

THE MEN WHO STARE AT GOATS

by
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Based on the non-fiction book
THE MEN WHO STARE AT GOATS
By
Jon Ronson

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Paul Lister / Smokehouse

1

BLACK

1

SUPERED TITLES READ:

More of this is true than you would believe.

FADE IN:

2

...CLOSE ON A MAN'S FACE...

2

He is STARING at us with fixed concentration. He is sweating slightly in the summer heat. We hold for a moment. Silence, apart from the soft swish of an unseen ceiling fan.

WIDE SHOT - the Man, wearing military uniform, sits at his desk in his office, still staring straight ahead.

SUPERED TITLES appear, reading: *General Putkin, United States Army Intelligence SED. Arlington, Virginia. 1983.*

The General's assistant, Command Sergeant HOWELL, sits at his desk, working. After a moment Putkin seems to come to a decision.

GENERAL PUTKIN
(solemnly)
Howell?

COMMAND SERGEANT HOWELL
Yes General?

GENERAL PUTKIN
I'm going into the next office.

COMMAND SERGEANT HOWELL
Yes sir.

The General stands up, smooths down his uniform, steps out from behind his desk and begins to walk. Howell watches, with some trepidation, as the General increases his pace. He quickens to a jog, his face set with determination.

He breaks into a run...

Then he slams into the WALL of the office, rebounds and lies splayed on the floor.

He stares up at the wall balefully.

GENERAL PUTKIN
Damn it!

3 EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY

3

General Putkin is being driven in a jeep through the vast military base. He has a band-aid over his injured nose.
 SUPERED TITLES read: *Special Forces Command Centre, Fort Bragg, North Carolina.*

GENERAL PUTKIN (O.S.)
 I have been having ideas,
 gentlemen. Challenging ideas. And
 when I thought about these ideas I
 thought about who in the U.S Army
 would be most receptive to my
 challenging ideas.

The Jeep pulls up at the SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND CENTRE.
 The General gets out, a brief case in his hand and
 surveys the centre.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D) (O.S.)
 (CONT'D)
 Which section of the military is
 always straining to reach the peak
 of their physical and mental
 capabilities?

4 INT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND CENTRE - DAY

4

General Putkin stands in front of a room full of seated
 SPECIAL FORCES OFFICERS.

GENERAL PUTKIN
 You are, gentlemen. Special
 Forces.

The assembled Officers nod modestly.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)
 I want to talk to you about Mind
 Wars, gentlemen. *War...With...*
MINDS...

His audience stare at him. With a flourish he produces a
 BENT FORK from his briefcase.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)
 How'd you like to be able to do
 this? What if you could teach
 soldiers to do this? Would you be
 interested?

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)
(changing tack)
Or, or let's say you have a unit
operating outside the protection
of mainline units. What happens if
someone gets hurt? How do you deal
with that?

He surveys the blank faces.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)
Psychic healing! Protect the unit
with hands-off healing. Using the
mind to *heal*.

Silence. Putkin senses he is not convincing his audience.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)
Let's talk about time! What if
time is not a *point* but a *space*
and at any one instant we can be
anywhere in that space! (Laughing)
Physicists go *nuts* when I say
that!

Silence. He is growing desperate.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)
Animals! Stopping the hearts of
animals! This is the idea I'm
coming to you with. You have
access to animals right?

Special Forces look like they've had enough. A tough
looking officer - MAJOR VOELTZ - stirs.

MAJOR VOELTZ
No sir. We don't have access to
animals.

5 EXT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND CENTRE - DAY

5

A dejected General Putkin climbs back into his jeep.
Sergeant Howell, in the driving seat, looks at him with
sympathy.

BOB (V.O.)
In 1989, when Special Forces told
General Putkin that they weren't
interested in his ideas...that was
a lie.

6 INT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND CENTRE - DAY

6

The BENT FORK sits on the table in the EXTREME
FOREGROUND, a window in the background.

(CONTINUED)

BOB (V.O.)
And when they told him they didn't
have access to animals...that was
also a lie.

We FOCUS on the window - a shaky ZOOM taking us towards
an abandoned looking HOSPITAL BUILDING half hidden by
trees.

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - DAY

We TRACK forward into the shadowy interior into a large
space which we now see is full of...GOATS.

BOB (V.O.)
The hundred goats in the disused
hospital building had been
secretly flown in from Central
America so as to avoid customs.
Special Forces weren't worried
about the General hearing the
goats because they'd been de-
bleated.

The GOATS stare at us, their mouths silently opening and
closing.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This is the story of those goats.

We CLOSE ON the unblinking EYES of one GOAT, then...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOCAL NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Bob sits typing at his desk in the modest office. He
wears glasses, is attractive in a fresh-faced,
enthusiastic kind of way. SUPERED TITLES read: *Ann Arbor,*
Michigan, January 2003.

BOB (V.O.)
My name is Bob Wilton. Imagine me
back in Michigan, where I was born
and raised. I studied journalism
at Western in Kalamazoo and then I
got a job at the Ann Arbor News. I
wrote a lot of stories about
competitive food eating contests.

He looks at the photograph of his wife HELEN on his desk
and up to where she stands, photocopying in DAVE the
Editor's office. Dave is chatting to her. He has a
PROSTHETIC ARM.

Bob watches his wife, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(sadly)
Look at me. So young. "The past is
a different country. They...do
things there."

We PAN to the next desk and Bob's over-weight colleague
RON, who sits eating a hot-dog.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This is Ron.

Ron suddenly pitches violently forward, thudding face-
first into his desk.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He's the man who died.

Bob is clearing Ron's desk, putting his possessions into
a box.

BOB (V.O.)
My wife, Helen, told me later that
Ron's death had been like a wake-
up call for her - what people used
to call a *memento mori*.

