back. If he sees a big green helicopter... he'll cut her to pieces.

165 EXT. PARK - DAY

165

More APPLAUSE drifts from the ceremony. The Jackal stands and stretches his arms, cracking his knuckles and shaking out his hands.

166 EXT. PODIUM - DAY

166

The Surgeon General waves his hand.

SURGEON GENERAL

Ladies and gentlemen, the First Lady of the United States of America...

Lots of APPLAUSE. The First Lady steps up to the podium and shakes the Admiral's hand. More APPLAUSE as the two stand together, waving at the crowd...

167 EXT. PARK - DAY

167

Eyes cold as death, the Jackal picks up the remote control. Cradling the black box, he reaches over and switches on the TV. First there is STATIC. The Jackal fingers the remote and the TV image stabilizes. He puts down the remote control box and lifts the binoculars: the First Lady steps behind the podium, the APPLAUSE continuing. The admiration is genuine--and just loud enough to drown out the sound of a helicopter approaching fast...

168 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

168

The chopper descends to an apartment rooftop near the hospital and Declan, Preston, and Dennehey jump out. Cradling a Winchester Model 700, Akashi is the last man out. The helicopter roars away. Preston yells to Declan.

PRESTON

I'm going for the First Lady! You're cleared hot on the weapon or shooter!

Preston and Dennehey shove through a door and down the stairs. Declan and Akashi go to the roof's edge and swing their weapons over. The podium and crowd are directly below.

169 EXT. PARK

169

The Jackal fingers the garage door opener and--

170 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - DAY 170

The rear gate to the minivan POPS OPEN and GLIDES UP, the gun and mount protruding from the back hatch, a picture of absolute menace...

171 EXT. PARK - DAY 171

The Jackal moves the joystick. On the TV screen the hospital and the parking lot lurch into VIEW...

172 INT. MINIVAN - DAY 172

Motors WHIRR, gears turn, answering remote commands, the gun PANS and TRAINS, the 1000mm lens going to MAXIMUM ZOOM...

173 EXT. BEHIND THE PODIUM - DAY 173

Preston and Dennehey shove through the CROWD. Preston flashes his credentials to a SECRET SERVICE AGENT. The Agent and Preston run for the podium, Dennehey hot after them...

174 EXT. PARK - DAY 174

The Jackal fingers a switch and on the TV the Crowd is now visible... then the dais... the image finally settling on the First Lady...

175 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY 175

Declan scans with the rifle. From the sniper scope's POV we see windows and rooftops, all empty... Eye pressed to the scope of his rifle, Declan continues to search. Spotting a subway station entrance, it suddenly registers:

DECLAN

Ah, that's how he plans to get out...

(turns to Akashi)

Give me that cellular...

Akashi hands him the cellular phone. Declan starts dialing...

176 EXT. PARK - DAY 176

The First Lady's face fills the TV screen. The Jackal toggles a switch on the remote control box...

177 INT. MINIVAN - DAY 177

The gun WHIRS and GROWLS--a 100 round belt of armor-piercing shells grinds up a flexible feed tray and into the breech of the weapon. With a startling CRACK, the bolt slams forward and now the ZSU-33 cannon is in-battery, ready to fire.

178 EXT. PARK - DAY

178

The Jackal fiddles with the controls. Getting a perfect one-shot of the First Lady on the TV screen...

179 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

179

Peering into his scope, Declan stops panning--he's found what he's looking for.

DECLAN

Green minivan on the hillside by the grove of trees. Eleven o'clock, across the parkway. See it?

AKASHI

Hang on, eleven o'clock...

Akashi looks where he's told, straining to find the target. Through his scope, the minivan is parked almost 1500 yards away. The rear doors are open and the evil barrel of the cannon shows plainly. Suddenly spotting it, Akashi recoils.

AKASHI

JESUS...

Declan brings his hand up to the stock of the weapon and lets out a long breath.

DECLAN

Range it...

Akashi hits a button on his rifle scope. The distance is impossible.

AKASHI

Fourteen seventy-five... Good God, that's fifteen hundred meters...

