

THE LAST CASTLE

THE CASTLE

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Polish

Robert Lawrence

Karen Goldberg

FADE IN:

1

EXT. USDB - DAWN

1

A lone JEEP drives the approach road to a massive military facility, a hulking dark presence, set back behind a series of fences. Lights are still on: glowing haloes of carbon-arc yellow.

MAN (V.O.)

The first castles were the walled cities of Mesopotamia built over 8,000 years ago. Castles haven't changed much down the centuries. There have always been walls...

The camera glides over the face of the OUTER WALL of the facility -- built a hundred years ago, it looks like it could last ten thousand more.

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

...and gates...

The jeep slows at a fence gate, by a sign reading: CAC USDB, Authorized Personnel Only.

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

...and men to guard them.

A SOLDIER steps out of the gate hut, sees the driver of the jeep and salutes. The jeep rolls through.

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

Castle walls have always held high ground positions to fire from...

A GUNMAN stands in a GUNTOWER, high-powered rifle in his arms.

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

...and places to run a flag.

The first orange light of the day reaches the roof of the Administration Building. SOLDIERS in crisp, practiced moves, unfold a FLAG, hook it to a line and pull it up a flagpole.

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

The only difference between this castle and the countless others built over the last 8,000 years is that they were built to keep people out.

2 INT. THE TIERS - DAWN

2

Six floors of cells, INMATES at the doors.

MAN (V.O.)

This castle was built to keep people
in.

A horn sounds, the cell doors all slide open and the men step out, clutching towels and toothbrushes. They all stop, in unison. A VOICE barks out a command, the men turn on their heels and walk.

3 EXT. OFFICERS' PARKING LOT - DAWN

3

The jeep drives up. The door opens and out gets COLONEL WINTER, 48, the Commandant of the USDB. You could cut wood with the crease on his pants. He looks up at the flag and the soldiers on the roof.

The soldiers salute the flag, turn on their heels.

Winter heads toward the gate, briefcase in hand.

4 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - SALLY PORT - DAWN

4

Winter is buzzed through a sally port, SOLDIERS saluting him as he goes. He's met on the other side by LT. PERETZ, 40. Peretz salutes.

LT. PERETZ

Good morning, sir.

COLONEL WINTER

Lieutenant.

Winter returns salute. Peretz hands him a cup of coffee and they walk.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

How are we this morning?

LT. PERETZ

(off his clipboard)

813 in general population, 3 in the
hospital and 2 in PC.

They turn and head up the stairs.

5 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAWN

5

Winter and Peretz enter. Prominent in the room is a glass cabinet across one wall filled with artifacts of war. The blinds are drawn and the office is dark.

LT. PERETZ

...on leave and C Company is at full strength.

Winter nods. He tosses his briefcase onto his desk. Peretz opens the curtains, revealing a view of...

THE YARD

The central exercise area of the Castle (dirt running track, basketball hoops, weight pile). The Yard is flanked by the Administration Building, the Tiers and the outer walls. INMATES are spilling out of the Tiers.

LT. PERETZ

One other thing, sir. The Hispanic inmates are complaining they're receiving smaller portions than the black inmates in the mess. They feel it's due to the predominance of black inmates on food service detail.

Winter shakes his head as he looks out at the inmates in the Yard.

COLONEL WINTER

Another matter of life and death.

(beat)

Get me their duty roster.

6 INT. MESS HALL - DAY

6

Lunch. All the inmates serving up the food are LATINOS and they are having a great time, giving their pals huge servings, while doling out the minimum allowable amounts to the BLACKS and WHITES. One huge black inmate -- THUMPER -- is most displeased by the small portions on his plate. He yells at the man behind the counter -- MIGUEL.

THUMPER

You can't feed a squirrel on that!

LATINO FOOD SERVER

That's regulation, man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

LATINO FOOD SERVER (cont'd)
 You got a problem, you take it up
 with the Colonel.
 (to next guy)
 Hey, ese! You look hungry. Here
 you go.

Miguel slops down an extra helping on the guy's plate.
 Thumper steams, keeps moving.

7 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

7

INMATES spill out onto the Yard after lunch.

Two guards -- SGT. MCLAREN and PVT. NIEBOLT -- are standing near an ANCIENT STONE WALL in the middle of the Yard. They are handing out picks and sledgehammers to four white prisoners: BEAUPRE, DARNELL, WITTBRODT and TUCKER, all ex-Green Berets; all mean sons-of-bitches.

Beaupre grabs a sledgehammer and climbs a ladder to the top of the wall. He starts pounding on the top layer of stones, trying to break them loose.

AGUILAR (O.S.)
 The m-m-mortar is weak.

Beaupre looks down at AGUILAR, 22, a sweet-faced Latino.

AGUILAR (cont'd)
 M-m-maybe if you--

BEAUPRE
 The fuck you doing, taco?

AGUILAR
 M-m-my d-d-dad was a m-m-mason--

BEAUPRE
 I d-d-don't c-c-care if your d-d-dad
 built the fucking pyramids, beano.
 Whites work the wall, spics move the
 rocks, niggers stack the rocks.
 That's the way it is. Which means,
 Cheech, get the fuck away from my
 wall.

Aguilar just stares at Beaupre. Another Latino inmate -- ENRIQUEZ, 50s -- steps up, grabs Aguilar by the shoulder and pulls him away. They all hear a commotion across the Yard.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Fifty yards away, THUMPER and MIGUEL are circling each other, cheered on by a circle of men.

MIGUEL

You fucks serve us up portions the size of pigeon shit, and now you got a problem?

8 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

8

Winter and Peretz are by the window, looking down into the Yard, watching Thumper and Miguel circling each other.

COLONEL WINTER

If you think about it, this is really an interesting example of stimulus and response.

(off Peretz's look)

No matter what stimulus we create, the response is always the same. It always ends up in the Yard. Different actors in different parts, of course, but the basic play doesn't vary much. Someone should write a paper on it.

Peretz nods. Down below, Thumper moves toward Miguel. Peretz raises his radio. Winter motions him to hold up.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

Wait for it...

Thumper pushes Miguel. Winter motions Peretz to go ahead.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

No one in or out; hospital squad in reserve.

Peretz speaks into his radio.

LT. PERETZ

Lock down all sally ports. E Company 1st Platoon 2nd squad into reserve.

9 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

9

YATES, 28, is standing apart from the crowd, leaning against the prison wall. With him is JINX, 25, a bony little punk. Yates sees Thumper and Miguel pushing each other. He glances up at Winter's office.

YATES

Go. He's gonna pull the squad.

(CONTINUED)

JINX

You sure?

YATES

Yes. Go.

Jinx hurries off.

THUMPER and MIGUEL circle each other. Miguel pulls a shiv. Someone tosses Thumper a five-pound weight tied to a length of rope. Thumper starts swinging it over his head.

A couple other BLACK VS. LATINO fights break out. ONLOOKERS back away in an ever-widening circle. The GUARDS back away as well. No one looks very concerned.

Over by the old stone wall, McLaren and Niebolt gather up the picks and sledgehammers, toss them into a wheelbarrow.

Yates starts toward the circle of on-lookers.

YATES (cont'd)

Who'll give me odds?

Dellwo and Cyrus turn.

DELLWO

It's a gang bang, you fool! How the fuck you gonna take action on a gang bang?

YATES

It's a fight like any other, Dell.
(pulls out little black book)

The winner is whoever's got the most men standing when the bell rings. Duffy'll take the count.

DUFFY, a 22 year-old white kid, nods.

YATES (cont'd)

Based on numbers, I'd say it's... 3-to-2 in favor of our Latin friends. Who's in?

INMATES around him start calling in bets.

DELLWO

You're bettin' against the brothers?!

(CONTINUED)

YATES

I'm not betting against anybody, Dell. I'm the house. I am merely an exchange for people who want to bet--

DELLWO

Fuck you and your house. Three on the brothers.

YATES

Three for Mr. Dellwo.

Yates catches the eye of MCLAREN, wheeling off the picks and sledgehammers. McLaren surreptitiously points at the Latinos and holds up one finger. Yates nods, writes in his book.

IN THE FIGHT, a LATINO uses a weight bat to smack open a horrible gash in the head of a BLACK INMATE.

10 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY 10

Winter winces at the sight of the black inmate crumpling to the ground.

11 EXT. THE YARD - DAY 11

Yates takes down some more bets. Cyrus steps up to him.

CYRUS

As much as I disapprove of the entire business... do you have to bet the side?

YATES

Nope. Pick your dog.

CYRUS

Main event. Thumper and Miguel. The large fellow for two. Straight up.

Yates looks over at Thumper and Miguel, still circling.

YATES

You're on.

Cyrus nods. Not a second later, Miguel darts in, slashes Thumper across the chest. Thumper howls.

Cyrus frowns. Yates shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

YATES (cont'd)
 (scribbles in book, mutters)
 Cyrus... owes me two.

CYRUS
 It's not over yet, Richard.

YATES
 You hang onto that optimism, Cyrus.
 It works for you. Anyone else?

Thumper charges forward, swings the weight low, into the side of Miguel's knee with a horrible crunch. Miguel goes down screaming.

Cyrus looks at Yates. Yates frowns.

YATES (cont'd)
 Like you said, it's not over yet.

Thumper gets the weight swinging again, high over his head. Just then, the rope snaps. The weight goes flying through the air. Thumper watches it. Everyone watches it. Everyone except...

McLaren, wheeling off the picks and sledgehammers.

NIEBOLT
 Sarge! Look out!

McLaren starts to turn. The weight slams into his back, knocking him off his feet.

12 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

12

Winter's face goes very dark.

COLONEL WINTER
 End it.

Peretz raises his radio.

13 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

13

McLaren sits up, winded.

Thumper hurries toward McLaren, hands up, panic in his eyes.

THUMPER
 It was an accident! I didn't--

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

DELLWO AND OTHERS

Get down!

All around Thumper, inmates are dropping to the ground, hands and arms covering their heads. Thumper keeps going.

THUMPER

It just broke, Sarge! You know I wouldn't do nothing--

DELLWO

Thumper, get down!

Thumper sees everyone else lying down. Too late. BANGBANGBANG! Thumper takes three rounds in the back. He yells, staggers.

14 EXT. GUN TOWER - DAY

14

A GUNMAN empties a clip into Thumper.

15 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

15

THUMPER gasps as the bullets thud into his back. His eyes roll and he falls onto his face. Two more shots snap into him. His body jumps.

The GUNMAN stops firing.

GUNMAN

(into headset)

Target down.

16 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

16

Winter looks down at Thumper, on the ground, motionless, surrounded by a hundred men, arms and hands covering their heads.

COLONEL WINTER

And, for a moment, the jungle is quiet.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

17

A bookshelf-lined conference room. Winter is having lunch alone, reading a translation of Pliny the Elder as he eats. There's a tap at the door.

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL WINTER

Yes?

Peretz comes in, clutching a piece of paper.

LT. PERETZ

Sir, they just announced the verdict.

Winter arches an eyebrow.

LT. PERETZ (cont'd)

Guilty.

Winter sighs, shakes his head.

COLONEL WINTER

I can't believe they actually went through with it.

(beat)

When does he arrive?

Peretz hands Winter the fax. Winter is stunned.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

Tonight?

LT. PERETZ

They say they're expediting his transfer -- as a courtesy.

COLONEL WINTER

As a courtesy? For God's sake, they should... they should be naming an army base after him, not sending him here.

(exhales, beat)

I'll want to meet with him -- in my office. He may be hungry, so have the kitchen prepare something. And get someone in to help.

FADE TO BLACK.

YATES (V.O.)

Here he comes.

FADE IN:

19 INT. LIBRARY - DUSK

19

The library windows afford a view of the front gates and the approach road. INMATES are crowded around all available windows.

Yates is at one window with Dellwo, Cyrus and Duffy.

DELLWO

Big fucking deal.

CYRUS

It is.

THEIR POV of the bus driving through the gates.

CYRUS (O.S.) (cont'd)

This is the first time someone with a rank above colonel has ever been sent to the Castle.

20 INT. BUS - DUSK

20

A PRISONER is sitting, in shadows, face unseen, halfway back in a dark, otherwise empty prisoner transport bus. He's in leg and wrist chains, looking out the window.

HIS POV: SOLDIERS on the roof taking down the flag and folding it.

21 INT. LIBRARY - DUSK

21

The guys jostle for position at the window to get a look.

DUFFY

What'd he do?

DELLWO

What you think? He fucked up -- big time. Why else do you think a five-star general's gonna come to this place? Pirating cable?

DUFFY

I know he fucked up, Dell--

DELLWO

He was in Uganda, on one of them UN deals, shot up a bunch of Tutus.

(CONTINUED)

YATES

That's it, Dell. You got it exactly. Except he's a three-star general, not five; it was Burundi, not Uganda, and the tribes are the Hutus and the Tutsis, not the Tutus -- they're not ballerinas.

CYRUS

And he didn't shoot anybody. He went to rescue some Hutu moderates after he was ordered to leave the country.

DUFFY

They sent him here for trying to rescue some people?

CYRUS

They sent him here because he disobeyed orders.

YATES

They sent him here because eight American soldiers got killed.

DUFFY

Shit. He get the Tutus out?

CYRUS

Hutus.

DUFFY

Hutus. Fuck.

CYRUS

No. They were dead before he got there. At least he tried.

DUFFY

You don't think he should've been convicted?

CYRUS

No one does. Not even the men who convicted him. They wanted to keep it in house. But once the story hit the New York Times, they had no choice. They couldn't let it slide.

Dellwo strains to get a look out the window.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

DELLWO

Let's see what a living fucking pinky legend looks like.

22 EXT. PRISONER RECEPTION GATE - DUSK

22

The bus pulls up, stops. The door opens and the PRISONER steps out, shackled. We still don't see his face. GUARDS nod and the prisoner starts toward the gate, shuffling.

23 INT. LIBRARY - DUSK

23

They watch the prisoner walk inside. Dellwo and the others ease back from the window, nothing more to see.

DUFFY

There must be some other stockade they could put him.

CYRUS

There isn't. Right, Dell? You know why. You love officers.

DELLWO

I hate officers.

YATES

I was an officer.

DELLWO

I hate you.

CYRUS

(to Duffy)

If an officer is convicted of a crime there's only one place he can go, and that is right here.

24 INT. RECEIVING ROOM - NIGHT

24

The PRISONER stands, naked, his back to us. In front of him are MCLAREN and NIEBOLT, both uncomfortable. McLaren holds green prison uniform coveralls, going through a routine.

MCLAREN

...unless special allowance is made by a senior watch officer due to weather concerns. If a prisoner is found to be wearing outer clothing other than a uniform, the clothing will be confiscated and the prisoner

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MCLAREN (cont'd)
 will receive discipline. Though it
 will bear the prisoner's name for
 laundry identification purposes, the
 uniform is the property of the
 Department of Defense and any attempt
 to alter it, color it or in any way
 modify or damage it will also result
 in discipline.

(beat; very uncomfortable)
 Before you can, uh, put on your
 uniform, you must be checked for
 contraband.

(to Niebolt)
 Private Niebolt.

Niebolt doesn't move.

MCLAREN (cont'd)
 Private Niebolt, check the prisoner
 for contraband.

Niebolt still doesn't move. McLaren shoots him a look -- he
 has no choice. Niebolt steps forward.

PVT. NIEBOLT
 The, uh, prisoner will, uh, turn
 and, uh, grab the bar and place his
 feet on the floor markings.

The prisoner turns and grabs the bar. We get our first good
 look at...

GENERAL LELAND IRWIN, short-cropped hair and piercing eyes.
 Irwin positions his feet on the floor.

Niebolt starts putting on a rubber glove, shaking his head.
 McLaren gives him a look -- just do it. Niebolt steps
 forward.

GENERAL IRWIN
 May I ask a favor?

PVT. NIEBOLT
 (stops)
 A favor...?

SGT. MCLAREN
 What?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

GENERAL IRWIN

When you speak about this -- and you will -- be kind.

Niebolt and McLaren are startled for a moment, then laugh.

The door swings open, Peretz enters.

LT. PERETZ

Skip the search. Sergeant, give him his uniform.

Between Niebolt and Irwin, it's hard to tell who's more relieved.

25 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

25

THE FLAG lays folded on Winter's desk.

IRWIN, now in green USDB coveralls, looks over Winter's collection of war memorabilia. A tap at the door. Peretz swings the door open, announces...

LT. PERETZ

Colonel Winter.

Winter enters, looks at Winter.

COLONEL WINTER

I know what you're wondering: Do you salute me; do I salute you? No to both. My men salute me, of course, and each other, according to rank, but there's no saluting by the population.

Irwin nods.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

Hungry?

GENERAL IRWIN

No.

COLONEL WINTER

You sure? Thursdays are Salisbury steak night.

GENERAL IRWIN

Always a reason for celebration.

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL WINTER

Indeed. Could I at least interest you in some lemonade?

GENERAL IRWIN

Thank you.

Winter nods to Peretz. Peretz leaves.

COLONEL WINTER

If you step over here I can give you the basic layout of the facility.

Irwin joins Winter at the window. They look into the Yard.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

We're in the Administration Building. Those buildings across the Yard are the Tiers, where the inmates live. That long, low building over there is where the workshops and the laundry are.

Winter notices Irwin looking at the old, half broken-down stone wall in the middle of the Yard.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

That's the old blockhouse wall. It's all that remains of the original building where the first prisoners stayed, back in the 1870's. We noticed the wall was leaning earlier this year, so I asked the men to take it down, rebuild the foundation, put it back up. They enjoy working on it; gives them something to do. It's become a matter of some pride.

The door opens. Aguilar enters with two glasses of lemonade, gives them to Winter and Irwin.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

Thank you, Mr. Aguilar.

Aguilar nods, leaves. Silence for a moment as Irwin and Winter sip their lemonade.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

Back in '74 I waited in line for an hour to hear you speak at West Point.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL IRWIN

Oh, God. What did I say?

COLONEL WINTER

I don't know. I didn't get in.

GENERAL IRWIN

'74... I was still giving my bugs and thugs talk.

(off Winter's look)

My POW experiences. The NVA interrogators were thugs and we ate bugs to survive. Bugs and thugs.

COLONEL WINTER

(grins, then...)

I remember my friends who heard you that day were quite impressed. They all wanted to follow in your footsteps. Who didn't? We all wanted the combat career.

Of course, you make some choices, take some assignments, and the next thing you know...

Winter stops, afraid he's revealed too much. Switches gears.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

We don't have much time tonight, I'm afraid -- it's lights out in a few minutes. I, uh... I can't comment on why you're here, of course. Whatever my personal feelings may be on the matter are irrelevant. You're here and we'll just have to make the best of it.

Irwin nods.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

I meet personally with every new inmate, usually downstairs, soon after they arrive. I always ask them a question -- the same question I'm going to ask you. What do you expect here at the Castle?

GENERAL IRWIN

(thinks)

Nothing.

Winter looks at him, unclear.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

I just want to do my time and go home.

COLONEL WINTER

Perfect. That is the perfect answer. Lieutenant Peretz!

A beat, then Peretz enters.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

Gather up Mr. Aguilar.

Peretz nods, leaves. Winter turns to Irwin, awkward.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

I have what, given the circumstances, might seem a bizarre request.

(Irwin arches an eyebrow)

I have a collection of most of the seminal books on warfare, including your book on the evolution of battle strategy. I was wondering if you would sign it.

GENERAL IRWIN

Certainly. Of course.

Winter nods. Peretz reenters with Aguilar.

COLONEL WINTER

Just a moment, Lieutenant.