Bob sits down, feeling a little ghoulish, at the dead
man's desk. He notices a large INDENTATION on the leather
in front of him - the mark left by Ron's forehead. He
touches it, fascinated.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That massive coronary had reminded
her that life was too short to
waste any chance of true
happiness.

Bob rests his own forehead, experimentally, onto the
indentation, and sits there, face down on the desk. His
eyes wander over to where Dave and Helen are talking in
Dave's office.

BOB'S P.O.V - Helen's hand BRUSHES against Dave's,
LINGERS just a fraction too long.

Bob frowns.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A week after the funeral she left
me for my editor.

10

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - EVENING

10

Bob and Helen and Dave talking. Bob is drinking. We JUMP CUT to Bob crying, smashing a lamp, Helen shouting at him.

BOB (V.O.)
(A sad chuckle)
It seemed like such a tragedy at the time. We couldn't see beyond our little lives to the great events of history unfolding out there in the world.

JUMP CUT to Dave holding Bob in a head-lock with his one good arm. Helen is sitting, head in hands.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I was like a child. Or a Hobbit, safe in the Shire.

JUMP CUT to Bob alone in the trashed room, exhausted and drunk, watching Bush's STATE OF THE UNION SPEECH on TV.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Or a blonde farm boy on a distant, desert planet, unaware that he was already taking the first steps on the path that will lead him inexorably towards the heart of a conflict between the forces of Good and Evil.

PRESIDENT BUSH
(on TV)
Americans are a resolute people, who have risen to every test of our time. Adversity has revealed the character of our country, to the world, and to ourselves...

Bob wipes his eyes, stares at the screen.

BOB (V.O.)
Had I known where that path would lead, had a soft wind from my future brought me the name of *Jim Chango*, I might never have gone. But as it was, I did what so many men have done throughout history when a woman has broken their heart... I went to war.

We hear the opening of *Crazy Horses* by *The Osmonds* as we...

11 TITLES

11

As the titles and song continue we see U.S TV footage from the Iraq War - a dizzying MTV montage, war made pop-video. Shots include...

"Shock and Awe" air attack on Baghdad

Caravans of U.S troops snaking through the desert

Fighter plane video of an Iraqi fighter jet being destroyed on the ground

Oil Wells ablaze

PFC Jessica Lynch being rescued by Special Forces.

MNBC Promo - American-flag-draped photomontages with the words "Our hearts go with you".

Apache Helicopter attacks and destroys an Iraqi tank.

TV Presenters debate "Who is the Hottest Scud Stud?"

Soldiers plant an American flag with Iwo Jima-like determination

American troops pull down a huge statue of Saddam Hussein in central Baghdad. An American flag draped over the head is hastily replaced by an Iraqi flag.

BLACK

FADE IN:

12 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

12

Bob sits on the bed talking to Helen on the phone.

BOB

Yeah, no it's been...well, I won't lie to you Helen - it's been pretty damn hairy.

HELEN (O.S.)

(over phone, not as concerned as Bob would like)

Yeah. We've been watching it on Fox.

(CONTINUED)

BOB
Yeah, it's not, uh... I've seen
things that you shouldn't, you
know...

He shakes his head sadly.

BOB (CONT'D)
Pretty damn hairy.

HELEN (O.S.)
Well I don't even know why you're
there. You're not exactly war
correspondent material are you?

BOB
(stung)
Well, I think it's important
people get an accurate picture of
what's...

HELEN (O.S.)
(to someone else)
What? Yeah.

BOB
(listening)
...what's, uh, happening, so...is
that Dave?

HELEN (O.S.)
Yeah. He says Hi.

Bob stares out of the window, nodding, afraid he might
start to cry.

BOB
Oh, that's, that's...

He BEATS his head off the wall for a moment.

BOB (CONT'D)
Okay. Gotta go. We're moving out -
heading up north to cover the
fighting there...

Bob walks out and puts his sunglasses on, staring around
the quiet POOL-SIDE area. He sighs, sits down on a
sunlounger, starts to read his book. TITLES READ "*Kuwait
City, Kuwait, Spring 2003.*"

JOURNALIST (O.S.)
You missed the war?

14 INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - EVENING

14

Bob is drinking coffee with two gung-ho type war correspondents.

BOB
Yeah.

They laugh.

SECOND JOURNALIST
How?

BOB
(embarrassed)
I've been stuck here. They've only just given me the green-light. So I'll probably head over there soon. I'm just working on this story about American contractors coming over for the re-build.

The Journalists look bored.

BOB (CONT'D)
Yeah, I think they didn't want me going over because I'm not embedded.

SECOND JOURNALIST
Yeah, they don't like the unilats. The troops think the unilats'll stab 'em in the back. When you're embedded you form a bond with the soldiers. You're like one of them.

FIRST JOURNALIST
(to Second Journalist)
You see action?

SECOND JOURNALIST
Went into Baghdad with Charlie Company, Second Brigade, Third Infantry Division...

FIRST JOURNALIST
The thunder run? Heard you had it pretty bad.

SECOND JOURNALIST
Could say that. Technicals all the way, RPG's, fuckers were firing anti-aircraft guns at us...

(CONTINUED)

FIRST JOURNALIST
You know a Private First Class
Zuchero?

SECOND MAN
Zook? I was standing next to him
when he took a hit...

Bob sits ignored, feeling inadequate as they continue to
swap war stories.

Bob sits drinking more coffee.

BOB
(To Waiter)
So what's a useful phrase?

KUWAIT WAITER
La tapar, ana sahaffi.

Bob repeats this.

BOB
What's that mean?

KUWAIT WAITER
Don't shoot, I'm a reporter.