Declan crosses himself and lifts his hand to the trigger-guard of his rifle...

180 EXT. PARK - DAY

180

Eyes fixed on the TV screen, the Jackal shifts the remote control unit in his lap and lifts the cover on the red switch, his finger inching toward the firing lever..

181 ON THE ROOF

181

Declan FIRES first--as the REPORT of his weapon rolls over the Crowd, people SCREAM, Secret Service Agents draw Uzis...

182 INT. MINIVAN - DAY 182

BULLSEYE! Declan's bullet smashes right through the camera--ripping it from the gun mount.

183 INT. APARTMENT - DAY 183

The Jackal hears the shot--in the same instant, his TV screen wipes to STATIC. He slams his finger onto the firing button. Shooting blind, the gun OPENS UP.

184 IN THE MINIVAN 184

The cannon RIPS OFF a 100 ROUND BURST with a SCREAMING report, FIRE GUSHING from the muzzle, brass and link clattering from the tailgate--a SOLID LINE of TRACERS is on its way to the hospital at four times the speed of sound...

185 ON THE PODIUM 185

Preston drives toward the First Lady, covering her with his body and tackling her to the carpet. A sound like STUTTERING THUNDER rolls over the scene as the gunfire hits, high and off to the side...

186 THE JACKAL... 186

...continues to fire, jerking the joystick right and left, hosing the front of the hospital...

187 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY 187

Declan drops his rifle and bolts to his feet:

DECLAN

I'm going after the Jackal. Take out the van.

He rushes off. Akashi gets to work, zeroing in...

188 EXT. PODIUM - DAY 188

Chaos with 100 anti-aircraft shells striking the walls of the hospital, plaster, cinder-block, bunting, awnings, brick, and glass all ripped to shreds, reduced to powder, like a scene from Sarajevo, the hospital's facade riddled by dozens and dozens of EXPLOSIONS. The Crowd panics...

189 ON THE CARPET 189

Preston and TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS shield the First Lady with their bodies. The BARRAGE continues, chunks of steel and cement and splintered wood raining down...

- 190 ON THE ROOF 190  
Akashi FIRES. His bullet slams into the right rear fender of the minivan.
- 191 EXT. MINIVAN - DAY 191  
The vehicle is rocked as gasoline spills from a punctured tank, the cannon still pumping out fire and destruction...
- 192 ON THE ROOF 192  
Akashi fires again...
- 193 EXT. MINIVAN - DAY 193  
The next bullet IGNITES the gasoline--A BLINDING FLASH and a titanic CONCUSSION WAVE as the minivan is ripped apart, gun and ammo consumed in a deafening BLAST that shatters window up and down the street...
- 194 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY 194  
Declan flies down the stairs, practically leaping from landing to landing...
- 195 EXT. PARK - DAY 195  
Resigned to leave the rest of the equipment, the Jackal carries the duffel bag toward the subway station. As he walks, he puts his windbreaker back on, dumping his policeman's hat, belt, even the handcuffs...
- 196 EXT. PODIUM - DAY 196  
SHOUTING, CONFUSION. Preston collapses as Secret Service Agents bundle the First Lady off the platform. He pulls his hand away from his trousers--his leg is torn by shrapnel.
- 197 EXT. CROWD - DAY 197  
Declan dodges through the crowd like a ballet dancer. Then in the clear, he sprints flat out, knowing where he and the Jackal are both going, shouting into the cellular phone:
- DECLAN  
Can you hear me... I'm heading for the subway...
- 198 INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY 198  
The Jackal enters, going down one of the long, steep, polished steel escalators. Reaching the turnstiles, he even

(CONTINUED)

has a subway card. Entering the platform, he just misses a train. Meanwhile...

Trying to push his way down the escalator, Declan gets part way, then leaps up on the metal separator and dives, sliding down head-first the rest of the way. He jumps the turnstiles to the platform, knowing he only has moments to find the Jackal before another train arrives. A TRAIN APPROACHES on the opposite track. People prepare to board...

Suddenly Declan sees the Jackal and draws Preston's gun. Jackal sees him and dives into the crowd, sprinting across the platform. Declan can't get a clear shot. The train passes and he again starts shouting into his phone...