Winter exits. Peretz, Aguilar and Irwin are alone in the room. Irwin holds up the lemonade glass to Aguilar, nods his thanks.

Aguilar, flustered, nods. Irwin sets the glass down, goes to look at Winter's collection of war memorabilia.

26 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT 26

Winter enters, walks to a bookshelf.

27 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 27

Irwin looks over the war memorabilia.

GENERAL IRWIN

Impressive.

Peretz nods.

28 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT 28

Winter finds the book -- "Arrowheads to Warheads: An Evolution of Battle Planning" by General L. Irwin. He plucks it from the shelf.

29 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 29

LT. PERETZ

Do you collect anything?

GENERAL IRWIN

A few coins from countries I've been to. Nothing military.

(beat)

My father didn't care for military collections and it stuck with me.

30 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT 30

Winter holds Irwin's book as he heads back toward his office.

31 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 31

GENERAL IRWIN

(gruff voice, as his father)

The only kind of man who has a collection like this is a man who's never set foot on a battlefield.

32 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT 32

Winter is frozen, having heard what Irwin just said. He doesn't know what to do. He reaches for the doorknob, stops.

GENERAL IRWIN (O.S.)

(gruff)

To him, a minie-ball from Shiloh is just an interesting artifact. To a combat vet, it's a hunk of metal that probably caused some poor bastard a world of pain.

Winter turns on his heel and heads back down the hall toward the bookshelves.

33 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

33

GENERAL IRWIN

(to Peretz)

Of course my old man was a complete fraud. After he died I found his collection in the attic -- Kraut helmet, Luger, Nazi flag.

(re: item in case)

Look at that. From Appomatox.

Irwin looks at Peretz -- may I? Peretz nods -- go ahead. Irwin slides back the glass and picks up an old bayonet. He's turning it over in his hands when the door opens and Winter comes back in.

COLONEL WINTER

Couldn't find it -- your book.
Must've been misshelved.

Irwin shrugs. Winter notices the bayonet in Irwin's hands. Irwin sees something in Winter's eyes, moves to put the bayonet back.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

I'll do that.

GENERAL IRWIN

It's no--

COLONEL WINTER

(firmly)

I'll do it.

Irwin freezes. Winter softens, takes the bayonet from him.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

I'm going to be boxing it all up
anyway. I've grown tired of it.

(to Peretz)

You'd better be going.

Peretz nods, gestures for Irwin to leave. Irwin starts for the door.

Aguilar salutes.

Winter's face goes very dark.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

Mr. Aguilar, what are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

Aguilar immediately drops his hand.

AGUILAR

I-I--

COLONEL WINTER

Prisoner Aguilar, whatever our personal feelings on the matter may be, Prisoner Irwin is no longer a general. In fact, he holds no rank whatsoever.

Saluting him is not only no longer required, it is in fact prohibited. Are we clear on that?

AGUILAR

Yes, sir, but--

COLONEL WINTER

But what, Prisoner?

AGUILAR

I-I was saluting you.

Winter is frozen for a moment, then shakes his head.

COLONEL WINTER

Not necessary.
(to Peretz)
You'd better hurry.

Peretz nods.

GENERAL IRWIN

Thank you for your hospitality,
Colonel.

COLONEL WINTER

Don't mention it.

Peretz, Irwin and Aguilar head out. Winter watches them go.

34 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

34

Irwin, Peretz and Aguilar walk down the hall.

LT. PERETZ

(to Aguilar)
Go on ahead. Tell them to hold the lock.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

Aguilar jogs down the hall.

35 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 35

Winter stands at his window, looking down into the Yard.

He sees Aguilar running across the Yard. A few moments later, Peretz and Irwin appear.

As Winter watches Irwin and Peretz, he absentmindedly plays with something in his hands. He notices what he's holding, looks down -- it's the bayonet. Winter drops it on his desk in disgust.

36 INT. THE TIERS - NIGHT 36

Six floors of cells, one man to a cell. It's free time, before lights out, INMATES mill about.

MCCLINTOCK carries some folded laundry into a cell on the 3rd Tier occupied by...

YATES, sitting on his bed, writing numbers in his black book. Taped to the wall behind him are photographs of a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN.

MCCLINTOCK

Hey, Pilot.

Yates gives a slight nod, keeps at his calculations. McClintock starts putting away the folded laundry.

MCCLINTOCK (cont'd)

My Aunt Cherie is coming to visit me Saturday. I haven't seen anyone in my family since Easter. I was afraid they were gonna forget about me.

YATES

McClintock, your family forgot about you the moment you came in here. They cut your face out of all their photo albums and rented your room out to an acne-scarred vacuum cleaner salesman your Mom has started calling "Son."

MCCLINTOCK

That's not funny, Pilot.

YATES

The truth never is.

(CONTINUED)

McClintock finishes putting away Yates's laundry. He stands there. Yates tosses him two packs of Marlboro reds. McClintock starts out, stops, points at the photos on the wall.

MCCLINTOCK

You got a wife, right?

(Yates looks up)

Maybe she's gonna forget you.

YATES

Maybe she will. I wouldn't be the first person to go to prison and lose a wife.

(nods at laundry)

Next time, socks folded, not balled, or I take my business elsewhere.

McClintock scowls, heads out, passing JINX on his way in. Yates looks at Jinx, arches an eyebrow.

Jinx grins, raises one leg, shakes it and a pillowcase falls to the floor. He kicks it over to Yates. Yates nods at the door. Jinx turns his back to Yates, blocking anyone's view into the cell. Yates dumps the contents of the pillowcase out onto his bed -- surgical needles, bandages, sutures, antiseptics, medications.

JINX

It was just like you said, Pilot.

He pulled the squad from the hospital.

YATES

He always does.

Yates goes through the stuff, tossing it back into the pillowcase.

YATES (cont'd)

Good job, Jinx.

JINX

So I can have my radio?

YATES

Yeah, you'll get your radio.

JINX

I like to take 'em apart.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

YATES

I'm sure you do. Give me a couple of days.

Yates heads out of his cell with the pillowcase.

37 EXT. THE YARD - NIGHT

37

Irwin and Peretz walk across the empty Yard, the dark mass of the Tiers looming up before them.

38 INT. 3RD TIER - NIGHT

38

Yates is outside Dellwo's cell, pillowcase under his arm. Dellwo and TWO BLACK INMATES are in the cell, looking at Yates.

DELLWO

Fuck Duffy, fuck his count and fuck you. I ain't payin'. Now, what you gonna do about it?

YATES

Well, I'm not gonna fight you, Dell, if that's what you're thinking.

Dellwo smirks, gets nods, smirks from his friends.

YATES (cont'd)

But I'm also not going to take any action from you. Ever again.

Dellwo's face drops. He scowls, takes out three cartons of Kools, tosses them to Yates.

DELLWO

Duffy's count was fucked.

YATES

Yeah, yeah, I know -- you wuz robbed, wait'll next riot.

Yates leaves Dellwo, walks on, passing the next cell, where...

CYRUS is sitting on his bed, reading a book. Yates tosses Cyrus two of the cartons. Cyrus catches them without looking up. Yates walks on, gets to a cell, looks in, sees...

A HUGE BLACK MAN standing, shirt off. A second man -- DOC, 35, long-hair, glasses -- is looking at the big man's back, covered in horrible welts and bruises.

(CONTINUED)

DOC

Sleep on your stomach tonight, and keep your shirt off tomorrow as much as you can. I'll try to get you some Advil.

The big man turns to look at Doc -- it's THUMPER.

THUMPER

Don't hurt too bad now, Doc. But when they hit? Man, I got shot by a real bullet once and I swear it didn't hurt half as much as these rubber things did.

DOC

Yes, well, that's the upside to real bullets. They cut through the skin, hit fewer nerve-endings. 'Course the downside is, they kill you.

YATES

Good evening, Doctor Quest.

Doc turns, sees Yates, sees the pillowcase, knows what it means.

DOC

(to Thumper)

I'll check on you in the morning.

Doc heads out. He and Yates go along the walkway. Yates hands Doc the pillowcase.

YATES

Just what the doctor ordered.

Doc feels the heft of the bag.

DOC

This will do a lot of men a lot of good, Yates.

YATES

I'm glad. Five cartons. This time tomorrow.

A horn sounds. Yates turns and walks back the other way. Doc shakes his head, heads for his cell.

As Yates walks he flips a carton of Kools in his hand. On one flip, Yates misses the carton and it falls to the walkway.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

Yates leaves it there, walks on.

A second later, McLaren, the guard, walks by. He picks up the carton, keeps going.

39 INT. HALLWAY TO THE TIERS - NIGHT

39

Peretz leads Irwin out of a sally port. As they walk, the door shuts behind them, the deep clunk echoing down the hall.

40 INT. THE TIERS - NIGHT

40

Irwin and Peretz step out onto the ground floor of the Tiers. As they walk toward the stairs, Irwin looks up, sees...

INMATES, at their cell doors, looking down at him, silent.

Irwin and Peretz go to the stairs, start up.

41 INT. IRWIN'S CELL - NIGHT

41

Irwin enters his cell. Peretz remains on the walkway.

LT. PERETZ

Just do your own time, don't get involved in anybody else's game, you'll be fine.

Irwin nods. Another horn and all the cell doors slide shut. Peretz walks off. Irwin looks at the walls of his cell, his new home. He reaches one hand out, touches a wall. Sticks out his other hand; touches the other wall. He sighs, lowers his head.

PULL BACK, out of the cell, to reveal it's in the middle of the top (6th) Tier. Below and around him, the other INMATES step back from their cell doors.

DELLWO (V.O.)

I give him one week.

42 INT. MESS HALL - DAY

42

Irwin eats alone..

Yates, Dellwo, Cyrus and Duffy are at another table, watching Irwin. Hell, everyone in the mess hall is watching him.

DUFFY

One week till what?

(CONTINUED)

DELLWO

Till he scraggs himself. Like Boorda.

(off their looks)

If the disgrace of the court-martial wasn't bad enough, a couple days in this shithouse will definitely put him over the edge.

YATES

One week?

DELLWO

That's right.

YATES

I'll take that.

(whips out book, writes)

Mr. Dellwo. One week. Duffy, you want in?

DUFFY

On what?

YATES

We'll make a little pool of it. Just like the Final Four. A carton a square.

DUFFY

I don't know, Pilot. Betting on whether or not a guy's gonna kill himself? That's some creepy shit. 'Sides -- one week? He's harder than that.

YATES

How much harder? Five weeks? Eight?

DUFFY

(thinks)

Eight.

YATES

(writing in book)

Eight for Mr. Duffy.

CUTBUSH, an enormous white guy, chirps in from another table.

CUTBUSH

You are one ice cold motherfucker, Yates.

(CONTINUED)

YATES

Hey, I'm not the one who thinks he's gonna grease himself.

CYRUS

Think again, Richard. No great warrior can endure a loss of face like this. The Samurai used to carry around a little knife, made for just one purpose -- seppuku-- ritual suicide -- in the event--

YATES

(cutting Cyrus off)
--and next week on the History Channel, Hitler Fucks a Cat. He's not a Samurai, Cyrus. He's an American general. He commanded the 101st Airborne. Suicide's not his style.

DELLWO

Oh, yeah? I heard he called in an airstrike on his own position when he was pinned down in Khe Sanh.

YATES

And yet he survived, Dell. He still walks the Earth.

Irwin gets up and takes his tray to the conveyor belt.

YATES (cont'd)

And it was the Ia Drang valley, not Khe Sanh.

Irwin walks out of the mess hall. They watch him go.

DISSOLVE TO:

43 INT. LAUNDRY - DAY

43

Irwin's job is to grab a large laundry bag, hanging from chains connected to an overhead track, and pull it over to a vat. He pulls a cord on the bag, the laundry falls into the vat and Irwin goes back for another bag.

44 EXT. THE YARD - BY LAUNDRY - DUSK

44

Irwin comes out of the laundry, joining the rest of the men heading back across the Yard at the end of the day.

(CONTINUED)

Irwin stops to look at the INMATES working on THE BLOCKHOUSE WALL. It's a regular clusterfuck, with guys yelling at each other; no real work getting done.

AGUILAR (O.S.)

They're g-g-going about it all wr-wr-wrong.

Irwin turns to see Aguilar standing beside him.

AGUILAR (cont'd)

My d-d-dad w-w-was a m-m-mason. The m-m-mortar is w-w-weak.

Irwin nods -- whatever you say -- and walks off.

DOC, CYRUS and ENRIQUEZ are standing together, watching Irwin. Cyrus nudges Doc. Doc nods, walks after Irwin.

DOC

You wouldn't remember me, but I served under you in the Gulf.

GENERAL IRWIN

Dr. Thomas Barnard. You were attached to the 33rd Medical Group.

DOC

(surprised, grins)
That's right.

GENERAL IRWIN

You were arrested for possession of narcotics.

DOC

(grin fades)
Right again.

GENERAL IRWIN

It was a small amount. You don't end up here for that.

DOC

No, you end up here for attacking an MP in the Saudi jail.

(beat)

I was wondering if I could talk to you--

(CONTINUED)

BEAUPRE (O.S.)

Hey, you fucking chump! Get your hands off that! That's mine!

Aguilar is holding a pick; Beaupre walks toward him.

BEAUPRE (cont'd)

What the fuck you doin'? Get back to your wheelbarrow, Chico.

Aguilar starts off, still holding the pick.

BEAUPRE (cont'd)

Without the fucking pick, punk! Don't make me hurt you! You know I can!

Aguilar drops the pick. Beaupre goes after him.

GENERAL IRWIN (O.S.)

Have you found the weakness?

BEAUPRE

(stops)

What?

Irwin walks toward him, smiling, calm. Beaupre is confused.

GENERAL IRWIN

In the wall. Have you found the weakness in the wall? My guess would be the mortar. May I?

Irwin picks up Beaupre's pick, taps the tip of the pick against the mortar on the bottom row of stones. It crumbles. He hacks at it and the mortar comes away in great chunks.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

Mr. Aguilar, would you mind?

Irwin offers Aguilar the pick. Aguilar hesitates, looks at Beaupre.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

(to Beaupre)

Let's look at the other side.

Irwin hands the pick to Aguilar, walks off. Beaupre can only follow. Cyrus, Doc, Dellwo and others share a look, go after them.

45 EXT. THE YARD - BY THE BLOCKHOUSE WALL - DAY 45

ANGLE ON THE WALL, no one in sight. The bottom line of mortar has been chipped away. We hear...

GENERAL IRWIN (O.S.)

One... two... three!

The wall shudders, some dust shakes off of it.

GENERAL IRWIN (O.S.) (cont'd)

One... two... three!

The wall rocks a bit, more dust falls.

GENERAL IRWIN (O.S.) (cont'd)

One... two... THREE!

The wall shudders... then slowly topples forward... and SLAMS into the ground, sending up a cloud of dust. The dust clears; we see...

IRWIN, AGUILAR, CYRUS, DOC, DELLWO and TEN OTHERS, surprised, grinning. Irwin claps Aguilar on the shoulder. Aguilar beams.

YATES stands apart, looking on.

46 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY 46

Winter looks down from his window, surprised, curious.

47 EXT. THE YARD - BY THE BLOCKHOUSE WALL - DAY 47

Irwin looks over the fallen wall, shattered into a hundred pieces along its mortar lines.

GENERAL IRWIN

"My name is Ozymandius, king of kings..."

CYRUS

"Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair."

Irwin looks at Cyrus, arches an eyebrow.

48 INT. CYRUS'S CELL - NIGHT 48

CLOSE ON A CHESS SET. The pieces were sculpted from cigarette foil, the board is an elegant drawing on cardboard. Irwin and Cyrus are in the midst of a game.

(CONTINUED)

Cyrus holds a Ziploc bag containing some foul-looking liquid he drinks through a straw.

CYRUS
Would you like some?

GENERAL IRWIN
What is it?

CYRUS
Raisin Jack.

GENERAL IRWIN
Liquor made from raisins.

CYRUS
That's right.

GENERAL IRWIN
Maybe some other time.

Cyrus shrugs. Irwin makes his move.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
Check. And mate, I'm afraid.

Cyrus surveys the board.

CYRUS
So it is.

GENERAL IRWIN
Thanks for the game.

CYRUS
Thank you. You're the first person
who's beaten me in four years. I
can't say I like it.

GENERAL IRWIN
(grins, rises)
I'll see you tomorrow.

CYRUS
Uh... just a moment.

Doc and Enriquez appear in the doorway. Irwin looks at Cyrus --
what is this?

CYRUS (cont'd)
We just want to talk to you for a
moment. I hope you don't mind.

(CONTINUED)

Irwin says nothing. Cyrus gestures to the bed. Irwin sits back down again. Silence for a moment.

ENRIQUEZ

Let's just get to it. You still got friends high up in the Pentagon, right?

GENERAL IRWIN

Not many. Why?

DOC

We were hoping you could talk to someone.

GENERAL IRWIN

About what?

DOC

About what it's like here. The truth.

ENRIQUEZ

It's a real fucking jungle in here, vato, and it isn't an accident. Winter sets us against each other -- black vs. brown, brown vs. white -- keeps things stirred up. As soon as it starts dying down, he starts fanning and blowing and boom, it's running hot again.

GENERAL IRWIN

Let me get this straight. There is violence in a place filled with convicted criminals?

ENRIQUEZ

I told you this was pointless.

CYRUS

(to Irwin)

It's not just that the Colonel instigates violence, he also provides substandard services. If anyone gets injured -- in a fight he's provoked -- they're on their own. Doc spends half his time stitching people up.

GENERAL IRWIN

"He provides substandard services"?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

You want to talk about "substandard services"? My first year in Hanoi, I had a friend who had to treat himself for a compound fracture.

DOC

You can't compare--

GENERAL IRWIN

That's right you can't compare. This is summer camp. And you're... you're whining.

Irwin shakes his head, rises, starts out.

CYRUS

(sotto)

There have been murders.

Irwin slows a half-step.

CYRUS (cont'd)

By Colonel Winter and his men.

Irwin looks back.

DOC

Sometimes, when there's a fight in the Yard, an inmate will make a mistake and touch a guard. You do that, you get shot.

CYRUS

Usually it's just rubber bullets.

DOC

But sometimes it's not. Three times in the past two years, there's been a "mix-up" and real bullets have been used.

ENRIQUEZ

And wouldn't you know it, the three guys who died were all guys Winter'd been having trouble with.

DOC

You may say the rest of it's whining, but someone needs to look into these deaths.

(CONTINUED)

CYRUS

We've tried, but no one listens to us. After all, we're just a bunch of convicted criminals.

— They look at Irwin, imploring. Irwin looks back at them.

GENERAL IRWIN

Three years ago, in Bosnia, I was driving through an IFOR town, and I saw an old man sitting on the steps of his house with a child I presume was his grandson, playing dominoes, and I had a revelation. All my life in the Army, through good wars and bad, I'd been doing my best to make dangerous parts of the world safe enough so old men could sit on their steps and play games with their grandchildren. It was not entirely selfless, of course. I loved the work with all my heart. I gave a great deal for it. I lost a wife due to neglect. I am a stranger to my daughter. I have a grandson I have never met.

(beat)

When I saw that old man in Bosnia, I didn't begrudge him his game with his grandson. I simply thought, "My turn." Now, I didn't retire after Bosnia. I should have, but I didn't. I took one last assignment. To Burundi. And here I am.

(beat)

I'm done, gentlemen. I'm not fighting anyone or anything ever again. I'm going to do my time, then I'm going to go home, and, God willing, sit on my front steps and play a game of dominoes with my grandson.