He walks off. Bob sighs, continues DOODLING in his
notebook. We see he has covered the page in stylized
drawings of EYES. He notices a A MAN IN A BASEBALL CAP
sitting at the next table.

BOB
(shyly)
Hey.

MAN
(without looking up)
Hey.

Bob reads the logo on the baseball cap.

BOB
DeWitt Plastics. Arkansas.

MAN
(Beat)
Right. We make trash cans.

BOB
You over here for the conference?
Looking for a contract right?

MAN

I guess.

BOB

What's your pitch?

The man considers this. He looks up and we see his face for the first time - handsome, older than Bob, tanned, a moustache, a slightly haunted expression. This is LYN WHEATON.

MAN

Well...we're real cheap.

Bob waits for more, but that's it. He holds out his hand.

BOB

Bob Wilton.

LYN WHEATON

(shaking)

Skip.

BOB

Could I bum a smoke, Skip?

Lyn shoves the packet across the table. Bob sits down across from him, pats himself down for a lighter, glances over to where the two embedded Journalists are joking with some Marines. Bob watches them jealously.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I sat there watching those reporters and realized I didn't want to be me anymore. I wanted to be *them*. I wanted to face peril and stand witness to the fall and rise of nations.

Suddenly the TERRACE LIGHT above them flickers and goes out. Lyn and Bob sit in the dark.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Everyone gets everything he wants. Like the man said. I wanted a mission.

BOB (CONT'D)

(patting his pockets
in the dark)

Oh crap, can't find my...

A LIGHTER ignites in Lyn's hand, eerily lighting the lower half of his face, his eyes hidden by the brim of the cap. Bob leans forward to light his cigarette and finds himself staring at the CONFERENCE I.D Lyn has pinned to his shirt. The name on the badge reads LYN S. WHEATON.

(CONTINUED)

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And for my sins, Fate brought me
one.

He stares at the name as he puffs on the cigarette,
vaguely troubled by a memory.

BOB (CONT'D)
(suddenly)
Lyn Wheaton...?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ED DACEY'S HOUSE- MICHIGAN - DAY - THE PAST

Bob pulls up in a car outside. SUPERED TITLES READ:
Monroe, Michigan, 1997

ED DACEY (O.S.)
This is the home learning course
we're putting out, which is very
popular.

INT. ED DACEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Bob is interviewing Ed Dacey at Dacey's kitchen table. Ed Dacey has a sun-bed tan and odd hair. His nervous looking WIFE sits beside them. Ed is holding up a VIDEO CASE for Bob to see - the cover, illustrated with a picture of Ed, reads "Free To Roam - Learn E.S.P from the master!"

ED DACEY
Then there's the seminars. When
I'm not teaching I spend a lotta
time, right here, remote viewing.

BOB
Right here?

ED DACEY
The kitchen table. That is
correct. That's where my *body* is.
But my mind...that's, you know...

He gestures to the horizon.

BOB
Wandering?

ED DACEY
Wandering. *Roaming*. Yeah.

BOB
So what have you seen lately?

(CONTINUED)

ED DACEY

Lately I've been watching the Loch Ness Monster in Scotland, England - which it turns out is the ghost of a dinosaur. That's an exclusive for you.

BOB

Okay. Wow.

E.C.U of Bob's notebook - on which he has written *You are Crazy*.

BOB (CONT'D)

So...when did this all start for you Ed?

ED DACEY

It started when I was a kid. I used to lie on my bed and RV my cousin undressing at night. Then, when I was in the army I joined Jim Chango's unit. He trained me and the rest, as they say...

BOB

Right. I don't know who that is.

Ed gives a dreamy smile.

ED DACEY

I can't really talk about Jim.

BOB

So what did you do in the army?

ED DACEY

We were Psychic Spies mainly. That was our initial tasking but...once they realized what they were sitting on, the forces at work...

He stops, his face darkening.

ED DACEY (CONT'D)

We were trained to kill animals.

BOB

(Beat)

You mean, what...with your...?

ED DACEY

With our minds. That is correct. Just by staring at them.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

(Beat)
Huh. What kind of animals?

ED DACEY

One of our unit stopped the heart
of a goat.

BOB

Wow.(Beat) I don't know what to
say.

ED DACEY

The power they unlocked in us...
(Beat, sorrowfully) Last week I
killed my hamster. (Beat) You
wanna see?

TV SCREEN - playing a home video of TWO HAMSTERS in a
cage.

Bob and Ed sit watching the TV. Ed's wife hovers in the
background.

ED DACEY

You ever seen a hamster do that
before?

BOB

Well, I've never owned a hamster
Ed, so I don't know what...

ED DACEY

Look at the way it's glaring at
its wheel. Usually that hamster
loves its wheel.

BOB

Maybe some of the readers have
hamsters so...

ED DACEY

Good. Then they'll know how rare
that is.

BOB

Yeah, I guess any hamster-owning
readers will know what's
aberrant behavior and, uh,
what's...Oh, shit, he's down!

ON TV one of the hamsters has fallen over.

ED DACEY

Yeah, he's down. At this point I'd been staring at him for about three hours.

The other hamster falls over.

BOB

Oh my God! You've dropped *both* hamsters!

ED DACEY

No, the other one's just fallen over.

They watch in silence. Then the hamsters get up and start eating.

ED DACEY (CONT'D)

(switching off the TV)

Bizarre. Right?

BOB

Well...it didn't die. I thought you said you killed it?

ED DACEY

(sheepish)

Yeah well...(He gestures to his wife) Gloria said no. She said you might be a bleeding-heart liberal. She said "Don't show him the hamster dying. Show him the tape where the hamster acts bizarre instead."

Bob looks to Gloria who manages to look nervous and defiant at the same time. Ed stares at the blank TV, sips his coffee.