The Jackal LEAPS into the train's path. People SCREAM. Declan can't see that the Jackal has cleared the entire track and lands on the other side as the train rushes into the station. The Jackal hits the ground hard, letting go of his duffel bag. It strikes the THIRD RAIL and DISINTEGRATES in an ARC of blue electric fire. The Jackal springs to his feet, drawing his gun, and moving back up the tunnel, shielded from view by the still-passing train...

On the platform, all is chaos, the crowd buzzing--"Did you see that old guy?", "Jesus, poor man...", etc. But Declan doesn't believe it and talks into his phone, the din drowning his words as he runs to the stairs leading to the tunnels where he's immediately enveloped in darkness...

199 INT. THE TUNNELS - DAY

Off the platform, the subway system is a world of stygian darkness illuminated by arcing electricity and dim lights from distant trains and far-off platforms, death from electric shock, a train's wheels--or the Jackal--at every turn. Declan moves carefully. Very carefully...

The Jackal comes to a crossing--several sets of tracks at right angles to the one he's on. Following the new tracks, he's careful to avoid the third rail. Presently we see the light of a TRAIN APPROACHING--an express going in the opposite direction.

Declan sees the light in the distance, catching a glimpse of Jackal, silhouetted in it, sight of the quarry spurring him. The express is coming hard, only a few feet from Declan. Blowing by, the power is unbelievable, thousands of tons of metal racing at 80 MPH, the rush of air pushing Declan off-balance and he just avoids touching the third rail. A little shaken, he waits for the train to pass then rushes on...

Spotting the LIGHTS of the next TRAIN STATION about a half-mile up the track, the Jackal moves quickly on...

Declan rushes forward, running hard, trying to whisper into his phone but:

DECLAN  
Hello... hello...

The tunnel is interfering with reception...

Jackal hears his footsteps and moves into the narrow partition between the tracks, ducking behind a small support beam, ready to ambush Declan...

Declan continues down the track...

The Jackal makes out something in the darkness. But suddenly the LIGHTS of ANOTHER TRAIN appear, illuminating both Declan and Jackal--they see each other at the same instant...

Declan hits the dirt as Jackal FIRES, just missing him. Declan FIRES twice at the Jackal before the train HURTLES by. Once again, a train is between them. Seeing that Declan can't follow, the Jackal continues toward the distant light of the next station at a dead run. On the other side of the rushing train, Declan strains for a view of his enemy through the gaps between cars, NOT SEEING that A THIRD TRAIN bear down on him from behind, coming fast, almost on top of him...

But just then a HORN sounds and Declan looks back. Realizing there's no choice, he leaps into the narrow space BETWEEN the 2 racing trains...

As if in a waking nightmare, Declan stands in the barely 2-foot corridor between these behemoths, the suction ripping the air from his lungs as he's grazed on either side and harrowingly buffeted about like a pinball, about to be pulled under when he drops down and hugs the ground until both pass and he gasps out a sigh of profound relief:

DECLAN  
Fuck...

Taking a few deep breaths, he gets up, resuming the chase...

Running hard and gasping for each breath, we see the first hint of a crack in the Jackal's cool--he keeps looking back because...

Declan keeps coming and coming hard, determined, implacable. He either gets the Jackal now or dies trying...

(CONTINUED)

Jackal is close to the access stairs to the platform...

Seeing the Jackal in the dark about a 100 yards ahead, Declan stops, takes aim, and FIRES 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 shots...

Bullets WHIZ by the Jackal--one STRIKING him in the calf. He goes down. Touching his wound and seeing the blood, the Jackal can't believe his eyes. He turns and FIRES at Declan.

But Declan keeps coming, oblivious to the bullets MISSING him by MILLIMETERS...

The Jackal scrambles up the stairs--he can't move quite as quickly as before. He steps onto the platform. Seeing the bleeding, armed gunman, the PASSENGERS panic, SCREAMING and fleeing in all directions. The Jackal sneers--he has nothing but contempt for these creatures. A TRANSIT POLICEMAN rushes up, drawing his weapon. Almost casually, the Jackal FIRES, blowing his brains out, at the same time snagging a terrified 13-YEAR-OLD GIRL by the hair and dragging her along...