And with that, Irwin walks out. Enriquez is pissed, Doc is disheartened. Cyrus just watches Irwin go.

McLaren is standing on the floor, reading from a list of names.

MCLAREN

Copeland, Illingworth...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

INMATES are in their cells, combing their hair, getting spiffed up. As they hear their names, they leave.

50 ON THE 3RD TIER

50

Yates sits on his bed, staring at the floor.

MCLAREN (O.S.)

Tucker, Voke, Yates...

Yates gets up.

51 ON THE 6TH TIER

51

Irwin sits in his cell, holding a letter in his lap.

MCLAREN (O.S.)

...Young, Zamorro, Zeitlin. That is the end of the list.

If I did not call your name that is because it is not on the list. I do not make mistakes. Have a good day.

Irwin listens to McLaren and others walk away. He remains sitting on his bunk.

CLOSE ON THE LETTER Irwin is holding. It's addressed to Rosalie Irwin-Matthews, in a town in Oregon. Someone has scrawled RETURN TO SENDER across the envelope.

52 INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - PHONE ROOM - DAY

52

PRISONERS sit on one side of the glass partition, their VISITORS on the other, talking via phone.

Across from Yates sits JILL, 28, his wife. They are silent. Jill is distraught, tear tracks on her face. She is looking at Yates. Yates is looking at anything but Jill, shaking his head, smirking.

JILL

What? You think it's funny? You think I'm kidding?

Yates shakes his head -- nothing. More silence.

JILL (cont'd)

You're not going to say anything? I tell you I want a divorce and you don't say anything?

(CONTINUED)

YATES

What do you want me to say?

JILL

I don't want you to say anything. I thought maybe you might want to... Oh, forget it.

YATES

What am I supposed to say? That I'm surprised? The only surprise is that it took so long.

Jill sighs, shakes her head.

YATES (cont'd)

Just so I know -- what's his name?

Jill looks up, incredulous.

JILL

What?

YATES

The guy you're fucking. Or, if you prefer, the guy who's fucking you. Whichever you--

JILL

You bastard. You goddamn bastard.

YATES

You gonna try and tell me there isn't--

JILL

Don't you dare make this about me!
Don't you dare!

Jill slams down the phone, glares at Yates, turns, goes to the door. It's locked. She can't leave. She pounds on it, frustrated, shoulders shaking. Yates does nothing, says nothing. Finally the door buzzes open and Jill goes through. Yates watches the door close. Then he hangs up the phone.

53 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

53

Grey, with low, threatening clouds. Irwin comes out of the laundry, looks over at the fallen blockhouse wall, a few inmates breaking up the stones.

AGUILAR (O.S.)

Afternoon, sir.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

Irwin turns, sees Aguilar giving him a salute.

GENERAL IRWIN

Don't do that.

Irwin keeps walking. Aguilar keeps saluting.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

Go-- Just-- At ease.

Aguilar drops his arm, slumps. Irwin keeps going, then stops, looks back. He sees the sadness in Aguilar's eyes.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

What branch were you in, Aguilar?

AGUILAR

The C-C-Corps.

GENERAL IRWIN

Miss it?

AGUILAR

Yes, sir. V-v-v-ery much.

GENERAL IRWIN

Why are you here? What did you do?

AGUILAR

That's just it. I didn't d-d-do n-n-nothing. It was a m-m-mistake.

GENERAL IRWIN

Oh.

Irwin starts off.

AGUILAR

What--? Where're you going?

Irwin keeps walking. Aguilar suddenly blurts out...

AGUILAR (cont'd)

I hurt someone.

Irwin stops, looks at him.

GENERAL IRWIN

How long have you been in here?

AGUILAR

Two years.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL IRWIN
How much longer do you have?

AGUILAR
F-f-f-

Aguilar pounds his fist into his thigh, frustrated.

GENERAL IRWIN
Take your time. We're in prison.
We've got nothing but time.

Aguilar nods, breathes, tries it slowly.

AGUILAR
F-f-four and a half years to go.

GENERAL IRWIN
How's it been?

AGUILAR
(shrugs)
Okay.

Irwin can see the truth -- the pain -- in Aguilar's eyes.

GENERAL IRWIN
So, tell me, along with the stutter,
do you have some kind of spinal
deformity? A curvature, some
misaligned vertebrae...?

AGUILAR
No...?

GENERAL IRWIN
Then why are you standing like that?
I said "at ease," not slouch.

Aguilar straightens up.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
And what was that thing you did with
your hand?

AGUILAR
'Scuse me?

GENERAL IRWIN
It looked like you were running your
fingers through your hair and they
got stuck.

(CONTINUED)

AGUILAR

What? Oh, no -- that was a salute.

GENERAL IRWIN

It was? A salute? Really.

AGUILAR

What was wrong with it?

GENERAL IRWIN

Do you know why we salute?

AGUILAR

To show respect?

GENERAL IRWIN

Okay, but why a salute? Why this thing with the hand?

That stumps Aguilar.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

The truth is, the hand is almost immaterial. A salute is basically a frozen wave.

(demonstrates)

It's as if you're waving at someone and you stop, you hold it. That's

the sign of respect. Not the fact you have your hand up, but that you're not moving. You're staying still for that person, giving them your attention.

(beat)

A proper salute starts at your feet.

As Irwin starts instructing Aguilar how to salute, we PAN and BOOM UP to see...

WINTER and PERETZ, in the window of Winter's office, looking down, watching.

54 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

54

COLONEL WINTER

At the Point, his very name was said with reverence, as if the syllables themselves conveyed all that it meant to be a soldier. And here he is now, a sad, pathetic man commanding an army of one. I can't watch.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Winter turns away from the window, goes to his desk.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

(beat)

I know I told him saluting among the prisoners was prohibited.

LT. PERETZ

Shall I remind him, sir?

COLONEL WINTER

Yes.

LT. PERETZ

And Prisoner Aguilar?

55 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

55

Aguilar stands alone in the middle of the Yard, at attention, saluting, but there's no one there.

The INMATES chipping at the fallen stones look over at Aguilar. They also look over at...

Peretz talking to Irwin. Irwin nods. The horn sounds. Irwin heads off to the Tiers. He takes a look back at Aguilar.

Fat raindrops hit the dirt around Aguilar, kick up dust.

56 EXT. THE YARD - NIGHT

56

Aguilar stands in the pouring rain, saluting.

Irwin watches Aguilar from a window on the ground floor of the Tiers. A horn sounds and he slowly backs away from the window.

57 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

57

It's still raining. Irwin is with a group of INMATES hurrying across the Yard in the rain, all looking at...

Aguilar, exhausted, crying, trying to hold his arm up. And then, thankfully, the horn sounds. Aguilar lowers his arm. He starts toward the Tiers.

Irwin looks back from the doorway to the laundry.

Peretz walks out, stops Aguilar, says something to him. Aguilar slumps, turns, goes back to his spot and lifts his arm back into a salute.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

Peretz heads for the Administration Building.

Irwin shakes his head, turns to go inside.

58 INT. LAUNDRY - DAY

58

Irwin enters. He gets ten feet and he stops. He looks pissed off -- at himself. He really doesn't want to do what he knows he must. He sighs.

59 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

59

Irwin comes out and strides across the Yard toward Aguilar.

GENERAL IRWIN

Put your hand down, son.

Aguilar doesn't move.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

Put it down.

Aguilar slowly lowers his hand.

LT. PERETZ (O.S.)

Prisoner Irwin, what are you doing?

Irwin turns to see Peretz heading back toward them. Aguilar puts his hand right back up again.

GENERAL IRWIN

According to the Uniform Code of
Military Justice--

LT. PERETZ

Step back from the prisoner.

GENERAL IRWIN

(doesn't move)

According to the Uniform Code of
Military Justice, no corporal
punishment--

Peretz puts his whistle to his lips and blows.

TEN GUARDS suddenly appear, from every doorway on the Yard. They run toward Irwin, pulling their batons.

LT. PERETZ

Step back from the prisoner and get
down.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

GENERAL IRWIN
According to the Uniform Code of
Military Justice...

Peretz looks up at...

WINTER, standing at his office window. Winter nods.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
...a prisoner given discipline--

Peretz pulls his own baton and swings, clipping Irwin on the ear. Irwin drops in pain. Peretz stands over him, face blank, as the other guards run up.

60 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

60

Minutes later. Aguilar is still standing, saluting. Irwin sits in the mud, hands on his head, a trickle of blood dripping from his ear. Peretz stands nearby. They are all surrounded by guards.

INMATES watch from every doorway.

COLONEL WINTER (O.S.)
What seems to be the problem?

Irwin looks up. Winter approaches through the rain.

LT. PERETZ
Sir, Prisoner Irwin was interfering
in the corporal punishment of Prisoner
Aguilar.

Winter takes a deep breath, nods.

COLONEL WINTER
Prisoner Irwin, I understand coming
here must be a big adjustment for
you. To go from having thousands of
men under your command in combat to
having no war to fight and no one to
follow you must not be easy.
Nevertheless, I do ask that you learn
how things are done around here.
Saluting is prohibited.
(to Peretz)
Take the prisoner to his cell,
Lieutenant.

LT. PERETZ
Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

Winter walks off. Peretz pulls Irwin to his feet.

GENERAL IRWIN

Sir, may the prisoner speak, sir.

Winter slows, turns.

COLONEL WINTER

Yes...?

GENERAL IRWIN

Colonel Winter, according to the Uniform Code of Military Justice, corporal punishment of a prisoner begun on the day shift may not go past the following morning's horn.

Winter says nothing for a moment. Everyone is looking at him. The only sound is the rain. Winter looks at Irwin, thinking. Then...

COLONEL WINTER

Prisoner Irwin, you are absolutely right. Prisoner Aguilar, lower your hand.

(to Irwin)

Thank you for bringing this to my attention. Lieutenant?

Winter turns and heads back toward the Administration Building, Peretz by his side. Winter says something to Peretz.

Aguilar is stunned by what just happened. So are the guards. Irwin is surprised himself.

LT. PERETZ (O.S.)

Prisoner Irwin.

Peretz is walking back. Winter continues on toward the Administration Building.

LT. PERETZ (cont'd)

Prisoner Irwin, your uniform is soiled.

He points to Irwin's shoulder, dotted with dark red spots.

AGUILAR

That's his blood!

Peretz gives Aguilar a look and he shuts up.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

LT. PERETZ

A soiled uniform is a violation of
the USDB Manual of Conduct. A
violation requires discipline.

Irwin sighs -- so this is how it's going to be.

61 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

61

The rain has stopped and the sun is out.

Irwin is carrying one of the stones from the fallen blockhouse
wall over to a pile a hundred yards away. He walks alone.

Fifty inmates are watching him, quiet.

Peretz and Lombardo supervise with McLaren and Niebolt.

Yates is in a group including Dellwo, Cyrus, Doc, Duffy,
Aguilar, Jinx and Enriquez. Yates pulls out his black book.

YATES

3-2.

(off their hard looks)

The stones weigh twenty pounds apiece,
it'll be eighty degrees by noon,
we've got two thousand percent
humidity. He won't make the day.

No one says anything. Cyrus, Enriquez and Doc move away
from Yates.

YATES

Hey, you're so sure he'll make it,
bet the other side.

BEAUPRE

(sidles up)

You're right, Yates. No way he's
gonna make it. Put me down for two.

WINTER watches through the window in his office.

62 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

62

The sun is higher in the sky. Irwin is sweating hard,
trudging onward with a stone.

McLaren is looking at the big clock on the wall of the
Administration Building. The minute hand ratchets over to
straight-up ten o'clock.

(CONTINUED)

MCLAREN

Break!

But Irwin doesn't stop.

MCLAREN (cont'd)

I said break!

Irwin keeps going. That generates some interest in the crowd.

WINTER, watching from his office, arches an eyebrow.

63 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

63

A HUNDRED INMATES are now watching Irwin. He's moving slower, gaunt, the stone heavier in his arms. THE CLOCK moves to straight-up noon.

MCLAREN

Lunch! Thirty minutes!

Irwin doesn't stop. Aguilar and Doc run out.

AGUILAR

You've got to stop.

DOC

At least take some water. If you dehydrate, you'll drop.

Irwin keeps going.

YATES

5-2!

DOC

(to McClaren)

Can we get a little weather relief here, boss?

McClaren looks at Peretz. Peretz nods.

Irwin drops the stone on the pile and heads back for another one. Doc says something to him and Irwin gets out of the top of his coveralls as he walks, tying the arms around his waist.

What we first notice are not Irwin's taut, ropey muscles, but that his back is laced with SCARS.

JINX

What in the fuck is that?

(CONTINUED)

YATES

Electrical scars. The NVA interrogators would smear their prisoners' backs with conductive jelly, then get a car battery and some frayed jumper cables and go to work.

JINX

Fuck me. How long was he in there?

YATES

Six years.

(beat)

He could've gotten out after four, but he did six.

(off Jinx's look)

They offered him a release, but he wouldn't go without his men.

JINX

How come you know so much about him?

YATES

I... I'm a student of history.

WINTER continues to watch Irwin's progress from his window, his brow beginning to furrow.

64 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

64

Irwin drops a stone on the pile, takes a moment to catch his breath, then turns and starts back. Sweat is pouring off him. The sun is brilliant.

The on-lookers are crowded into a narrow band of shade against one wall. Darnell, near Beaupre, takes his eyes off Irwin for a moment, sees something, elbows Beaupre.

DARNELL

Shit, look!

Beaupre looks.

BEAUPRE

Fuck!

Yates looks over at him -- what? Beaupre points.

BEAUPRE (cont'd)

He's almost done!

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

Yates looks over at the PILE -- six stones left.

YATES
3-2! His favor!

A flurry of bets fires in. Beaupre runs out to Irwin.

BEAUPRE
Drop, you fuck! Drop dead!

Duffy runs out.

DUFFY
You can do it!

Others run out of the shade, some yelling for Irwin to quit, others for him to keep going. Irwin keeps going.

65 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

65

Irwin picks up the last stone -- the heaviest of all. He can barely straighten his legs. He totters off into...

A GAUNTLET of TWO HUNDRED MEN lining his course, yelling at him both to stop and keep going.

Irwin picks up his pace, gets to a brisk walk, then to a run. He roars and sprints the last few yards and tosses the last stone high onto the pile.

The crowd goes nuts. Beaupre curses. Yates looks bemused. Aguilar jumps for joy.

Peretz hears something over his headset, turns, looks up.

Winter is standing at his window, radio to his mouth.

Aguilar and others crowd around Irwin, cheering.

GENERAL IRWIN
(through a dry raspy throat)
Could I have some water?

A shrill whistle cuts through the air. The cheering and celebration come down a notch. Another blast of the whistle. The celebration quiets.

LT. PERETZ
The discipline ordered was horn to horn labor! The disposition of the stones is immaterial! The prisoner must continue!

(CONTINUED)

Groans, a few cheers, from the crowd.

ENRIQUEZ

What's he supposed to do, Lieutenant?
He moved the whole goddamn pile!

LT. PERETZ

Then he can move it back.

More groans and cheers. Irwin eyes Peretz for a moment, looks up at Winter in his window, then picks up a stone and starts back.

YATES

7-2 against!

Another stream of bets comes in. Aguilar pushes through.

AGUILAR

Four! In favor!

YATES

Four for Mr. Aguilar.

66 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

66

Irwin, haggard, totes a stone. The GAUNTLET of yelling men has gotten narrower, louder. Beaupre stumbles into Irwin's path. Irwin hits him, falls. Irwin's head hits the stone and he's still. The crowd surges around him.

BEAUPRE

He's down!

DUFFY

You tripped him!

BEAUPRE

Somebody pushed me!

Irwin raises his head. Blood is streaming out of a cut over his eye. He starts to push himself to his feet.

BEAUPRE (cont'd)

He can't go on like that!

Doc wriggles through the crowd, sees the blood.

DOC

Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL IRWIN

I'm okay.

BEAUPRE

No, he isn't! It's over!

Doc moves his index finger back and forth.

DOC

Follow it.

Irwin does. Doc holds up four fingers.

DOC (cont'd)

How many?

GENERAL IRWIN

Four.

DOC

What day is it?

GENERAL IRWIN

Saturday.

DOC

Who's the President?

GENERAL IRWIN

Elmer Fudd.

DOC

He's fine!

Cheers from half the crowd. Irwin wipes the blood from his eyes, picks the rock up and keeps going.

YATES

11-1!

More bets come in.

AGUILAR

Two more!

Irwin staggers under the load of a rock, barely able to put one foot in front of the other. Dry blood is caked on his forehead and smeared across his face, chest and coveralls.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

The crowd is now FIVE HUNDRED MEN, but it's eerily quiet. They are watching Irwin and they are watching...

THE CLOCK, inching closer to 6:00, minute hand holding at 5:59... holding... holding... clunk. It slides to 6:00.

The crowd cheers. But then there's quickly confusion.

ENRIQUEZ

The horn! The fuckers! They're holding the motherfucking horn!

Beaupre, face purple with rage, screams in Irwin's face.

BEAUPRE

DIE, GODDAMN YOU, DIE!

Irwin makes it to the pile, and as he drops the stone, the horn sounds. The crowd goes wild.

Irwin slowly straightens up, his eyes fixed on...

Winter in his window.

Irwin senses someone walking up to him.

It's Aguilar. Aguilar stops in front of Irwin, raises his hand like he's going to salute. Irwin winces -- don't do it. But Aguilar just runs his fingers through his hair, grins. Irwin grins back.

Winter turns away from his window.

68 INT. AGUILAR'S CELL - NIGHT

68

Aguilar looks up as Yates enters with 36 cartons of cigarettes.

AGUILAR

What's that?

YATES

They're yours. Four cartons at 7-2, two at 11-1 -- that's 36.

AGUILAR

(laughs)

They're not mine. I placed that bet for somebody else.

YATES

Who?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

AGUILAR

The guy in the hut three doors down.

69 INT. GENERAL IRWIN'S CELL - NIGHT

69

Irwin is soaking his aching, raw hands in his sink.

YATES (O.S.)

You know, betting on yourself could get you a lifetime ban from the Hall of Fame.

Irwin smiles, turns, sees Yates.

GENERAL IRWIN

Mr. Aguilar!

Aguilar at the door. Irwin nods at the cigarettes.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

If you wouldn't mind, pass those out as far as they'll go. I don't smoke.

AGUILAR

Thank you, sir. The men'll appreciate it.

Aguilar takes the cigarettes, leaves.

YATES

One thing I've got to know: When you fell and cut your head, did you do that just to drive up the odds?

GENERAL IRWIN

Why would I do a thing like that?

YATES

To shut down my book.

GENERAL IRWIN

And why would I want to shut down your book?

YATES

Because you know I'm running a suicide pool on you.

GENERAL IRWIN

Ah, yes. I heard about that. Are there any squares left?

(CONTINUED)

YATES

Just one. Nine weeks.

GENERAL IRWIN

How much to enter?

YATES

Nope, sorry. Knowing you, you'd kill yourself just to win a box of smokes.

GENERAL IRWIN

Never. I'm like Pete Rose: if I bet on myself, it's always to win.

YATES

But you don't always win.

GENERAL IRWIN

God, no.

A moment of quiet. Yates is about to leave, but stops.

YATES

I met you once, when I was a kid.

(Irwin looks at him)

1981. The belated Welcome Home ceremony at the White House. I was there. My father was one of your men. In Hanoi.

GENERAL IRWIN

I don't recall any Yates...

YATES

My mother's name. My dad was Richard Andrews. They split when I was a teenager. I took her name.