ED DACEY (CONT'D)

This was nothing. You should have seen the Skipper at work.

BOB

Who's the Skipper?

ED DACEY

Lyn Wheaton. After Jim he was the most psi-gifted guy I ever met. He was like an Occultic force. (Beat) I think he runs a dance studio now.

(CONTINUED)

BOB'S NOTEBOOK - as he writes down the name LYN
WHEATON...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - THE PRESENT - AS BEFORE

ON LYN'S NAME TAG

Bob straightens from lighting his cigarette, stares at
Lyn.

BOB
Do you...do you know an Ed Dacey?

Beat. Lyn gets up and walks away.

BOB (CONT'D)
Lyn? (Beat) Skip? (Beat) Lyn?

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Bob hurries to catch up with Lyn. He follows him around a
corner and skids to a halt. Lyn is facing him, standing
on one leg, hands raised above his head in an odd martial
arts stance. He emits a threatening croon. Bob raises his
hands nervously.

BOB
Whoa!

LYN WHEATON
You working for Swann?

BOB
Swann? No. I work for the Ann
Arbor News.

LYN WHEATON
How do you know about Dacey?

BOB
I interviewed him a few years ago.
He'd been appearing on this radio
talk show.

Lyn relaxes his martial arts stance, shakes his head
ruefully.

LYN WHEATON
Little prick...what'd he tell you?

BOB
He said he joined Jim Chango's
unit in the army and was trained
to, to, uh *remote view*?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (CONT'D)

And he said the Loch Ness Monster
was the ghost of a dinosaur. Who's
Jim Chango?

LYN WHEATON

(shaking his head in
disgust)

Did he show you his "Home Study
Course"?

BOB

Yes.

LYN WHEATON

(walking off down the
corridor)

Yeah I bet he did.

BOB

(hurrying after him)

Are you...? Do you mean you
corroborate his, uh...? Because,
see, I thought he was just an
idiot?

LYN WHEATON

(ruefully)

He *is* an idiot. He's a Paranormal
whore. Always trying to get into
the spotlight, yak, yak yaking. We
took an oath. We don't divulge...

BOB

But you're saying there *was* a
secret unit?

Lyn stops, turns and stares at him.

LYN WHEATON

We...don't...divulge.

Bob and Lyn are talking, passing a bottle of Scotch
backwards and forwards between them. Both are drunk.

LYN WHEATON

Okay. Let me ask you something.
What color were the chairs in the
hotel bar?

BOB

(Beat)

Uh...?

LYN WHEATON

You were in there for hours. What
color were the chairs?

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Um...brown?

LYN WHEATON

They were green. How many lights
are there in this room?

Bob starts to look around.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

A Super Soldier wouldn't need to
look. He would just *know*.

BOB

A Super Soldier?

LYN WHEATON

A Jedi Warrior. He would know
where all the lights were. He
could walk through a room and tell
you how many *power outlets* there
were. People are walking around
with their eyes closed. At Level
One we were trained to *instantly*
absorb all details.

BOB

(Beat)

What's a Jedi Warrior?

LYN WHEATON

You're looking at one.

BOB

You're a Jedi Warrior?

LYN WHEATON

That's correct.

BOB

What does that...? I don't think
I...

LYN WHEATON

(patiently)

I'm Sergeant First Class Lyn
Wheaton, Special Forces, retired.
In the eighties I
was trained at Fort Bragg in a
secret initiative code-named
Project Jedi. The objective of the
project was to create Super
Soldiers. Soldiers with Super
Powers. We were the first
generation of the New World Army.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

(Beat)
You've got super powers?

LYN WHEATON

That's correct.

BOB

Hold on, let me...let me just...

He takes out his NOTEBOOK, fumbling, trying to get into journalist mode.

BOB (CONT'D)

Okay, so, so you're saying you were a Psychic Spy, like Dacey?

LYN WHEATON

We prefer the term Remote Viewer.

BOB

How does that work?

LYN WHEATON

Different Jedi had different techniques. Mel Riley used to visualize packing all his cares and worries in a little suitcase, to clear his mind. Steve Hanson used to read Bible verse...

BOB

What about you?

Lyn thinks about it.

LYN WHEATON

Well, I find drinking helps. Also if I'm listening to classic rock music.

BOB

Yeah? (Beat) Like who?

LYN WHEATON

I like Boston. Boston usually works.

Bob jots this down in the notebook.

BOB

(writing)
And what other, uh, abilities... the furniture memorizing power?

LYN WHEATON

Awareness.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Right. You said that was Level One. So, what other powers did you practise?

LYN WHEATON

Invisibility.

BOB

(Taken aback)
Invisibility?

LYN WHEATON

Yup. That was Level Three.

BOB

Actual invisibility?

LYN WHEATON

Well...yeah, that was the *goal*. But after a while we adapted it to just finding a way of *not being seen*. When you understand the, the *linkage* between observation and reality, you learn to *dance with invisibility*.

Bob tries to follow this.

BOB

Like camouflage?

LYN WHEATON

It's not like camouflage. We also practised Phasing. Crossing from particle to wave, from the physical realm to the plane of energy. Solid objects seem to pass right through you. It's starts with a breathing exercise...

Lyn makes a weird shallow PANTING SOUND.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Then you think black. That's the nothingness.

Bob watches him solemnly as he continues his weird panting.

BOB

I don't...can I be honest, Lyn? I don't know what to make of this. I don't know what to say. This is amazing stuff. (Beat) How would you...I wanna...could I write a story about this?

(CONTINUED)

Lyn stops panting, takes a swig of whiskey, stares at the bottle, suddenly taciturn.

LYN WHEATON

Not going to happen.

BOB

No, but see, I've been *looking* for a story Lyn. I was going to write about the re-build contracts but this...this is even better and I...