Declan hears the GUNSHOT and hurries up the stairway to the platform...

In the middle of the platform there's a newsstand with a seven-foot model of the Washington Monument in the center. The Jackal takes up a position behind this edifice, crouching down behind the sobbing girl and waiting to pick off Declan as he emerges from the stairway--or to get on the next train, whichever opportunity presents itself first.

Dripping with sweat and panting, Declan cautiously ascends the stairs, hearing the RUMBLE of an approaching train--the Jackal's escape is seconds away. Reaching the top, Declan rushes onto the platform, about to fire when he SPOTS the girl hostage's little form trembling by the newsstand with a pistol at her temple. Declan ducks behind a steel girder at the platform's edge. The train is getting closer.

JACKAL

Train coming, Declan. Nice of you to see me off.

Declan doesn't answer, banging his cellular phone on his hip to clear away static... Jackal can't see him behind the girder but he knows he's there.

JACKAL

When this train arrives, first I'll off this fine young person, then I think I'll just shoot the first, oh, five or six passengers I see. What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

Declan still doesn't answer. The Jackal jabs the gun muzzle hard into the side of the girl's head. She screams.

JACKAL

On second thought, maybe I'll just pop the noisy little whore right now.

The girl lets out a wailing sob. Declan peeks out at her...

Declan's eyes...

The little girl's eyes...

Declan takes a deep breath.

DECLAN

No, don't do that.

JACKAL

Then throw out your gun and come out. I promise to leave you both in peace once the train gets here.

DECLAN

Ah, bugger it... Here...

The Jackal sees a checkmate as Declan throws out his pistol and steps out, hands up. The Jackal stands, moving over to Declan, pushing the girl ahead of him, gun-muzzle still at her temple.

JACKAL

Very noble, your doing this to save an innocent. 'Course I'm still gonna kill her--loose ends, you know--didn't really think I wouldn't, did you?

DECLAN

No, but so long as there was a chance...

JACKAL

Speaking of loose ends, your turn comes next.

DECLAN

My turn? Now wait, you don't... do what you want to the rest, but I just want to go home. Please. Don't do this to me...

Sweat pouring off him in sheets now, Declan starts trembling. The Jackal can't believe his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

JACKAL

Oh, no, don't tell me...

DECLAN

Please, I'll do anything, just let me go home! PLEASE...

Declan sobs, sinking to his knees and clasping his hands in front of him, begging. The Jackal sneers, revolted.

JACKAL

So when it came down to it, you showed punk. Well just for that, you die first!

The Jackal takes the gun muzzle away from the girl's head and points it at Declan instead. Suddenly dead calm:

DECLAN

I knew you'd do that...

(shouts)

HE'S CLEAR! NOW...

And in the next instant, a black SOMETHING moves out of the turnstiles in a blur, a VOICE SHRIEKING like a harpy just as a GUNSHOT rings out:

VOICE

CA-BRON...

The Jackal's neck BURSTS into red mist. He FIRES reflexively as he falls, hitting Declan in the shoulder while the little girl runs to safety. The Jackal looks up to see ISABELLA bearing down on him with her Browning automatic trained on his head, cellular phone in the other hand, dressed all in funereal black, fearsome and tremendous, dark eyes flashing like the sword of justice.

ISABELLA

Cabron...

The Jackal fumbles for his gun but Declan leaps to his feet and kicks it away from him. The Jackal sits up, looking at Declan in the most utter disbelief, doubting his very senses, eyes saying, "A woman?", followed by his voice:

JACKAL

This can't be happening...

DECLAN

It's over. Send him to hell.

Declan nods coldly to Isabella. She puts the Browning to the Jackal's forehead, the wrath of the Furies in her voice as:

(CONTINUED)

ISABELLA

Muerete!

She FIRES. The Jackal slumps to the floor, dead. She puts the gun and phone into her coat, taking off her scarf and wrapping it around his wound, hands trembling.