GENERAL IRWIN

Richard Andrews... He was a good man.

YATES

No, he wasn't. You know that.

GENERAL IRWIN

After thirty years, everyone's a good man. It's a law. Where's your father now?

(CONTINUED)

YATES

Crawling with worms, I suppose.

(off Irwin's look)

He died in '87. He was in a bar fight, got hit in the head. He thought he was okay, went back to his shithole motel room and went to bed. Trouble was, his blood was so thin from drinking it couldn't clot right anymore and he bled to death in his sleep.

GENERAL IRWIN

I'm sorry.

YATES

Yeah, well, it is your fault.

(off Irwin's look)

The men who were with you in Hanoi -- to a man they all say you kept them alive. Your strength.

Irwin shakes his head.

YATES (cont'd)

I kinda wish you hadn't been so strong. Maybe my dad would've died over there. At least then we would've had that -- he would've died a hero, not a sad, pathetic skid row drunk.

GENERAL IRWIN

I am not responsible for those men surviving.

YATES

That's not what they say.

GENERAL IRWIN

When you are tortured, the first thing they try to do is break down your sense of self. I broke quickly. Within weeks, self-preservation was the last thing on my mind. In fact, I prayed for death. Every night. The only thing that kept me from answering those prayers myself was the thought of the men in the other rooms. They kept me alive, Mr. Yates, not the other way around.

The horn sounds.

70 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

70

A LINE OF MEN stretches from the stone pile to the wall as they move the stones. Their hands work with quick, practiced precision and the stones fly along the line.

At the wall, AGUILAR oversees closely as the stones are carefully stacked and slathered with mortar to form the new wall.

Irwin walks out of the Tiers, heads for the wall. As he passes inmates, many of them "salute" him as Aguilar did by running their fingers through their hair.

DELLWO

Morning, Chief.

OTHER INMATES

Hey, Chief. Good morning, Chief.

Someone taps Aguilar on the shoulder. He turns, sees Irwin walking up. Aguilar and all the men around him "salute."

71 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

71

Winter and Peretz stand at the window.

LT. PERETZ

The hand through the hair is their form of salute. They address Irwin as Chief. They have substitutes for other ranks, as well. Anyone who was a Captain is called "Boss", Sergeants are "Sport", and Privates are "Pal."

COLONEL WINTER

(thinks, nods)

Take their names.

Peretz nods, lifts binoculars, starts jotting down names.

72 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

72

Aguilar and the fifty or so inmates who were stacking the stones are standing before Winter, who stands on the Administration Building steps. Peretz waits behind him.

COLONEL WINTER

There may be many times in a soldier's career when he will be required to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
 salute a man for whom he has no respect. He salutes anyway, because he has been taught to salute the rank, not the man. There will hopefully, however, be many more instances than that in a soldier's career when he happily salutes not only the rank, but the man who carries it. When we who are soldiers see greatness in a man -- see all the qualities we attribute to those few we call heroes -- then it is not only our duty to salute, it is our honor and our privilege. That is what we do, we who are soldiers: that is who we are, and I understand that.

(beat)

What I do not understand is how you could think that any of that applies to you. You are not soldiers.

A ripple of reaction runs through the inmates.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
 Each one of you is nothing more than the shadow of a soldier. You have the shape of a soldier, but you have no substance. You once were a soldier, but now you merely mark the space where a soldier once stood.

(gestures to prison walls)

And so we lock you away, out of the light. And real soldiers...

(gestures to Peretz, McLaren)

...are called upon to contain you, to keep you from bringing more shame to the uniform they wear.

Winter looks at them for a moment longer, then turns and goes inside. Peretz takes his place.

LT. PERETZ

The prisoners present will return to their cells to commence a seventy-two hour lockdown.

The men sag, slump, the air going out of them.

DISSOLVE TO:

73 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY 73
 Colonel Winter arrives for work, briefcase in hand, passing people in the hall, exchanging "Good mornings."

74 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - DAY 74
 Winter greets his SECRETARY and heads into his office.

75 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY 75
 Winter goes to his desk. He glances out the window before he sits down. He does not sit down. His face clouds with anger. He hits the speakerphone intercom button.

COLONEL WINTER
 Get me Lieutenant Peretz.

76 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - DAY 76
 Peretz comes through quickly, goes into Winter's office.

77 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY 77
 Peretz enters to find Winter standing at the window.

COLONEL WINTER
 Do you wish to be re-assigned,
 Lieutenant?

LT. PERETZ
 Sir?

COLONEL WINTER
 Just give the word and I'll have you
 shoveling camel dung in Djibouti so
 fast it'll make your eyes bleed.

LT. PERETZ
 Sir, I--

COLONEL WINTER
 DID I OR DID I NOT ORDER YOU TO HAVE
 THOSE MEN LOCKED DOWN?

LT. PERETZ
 Yes, sir. You--

COLONEL WINTER
 (points out window)
 Then what in God's name is THAT?

(CONTINUED)

Peretz steps up to the window, looks down.

TWO DOZEN MEN are putting the last stones on the top level of the wall.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
I swear, Lieutenant, you better have one hell of a good goddamn excuse or I am going to crawl up your ass so far that bump in your throat will be my nose.

LT. PERETZ
Sir--

COLONEL WINTER
Yes, Lieutenant?!

LT. PERETZ
Sir, those are different men.

Winter looks closer and he can't believe his eyes. There's no Dellwo, no Duffy -- no one we recognize.

Winter thinks. Hmm. Exhales.

COLONEL WINTER
Release Aguilar and the other men on lockdown.

Peretz nods.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
Then bring him to me.

LT. PERETZ
Who, sir?

COLONEL WINTER
The Prince of Fucking Venezuela.
Who do you think?

LT. PERETZ
General Irwin?

COLONEL WINTER
(glowering)
Mister Irwin.

Peretz nods, turns on his heel.

78 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

78

Aguilar and the other fifty men who'd been in lockdown walk out onto the Yard. As they approach the almost-finished blockhouse wall, the men already there start clapping.

79 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

79

Winter stands at his window, looking down at Aguilar and the others by the wall.

COLONEL WINTER

It's sad, but they just don't get it, do they? Apparently the irony of prisoners building their own prisons escapes them.

GENERAL IRWIN (O.S.)

No, they get it.

Winter turns. Irwin is standing in the middle of the room.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

They just don't care. It gives them something to do.

Winter stares at Irwin for a long moment.

COLONEL WINTER

So, Mr. Irwin, what do you want?

GENERAL IRWIN

I want to do my time and go home.

COLONEL WINTER

So you say, and yet everything you've done here contradicts that.

(beat)

What do you want for them? The ability to salute, use rank? What?

GENERAL IRWIN

I think I want the same thing you do -- that they should be better men going out of here than they were coming in.

COLONEL WINTER

That's the line my predecessor used.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

In his last two years here, there were seven escape attempts and twelve injury assaults on an officer, including one killed. In the ten years since I assumed command, there have been zero escape attempts, zero injury assaults, zero officer fatalities. Some may question my ways, Mr. Irwin, but they work.

(beat)

See, in case you've forgotten, those men down there are not here for unpaid parking tickets and library fines. Mr. Beaupre and his cronies raped and murdered a young woman in a parking lot in Manila. Mr. Dellwo robbed a PX with a shotgun, blew a poor corporal's hand off. Your beloved Mr. Aguilar almost killed an MP with a claw hammer.

GENERAL IRWIN

I labor under no illusions about what these men have done. I just think they could occasionally be reminded of the best thing they did in their lives rather than having to only think of the worst.

Winter looks at Irwin. He walks over to his display cases, looks over his collection.

COLONEL WINTER

I know you don't respect me, Mr. Irwin.

GENERAL IRWIN

Excuse me?

COLONEL WINTER

You the great front line combat veteran. Me the rear echelon jailer bureaucrat who collects grisly mementos of war, but has never actually set foot on a battlefield.

GENERAL IRWIN

I don't--

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL WINTER

This is combat, Mr. Irwin. This is war. And it's a war I've been fighting for a long time. My men and I are vastly outnumbered and we spend every day behind enemy lines. Because make no mistake about it...

(points out window)

...they are the enemy; you are the enemy, and I will not have any terms dictated to me by the enemy. There will be no saluting in any form whatsoever. There will be no sneaking around the prohibition of rank, I don't care what words you use. And, as it seems to have become a focus of much tension and turmoil...

(checks his watch)

...in a couple of minutes, there will be no wall.

Irwin doesn't understand.

80 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

80

Aguilar and the men are standing back, enjoying a look at the completed wall. Cyrus shakes his head. Aguilar looks at him -- what?

CYRUS

I'm afraid I've never quite understood. It goes nowhere, encloses nothing, doesn't support anything. It's... it's just a wall.

AGUILAR

Yeah. But it's our wall.

Cyrus grins, nods. And then they hear a sound and turn.

THE TRUCK GATES

Are opening across the Yard. Everyone looks. They hear a rattling rumble and then...

A BULLDOZER

Comes through the open gates. It heads for the men and the blockhouse wall. No one knows what to make of it. And then, TWO DOZEN GUARDS, including Niebolt and McLaren, run out, flank the bulldozer, batons ready.

(CONTINUED)

MCLAREN
Move away from the wall!

Now the inmates realize what's happening.

AGUILAR
No...

MCLAREN
Move away from the wall!

The men boo, jeer, but move back from the advancing guards.

Aguilar doesn't back away. He starts walking toward the bulldozer.

MCLAREN (cont'd)
Don't do it, Aguilar!

But Aguilar doesn't stop. Niebolt runs out, grabs Aguilar.

NIEBOLT
Don't!

Aguilar pushes Niebolt away.

A ripple of fear goes through the men.

81 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

81

Winter, Irwin and Peretz are at the window.

COLONEL WINTER
End it.

Peretz nods, clicks on his radio. Winter almost grins. Irwin gets a very bad feeling.

82 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

82

A whistle blows. The inmates hit the dirt, covering their heads with their arms.

Aguilar walks in front of the bulldozer, raises his arms.

NIEBOLT
Get down!

83 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

83

Irwin looks down in horror, realizing.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

GENERAL IRWIN
For God's sake, get down...

84 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

84

Aguilar stands in the path of the advancing bulldozer. The bulldozer slows, stops. Aguilar grins, starts to turn to look back at the others. CRACKCRACKCRACK. Aguilar jerks from three bullet hits to the chest. He looks surprised more than pained. He falls face forward to the ground.

Silence for a moment. Aguilar doesn't move. And then dark wet stains start to blossom on his back.

NIEBOLT
Oh, fuck... Doc!

DOC
Sir, permission to examine the prisoner, sir!

MCLAREN
Go!

Doc scrambles to Aguilar, rolls him over and we see the torn cloth of the bullet strikes and his dog tags, covered in blood.

DOC
Oh, Jesus.

85 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

85

Winter looks at Irwin with an expression that says "see what you made me do?"

COLONEL WINTER
They should only be using rubber bullets. I can't imagine how something like this could happen.
(to Peretz)
Look into it, Lieutenant. I'll expect a full report on my desk by Monday morning.

LT. PERETZ
Yes, sir.

COLONEL WINTER
Escort the prisoner back to his cell. Standard seventy-two hour lockdown for the population.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

LT. PERETZ

Yes, sir.

Peretz heads out. Irwin goes with him. He looks back at Winter, stunned, now fully seeing the depth of Winter's darkness.

86 INT. THE TIERS - DAY/NIGHT

86

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES shows the men sitting out the 72 hour lockdown. At first, they yell and bang their cell doors. But as day becomes night becomes day again, they quiet down, take their meals, sit in silence.

87 INT. THE TIERS - DAY

87

A horn sounds and all the cell doors slide open.

88 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

88

A light rain falls. The blockhouse wall is gone. The only sign it was ever there is a strip of new earth where the foundation was dug out.

300 inmates are in the Yard, scattered across it, back to their racial divisions. The mood is quiet.

89 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

89

Winter looks down from his window, Peretz by his side.

COLONEL WINTER

And once more, order returns to the jungle.

Winter turns and goes to his desk. Peretz stays by the window.

90 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

90

General Irwin walks out alone to the center of the Yard, to where the blockhouse wall had been. He looks at the strip of new earth for a few moments, then he turns to the men behind him.

GENERAL IRWIN

Mr. Dellwo.

DELLWO

TEN-HUT!

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

At that, the 300 men scattered randomly across the Yard move and start to form a grid. Even BEAUPRE and HIS MEN step into line.

91 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

91

Peretz looks down at the grid as it forms, amazed.

LT. PERETZ

Sir...?

92 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

92

The grid forms up into crisp, even lines, filling half the Yard. The men stand at attention.

Irwin nods to Doc. Doc steps out of line, walks up to Irwin, holds out his hand. In his hand are DOG TAGS, smeared with dark, dry blood. Irwin takes them. Doc returns to his line.

Irwin kneels, scoops up some dirt with his hand and buries the tags. He pats the earth flat, stands. He looks out at the men.

GENERAL IRWIN

Some might think to be remembered in this way would be a disgrace to a soldier, but there is no disgrace in this. The greatest monuments to our fallen heroes are not made of marble. They're deep in the jungle -- a rifle driven into the ground, a helmet perched atop it, some dog tags.

(beat)

And that is the kind of tribute this man has earned. He doesn't get a twenty-one gun salute or any of the other honors usually bestowed upon a soldier. He gets more.

(beat)

He goes to meet his maker with the honor he claimed for himself.

(beat)

Gentlemen -- Private First Class
Ramon Aguilar, United States Marine
Corps.

Irwin bows his head and places his hand over his heart.

THE THREE HUNDRED MEN follow suit. Someone in the group starts singing the Marine hymn. A few others join in.

93 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

93

Winter and Peretz look down from the window.

COLONEL WINTER

A martyr. He's made the stuttering
monkey into a martyr.

And then they start to hear it -- the Marine hymn, swelling.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

Sound the dinner horn.

LT. PERETZ

It's not for another ten--

COLONEL WINTER

SOUND IT!

Peretz snaps up the phone.

94 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

94

Three hundred men are singing, and they are singing loud.
And then the horn sounds, cutting through their voices.

95 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

95

The horn dies. Silence -- no singing. Winter exhales in
relief -- that's better. He's about to turn away from the
window when...

THE THREE HUNDRED MEN turn as one and salute him.

Winter grimaces, does not return the salute.

The men drop their salute and march off toward the Tiers.

COLONEL WINTER

Bring General Irwin to me.

LT. PERETZ

(beat)

Mister Irwin...

Winter turns and glares at Peretz -- do not fuck with me.
Peretz nods and leaves.

96 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

96

Irwin sits across from Winter. After some silence...

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL WINTER

If the inmates could confine themselves to a simple hand motion such as this...

(runs hand through hair)

...I don't see any problem. It's not technically a salute, and as long as no one outside of the USDB knows about it, we can live with it. All right?

GENERAL IRWIN

(beat)

I don't think that really matters now.

COLONEL WINTER

All right. I just thought--

GENERAL IRWIN

In fact, Colonel, there's only one thing the men want anymore.

COLONEL WINTER

And that is...?

GENERAL IRWIN

Your resignation.

COLONEL WINTER

Excuse me?

GENERAL IRWIN

They don't want better food. They don't want more TV. They don't even want out. They just want you to go away.

Winter looks at Irwin for a moment, thinking.

COLONEL WINTER

Lieutenant Peretz!

GENERAL IRWIN

I agree with them. You should go. But not because of the brutality you encourage. Not even because you have men killed. You should go because you are the very worst kind of officer. You're a disgrace to the uniform.

(CONTINUED)

The door opens; Peretz appears.

COLONEL WINTER
Escort the prisoner back to his cell.

Peretz nods, gestures to the door for Irwin. Irwin locks eyes with Winter, then walks out. Peretz follows him.

Winter just sits there for a moment, thinking. He reaches over and taps his intercom button.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
Marjorie, get General Wheeler on the line.

SECRETARY (V.O.)
Colonel, I'm sure he's left for the day--

COLONEL WINTER
Then get him at home.

Winter sits back, looking out at the Yard, playing with something in his hands. He looks down and sees that it's same old bayonet again. Winter looks at it. His phone buzzes. Winter drops the bayonet on his desk and picks up the phone.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
(into phone)
Good evening, General. Sorry to disturb you.

97 INT. THE TIERS - DAY

97

McLaren is on the floor, reading from a list of names.

SGT. MCLAREN
Fenton, Fiengold, Garbowski...

98 ON THE 6TH TIER

98

Irwin is sitting in his cell, reading.

SGT. MCLAREN (O.S.)
...Hadley, Hammerman, Irwin,
Jankelford...

Irwin looks up, surprised.

99 INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - DAY

99

Irwin walks in. Niebolt directs him.

PVT. NIEBOLT

Number three.

Irwin walks down the row of phones. He's surprised to see who's waiting for him -- a young officer -- LT. DAVES. Irwin sits, picks up the phone.

LT. DAVES

Hello, Leland. How are you feeling?

GENERAL IRWIN

Frankly, Lieutenant, I'm feeling a little confused. I'm trying to figure out what possible reason my lawyer could have for being here.

LT. DAVES

You don't know? They haven't told you?

Irwin doesn't know what Daves is talking about.

LT. DAVES (cont'd)

Leland -- you're being released.

Irwin is stunned.

100 INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

100

Cyrus is at a table with Dellwo, Duffy, Doc and Enriquez.

DOC

It's called a compassionate release. They're saying he has health problems--

DUFFY

That's bullshit!

DOC

I'm just saying what they're saying.
(to all)
They're keeping him in p.c. tonight.

He gets out tomorrow.

CYRUS

Kill the head and the body will die.

(CONTINUED)

DELLWO

What?

CYRUS

It's an old line. It means--

DELLWO

I know what it means, Cyrus. It's just bullshit, is all. They remove this head and this body is just gonna get stronger. We're gonna go apeshit on this place.

DOC

No, we're not.

DELLWO

Like fuck we're not.

ENRIQUEZ

Who's gonna lead us?

DELLWO

I don't know... Me.

Eyebrows arch at that.

DELLWO (cont'd)

You then. I don't care.

ENRIQUEZ

Not me.

DELLWO

Somebody.

There're no volunteers. The table goes quiet.

YATES (V.O.)

It's perfect! Absolutely goddamn perfect!

101 INT. THE HOLE - GENERAL IRWIN'S CELL - NIGHT

101

Yates is standing outside Irwin's cell door. Irwin is inside, sitting on the bunk, in the dark.

YATES

It makes so much sense when you think about it, it's almost obvious. But I didn't see it. Nobody did.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

YATES (cont'd)

Maybe Winter did. Maybe he knew.
But there was nothing he could do.

GENERAL IRWIN

What are you talking about, Yates?

YATES

Oh, give it up, you old dog! Come on! It fits perfectly. You're a smart man, right? A three-star general. Brilliant strategist. One of the best ever. Wrote books on the stuff. And you wanna tell me you weren't planning this right from the beginning? This is what you wanted, isn't it, Chief? You serve two months -- two months and you're out of here! You're a genius! You got everyone to play their little parts -- and they played 'em perfectly. Even me.

SGT. MCLAREN (O.S.)

Yates! Time's up!

YATES

(to McLaren)

Okay!

(to Irwin)

Just tell me the truth. I promise I won't tell a soul. I'm right, aren't I?

MCLAREN (O.S.)

Move it, Yates!

YATES

I'm moving! I'm moving!

(to Irwin)

Come on. I don't care. I'm your biggest fan. Just tell me. You knew if you kept at Winter long enough he'd let you go just to get rid of you, right?