LYN WHEATON

Not going to happen.

BOB

All I'm saying is we could talk some more tomorrow and...

LYN WHEATON

I'm shipping out tomorrow.

BOB

You're going home?

LYN WHEATON

Going to Iraq. There's this factory we might be partnering with in *Al Qaim*.

Bob's face falls.

BOB

Oh.

They sit in silence for a moment. Lyn passes Bob the whiskey. He takes a swig, his mind whirring...

BOB (CONT'D)

(Suddenly)
I could come.

LYN WHEATON

(Beat)
What?

BOB

I could come with you, maybe, and...

LYN WHEATON

Bob, I don't want to be a story, okay? I don't need the attention and...

(CONTINUED)

BOB

No, listen, we could change names,
stuff could stay off record and...

LYN WHEATON

It's a war over there Bob. Okay? A
war. I can't be looking out for
you.

Bob flushes with annoyance.

BOB

Well you know, you don't...
I look after myself. Okay? I look
after...And I've been
in some pretty hairy situations
before. I'm not, you know...I'm a
journalist, Lyn. You understand?

He slaps his notebook for emphasis.

BOB (CONT'D)

A *journalist*. I go where the story
is.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was an American. I was Resolute.
I wanted adversity to reveal my
character to the world. And to my
wife. And to that one-armed cunt
Dave.

Lyn is staring at Bob's notebook. He takes it from Bob
and examines Bob's DRAWINGS OF EYES.

LYN WHEATON

What's this?

BOB

What? Nothing. I was just
doodling.

Lyn examines Bob - something DIFFERENT IN HIS ATTITUDE.

BOB (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

LYN WHEATON

(Beat)

Nothing.

He considers for a moment, struggling with himself, then
seems to reluctantly come to a decision. He reaches into
the bag on his bed and pulls out a dog-eared BOOK. He
hands it to Bob.

(CONTINUED)

Bob examines the book - on the cover is a picture of Da Vinci's *Vitruvian Man* and the title *Pentagon Report 92245. The New World Army Manual*.

Bob stares at the book. He opens the first page and reads...

BOB (V.O.)

(Reading)

The U.S Army doesn't really have
any serious alternative than to be
Wonderful!

Bob looks at the DISCLAIMER at the bottom of the page.

BOB(V.O.) (CONT'D)

(Reading)

This does not represent the
official position of the United
States Army at this time.

Bob looks up at Lyn who nods gravely.

LYN WHEATON

You wanted to know who Jim Chango
was? (Beat) He's the man who wrote
that book.

Lyn's CAR roars down the expressway into Southern Iraq,
passing A TANK which sits by the road-side.

Lyn drives. A hung-over Bob sits reading the *New World Army Manual*.

BOB (V.O.)

(reading)

The New World Army is a banner
under which the forces of good can
gather. The courage and nobility
of the Warrior, blended with the
spirituality of the Monk.

The car passes a bombed factory, beyond it the buildings
thinning out into the desert.

BOB (V.O.)
The Jedi Warrior will follow in
the footsteps of the great
Imagineers of the past - Jesus
Christ, Lao Tse Tung, Walt
Disney...

Bob is still reading.

BOB (V.O.)
(reading)
The role of The New World Army is
to *RESOLVE CONFLICT* world-wide.
Jedis will parachute into war
zones, utilizing sparkly eyes
technique, carrying symbolic
flowers and animals, playing
indigenous music and words of
peace...

INSERT: An illustration of a SOLDIER CARRYING A LAMB and
some LILIES - with what appears to be some kind of
loudspeaker strapped to his shoulder.

BOB (CONT'D)
What's the *sparkly eyes technique*?

Lyn raises his shades and *twinkles* his eyes at Bob for a
moment.

BOB (CONT'D)
Okay.

LYN WHEATON
You see it?

BOB
I think so. (Beat) Lyn?

LYN WHEATON
Yeah?

BOB
Who *is* this Jim Chango?

Lyn draws on his cigarette thoughtfully.

LYN WHEATON
I don't know where to begin.

26 EXT. VIETNAM - DAY - THE PAST 26

LOW ANGLE - a YOUNG JIM CHANGO - military buzz cut and all - trips out of a HOVERING HELICOPTER and falls, head-first down towards us.

WE FREEZE FRAME on his YELLING FACE just before it hits the camera.

27 INT. CAR - AS BEFORE 27

Lyn exhales smoke.

LYN WHEATON

Jim always said it started for him
when he fell out of a helicopter
in Vietnam.

28 EXT. VIETNAM - DAY - THE PAST 28

Jim hits the ground, which is luckily mainly composed of MUD. He lies stunned as MORE HELICOPTERS lower around him and his PLATOON begin to debark. The Helicopters barely touch the ground before they take off again. SUPERED TITLES read: *Vietnam, January, 1974.*

LYN WHEATON (V.O.)

This was near the Song Dong Nai
River, War Zone D.

Jim gets up onto his knees and examines his M-16 - the barrel clogged with earth. He pokes his finger into the muzzle trying to clean it, then finds he can't get it back out again.

JIM CHANGO

Oh, man...

He tries to pull his finger free, glances up and FREEZES.

Ahead of Jim and his Platoon is a WALL OF DEAD AMERICAN TROOPS - rotting in the sun.

His men stand staring at the wall aghast. A PRIVATE beside Jim snaps and opens FIRE, yelling wildly.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

(over the gun-fire)
Knock-it off! Chris! Knock-it off!

Jim grabs him with his free hand and shakes him, his M-16 hanging painfully from his other hand.

(CONTINUED)

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)
Will you knock it off? (Climbing
to his feet) *Jesus*. What do you
think...?

THUNK. A SOLDIER standing next to Jim drops, the back of
his head sprayed over nearby soldiers.