ISABELLA

Here...

He touches her hand to stop its trembling, then:

DECLAN

Come, we've gotta get you out of here.

He pulls her toward the turntiles and they both disappear up the stairs to the street above as...

200 INT. CHARLES CALTHROP'S HOUSE - DAY

200

FBI cars and a moving-van are parked out front while FEDERAL AGENTS tag and box Calthrop's possessions. Carrying a suitcase, a lean, MIDDLE-AGED MAN steps through the front door. Seeing the boxes and the FBI jackets, he's explodes.

MAN

What the hell is going on?!

FBI AGENT

Who are you?

MAN

Calthrop...Charles Calthrop... That's my Goddamn furniture you're putting on that Goddamn truck.

The FBI men exchange non-plussed open-mouthed takes.

FBI AGENT

Uh... I think you better come downtown with us, Mr. Calthrop.

MAN

Goddamn right I will...

201 EXT. POTTER'S FIELD - DAY

201

File in hand, Brown and an AIDE stand with Preston and Declan, watching as a stainless steel coffin is lowered into an unmarked grave. Preston is on a set of crutches, Declan's arm is bandaged and in a sling.

(CONTINUED)

BROWN

There's no question that the Jackal masqueraded as an American. He also posed as a Canadian, and an Argentine. The simple end to this matter is... Well, since he wasn't Calthrop, we don't really know what nationality he was. That being the case...

(hands the file to Aide)

Burn bag.

The Aide walks to Brown's limo. Brown turns to Declan, shaking his hand:

BROWN

Thank you, Mr. Mulqueen. Sorry they didn't give you your pardon. The British foreign office heard about it and lodged a complaint. You'll get minimum security. It'll be like a country club, who knows, probably have a Congressman for a roommate.

DECLAN

Yeah, well...you're welcome anyway.

BROWN

(turns to Preston)

And well done, Preston. On Monday we'll talk about whether you want to go back to Russia or not.

PRESTON

I insist on going back, sir. I'm staying there until Terek Murad's either rotting in prison or the grave.

BROWN

All right, then Godspeed...

Brown ducks into his limo and it drives off. WORKERS shovel dirt into the blank grave as Preston and Declan walk to Preston's car.

PRESTON

Who the hell was he? Guess we'll never know.

DECLAN

We know all we need to know. He was foul. He's dead. Nothing more matters

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON

Well, then we were lucky, I guess.

DECLAN

That's lucky? Bloody tragedy...

Both shrug sadly as they arrive at Preston's car.

PRESTON

What about Isabella?

DECLAN

Back safe with her family. For good.

PRESTON

I know about the key she gave you. I know you could've used it to take off at any time. You do have one of those drop boxes like the Jackal, don't you?

(as Declan shrugs)

Did you read the paper today? I'm quite the hero because of you. The agent who saved the First Lady. Hell, I could screw up everything else for the rest of my life and still be untouchable.

DECLAN

That a fact then?

PRESTON

Going back to that drop box thing--an operative with your experience... with a clean passport... and a wad of cash... I bet if you'd taken off we'd never've found you.

Preston looks past the gate of the cemetery--there's a little coffee shop across the street.

PRESTON

Do you drink coffee? No, that's right, they drink tea in Ireland. Hey, do you mind, I think I'll ask across the street, see if they have any. Tea I mean. Be back in... 30 minutes? Or an hour? Maybe two hours? That okay?

Declan smiles. Preston takes his hand.

PRESTON

Thanks, kid. Thanks for everything.

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN  
No, Da', thank you.

Preston squeezes his hand, genuinely surprised.

PRESTON  
You mean that?

DECLAN  
If it hadn't been for you I never  
would've met her. Va-len-ti-na...

PRESTON  
Yeah, she was... Oh, God, how do I say  
it? She was...

DECLAN  
Too much woman for the likes of us.

Preston nods. Both men are about to brim over with emotion. Declan hits Preston's shoulder, sending him away. He watches Preston limp from the cemetery and across the street into the coffee shop. Then Declan takes a deep breath, pulling his collar up against the cold, and walks away...

THE END