Irwin says nothing. Yates starts off.

IRWIN

It occurred to me, yes.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

Yates is hit by that, stops. For all his boisterous cynicism, he's disappointed. But he hides it.

YATES

God bless you, Mister. You are the king.

SGT. MCLAREN (O.S.)

Goddamnit, Yates, don't make me come down there!

YATES

I'm walking! One foot in front of the other!

Yates heads off down the hall toward the sally port.

Irwin sits on his bed, staring into space.

102 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

102

Peretz and McLaren walk with Irwin, now in street clothes, down a hallway. He glances out a window.

HIS POV down into the Yard. Empty. Not a soul.

103 EXT. USDB ENTRANCE - DAY

103

Irwin comes out with Peretz and McLaren. They walk toward the inner fence gate, 50 yards off. There are two more gates past that. Beyond the outer gate there are TEN TV NEWSVANS waiting.

WINTER and LT. DAVES wait by the inner gate.

Irwin, Peretz and McLaren walk up to Winter.

COLONEL WINTER

Mr. Irwin, I'm going to say to you what I say to everyone who leaves this facility:

Irwin sees something over Winter's shoulder.

IN THE FIVE WINDOWS OF THE LIBRARY stand Dellwo, Duffy, Enriquez and Beaupre, saluting. Irwin's eyes glide over them to the fifth window, where...

YATES is standing. He's not saluting. He's just standing and staring. He and Irwin lock eyes.

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

I hope you can make good use of the time you have left to you, and I...

Winter senses Irwin's looking at something, turns to look. As he turns, Dellwo and the others lower their hands.

Winter turns back to Irwin.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

...and I hope that you can live in such a way that you never have to see the inside of a place like this again.

Winter sticks out his hand. Irwin shakes it. Winter nods.

Irwin starts off. There's an odd expression on his face -- one we've seen before. He looks pissed off. Like he doesn't want to do what he knows he must. He sighs, stops, turns.

GENERAL IRWIN

Colonel, may I ask one question before I go?

COLONEL WINTER

Of course.

Irwin walks back to the Colonel.

GENERAL IRWIN

What I'd like to know is--

Irwin suddenly hauls off and clocks Winter with a roundhouse right. Winter sails back, hits the ground, blood streaming from his nose.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd) (cont'd)

--did you really think you could get rid of me that easily?

Peretz and McLaren are on Irwin in a flash, wailing with their batons. Irwin covers up and drops.

Dellwo and the rest look at each for a moment -- did that really happen? -- then erupt in cheers.

105 EXT. USDB ENTRANCE - DAY

105

Irwin is dragged back toward the entrance, blood dripping from his head. He sees...

Dellwo and the others in the library windows, jumping up and down, cheering. And then there's...

Yates. He gives the smallest of grins.

Irwin looks at Yates as Peretz and McLaren drag him inside.

106 INT. THE HOLE - GENERAL IRWIN'S CELL - NIGHT

106

Irwin lays on the bunk. He hears footsteps approach.

TRUSTEE (O.S.)

Meal!

The meal slot slides open and a tray is pushed in. Irwin takes it.

TRUSTEE (O.S.) (cont'd)

You have three minutes to eat your meal.

Irwin looks at the meal. There's something hidden underneath the napkin. He picks it up, sees a Ziploc bag full of some cloudy liquid. He picks it up, opens it, takes a whiff. His eyes water.

GENERAL IRWIN

Cyrus?

107 INT. THE HOLE - OUTSIDE IRWIN'S CELL - NIGHT - CROSSCUT

107

Cyrus wears a trustee's orange vest, pushes the meal cart.

CYRUS

You found it.

GENERAL IRWIN

What in God's name is it?

CYRUS

Pruno. Original recipe. I thought you might be in some pain. It'll take the edge off. Just don't get any on your skin.

(loud)

Two minutes and thirty seconds!

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL IRWIN

What are you doing here?

CYRUS

Funny you should ask that. A few of us are wondering what in the hell you're doing here.

GENERAL IRWIN

(beat)

I don't know. I've been asking myself the same thing. Aguilar, I suppose.

CYRUS

How's that?

GENERAL IRWIN

I can't help feeling responsible.

CYRUS

For what? His death? There's only one man responsible for that and it's not you. You are, however, responsible for making him feel like a soldier again.

(beat)

As it happens, I know several hundred other men who would like nothing more than to feel like soldiers again themselves.

(loud)

Two minutes!

GENERAL IRWIN

To what end?

CYRUS

You know what end. Unless you don't think it's possible.

GENERAL IRWIN

(beat)

No, it's possible.

CYRUS

Do you see any other option?

GENERAL IRWIN

There are always other options.

CYRUS

Such as?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

107

Irwin has no answer.

CYRUS (cont'd)

The men are waiting, General. Just give the word.

Irwin shuts his eyes, thinking hard. He grins ruefully to himself, shakes his head, sighs.

GENERAL IRWIN

Has General Wheeler paid a visit yet?

CYRUS

No.

(loud)

One minute!

GENERAL IRWIN

He will. Probably tomorrow. Which means you'll have to move quickly.

108 EXT. ROAD APPROACHING THE PRISON - DAY

108

A three car MOTORCADE -- two jeeps and a sedan -- approaches the prison, small CAC (Combined Arms Center) flags whipping from the antennas.

109 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

109

The motorcade drives through the last of the fence gates into the parking lot and stops. A CORPORAL hustles from the jeep and opens the rear passenger door. Out gets...

LT. GEN. JAMES WHEELER, 50, none too happy to be there.

110 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

110

Wheeler is in with Winter.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

It was on all the news shows, Ed! Sure, it's hazy telephoto and they had to put one of those circles around it to highlight it, but it's pretty damn clear what happened -- Lee Irwin decked you!

COLONEL WINTER

It was really more of a slap, sir--

(CONTINUED)

LT. GEN. WHEELER

That was a helluva slap! You landed on your ass! Now, what in God's name is going on here?

COLONEL WINTER

I don't know, sir. I'm not a doctor. He-- Two weeks ago I observed him marching a man back and forth in the Yard. A minor eccentricity. Fine. Since then, it's as if he's been doing everything he can to provoke me, in order to recruit a following. It's almost as if -- and again, I'm not a doctor -- but it's as if in some way he believed he were still in the field, commanding a division.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

Are you saying he's delusional?

COLONEL WINTER

I'm just telling you what I've seen.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

Your prisoner has made some claims through his lawyer...

COLONEL WINTER

I know, and they're absurd. Every incident he mentions has been thoroughly documented.

(beat)

It's almost as if he's trying to manufacture a cause.

(beat)

General, when I requested compassionate release on medical grounds, I'll be honest: this was my true concern. His mental state. I don't know that this is

the right place for him.

Wheeler takes that in, thinks about it.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

When you think about it, sir... six years in the hands of North Vietnamese torturers?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

I don't know that I wouldn't have been a jabbering idiot a long time ago. Not that he's in any way a jabbering idiot. He's not. It's just...

Winter shrugs -- nothing more to say.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

I better talk to him. Alone. And not through any plexiglass wall.

Winter nods.

111 INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - CONTACT ROOM - DAY

111

McLaren and Niebolt usher Wheeler into the room. Irwin is sitting. A cut over his eye has been stitched, but he still looks like hell.

SGT. MCLAREN

This is a contact visit. You are limited to one embrace at the beginning and one at the end. Hands must be visible at all times.

GENERAL IRWIN

I guess that rules out the handjob.

McLaren, Niebolt and Wheeler laugh. Wheeler takes a seat.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

(to McLaren and Niebolt)

Go watch through the mirror.

(they hesitate)

I'll be fine.

They know that. They head out, leaving Wheeler and Irwin alone.

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)

You look well.

GENERAL IRWIN

You never were a good liar.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

LT. GEN. WHEELER

(grins, then:)

I apologize for not calling you,
when you were in the middle of the
trial.

(Irwin shrugs it off)

Hell, I just didn't want anyone to
know I knew you.

Irwin smiles.

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)

I have to say, I think going after
those men in Burundi was the right
thing to do. Disobeying an order to
do it, I'm not so sure about--

GENERAL IRWIN

You're not here to talk about that.

Wheeler shakes his head.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

I'm here to see if you've lost your
mind.

112 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

112

A TRUSTEE brings the mail to Winter's SECRETARY.

TRUSTEE

Morning, Miss Kelly.

SECRETARY

Morning, Danny.

The trustee points to the letter on top of the pile.

TRUSTEE

I found that one just laying on the
floor in the hall.

CLOSE ON THE ENVELOPE: It's addressed to Colonel Winters,
Personal and Confidential, Read by 12:00.

The secretary looks at the wall clock. It's 11:55.

113 INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - CONTACT ROOM - DAY

113

GENERAL IRWIN

You want to know if I've lost my mind? I punched the Commandant of the USDB ten feet from freedom, what do you think?

LT. GEN. WHEELER

I think Colonel Edwin Winter is a royal pain in the ass and you'd be hard pressed to find anyone who's ever worked with him who doesn't want to shake your hand right now.

114 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

114

Winter looks over the envelope, looks at the clock. 11:58. He slits open the letter with an opener, pulls out two sheets of paper, unfolds them.

CLOSE ON THE TOP SHEET. Handwriting reads: We are in position to take Wheeler. If you do not come to the Visitor's Center and resign to him in my presence by 12:10 PM, he will become our prisoner.

115 INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - CONTACT ROOM - DAY

115

GENERAL IRWIN

He's more than just a pain in the ass, Jim.

WHEELER

Look, Lee, I don't like him, you don't like him, no one back in D.C. likes him. But, he's getting the job done. His numbers are too good. As far as the Pentagon is concerned, he's untouchable.

GENERAL IRWIN

A murderer is untouchable?

LT. GEN. WHEELER

They're saying that was some mix up in the handling of the ammunition.

GENERAL IRWIN

Four times in two years?

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

LT. GEN. WHEELER
I know it's suspicious, but suspicion
alone isn't gonna cut it, you know
that. Do you have any proof?
Anything that would stand up at a
Court-martial?

GENERAL IRWIN
(beat, sighs)
No. I don't.

Silence between the two old friends. Wheeler nods, starts
to push back his chair.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Perhaps I better be going...

GENERAL IRWIN
Sit down.

Wheeler looks at him.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
I've been here two months, you're my
first visitor and we've got ten
minutes left. Sit down.

Wheeler grins, sits back down.

116 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

116

Winter is scanning the Yard with the binoculars. Peretz is
talking into a radio.

LT. PERETZ
All teams, this is a full SORT alert
and confidence is high.

117 INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - CONTACT ROOM - DAY

117

Wheeler looks at Irwin.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Look, Lee, can I give you some advice?

GENERAL IRWIN
Would it make any difference if I
said no?

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Of course not.

118 INT. USDB - VARIOUS LOCATIONS 118

VARIOUS SHOTS: GUARDS putting on Kevlar vests, RIFLES being pulled out of a hidden storage closet, GAS MASKS being yanked off hooks.

119 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY 119

Peretz is scanning the Yard with binoculars.

LT. PERETZ

I see no indication, sir.

COLONEL WINTER

Of course not. He'll keep it hidden until the last possible second.

(beat)

This is how it begins, Lieutenant.

In all the books, about all the battles, this is how it always begins. In silence.

120 EXT. USDB ENTRANCE - DAY 120

The WHITE TEAM of TWENTY SOLDIERS, with gas masks and RIFLES (the only team with rifles), gets into position outside the gate. The TEAM LEADER keys his radio mike.

WHITE TEAM LEADER

White Team set.

121 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY 121

The BLUE TEAM of TWENTY SOLDIERS is hunkered down by doors to the Yard, ready with batons.

BLUE TEAM LEADER

Blue set.

122 INT. VISITOR'S CENTER HALLWAY - DAY 122

The RED TEAM crouch-walks silently to positions outside the doors into the Visitor's Center.

RED TEAM LEADER

Red set.

123 INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - CONTACT ROOM - DAY 123

LT. GEN. WHEELER
All I'm saying is, keep your head
down and stay clear of him and you'll
be out of here by next Christmas.

124 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY 124

Winter eyes the wall clock. 12:08. The minute hand clicks to
12:09.

COLONEL WINTER
Go!

LT. PERETZ
(into radio)
Red go!

125 INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - CONTACT ROOM - DAY 125

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Take up a hobby or--

THE DOORS fling open. The RED TEAM charges in, batons up.

RED TEAM LEADER
DOWN! DOWN! ON THE FLOOR! NOW!

Wheeler is stunned. Irwin quickly drops to the floor, hands
behind his neck. FOUR SOLDIERS grab Wheeler, drag him off.

126 EXT. THE YARD - DAY 126

The INMATES in the Yard turn as...

The BLUE TEAM comes running out of the Administration
Building.

In the GUN TOWERS, the GUNMEN have their rifles up and are
scanning the Yard through their scopes.

The siren starts to wail. The INMATES start to get down.

HEAVY IRON DOORS in the Administration Building swing open
with a clang. The inmates turn. Out of the building rolls...

A CANNON pushed by SIX GUARDS. A CANNON OPERATOR rides on
top, manning the controls.

The inmates start laying flat. Too late.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

The CANNON fires.

The inmates are hit full-blast by pressurized water. They're picked up, sent tumbling.

The Blue Team moves to the sides of the cannon's blast. They wail on anyone stupid enough to try to run.

The cannon rolls out further into the Yard, the operator turning the control wheels, sweeping the jet-spray over any prisoner still standing.

Yates lays flat, getting splattered with water and mud.

The cannon sweeps back and forth, until there's no one left standing except the guards. The operator releases the trigger. The water stops.

127 EXT. USDB ENTRANCE - DAY

127

The FOUR RED TEAM men haul WHEELER out of the gate and hustle him toward an ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER, door open. The WHITE TEAM falls back, rifles leveled, covering them.

Wheeler is pushed into the APC and it takes off, door closing as it goes. The White Team scans the gate, the walls, looking for anything that moves.

128 INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - CONTACT ROOM - DAY

128

Irwin is still on the floor. As his hands are pulled behind him and cuffed, he grins.

129 EXT. ROAD APPROACHING THE PRISON - MINUTES LATER

129

Wheeler is standing outside of the APC, reaming Colonel Winter. Peretz is over by their jeep, on the radio. Winter is looking out at the APCs and response teams as Wheeler goes at him. There's something in Winter's eyes -- a realization -- that almost makes him smile.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

You thought he was going to try to take me hostage?! Are you serious?

COLONEL WINTER

We had a note to that effect, sir. Apparently it was just a hoax.

(CONTINUED)

LT. GEN. WHEELER

And you didn't consider that before
you had my ass dragged out of there?
I almost had a fucking heart attack!

COLONEL WINTER

It was an overreaction on my part,
sir.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

Overreaction?! I'm starting to think
maybe you're the one who's delusional,
Colonel.

COLONEL WINTER

Yes, sir, I can see how you might
think that.

Peretz signals Winter.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

Sir, could you excuse me for a moment?

LT. GEN. WHEELER

Well... All right.

Winter walks over to Peretz.

LT. PERETZ

Sir, we've found no weapons on anyone.

COLONEL WINTER

Of course not.

LT. PERETZ

Looks like he was trying to bluff
you, Colonel.

COLONEL WINTER

Bluff me?

Winter isn't so sure.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

Colonel, I'd like to get out of here!

Winter walks back to Wheeler. Wheeler has calmed down.

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)

Ed, it's my judgement that Lee Irwin
is as sane as you or I.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)
 He hit you because he doesn't like
 you, not because he's losing his
 mind.

Winter nods.

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)
 However, this is your facility, and
 if you still think he should be
 transferred out of here, I'll back
 you up.

Winter thinks about that for a moment. He looks at the
 Castle, at his men.

COLONEL WINTER
 No, sir. Upon further reflection,
 this is... this is exactly where he
 should be.

130 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

130

SEVEN HUNDRED MEN drop forward as one and begin pushups.

Dellwo, Cyrus and Duffy stand together, looking disheartened.

GENERAL IRWIN (O.S.)
 Who died?

Irwin walks up.

DELLWO
 Sorry, sir, but-- He beat us!

GENERAL IRWIN
 He did?

DELLWO
 He called our bluff and he hit us
 hard!

GENERAL IRWIN
 Exactly what I hoped he'd do.

They look at him -- what?

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
 You see, gentlemen, now we know what
 weapons he has and how he uses them.

131 INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

131

The mess hall usually sits three hundred. There are three times that many men there now, lining the walls, sitting on the floor.

Irwin looks over at...

NIEBOLT and MCLAREN, the guards on duty. They look back at Irwin. Their eyes lock for a moment. Niebolt and McLaren turn and walk out of the room, the doors shutting behind them.

Thumper and Miguel slide into position at the doors. Irwin gives Dellwo a look. Dellwo stands.

DELLWO

TEN-HUT!

The room goes dead silent. Irwin steps up on a table.

GENERAL IRWIN

Good evening, men.

THE MEN

SIR, GOOD EVENING, SIR!

GENERAL IRWIN

We don't have much time. I would like to read something to you.

(pulls folded piece of paper from his pocket)

I copied this down in the library. It's from the United States Uniform Code of Military Justice, Subchapter 22, Section 901, Article 14. Grounds for Removal of a Stockade or Disciplinary Barracks Commandant.

The men cheer.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

(loud, over the men)

The Commandant of a stockade or disciplinary barracks may be removed from duty due to any of the following:

(the men quiet)

Item 1: Dereliction of duty. Item 2: Criminal malfeasance. Item 3: Actions injurious to the welfare of his men. Item 4: Actions injurious to the welfare of the inmates.

(CONTINUED)

The men start to cheer again and they don't stop, getting louder as Irwin goes through the list.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

(yelling to be heard)

Item 5: Cruel and unusual punishment of the inmates. Item 6: Any action or non-action which brings dishonor to the armed forces of the United States of America. Item 7.

(the men are too loud)

Item 7!

Dellwo motions the men to quiet down. The room goes silent.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

Item 7: Loss of control of his facility.

The men explode with cheers. Irwin folds the piece of paper and tucks it back in his pocket.

Yates is there, and he's probably the only one not yelling and cheering. He's just looking at Irwin.

Irwin is drawing on the wall with a piece of chalk. With him is his core cadre: Dellwo, Cyrus, Duffy, Enriquez and Doc. As Irwin draws, he speaks, and it's a speech we've heard before...

GENERAL IRWIN

The first castles were the walled cities of Mesopotamia built over 8,000 years ago. Castles haven't changed much down the centuries. There have always been walls and gates and men to guard them. Castle walls have always held high ground positions to fire from and places to run a flag. The only difference between this castle and the countless others built over the last 8,000 years is that they were built to keep people out. This castle was built to keep people in. But it's still a castle. And the secret to taking it is gaining control of the one thing battle-planners have always wanted to control.

(CONTINUED)

DOC

A nuclear arsenal?

GENERAL IRWIN

The High Ground. We do that and we will take the day. We don't and we lose.

DELLWO

We've got to get to the top of the Admin Building?

GENERAL IRWIN

No. I'll explain later.

DUFFY

What I don't get is, even if we do manage to "take the high ground" and all that, aren't they just gonna send in the National Guard?

GENERAL IRWIN

No. They'll send in the 1st Battalion of the 506th out of the Combined Arms Center.

CYRUS

Whoa, General. I think we're good, but the CAC 506th is one of the most serious outfits in the whole army. We can't take them.

GENERAL IRWIN

We don't have to.

(off their looks)

You know what happens to a captain in the Navy if his ship runs aground? He loses his command.