SILENCE.

Everyone stares at the dead man. Another shot rings out -
another SOLDIER DROPS. The others flinch, scan the tree-
line ahead of them.

SOLDIER
(pointing)
VC in black pyjamas! One hundred
meters! It's a woman!

The WOMAN is jogging across the tree-line ahead, weapon
in hand.

JIM CHANGO
(trying to free his
hand)
Okay!

Silence. Long pause.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)
Well!?

SOLDIER
What?

JIM CHANGO
What the fu...! Why isn't anyone
firing?

His men stare back at him, frightened.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)
TAKE HER OUT!

The Soldiers open fire - a deafening roar. The Woman
keeps on running as the foliage above her head is
shredded by bullets. NO SHOT COMES CLOSE. Jim watches
amazed.

BOB (V.O.)
Every single one of Jim's men
fired high. They instinctively
hadn't wanted to shoot another
person. Later Jim would come
across a study by General S.L.A
Marshall, which revealed that only
15-20 percent of fresh soldiers
shot to kill. The rest
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 aimed high, didn't fire at all, or
 pretended to be busy doing
 something else.

Bullets still flying above her head, the Woman stops
 running, crouches down and RETURNS FIRE.

Jim is SHOT, stumbles backwards and falls into the mud,
 his finger still stuck in his M-16. He lies there,
 staring up at the sky, his expression one of puzzlement,
 as a huge blood stain spreads over his chest.

JIM'S P.O.V - the edges of our vision darken down as the
 sound FADES OUT. The darkness flows inwards, as if an
 IRIS IS CLOSING DOWN - until only a PIN-POINT OF WHITE
 LIGHT remains in the centre of the sky. We begin to move
 towards the light, slowly at first and then faster and
 faster. Just as we are about to reach it, a VISION OF THE
 FACE OF the VC WOMAN appears, filling the white disc.

VC WOMAN
 (softly)
*Their gentleness is their
 strength.*

We begin to sink back down again, faster and faster until
 the circle of white light has disappeared all together
 and we are in DARKNESS...

FADE IN:

Jim lies in his bed, staring sadly at the other
 casualties in the ward - amputees, spinals, burns...

BOB (V.O.)
 Recovering in hospital, Jim wrote
 to General W.T. Kervin, Vice Chief
 of Staff for the Army, explaining
 that he wanted to go on a fact-
 finding mission to explore
 alternative combat tactics. The
 Pentagon agreed to pay his salary
 and expenses for the duration of
 the journey.

We hear the opening of Donovan's *There is a Mountain* as
 we...

CUT TO:

...as the track continues we see Jim in civilian dress,
 driving down the Pacific Coast Highway.

(CONTINUED)

BOB (V.O.)

What Jim hadn't told the Pentagon was that he was really looking for the answer to the riddle of his vision. How could his men's *gentleness*, their general lack of interest in *killing* people, how could this be turned into a *strength*? How could love and peace help win wars? Jim knew where to go to find out.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE BEGINS

31 EXT. GROUNDS - DAY 31

TRACKING past a row of HOT TUBS - each filled with naked people hugging. We find an uncomfortable Jim in one tub filled with EMBRACING HIPPY MEN. Self-consciously he strokes his buzz-cut. SUPERED TITLES READ: *Naked Hot Tub Encounter Sessions, Santa Rosa.*

32 INT. ROOM - DAY 32

Jim and another MAN are arm-wrestling, SCREAMING. Other MEN stand around screaming also. TITLES READ: *Primal Arm-Wrestling, Sacramento.*

33 INT. HALL - DAY 33

A CIRCLE OF PEOPLE LIE on the floor, breathing rapidly and loudly. Jim, his buzz-cut growing out, lies amongst them, sobbing uncontrollably. TITLES READ: *Reichian Rebirthing, San Jose.*

34 EXT. HILL - DAY 34

A PLATINUM HAIRED WOMAN is leading a GROUP OF RUNNERS, including Jim, down the hill. They run in an odd way - prancing like horses, their eyes closed, arms raised, smiling ecstatically. TITLES READ *Beyond Jogging Movement, Stockton.*

One of the group runs into a tree.

35 INT. ROOM - DAY 35

Jim lies on his side on a gurney, his hair longer now. We can't see what is being done to him, but he is sobbing uncontrollably once again. TITLES READ *Higher Essence Colonic Irrigation Therapy, Monterey.*

36 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

36

LONG SHOT - A GROUP OF BARE-CHESTED MEN, including JIM, stand on the roof of the house. TITLES READ *The Whole Man Movement - Auburn.*

A LEADER gives Jim a signal and he jumps off, falls fifteen foot to the road below. He hurts himself quite badly.

37 INT. ESALEN INSTITUTE - DAY

37

Jim sits amongst a large MEDITATION GROUP, long-haired and bearded, indistinguishable now from the San-Francisco Bay area Hippies all around him. TITLES READ: *Esalen Institute for the Advancement of Human Potential, Big Sur.*

ARROWS POINT at various MEDITATORS around the hall, identifying them as BOB DYLAN, HUNTER S. THOMPSON and HENRY MILLER.

An ARROW points to the MEDITATOR sitting next to Jim... CHARLES MANSON.

BOB (V.O.)
Jim disappeared into the New Age
Movement for six years.

Jim feels Manson staring at him. He smiles nervously.

38 EXT. FORT KNOX - MAIN GATES - THE PAST - DAY

38

It's 1980. Jim walks down the road towards the entrance gates. His long hair is braided. He has an EYE painted on his forehead.

BOB (V.O.)
Like all Shamen before him, he had
traversed the wilderness. Now he
was returning to his people, a
changed man.

The SENTRIES at the gate check Jim's PASS suspiciously.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He brought with him his
confidential report - *The New
World Army Manual.*

The Gates swing open and Jim passes through.