(nods at drawing)

By calling in the cavalry, Colonel Winter will let the world know he's run his ship aground.

(beat)

Reason number seven for removal of a commandant: Loss of control of his facility.

They all like the sound of that. Irwin tosses a cupful of water onto the chalk drawing and the lines run. He pulls out a folded sheet of paper, hands it to Dellwo.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: (2)

132

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
We're going to need some things.

DISSOLVE TO:

133 A SERIES OF SHOTS:

133

An INMATE in the kitchen slips some METAL FUNNELS into his jumpsuit.

JINX cuts an electrical cord off a table lamp in the library.

INMATES squirrel away their peaches at dinner time and later give them to CYRUS in his cell.

In the hospital, DOC stuffs bags of SURGICAL TUBING into his jumpsuit.

134 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

134

Winter is looking out the window at the men marching in formation in the Yard. The number has grown. Peretz is reporting to him.

LT. PERETZ

...and the hospital is reporting twenty packs of surgical tubing missing.

Winter says nothing.

LT. PERETZ (cont'd)

Sir, it looks like they're preparing for something.

COLONEL WINTER

Obviously.

LT. PERETZ

If we gave the population a 96-hour lockdown, tossed their cells, did a thorough search of the Yard, we could--

COLONEL WINTER

No.

Winter lifts up binoculars, peers at the men marching. Peretz steps up beside him.

LT. PERETZ

My count thirty minutes ago was approximately six hundred men.

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL WINTER

Close. It's 611.

(scanning with binoculars)

But right now I'm more interested in the men who aren't marching than the ones who are.

(beat)

Standing alone under Tower 3. Who's that?

Winter hands the binoculars to Peretz. BINOCULAR POV shows YATES standing alone against the wall, writing in his book.

LT. PERETZ

Yates.

COLONEL WINTER

Why isn't he marching?

LT. PERETZ

Marching calls for a man to walk upright. Which I doubt Yates is capable of.

Winter takes back the binoculars, looks at Yates.

LT. PERETZ (cont'd)

Yates is a lowlife, sir. A hustler.

COLONEL WINTER

What's that book he's writing in?

LT. PERETZ

That's his Book, sir.

(off Winter's hard look)

His gambling Book. He takes bets.

COLONEL WINTER

On what?

LT. PERETZ

Anything. Fights. The weather. He even took bets on whether or not Irwin was going to kill himself.

COLONEL WINTER

(brightens)

I want to see his file.

Winter is going through Yates' file. Yates sits across from him.

COLONEL WINTER

You were studying military law, post-grad, at the Point, then switched to the Air Force Academy. Why was that?

YATES

Fewer jokes about pilots.

COLONEL WINTER

Don't see too many pilots around here.

(back to file)

Graduated 1990... Rose to rank of captain... Served in the Gulf... Somalia... Training exercise with the Royal Canadian Air Force which ended in... court-martial. Why was that?

YATES

(re: file)

It's in there.

COLONEL WINTER

(shuts file)

I want to hear your version.

YATES

My version is the same as theirs. Guilty as charged.

COLONEL WINTER

We don't see too many of those around here, either.

YATES

My crew and I went on a hike on Vancouver Island. We came across a shitload of magic mushrooms.

(off Winter's look)

Psilocybin. It's a hallucinogen. Anyway, we tried to bring 'em back to the States and we got caught.

Winter opens the file, reads on.

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL WINTER

There's more in here.

YATES

Okay, I got caught. In hope of a lower sentence, I helped JAG nail my crew.

COLONEL WINTER

Yet the Court-martial still gave you six years.

YATES

How does the saying go? "Military justice is to justice as military music is to music."

Winter gives a thin-lipped smile, reads the file.

COLONEL WINTER

It says here your father was a POW with Irwin. Is that correct?

YATES

Yes.

COLONEL WINTER

And yet, despite what I can only assume would be a favorable impression of him, you haven't seen fit to join Mr. Irwin's...

YATES

Army.

COLONEL WINTER

For lack of a better word. Why is that?

YATES

It's not my fight.

COLONEL WINTER

Mr. Irwin is in a fight?

YATES

It's the nature of the beast, Colonel. Every soldier needs a war; every war requires an enemy, and you seem to have volunteered for the job.

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL WINTER

I see. And what would you have done in my place?

YATES

Just what you did -- tried to get him out of here. But I wouldn't have stopped trying until he was gone. The fact you've stopped makes me think you want him here.

COLONEL WINTER

(smiles)

Mr. Irwin is a clever man, but he is not invulnerable.

(eyes Yates)

All I need is information, Mr. Yates. Which is why I want you to reconsider your decision not to join Mr. Irwin's crusade.

YATES

You want me to be your snitch?

COLONEL WINTER

My informant.

YATES

Any way you phrase it, no, thanks.

COLONEL WINTER

I can make your life here better, Mr. Yates.

YATES

You're gonna get me into the wood shop? Gee, thanks. I've got less than a year left on my bit, Colonel. The only thing I want is to go home. Unless you're going to give me early release, we've got nothing to talk about.

COLONEL WINTER

I can also make your life here worse.

Yates looks at him.

136 INT. THE TIERS - 3RD TIER - NIGHT

136

Yates sits on his bunk, reading a book, his cell door shut. He looks up as Irwin walks up to his door, flanked by Dellwo, Cyrus, Duffy and Enriquez.

YATES

I'm in lockdown. No visitors.

GENERAL IRWIN

What did the Colonel want?

YATES

My recipe for shortbread. What the fuck do you think he wanted? He wanted me to join your band of merry men so I could tell him what you're up to.

GENERAL IRWIN

And what did you say?

YATES

No.

GENERAL IRWIN

Should I believe you?

YATES

I could give a shit.

GENERAL IRWIN

You should have said yes. You could have gotten me some information.

YATES

What is it today? Why does everybody think I'm gonna be their snitch?

DELLWO

'Cause you did it before?

Yates looks up at Dellwo, then back to his book.

GENERAL IRWIN

We could use your help, Yates.

YATES

Is there some kind of sound barrier here so you can't hear what I'm saying? I'm not gonna be anyone's spy, I'm not gonna be anyone's snitch--

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL IRWIN

Not that. There's another skill you possess.

YATES

What -- you want me to run a Book?

GENERAL IRWIN

I'll tell you once you're onboard.

(beat)

Will you help us?

YATES

Fuck, no.

GENERAL IRWIN

Why not?

YATES

For the same reason I said no to the Colonel: You can't give me what I want.

GENERAL IRWIN

And what's that?

YATES

Freedom.

GENERAL IRWIN

Really. I thought you might want something more than that.

YATES

Something more than freedom? What in God's name would that be?

GENERAL IRWIN

Your honor.

YATES

(beat)

You think you can give me back my honor?

(laughs)

Good luck.

SGT. MCLAREN (O.S.)

Get away from the cell! The prisoner is in lockdown!

(CONTINUED)

DELLWO

We're moving!

(to Irwin)

We don't need him. Diefenbaker can do it.

YATES

Diefenbaker? You're looking for a stickman?

Irwin says nothing, starts off.

YATES (cont'd)

Don't get Diefenbaker! Christ, he's Navy. You're doomed.

Irwin grins as he walks. Then he slows, looks back at Yates.

GENERAL IRWIN

You're sure?

YATES

How many times I gotta tell you: I only look out for myself.

GENERAL IRWIN

You keep saying that enough and one day you're going to believe it.

Irwin walks on. Yates watches him go, then goes back to his book.

DELLWO sits in his cell collecting PENNIES from inmates.

An INMATE uses a home-made hacksaw blade to cut a length of metal off his bed frame.

Irwin is pulling an empty laundry bag through the air. He notices rattling. He slows, looks up at THE CHAINS holding the bag.

An INMATE is in his cell braiding strips of bedsheets into ropes.

A few cells down, TWO INMATES use music blaring from a radio to cover the sound of them bending strips of metal.

Over at the WEIGHT PILE, THUMPER and CUTBUSH surreptitiously use a free-weight to snap the ends off the bolts holding the bench press together.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

CYRUS and DELLWO are standing by the wooden bleachers by the baseball diamond, quietly removing some screws.

138 INT. CYRUS' CELL - NIGHT

138

Irwin zips on a straw sticking out of a half-quart Ziploc bag full of murky liquid. Cyrus watches him. Doc, Dellwo, Enriquez, and Duffy are there as well. Irwin's eyes go wide, then start to water. He gasps. Cyrus smiles.

CYRUS

A striking little domestic. I thought you'd be amused by its presumption

GENERAL IRWIN

Good Lord, what is it?

CYRUS

It started out as good old fashioned Jack, then I added a little grapefruit and tomato.

GENERAL IRWIN

Are they all this... potent?

CYRUS

Actually, that's one of the lighter ones -- the Bartles and Jaymes of the lot.

GENERAL IRWIN

How many bags total?

CYRUS

Thirty-six.

Irwin nods, passes the bag to Doc.

GENERAL IRWIN

Take a sip and pass it along. If it's poison then at least we'll all go together.

Doc takes a sip, chokes, passes the bag on. It goes around the cell, ending with Cyrus.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

Now seal it.

Cyrus does.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

Let that be the first one used.

They all look at him.

DELLWO

When?

GENERAL IRWIN

Tomorrow.

Their grins spread wide.

139 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

139

Inmates on the weight pile, tending the garden, playing basketball.

140 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

140

Winter and Peretz look down upon the scene.

COLONEL WINTER

It's going off today.

Winter crosses to his desk.

LT. PERETZ

How do you know?

Winter takes out a key, unlocks a drawer in his desk.

COLONEL WINTER

For the first time in a week, nobody's doing anything suspicious.

Winter pulls a holster and service revolver out of his desk.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

Prepare the men.

Winter straps on the gun.

141 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

141

Empty, late in the afternoon, the sun heading down.

142 INT. LAUNDRY - DAY

142

The end of shift horn sounds. MCCLINTOCK climbs into a vat, shuts it. ST. CYR climbs into another vat, pulls the cover shut.

143 EXT. THE YARD - DAY 143

Irwin looks out over the Yard. Some INMATES are heading in for dinner; others are spread out in small groups, by themselves. Nothing out of the ordinary.

An INMATE with a baseball glove bounces a rubber ball off the wall.

144 INT. THE TIERS - DAY 144

FOUR GUARDS enter, hear dripping. They see water puddling on the floor. They look up, see water sheeting down in a thin curtain from the 6th Tier. The guards start up the stairs, batons ready.

145 INT. LAUNDRY - DAY 145

Empty, quiet. McClintock and St. Cyr climb out of their vats, look around. McClintock goes to one of the chains dangling from the overhead track, grabs hold of the chain, starts climbing up.

146 EXT. THE YARD - DAY 146

The inmate with the baseball glove tosses the ball to a friend and heads into the Tiers.

147 INT. 6TH TIER - DAY 147

The four guards reach the top of the stairs and come out onto the 6th Tier. Water covers the dimpled metal walkway.

The guards peer into the cells as they walk. Every cell is empty, toilets plugged with sheets, water bubbling out.

Halfway down the Tier, one cell is dark -- no light spilling out onto the walkway. They head for that cell. They do not see...

BLACK SHOELACES, tied together, stretched across the walkway.

THE FIRST TWO GUARDS trip, go down onto the wet metal floor. One of the OTHER GUARDS looks into the dark cell, sees...

JINX, standing on his bed, holding a coil of electrical cord, one end wired into the ceiling lamp socket. The other end spits sparks. Jinx drops the cord.

GUARD

Get up--!

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

174

GENERAL IRWIN
 (to trebuchet team)
 Left turn! Thirty degrees!

Duffy and Enriquez swing the trebuchet left.

METAL DOORS on the side of the Administration Building clang open.

175 INT. SHOWERS - DUSK

175

Jinx and the other inmates have bashed a two-foot hole in the shower wall. Jinx climbs into the hole. Another inmate hands him a flashlight. Jinx drops down out of sight.

176 INT. 3RD TIER - DUSK

176

A pail over a fire is white hot. An INMATE uses a wooden handle to grab the pail handle. He heads out. He's joined by three other guys with white-hot pails. They hurry for the stairs.

177 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

177

THE CANNON, turbines whirring, comes rolling out of the Administration Building, flanked by FORTY GUARDS with shields, the CANNON OPERATOR in the control seat, turning the wheels.

GENERAL IRWIN
 (to the trebuchet crew)
 Right turn! Double time!

Duffy and Enriquez start pivoting the catapult.

THE INMATES guarding the trebuchet form four walls between the cannon and the trebuchet.

THE CANNON OPERATOR takes aim, pulls the trigger.

The blast of pressurized water hits the first wall of men. They angle their shields back, letting the water ramp up off them.

178 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

178

COLONEL WINTER
 Their feet, goddamn it! Go for their feet!

Peretz clicks on his radio.

INUED: (2)

136

154

DELLWO

We're moving!
(to Irwin)
We don't need him. Diefenbaker can
do it.

t see

ursts

YATES

Diefenbaker? You're looking for a
stickman?

e bag

: bag

bag

Irwin says nothing, starts off.

YATES (cont'd)

Don't get Diefenbaker! Christ, he's
Navy. You're doomed.

155

Irwin grins as he walks. Then he slows, looks back at Yates.

GENERAL IRWIN

You're sure?

YATES

How many times I gotta tell you: I
only look out for myself.

GENERAL IRWIN

You keep saying that enough and one
day you're going to believe it.

Irwin walks on. Yates watches him go, then goes back to his
book.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

137

DELLWO sits in his cell collecting PENNIES from inmates.

An INMATE uses a home-made hacksaw blade to cut a length of
metal off his bed frame.

Irwin is pulling an empty laundry bag through the air. He
notices rattling. He slows, looks up at THE CHAINS holding
the bag.

crews.

An INMATE is in his cell braiding strips of bedsheets into
ropes.

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place.

A few cells down, TWO INMATES use music blaring from a radio
to cover the sound of them bending strips of metal.

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eam.

Over at the WEIGHT PILE, THUMPER and CUTBUSH surreptitiously
use a free-weight to snap the ends off the bolts holding the
bench press together.

ir aim
ers catch

(CONTINUED)

FINUED:

154

INMAN, scanning the Yard through his scope, doesn't see
g until the last second.

Ziploc hits the wall just below the guntower. It bursts
a sheet of flame shoots up.

OTHER FUNNEL CREWS release their first salvos. One bag
ps apart in flight, leaving an arc of flame. Another bag
ts the top of a tower, raining fire down. The third bag
es over the wall.

TES, to one side of the Yard, looks on, wide-eyed.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

155

inter and Peretz look down in amazement.

COLONEL WINTER

Take them out.

LT. PERETZ

(raising radio)

Go lethal?

COLONEL WINTER

Not yet.

(off Peretz's look)

When we do, any men we have down
there will be killed.

LT. PERETZ

(into radio)

Take out the launching crews.

COLONEL WINTER

(muttering)

Show your hand, General. Show your
hand.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

156

The gunmen in the towers start firing at the funnel crews.

One FUNNEL CREWMAN is hit in the arm with a rubber bullet;
drops, howling. ANOTHER INMATE rushes in, takes his place.

The injured man is hustled over against the wall, by the
truck gates, where DOC is waiting with his medical team.

Another four Ziplocs fly from the funnel teams. Their aim
is better -- all hit the gun towers. Two of the towers catch
fire.

(CONTINUED)

FINUED:

154

138

FUNNEL CREWMAN, scanning the Yard through his scope, doesn't see
 anything until the last second.

A Ziploc hits the wall just below the guntower. It bursts
 and a sheet of flame shoots up.

THE OTHER FUNNEL CREWS release their first salvos. One bag
 bursts apart in flight, leaving an arc of flame. Another bag
 bursts the top of a tower, raining fire down. The third bag
 bursts over the wall.

PERETZ, to one side of the Yard, looks on, wide-eyed.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

155

139

Peretz and Winter look down in amazement.

COLONEL WINTER

Take them out.

LT. PERETZ

(raising radio)

Go lethal?

140

COLONEL WINTER

Not yet.

(off Peretz's look)

When we do, any men we have down
 there will be killed.

LT. PERETZ

(into radio)

Take out the launching crews.

COLONEL WINTER

(muttering)

Show your hand, General. Show your
 hand.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

156

The gunmen in the towers start firing at the funnel crews.

One FUNNEL CREWMAN is hit in the arm with a rubber bullet;
 drops, howling. ANOTHER INMATE rushes in, takes his place.

141

The injured man is hustled over against the wall, by the
 truck gates, where DOC is waiting with his medical team.

142

Another four Ziplocs fly from the funnel teams. Their aim
 is better -- all hit the gun towers. Two of the towers catch
 fire.

(CONTINUED)

TINUED:

154

FUNNEL CREWMAN, scanning the Yard through his scope, doesn't see
 anything until the last second.

143

A Ziploc hits the wall just below the guntower. It bursts
 and a sheet of flame shoots up.

.n

THE OTHER FUNNEL CREWS release their first salvos. One bag
 bursts apart in flight, leaving an arc of flame. Another bag
 hits the top of a tower, raining fire down. The third bag
 bursts over the wall.

144

PERETZ, to one side of the Yard, looks on, wide-eyed.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

155

Winter and Peretz look down in amazement.

COLONEL WINTER

145

Take them out.

LT. PERETZ

(raising radio)
 Go lethal?

COLONEL WINTER

146

Not yet.
 (off Peretz's look)
 When we do, any men we have down
 there will be killed.

nd

LT. PERETZ

147

(into radio)
 Take out the launching crews.

COLONEL WINTER

(muttering)
 Show your hand, General. Show your
 hand.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

156

The gunmen in the towers start firing at the funnel crews.

One FUNNEL CREWMAN is hit in the arm with a rubber bullet;
 drops, howling. ANOTHER INMATE rushes in, takes his place.

The injured man is hustled over against the wall, by the
 truck gates, where DOC is waiting with his medical team.

Another four Ziplocs fly from the funnel teams. Their aim
 is better -- all hit the gun towers. Two of the towers catch
 fire.

(CONTINUED)

TINUED:

154

147

MAN, scanning the Yard through his scope, doesn't see
j until the last second.

1
3

Ziploc hits the wall just below the guntower. It bursts
and a sheet of flame shoots up.

THE OTHER FUNNEL CREWS release their first salvos. One bag
rips apart in flight, leaving an arc of flame. Another bag
hits the top of a tower, raining fire down. The third bag
flies over the wall.

PEREZ, to one side of the Yard, looks on, wide-eyed.

s,
t.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

155

148

Winter and Peretz look down in amazement.

COLONEL WINTER

Take them out.

LT. PERETZ

(raising radio)

Go lethal?

149

COLONEL WINTER

Not yet.

(off Peretz's look)

When we do, any men we have down
there will be killed.

LT. PERETZ

(into radio)

Take out the launching crews.

COLONEL WINTER

(muttering)

Show your hand, General. Show your
hand.

150

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

156

The gunmen in the towers start firing at the funnel crews.

One FUNNEL CREWMAN is hit in the arm with a rubber bullet;
drops, howling. ANOTHER INMATE rushes in, takes his place.

The injured man is hustled over against the wall, by the
truck gates, where DOC is waiting with his medical team.

Another four Ziplocs fly from the funnel teams. Their aim
is better -- all hit the gun towers. Two of the towers catch
fire.

151

(CONTINUED)

Karen Goldberg

oldberg

FINUED:

154

151

FUNNEL CREWMAN, scanning the Yard through his scope, doesn't see
 until the last second.

Ziploc hits the wall just below the guntower. It bursts
 and a sheet of flame shoots up.

152

THE OTHER FUNNEL CREWS release their first salvos. One bag
 bursts apart in flight, leaving an arc of flame. Another bag
 hits the top of a tower, raining fire down. The third bag
 bursts over the wall.

PERETZ, to one side of the Yard, looks on, wide-eyed.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

155

Winter and Peretz look down in amazement.

COLONEL WINTER

Take them out.

LT. PERETZ

(raising radio)

Go lethal?

COLONEL WINTER

Not yet.

(off Peretz's look)

When we do, any men we have down
 there will be killed.

LT. PERETZ

(into radio)

Take out the launching crews.

COLONEL WINTER

(muttering)

Show your hand, General. Show your
 hand.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

156

153

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(CONTINUED)

FINUED:

154

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154

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PEREZ, to one side of the Yard, looks on, wide-eyed.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

155

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Take them out.

LT. PERETZ

(raising radio)
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COLONEL WINTER

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 (off Peretz's look)
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 is better -- all hit the gun towers. Two of the towers catch
 fire.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

174

9

GENERAL IRWIN
 (to trebuchet team)
 Left turn! Thirty degrees!

Duffy and Enriquez swing the trebuchet left.

METAL DOORS on the side of the Administration Building clang open.

175 INT. SHOWERS - DUSK

175

Jinx and the other inmates have bashed a two-foot hole in the shower wall. Jinx climbs into the hole. Another inmate hands him a flashlight. Jinx drops down out of sight.

176 INT. 3RD TIER - DUSK

176

A pail over a fire is white hot. An INMATE uses a wooden handle to grab the pail handle. He heads out. He's joined by three other guys with white-hot pails. They hurry for the stairs.

177 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

177

THE CANNON, turbines whirring, comes rolling out of the Administration Building, flanked by FORTY GUARDS with shields, the CANNON OPERATOR in the control seat, turning the wheels.

GENERAL IRWIN
 (to the trebuchet crew)
 Right turn! Double time!

Duffy and Enriquez start pivoting the catapult.

THE INMATES guarding the trebuchet form four walls between the cannon and the trebuchet.

THE CANNON OPERATOR takes aim, pulls the trigger.

The blast of pressurized water hits the first wall of men. They angle their shields back, letting the water ramp up off them.

178 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

178

COLONEL WINTER
 Their feet, goddamn it! Go for their feet!

Peretz clicks on his radio.

.74 CONTINUED:

174

GENERAL IRWIN
 (to trebuchet team)
 Left turn! Thirty degrees!

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74 CONTINUED:

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178 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

178

COLONEL WINTER
 Their feet, goddamn it! Go for their feet!

Peretz clicks on his radio.

192 CONTINUED:

192

COLONEL WINTER

South wall! Now!

193 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

193

Beaupre and his men are halfway up the wall. CRACK! Tucker is hit, falls. CRACK! Wittbrodt is hit in the leg, keeps climbing. He's hit in the neck, keeps climbing. He's hit in an arm. He holds on with the other. He's hit four more times and he drops.

Darnell reaches the top. He dashes to Beaupre, grabs him and pulls him over the top as a hail of bullets come in. They drop down behind the parapet, out of the line of fire and crouch-run along the battlement. They get to a tower, start to climb the ladder.

The GUNMEN aim all their fire at Beaupre and Darnell.

The FUNNEL CREWS launch another salvo of pennies.

The GUNMEN see the swarms of hot metal coming and duck.

194 INT. GUN TOWER - DUSK

194

Beaupre and Darnell make it up into the guntower. The gunman who took the pennies to the face is on the floor, whimpering. Beaupre grabs for his rifle. The gunman tries to hold onto it. Beaupre kicks him in the head. The guy goes limp. Beaupre reaches for the rifle but Darnell grabs it first.

DARNELL

My job.

Darnell sights up, starts shooting back at the other tower gunmen.

The GUNMEN all get down out of sight.

195 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

195

Cheers go up throughout the Yard.

GENERAL IRWIN

Remove the casualties!

INMATES acting as medics run out, grab DUFFY and the other dead and wounded and carry them over to Doc.

There are a HUNDRED MEN, dead and wounded, lined up by the wall.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192

COLONEL WINTER
South wall! Now!

193 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

199

TWO HUNDRED GUARDS running through the truck gates. They form up quickly behind the APCs.

Now it's Irwin and the inmates' turn to stop. The two lines are faced off against each other.

200 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

200

COLONEL WINTER

Forward.

201 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

201

The APCs and the guards start forward.

Irwin watches, waits, then lifts the radio to his mouth.

GENERAL IRWIN

(into radio)

Wake the dead.

Over by the wall, DOC is holding a radio.

DOC

(into radio)

Yes, sir!

(to the dead and wounded)

Let's go!

EIGHTY of the supposedly injured men get to their feet, shaking off faked bandages, grabbing weapons.

202 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

202

Winter sees the "dead" and "wounded" inmates rise.

COLONEL WINTER

Oh, shit.

203 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

203

The "dead" and "wounded" attack the guards from behind while the other line of inmates attacks from the front.

204 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

204

Winter watches grimly.

LT. PERETZ

(into radio)

Pull back!

205 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

205

The guards and APCs try to back up to the truck gate but the inmates get there first, shutting the gate doors, barring retreat.

206 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

206

Peretz looks down, aghast, as the guards and APCs are overrun.

LT. PERETZ

Shall I notify the CAC Command, sir?

COLONEL WINTER

That won't be necessary.

LT. PERETZ

But, sir--

COLONEL WINTER

Lieutenant, what is it that battle-planners have sought from the very beginning of warfare?

Peretz shakes his head -- I don't know and why are you asking...?

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

The high ground.

(beat)

It says so right here.

Winter holds up a book. CLOSE ON THE BOOK -- it's Irwin's book on the evolution of battle strategy.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

He who holds the high ground takes the day.

From the distance there's a soft whupwhupwhup, growing louder.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

And here comes our high ground now.

207 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

207

Irwin and his men hear the whupwhupwhupwhup. They turn, look up as...

A HELICOPTER comes over the wall.

- 208 INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK 208
 There's a PILOT and two CREWMEN. One mans a teargas launcher and the other, a .60 mm machine gun.
- 209 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK 209
 Tear gas canisters start dropping down into the Yard. The GUARDS start laying down. INMATES pull bandanas out of their jumpsuits, put them over their faces, pull gasmasks off the guards.
 The FUNNEL CREWS scoop up the spewing canisters and launch them out of the prison. ONE FUNNEL CREW launches one into Winter's office.
- 210 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK 210
 It hits the far wall. Winter grabs it, chucks it out as he barks into the radio.
 COLONEL WINTER
 (into radio)
 Kill anything that moves!
- 211 INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK 211
 MACHINE GUNNER
 (into headset)
 Yes, sir!
 He clamps a RED ammo belt into the gun, pulls the trigger.
- 212 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK 212
 Machine-gun bullets hammer into a funnel crew, taking down half.
- 213 EXT. GUN TOWER - DUSK 213
 Darnell can't get a good shot at the machine gunner.
 BEAUPRE
 Shoot him!
 DARNELL
 I can't see him!
- 214 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK 214
 Pandemonium. The helicopter turns and the machine gunner opens fire on another FUNNEL CREW. Men run, are cut down.

- 215 INT. TIERS ENTRY WAY - DUSK 215
 Yates watches, aghast.
- 216 EXT. GUN TOWER - DUSK 216
 Darnell still can't get a line on the machine gunner.
- BEAUPRE
 Just fucking shoot!
- DARNELL
 I might hit the pilot!
- 217 INT./ EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK 217
 The gunner fires down into the Yard with impunity. He senses something, looks up to see...
 A TWENTY-POUND WEIGHT, launched from the trebuchet.
 The gunner barely has time to react before the weight hits him, square in the chest. It carries him through the helicopter and out the other door.
- 218 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK 218
 The men watch the machine gunner fall eighty feet to the ground.
- 219 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK 219
 The pilot instinctively pulls on the cyclic and the helicopter moves away from the trebuchet.
- 220 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK 220
 Irwin looks over at MCCLINTOCK and ST. CYR, standing by the water cannon -- they give him a thumbs up.
- GENERAL IRWIN
 (into radio)
 Now!
- 221 INT. TUNNEL - DUSK 221
 Jinx drops the radio, starts spinning the water valve.
- 222 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK 222
 The helicopter backs away from the trebuchet.

- 223 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK 223
 The CREWMAN who launched teargas takes over the machine-gun.
- 224 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK 224
 The water cannon shudders as high pressure water fills its system.
 CLOSE ON THE WATER CANNON BARREL -- a pole sticks out, and on the end of the pole there's a grappling hook.
 THE HELICOPTER is still backing away from the trebuchet.
- 225 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK 225
 The new man at the machine-gun takes aim at Irwin and is about to shoot when...
- 226 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK 226
 WHOOSH! The water cannon fires. The pole shoots up toward the helicopter, trailing 100 FEET OF CHAIN.
 THE GRAPPLING HOOK stabs into the thin metal underbelly of the helicopter, snagging.
- 227 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK 227
 The pilot yanks on the cyclic just as the NEW MACHINE-GUNNER fires, his bullets missing Irwin and his men.
- 228 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK 228
 THE HELICOPTER pulls away; THE CHAIN goes taut, the other end hooked to THE CANNON. The helicopter strains, can't get away.
- 229 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK 229
 This Winter was not anticipating.
 COLONEL WINTER
 Get out of there...
- 230 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK 230
 MCCLINTOCK, ST. CYR and EIGHT OTHER INMATES run below the hovering helicopter, swinging grappling hooks at the end of bedsheet ropes. They let them fly. Five fall short. Five hook onto the skids.

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED:

230

MCCLINTOCK, ST. CYR and TWO MEN start climbing the ropes. A FIFTH MAN holds a rope, signals Irwin.

GENERAL IRWIN

(into radio)

Send him out!

231 INT. TIERS ENTRY WAY - DUSK

231

The INMATE with the radio claps DIEFENBAKER on the shoulder.

INMATE

Go!

Yates watches Diefenbaker take a breath and push open the doors.

232 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

232

Diefenbaker runs out into the Yard. He goes to the free bedsheet rope and starts to climb toward the helicopter.

233 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

233

Peretz looks on through binoculars.

COLONEL WINTER

Who's that climbing? Who is that?

LT. PERETZ

Diefenbaker.

(looks at Winter)

He's a pilot.

Winter's eyes go wide. He clicks on his radio.

COLONEL WINTER

(into radio)

Break that chain! Now!

234 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

234

THE PILOT lets the helicopter drop, fast.

235 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

235

The men on the ropes are in free fall for a second. The helicopter then surges up and away. The men on the bedsheet ropes hold on for dear life. DIEFENBAKER almost lets go, holds on.

(CONTINUED)

- 235 CONTINUED: 235
- THE CHAIN goes taut, snaps, the end whipping through the air.
- 236 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK 236
- COLONEL WINTER
(into radio)
Get those men off! Do not let them board your bird!
- 237 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK 237
- HELICOPTER PILOT
Yes, sir!
- The pilot starts flying sideways toward the wall. He's going to slam the men on the ropes into the wall.
- 238 EXT. GUN TOWER - DUSK 238
- The helicopter is heading toward Beaupre and Darnell. Darnell still can't get a clear shot at the gunner.
- BEAUPRE
For fuck's sake!
- Beaupre grabs the rifle from Darnell, takes rough aim at the helicopter and starts shooting.
- 239 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK 239
- Bullets plug through the hull. Sparks fly, smoke spews.
- The CREWMAN manning the machine-gun is hit in the back. He spins fast, bringing the machine-gun around.
- 240 EXT. GUN TOWER - DUSK 240
- Darnell and Beaupre see the machine-gun swing around on them.
- BEAUPRE
Oh, shit...
- The machine-gun fires. The bullets rip the gun tower to shreds, killing Beaupre and Darnell.
- 241 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK 241
- The crewman on the machine-gun, still bleeding from the neck, blacks out. He falls forward, tumbling half out of the helicopter. He keeps his grip on the machine-gun, which causes it to spin and spit bullets into the cabin.

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED:

241

The PILOT is hit in the head and slumps to the side.

The crewman loses his grip on the machine-gun and falls out of the helicopter, straight down at...

DIEFENBAKER, climbing a rope. The crewman slams into Diefenbaker. They drop forty feet to the ground.

242 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

242

Everyone stands still, staring at the pilot-less HELICOPTER, belching smoke, making awful clunking sounds, sixty feet off the ground. McClintock, St. Cyr and two others dangle beneath it.

Irwin looks at the end of the CHAIN, hanging from the helicopter, laying on the ground. The chain is going up into the air, one link at a time.

GENERAL IRWIN

It's rising...

(to McClintock and others)

Get down! Now!

McClintock and the others start climbing down, but the helicopter is climbing faster than they can descend.

Irwin watches the end of the chain lift off the ground, swing back and forth under the rising helicopter. Then, out of the corner of his eye, he notices...

A FIGURE running across the Yard. Irwin turns, sees...

YATES, sprinting toward the helicopter.

The end of the chain is twelve feet off the ground -- too high for Yates to grab.

So Yates leaps, plants one foot on an inmate's hip, the other on a guy's shoulder and springs up high. HIS HANDS grab onto the end of the chain and he swings.

THE HELICOPTER starts to sway back and forth as Yates pendulums beneath it. Yates starts up the chain.

THE INMATES hanging on the ropes watch him.

THE HELICOPTER slips off level, starts sliding to one side.

Yates still has twenty feet to go.

The helicopter drifts quickly toward the wall.

(CONTINUED)

Yates has ten feet to go.

The helicopter is fifty feet from the wall and closing.

Yates gets to the helicopter skid as...

THE BLADE TIPS brush against the wall, kicking off sparks.

Yates reaches into the helicopter, grabs the cyclic, pulls.

The helicopter comes away from the wall.

Yates gets half in, banks the chopper back to the center of the Yard, gets it stable.

CLUNK!CLUNK!CLUNK! the engine stops. The helicopter drops.

Yates heaves the pilot out of his seat, and then, seemingly against logic, pushes the cyclic forward.

The helicopter tilts forward sharply and dives at a steep angle toward the ground.

The men hanging from the ropes scream as they sail toward impact.

Irwin and everyone else watching thinks Yates is insane.

Then, at the last possible moment, Yates yanks back on the cyclic.

The helicopter blades auto-rotate, spinning fast from the sudden rapid drop, briefly slowing the descent.

The men on the ropes let go, drop ten feet, scramble clear.

Yates braces himself as the helicopter free-falls twenty feet and slams hard to the ground. THE WINDOWS explode and glass flies everywhere.

Yates is stunned, blood running from cuts to his face. HANDS grab him and pull him out of the helicopter. The hands belong to...

McClintock, St. Cyr and the two other men who had been dangling beneath the helicopter -- the men whose lives Yates just saved. They hoist Yates up onto their shoulders.

Men are cheering throughout the Yard.

Yates looks over, sees Irwin. They share a look. Irwin nods his approval. Yates shakes his head in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED: (2)

242

Irwin turns to look up at Winter. He raises the radio, clicks on.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

Colonel, I have taken your high ground. I have taken your men. If you try your phone...

243 INT. TUNNEL - DUSK

243

Jinx has the telephone wiring box open and is unplugging lines.

244 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

244

GENERAL IRWIN

...you will see that I have taken your communications. Try your lights...

245 INT. TUNNEL - DUSK

245

ANOTHER INMATE has the breaker panels open and is flipping switches.

246 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

246

The floodlights around the Yard go out, bank by bank. The lights in Colonel Winter's office go out.

GENERAL IRWIN

...and you will see that I have taken your power. Will you relinquish your command?

247 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

247

By way of an answer, Winter pulls his pistol, yells in inchoate rage and starts shooting wildly down into the Yard.

248 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

248

Men near Irwin spook, scatter. Irwin doesn't move.

GENERAL IRWIN

I'm guessing that would be "no".

249 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

249

Winter's pistol clicks empty. He tosses it onto his desk, takes a breath. He shakes his head, reaches into his briefcase.

(CONTINUED)

249 CONTINUED:

249

COLONEL WINTER

Taken our phones... Has he never heard of cell phones?

Winter pulls out a cell, dials, turns to Peretz.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

Send the signal to the gate crews.

250 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

250

DELLWO

Let's just take the fucker now!

GENERAL IRWIN

He has his best men and weapons in there. If we tried to go in it'd be a shooting gallery.

CYRUS

What's Winter going to do now?

GENERAL IRWIN

Right now I suspect he's calling General Wheeler on his cell phone.

DELLWO

Cell phone?! Shit! Then why'd we go to all that trouble taking out the phones?

GENERAL IRWIN

To disrupt the communications inside. Remember, Dell -- we need him to let the outside world know what's going on.

A murmur goes through the crowd. People look up at the roof.

CUTBUSH

Hey. Look.

Irwin and the others look up.

ON THE ROOF OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, Peretz fires A FLARE into the sky.

251 INT. MESS HALL - DUSK

251

Injured men are laid out on the tables across the mess hall. Over in one corner, several are laid out on the floor, under sheets.

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

251

Irwin is on one knee, looking under a sheet, at DUFFY. He lays the sheet down, stands, walks off. He says a few words to DOC and the men he passes on the tables, thanking them, shaking their hands.

YATES is sitting on a table by the door, getting his facial cuts taped up.

GENERAL IRWIN

Oh, dear God, not your face.

Yates looks up, sees Irwin, smirks.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

How are your legs?

YATES

They work.

GENERAL IRWIN

Then walk with me.

252 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

252

Darkness is coming. The INMATES are camping out. A DOZEN CAMPFIRES are already burning. Yates and Irwin walk.

GENERAL IRWIN

Why did you do it?

YATES

A momentary lapse in judgement.

GENERAL IRWIN

Some of the men are calling you a hero.

YATES

They're idiots. The average IQ in this place is right around housecat.

GENERAL IRWIN

You could pull extra time for getting involved.

(Yates shrugs)

What's your wife going to say?

YATES

"Yippee!"

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

YATES (cont'd)

(off Irwin's look)

She's not going to be my wife for much longer.

(beat)

We started out well. When I got promoted to captain, she saluted me all the time. I'd come out of the crapper and there she'd be, with a real sharp salute. She was very funny. But it wasn't just a joke. She was really proud of me.

(beat)

When the thing happened in Canada, she was pretty pissed. Smuggling the mushrooms didn't bother her that much -- she just thought that was stupid. It was cooperating with JAG to get a shorter bit. She thought that was... dishonorable. And she was right.

They walk on in silence for a moment. Cyrus hurries up.

CYRUS

General, they're here.

253 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

253

A ROPE LADDER leads to the top of the wall. Cyrus, Irwin and Yates climb up. Dellwo is waiting.

DELLWO

They started arriving a few minutes ago.

Irwin and Yates look out to see...

HUNDREDS OF VEHICLES out beyond the perimeter fence -- TANKS, APCs, TROOP TRUCKS, HUMVEES. A DOZEN HELICOPTERS are landing, taking off, hovering.

Irwin notices something out of the corner of his eye.

PERETZ is on the roof, by the flagpole, folding up the flag. He looks back at Irwin, then heads for the stairs with the flag.

DELLWO (cont'd)

Now what?

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED:

253

GENERAL IRWIN

We'll give General Wheeler a few minutes to get settled, then we'll give him a call.

254 EXT. BEYOND PERIMETER FENCE - BATTALION CP - NIGHT

254

WHEELER is looking at the prison through binoculars. A CORPORAL trots up with a cell phone.