DISSOLVE TO:

39

EXT. DESERT - EARLY EVENING

39

Lyn crouches revolving a curious aluminium CONE towards the sun. Bob sits by the car, reading the manual. He looks up, watches Lyn.

BOB

(Beat)

Does it direct your powers?

LYN WHEATON

What?

BOB

The cone. Does it direct your psychic powers or something?

LYN WHEATON

No.

BOB

What does it do?

Lyn takes some BURGERS out of a cooler box and puts them into the cone.

LYN WHEATON

It cooks supper.

He examines the stove approvingly.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Solar. Utilizing the power of the universe - no pollution, totally renewable. This is like New World Army technology.

Bob picks up the Manual and starts to read. Lyn watches him.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Pretty mind-blowing, isn't it?
First time I read it, I was
like...what the *fuck*?

BOB

Yes. (Beat) But...

He stops.

LYN WHEATON

What?

BOB

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

LYN WHEATON

Go on - what?

BOB

Well it's just...it's hard to believe the Pentagon paid for this. I mean, it's very interesting, but there's nothing in here that's actually about...fighting?

LYN WHEATON

The New World Army was tasked with *preventing* conflict. We're a force of peace, not war. Jim realized if you want to change the world, you've got to start by changing the armies. He was the one that started the research into non-lethals.

BOB

Non-lethals?

Lyn flicks away his cigarette.

LYN WHEATON

Check this out.

He takes a yellow PLASTIC BLOB from his pocket with a flourish.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

The Predator.

BOB

(laughs)

The Predator? (Beat) That's a plastic blob, Lyn. (Pointing at the blob) That's a...

Before he can finish Lyn has slipped Bob's finger into a hole in the middle of the blob and twisted it.

BOB (CONT'D)

OH! OH FUCK! OH...*FUCK!*

LYN WHEATON

You see? You're mine now. The Predator is completely biodegradable. It's friendly to the earth but it can hurt you in a hundred ways.

He takes the blob off the finger and rubs it's serrated edge down Bob's temple.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

OWWWWWW!

LYN WHEATON

It has warrior functions.(Beat)
And it looks a bit funny. This is
New World Army technology.

Lyn sticks the Predator in Bob's ear and hauls him to his feet. Bob yells with pain.

BOB

Stop it! Stop hurting me!

Lyn stares at the blob fondly.

LYN WHEATON

What's cool about it is that you
could see this lying on the ground
and you'd never know it had *such*
lethality.

Bob holds his ear and pants for breath. Lyn's face lights up.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Eyeballs.

40

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

40

An empty landscape, as Bob's shout drifts across the sands...

BOB

No!!!!!!

41

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

41

Bob watches the RED DISK of the sun dip below the horizon.

Lyn checks the meat on the stove looking pissed off. It's still raw.

BOB

I think it's officially night now.

Lyn kicks at the stove.

LYN WHEATON

(muttering)
Piece'a shit.

42 EXT. DESERT - LATER

42

Bob and Lyn sit wrapped in blankets on the roof of the car. Bob is reading the Manual, eating cold beans from a can.

Bob suddenly notices Lyn has taken a small black case from his bag and is preparing an INJECTION.

LYN WHEATON
(Off Bob's look))
I've got Crohn's. The steroids
help.

Lyn injects himself, packs everything back away in his back-pack. Bob sits, shivering. Lyn finishes, stares up at the stars thoughtfully.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
Sometimes there's a need,
Bob. Sometimes people are calling
out for something, even if they
don't know it themselves. And then
a man like Jim appears out of
nowhere, because he heard the
call....

DISSOLVE TO:

43 INT. FORT KNOX - EVENING - THE PAST

43

A CIRCLE OF OFFICERS sit around JIM who has surrounded himself with a *pseudo-forest* of pot plants. There are candles everywhere. His face is painted. SUPERED TITLES read *Fort Knox. 1980.*

JIM CHANGO
I'd like us to begin this with a
mantra. If we could all breathe in
and then out, holding a long
"eeeeee."

The OFFICERS stare at him. There are sniggers. Jim stares them down.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)
Breathe in...(they comply) and
out...

OFFICERS
(embarrassed)
Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
ee.

They finish. Jim nods, smiling, stares around at them.

(CONTINUED)

JIM CHANGO

We are a Hollow Army, gentlemen. Vietnam has crushed our *soul*. We are traumatized and melancholic. We are ashamed. That is why I have brought you to this place of Sanctuary. Here we can mend our wounds and dream our dreams. My dream is of an America that will lead the world to paradise, an America that no longer has an exploitative view of natural resources, that no longer promotes consumption at all costs. I believe this is America's destiny. But to achieve it we must become the first Superpower to develop super *powers*. We must create *Warrior Monks* - men and women who can fall in love with everyone, sense plant auras, pass through walls, stop saying mindless cliches and see into the future. I want you to JOIN me in this vision. (Beat) Be ALL you can BE.

Jim finishes. We TRACK along the OFFICERS' FACES - really not sure what to do or say. We reach one officer who looks like Lee Marvin. This is GENERAL STUBENDECK. His eyes are shining with excitement.

BOB (V.O.)

Amongst Jim's audience that night was Major General Bert Stubendeck, commander of INSCOM - the US Army's Intelligence and Security Command. For some time the General had been concerned about information he had been receiving about Soviet research into psychic powers.

Wearing trunks, the General lounges by his pool, engrossed in a PAPER-BACK BOOK titled *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain*.

BOB (V.O.)

According to some stories the Soviets were psychically spying on American bases and had designed "*psychotronic generators*" - machines *capable* of bombarding the President with negative energy.