CORPORAL

Sir, we got a call patched through from CAC HQ. It's him. It's Irwin.

Wheeler takes the phone, motions the corporal to leave.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

(into phone)

Well, Lee, I see you've been busy.

255 INT. THE TIERS - GROUND FLOOR - BY PHONE - CROSSCUT

255

Irwin is on the payphone. Above him we see the cells of the Tiers filled with GUARDS. INMATES patrol.

GENERAL IRWIN

You said I should take up a hobby.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

I was thinking more along the lines of woodworking.

GENERAL IRWIN

Have you spoken to Colonel Winter yet?

LT. GEN. WHEELER

Yes.

GENERAL IRWIN

I'm sure he told you we're planning a mass escape or some such nonsense.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

Something like that.

GENERAL IRWIN

You know why we did this. He has to go, Jim. He can't stay.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

You won't get any argument from me.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL IRWIN

We don't need any public announcement --
we don't want to embarrass anyone.
All I need is your word that he's
gone -- soon.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

How would first light be?

GENERAL IRWIN

That would be fine.

(beat)

The only other thing I need is a
written guarantee that the men
involved won't receive any additional
time.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

That's a bit stickier, Lee.

GENERAL IRWIN

It's not negotiable.

LT. GEN. WHEELER

Look, I'm not comfortable doing this
over the phone. How about you come
out here with some proposals and
we'll hash them out.

GENERAL IRWIN

How stupid do you think I am?

LT. GEN. WHEELER

A man's got to try.

(beat)

How about someone else? There's
gotta be someone you'd trust --
someone who could make sure I don't
try to slip one by you.

Irwin looks over his men, eyes settling on YATES.

YATES (V.O.)

Me?

256 EXT. THE YARD - NIGHT

256

Irwin and Yates are off by themselves. Yates is pissed.

YATES

What about Cyrus? He's a helluva
lot smarter than I am.

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED:

256

GENERAL IRWIN

He never studied to be a lawyer.

YATES

Oh, Christ, is that it? I'm going to have to carry that burden for the rest of my life?

Irwin nods. Yates sighs, shakes his head.

BINOCULAR POV of Yates and Irwin.

257 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

257

Winter is watching Yates and Irwin through the binoculars.

COLONEL WINTER

Yates. How... appropriate.

258 EXT. THE YARD - NIGHT

258

Most of the inmates are asleep. The few that are awake salute Irwin and Yates as they walk through.

As they reach the truck gate, Irwin nods to Cutbush and Thumper. They pull the huge doors open a crack. Yates heads for the opening.

GENERAL IRWIN

Don't make any sudden moves out there.

(Yates stops)

Some of the best sharpshooters in the world are going to have an "x" on your forehead and they've been drinking a lot of coffee.

Yates gives him a look, then steps out between the doors.

259 EXT. OUTSIDE THE USDB - TRUCK GATE - NIGHT

259

The massive doors shut behind Yates. He starts forward down the road, toward the fence gates, alone.

260 EXT. PERIMETER FENCE GATE - NIGHT

260

Yates approaches the gate, hands up. FOUR SENTRIES appear out of the shadows. Two frisk him while the other two level their weapons at his chest.

261 EXT. BEYOND PERIMETER FENCE - BATTALION CP - NIGHT

261

Wheeler is looking at schematics of the USDB.

(CONTINUED)

CORPORAL (O.S.)
General, sir. Mr. Yates.

Wheeler looks up, lets the plans roll up as Yates is brought forward.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Ah, Mr. Yates. Jim Wheeler.

He extends a hand. Yates shakes it.

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)
Can I get you anything? Coffee,
soda? Something to eat?

YATES
No, thank you.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
How's Lee Irwin holding up?

YATES
Very well.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Of course he is. He's a hardy son
of bitch.

Yates nods. Silence.

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)
To business then. Have a seat.

Yates sits. Wheeler sits across from him.

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)
Let's see what you've got.

Yates pulls out his typewritten sheet, hands it to Wheeler.
Wheeler reads it quickly, nods.

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)
Reasonable. Very reasonable. This
could serve as a good basis for
negotiations. As it happens,
however...

(crumples up sheet)
...there will be no negotiations.

Wheeler tosses the balled-up paper. Yates starts to
realize...

(CONTINUED)

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)

If you do what I ask, the remainder of your sentence will be suspended effective immediately and you'll be going home later this morning. And those men in there won't get more than three months added to their sentences. Most of them won't get any extra time at all.

YATES

Oh, come on...

LT. GEN. WHEELER

If you don't do what I ask, you're personally going to get an additional five years.

(lets that sink in)

And every man in there who hasn't been sitting in his cell all day is going to get another two tacked on, minimum. And those will be the lucky ones.

(off Yates' look)

If you don't do what I ask, we will have to retake this facility by force. Hundreds more men could die.

YATES

We've got hostages in there--

LT. GEN. WHEELER

No, you don't. Every man who accepts duty at USDB knows the score. We don't negotiate for the release of hostages.

(beat)

We will retake the Castle. Colonel Winter will remain in command. We will not be dictated to by prisoners. Ever.

YATES

What do you want me to do?

LT. GEN. WHEELER

First, I just want you to take a moment to think about what I've said. And while you're thinking, there's someone I want you to talk to.

(CONTINUED)

Wheeler nods to a corporal. Yates is puzzled. His puzzlement grows as the corporal returns, escorting a WOMAN into the light. It's JILL, Yates' wife.

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)

Excuse me.

Wheeler and the corporal walk off, leaving Yates and Jill alone. They just look at each other for a moment.

YATES

What're you doing here?

JILL

I was driving by, saw the lights...
What do you think I'm doing here?
They woke me up about thirty minutes ago, said there was trouble.

YATES

I can't fucking believe it.

JILL

Did you take over the prison?

YATES

Not me personally.

JILL

You took over the prison?

YATES

Did they say why they wanted you here?

JILL

No. They just said you were in trouble.

YATES

They got that right.

JILL

What's going on, Richard? Why am I here?

YATES

They want me to do something. And they figure seeing you will convince me to go along.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

YATES (cont'd)
 (looks at her)
 If I do what they want, I get out
 this morning.

JILL
 (excited)
 You're serious? This morning?

YATES
 You care?

JILL
 Don't make me hit you. Just because
 you've been an asshole every time
 I've come out to see you doesn't
 mean I don't still love you.

They look at each other for a long beat. Yates shakes his
 head, turns away.

JILL (cont'd)
 What happens if you don't help them?

YATES
 I get another five years.

JILL
 Oh, God.

YATES
 Not just me. Everyone'll get more
 time. And some men will die.

JILL
 What do they want you to do?

YATES
 (beat)
 I don't know.
 (looks back at Castle)
 God, I wish he'd picked someone else.

262 EXT. OUTSIDE THE USDB - TRUCK GATE - NIGHT 262

Yates walks back through the fence gates, looking numb.

263 EXT. THE YARD - BY THE TRUCK GATE - NIGHT 263

The doors are open a crack. Yates slips through. The doors
 are shut behind him.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL IRWIN

Well?

Close on Yates. He thinks... nods.

YATES

All set.

Dellwo, Doc, Cyrus, Enriquez, Thumper, Cutbush cheer. Clap each other on the back, embrace.

ENRIQUEZ

Wanna tell the men?

GENERAL IRWIN

Let them sleep.

YATES

One thing: Wheeler wants me and you to wait with Winter on the roof of the Administration Building at first light. A chopper's gonna remove him.

DELLWO

A chopper?! No way! He ain't flying outta here! He's gotta walk out! Right through the middle of everyone yelling at him!

CYRUS

Or, better yet, saying nothing at all.

DELLWO

Ooh, yeah. That'd be cool.

YATES

(firm)

He's going out on a chopper.

Everyone quiets. Irwin thinks, looks around, nods -- let's do it.

264 EXT. THE YARD - BY ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - PRE-DAWN

264

Irwin, Yates, Dellwo, Cyrus and Enriquez move through the sleeping men. Some are awake, starting fires. They nod to Irwin, salute.

Yates is doing his best to hide his torment. Dellwo pats his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED:

264

DELLWO

Glad to have you with us, Pilot.
Some folks thought once you got beyond
the fence you weren't coming back.

Yates forces a grin, but he's dying inside.

They reach the doors to the Administration Building. Peretz
opens the doors from the inside.

Irwin and Yates step inside. The doors shut behind them.

265 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - PRE-DAWN

265

The office has been thrashed -- by trebuchet, fire and water.
Winter stands by the shattered window, looking down at the
men in the Yard and out to the brightening eastern sky.
He's holding the folded FLAG in his hands. Peretz enters.

LT. PERETZ

Colonel, they're here.

Winter nods, takes a last look out the window, sets the flag
down on his desk and starts across the room.

266 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - PRE-DAWN

266

Irwin and Yates are waiting as Winter comes out of his office
with Peretz. Winter doesn't even look at Irwin. He heads
through a door to a stairwell.

267 INT. STAIRS TO ROOF - PRE-DAWN

267

Winter and Peretz lead Yates and Irwin up the stairs. Yates
is in hell.

Winter is the first to reach the top of the stairs. He hits
the pushbar and goes out onto the roof. Peretz is right
behind him.

As soon as Peretz goes through the door, Yates grabs the
pushbar and yanks it back, shutting the door.

LT. PERETZ (O.S.)

Hey! What're you doing?

They can hear Peretz pulling at the door, but it's locked
from the inside.

GENERAL IRWIN

Good question. What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

YATES

Wheeler's not gonna take Winter out
of here -- he's gonna take you.

GENERAL IRWIN

(beat)

I know.

YATES

What? What do you mean you know?

Irwin says nothing.

YATES (cont'd)

(gets a weird feeling)

You planned it?

GENERAL IRWIN

(beat, smiles
sympathetically)

I'm sorry.

YATES

(realizing)

Oh, my God. Of course. You knew
Wheeler wouldn't negotiate. You
knew he'd want to take you out and
you wanted it to go this way, instead
of by force. That's why you picked
me to be the messenger. You knew
Wheeler would make me an offer. If
you'd picked Cyrus...
Cyrus would've told Wheeler to go
fuck himself. But me? You knew I'd
go along. Didn't you.

GENERAL IRWIN

(beat)

The thought had occurred to me.

YATES

Fuck!

GENERAL IRWIN

What didn't occur to me is that you
might not go through with it.

YATES

Sorry to disappoint you.

GENERAL IRWIN

Disappoint me?

(CONTINUED)

Irwin shakes his head. He and Yates share a look.

YATES

Then Winter is going to stay.

GENERAL IRWIN

Looks like it.

YATES

Which means we lose.

Irwin doesn't say anything, thinking.

YATES (cont'd)

Then why did we fight?

GENERAL IRWIN

You don't only fight when you know you're going to win.

Irwin moves to the door. Yates stops him.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

Captain, if I don't get out there in thirty seconds, they will take this facility by force and many of our good friends will die.

YATES

There's got to be another way.

Irwin looks at him, says nothing.

YATES (cont'd)

Come on! That's what you're good at! Figuring shit like this out!

Irwin still says nothing. Yates sighs, lets him go.

As Irwin walks up the last few steps, SUNLIGHT shoots out through the crack at the bottom of the door. Irwin stops.

YATES (cont'd)

What?

GENERAL IRWIN

Did Wheeler say where I would be taken?

YATES

Some medical facility at Fort Hood...

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL IRWIN

The Fort Hood Army Psychiatric Hospital. Standard operating procedure for someone like me.

(off Yates' look)

One of our army's nastier little secrets. If they've got a whistleblower or a troublemaker they don't want to discharge, they send them to Hood, let them pad the halls in paper shoes, doing the thorazine shuffle.

(beat)

That was the worst part in Hanoi -- the months I was drugged. Worse than the torture. The torture was... hell. But at least you knew what it was. The drugs were... limbo. Limbo is worse. For me at least. I can't do that again.

YATES

Good! Then don't! Think of something!

Irwin thinks. A thought comes to him. He gets a wistful look.

YATES (cont'd)

What?

GENERAL IRWIN

I... I'm going to need your help.

268 EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ROOF - DAWN

268

Peretz is watching the door. Winter is on his cell phone, pacing.

COLONEL WINTER

I don't know. He just--

Winter and Peretz hear the click of the roof door's lock. They share a look.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

(into phone)

One moment, General.

Winter nods to Peretz. Peretz starts toward the door, pulling his baton. Winter puts a hand on his revolver.

269 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAWN

269

Irwin runs into Winter's office. He looks through the rubble on the ground, finds something in Winter's shattered display cases -- a flintlock rifle.

270 EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ROOF - DAWN

270

Peretz grabs the door handle in one hand, raises his baton in the other.

Winter watches Peretz, hand on his gun. He senses something out of the corner of his eye.

Peretz yanks open the door.

YATES is standing just inside the door, hands raised.

COLONEL WINTER

Lieutenant!

Peretz turns to see...

IRWIN climbing up over the edge of the roof, flintlock in hand.

Peretz takes a step toward Irwin.

Yates lunges out, grabs Peretz and pulls him back into the stairs.

Irwin runs to the door, shuts it. He jams the butt of the flintlock under the door handle and stabs the barrel tip into the pebbled tar of the roof. Irwin turns to Winter as Winter fumbles and pulls his revolver from his holster.

GENERAL IRWIN

Not quite how you thought this was going to go, is it, Colonel?

271 INT. STAIRS TO ROOF - DAWN

271

Peretz breaks free of Yates' grasp, moves for the door. Yates grabs Peretz's legs, pulls him down.

272 EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ROOF - DAWN

272

Irwin walks away from the door.

COLONEL WINTER

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

272 CONTINUED: 272

Irwin starts unzipping the top of his jumpsuit.

273 EXT. BEYOND PERIMETER FENCE - BATTALION CP - DAWN 273

Wheeler is watching through binoculars.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
What the hell are you doing, Lee?

274 EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ROOF - DAWN 274

GENERAL IRWIN
What am I doing? I'm doing your
job, Colonel. The sun's up. It's
time to fly the flag.

Irwin pulls the folded FLAG out of his jumpsuit, heads for
the flagpole.

275 INT. STAIRS TO ROOF - DAWN 275

Yates and Peretz fight a fierce battle in the steep, narrow
confines of the stairs. Peretz is the better fighter, but
Yates is fired up.

276 EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ROOF - DAWN 276

Irwin gets to the flagpole, flag in hand.

GENERAL IRWIN
Do you know the history of this
facility? Of the fort that stood
here before this stockade?

Winter gives no response. Irwin starts carefully unfolding
the flag, his back to Winter.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
A hundred and fifty years ago, one
April Sunday, after the snow had
melted, it was overrun by a band of
Sioux warriors led by Chief Bright
Eagle. The garrison commander,
Captain Henry Rice, got approval
from the Chief to run the flag.
What the Chief didn't notice was
that Rice ran the flag upside down.
When reinforcements arrived -- led
by a young lieutenant named George
Armstrong Custer -- they saw the
inverted flag -- which, as you know,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

276 CONTINUED:

276

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
is the army's universal sign of
distress -- and hightailed it the
hell out of here.

277 INT. STAIRS TO ROOF - DAWN

277

Yates and Peretz are grappling. They fall off balance and
tumble down the stairs.

278 EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ROOF - DAWN

278

Irwin unfolds the last fold in the flag.

COLONEL WINTER

You're forgetting the rest of the
story, Mr. Irwin. Custer came back
with a division and slaughtered the
Sioux.

GENERAL IRWIN

(turns to Winter)

True. But you see, in Custer's day,
there weren't any TV news crews out
beyond the fence with their astounding
long lens cameras.

Irwin nods his head. Winter looks. HIS POV: Beyond Wheeler
and his men there are TV newsvans, cameramen standing on
top. Irwin turns back to the flag and flagpole.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

I don't know if they can see you or
me too clearly from there, but they
will certainly be able to see the
flag. Especially if it's upside-
down. I guarantee you an upside-
down flag at this facility would
make the cover of Time magazine on
Monday morning. If it does, I can
also guarantee you that by Tuesday
nine a.m. you'll be on administrative
leave and never heard from again.

Winter points his revolver at Irwin, cocks the hammer back.

COLONEL WINTER

Let go of the flag.

Irwin looks back at Winter and his gun.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL IRWIN

You know, normally I'd be afraid of someone pointing a large calibre pistol at my back. But I know you, Colonel. You never do your own killing.

(nods at gun)

Put it down before you embarrass yourself any further.

Irwin turns his back on Winter. He snaps the first of two hooks onto the flag. Winter is shaking with rage. And it looks like he might actually pull the trigger. Then WHAM! Someone bangs against the inside of the roof door. The tip of the flintlock slips an inch in the roof tar.

Winter, gun still trained on Irwin, moves to the door.

COLONEL WINTER

Peretz?

LT. PERETZ (O.S.)

Yes, sir.

GENERAL IRWIN

Lucky you.

Winter kicks the rifle away from the door. Peretz steps out, bleeding from the head, extremely pissed-off.

COLONEL WINTER

Lieutenant, stop him from raising the flag if you would.

Peretz sneers and starts toward Irwin, pulling his baton.

Suddenly YATES sprints out from the stairs and dives into Peretz. They slam to the roof.

GENERAL IRWIN

Get ready to salute, Colonel.

Irwin turns back to the flagpole. He snaps the second clip onto the flag. He grabs the line. BANG! He stumbles forward.

Winter holds his revolver. Smoke curls out of the barrel.

There's a spreading red stain on the back of Irwin's uniform.

Irwin has an odd look on his face -- surprise, but relief, too, and a certain satisfaction.

(CONTINUED)

278 CONTINUED: (2)

278

He falls forward, his hand still clutching the flagpole line. THE FLAG runs up a few feet. It's spattered with blood -- and it's **rightsided-up**.

279 EXT. BEYOND PERIMETER FENCE - BATTALION CP - DAWN

279

Wheeler has been watching through binoculars.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Jesus Christ...

280 EXT. THE YARD - DAWN

280

Dellwo, Cyrus and the others are stunned.

DELLWO
No...

281 EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ROOF - DAWN

281

Winter stands there, jaw open.

Yates and Peretz look at Winter in shock and horror. Yates lets go of Peretz, gets off him, goes to Irwin.

COLONEL WINTER
(to Peretz)
We... we can say he was lunging at
me... I was in danger...

Peretz turns away, goes to Irwin. He and Yates roll him over. Irwin is alive, barely. A cell phone rings. Peretz looks at Winter.

The cell phone rings again. Winter doesn't seem to recognize that it's his. Peretz stands, stares at him. Winter snaps out of it, answers the phone.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
Yes.

282 EXT. BEYOND PERIMETER FENCE - BATTALION CP - DAWN

282

Wheeler is on his cell phone with Winter.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Ed, don't touch anything. And don't
move. We can see you.

PULL BACK to reveal THREE SNIPERS, scopes trained on Winter.

283 EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ROOF - DAWN

283

Yates kneels beside Irwin.

YATES

This was it? This was your great plan?

GENERAL IRWIN

I was hoping his aim wouldn't be so good.

Yates smiles. Then tears come.

YATES

General, I'm going to tell them, you know. I don't care what you say. I'm going to tell them all you saved their lives.

GENERAL IRWIN

On the contrary, Captain. They saved mine.

Irwin's eyes cloud over and he's gone. Yates remains kneeling beside him.

Peretz starts pulling the flag to the top of the pole.

Winter looks down at the pistol in his hand, like he'd forgotten it was there. He drops his arm to his side. The gun falls from his hand. He stands there, completely alone and utterly lost.

When Peretz gets the flag halfway up, he stops, ties it off.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END