45 INT. LABORATORY - DAY - THE PAST 45

Two DIABOLICAL-LOOKING RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS are wiring up some KITTENS to a MACHINE.

BOB (V.O.)
They were also conducting sadistic experiments to see whether animals had psychic powers.

46 ANOTHER LABORATORY 46

Another DIABOLICAL SCIENTIST is wiring up the KITTENS' MOTHER.

BOB (V.O.)
Could they, for instance, telepathically detect that their babies were distressed?

47 FIRST LABORATORY 47

With a gloating smile one of the Scientists approaches one of the KITTENS with a lit CIGARETTE. The kitten gives a pitiful MEW as the Scientists LOOMS over it.

48 EXT. GARDEN - DAY - THE PAST 48

General Stubendeck can't read on.

GENERAL STUBENDECK
Sick bastards...

49 INT. OFFICE - DAY - THE PAST 49

General Stubendeck is briefing several senior Pentagon OFFICIALS.

OFFICIAL
But why did the Soviets *begin* this type of research?

GENERAL STUBENDECK
Well sir, it looks like they heard about *our* attempt to telepathically communicate with one of our nuclear subs - the Nautilus - while it was under the Polar cap.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICIAL

(Beat)
What attempt?

GENERAL STUBENDECK

There was no attempt, sir. It seems the story was a French hoax. But the Russians think the story about the story being a French hoax is just a story sir.

SECOND OFFICIAL

So, they've started psi research because they thought we were doing psi research, when in fact we weren't doing psi research?

GENERAL STUBENDECK

Yes sir. But now that they are doing psi research, we're going to have to do psi research, sir. We can't afford to have the Russians leading the field in the paranormal.

The Officials consider this gravely.

BOB (V.O.)

Two weeks later the Army adopted the slogan *Be All You Can Be* and appointed Jim Commander of the first New World Army Battalion.

50 INT. CAR - THE PRESENT - DAWN

50

Bob wakes, stiff and cold, in the front of the car. He sits up and looks around, trying to work out where he is. Suddenly he realizes he is ALONE. Afraid, he scans the landscape around him - featureless desert stretches to the horizon.

BOB

(Softly)
Lyn?

51 EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

51

Bob jumps out of the car, panicking and starts to run in a random direction.

BOB

(As he runs)
Oh God. Oh God.

He stops, staring at the immense empty landscape ahead of him.

(CONTINUED)

BOB (CONT'D)

LYYYYN!

LYN WHEATON (O.S.)

What?

Bob turns and sees Lyn in a YOGA pose on the roof of the car.

BOB

I didn't...I thought...What are you doing?

LYN WHEATON

Salute to the Sun.

He finishes and jumps down.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Okay. We're Oscar Mike. (Getting up) That's "On the Move" soldier.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - EARLY MORNING

The car cuts across the vast landscape, the day already heating up.

INSIDE THE CAR

Bob is writing in his notebook as Lyn drives. He notices Lyn keeps looking up at the sky.

BOB

What are you doing?

LYN WHEATON

Cloud bursting. Keeps me in shape.

Bob stares up at the clouds.

BOB

Really? Which one?

LYN WHEATON

(pointing)
That one.

Bob tries to work out which cloud he means.

BOB

That one?

LYN WHEATON

No. *That* one. The big one.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Isn't that one too far away?

Lyn looks at Bob like he's crazy.

LYN WHEATON

They're *all* far away.

He concentrates on the CLOUD again. Sure enough, it thins and fades until it has DISAPPEARED. Bob stares - not sure what to think.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

And it's gone.

Lyn, smiling up at the sky, doesn't notice that the car is veering off the road a little.

BANG! The two men are slammed forward as the car hits something, Bob smacking his face off the dash.

We see the car has run straight into a large ROCK. This is pretty much the only vertical feature in the otherwise flat landscape.

The two men stand staring at the wrecked front of the car. Bob is holding a handkerchief to his bloody nose. He looks at the car, stares around him at the desert stretching out.

BOB

Jesus Lyn. You had like the whole desert to drive in...

Lyn rubs his face ruefully.

LYN WHEATON

Yeah. I'm sorry about that Bob. Must have got a little bi-locational there, you know? But don't worry. Someone'll come along soon.

A sweating Bob and Lyn sit in the shadow of the car, playing *Rock Paper Scissors*.

LYN WHEATON

Ready. Set. *Ro-sham-bo!*

Bob sighs, holds out his fist - a ROCK. Lyn has held out a flat hand.

(CONTINUED)

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
Paper wraps rock. (Beat) Ready.
Set. *Ro-sham-bo!*

Bob holds out his hand flat - PAPER. Lyn is holding out
SCISSORS.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
You can't beat me Bob.

BOB
Well, you know, I think a lot of
people would say that that was
just some...ro-sham-bo!

He jerks his hand out in SCISSORS, hoping to catch Lyn
off-guard. But without missing a beat Lyn is holding out
a fist.

LYN WHEATON
(Calmly)
I can see what you're going to
throw before you throw it. You
should have seen Jim. He was RPS
World Champion. The Japanese
called him *The Fister*.

BOB
Well, I still think...

He stops, listening. We hear the sound of an approaching
ENGINE. The two men turn to see a WHITE PICK-UP TRUCK
approaching.

BOB (CONT'D)
(scrambling to his
feet)
Oh thank Christ.

Bob scuttles into the middle of the road, waving
frantically. The pick-up slows and pulls over. A YOUNG
IRAQI MAN looks out at them.

BOB (CONT'D)
Can you help us? We drove into a
rock. Could you take us to a town
or someplace?

Smiling, the Iraqi gestures to the back of the pick-up.

BOB (CONT'D)
(relaxing)
Thank you! Thanks so much!

He grabs his case and climbs up onto the back of the
truck. Lyn stares at the driver, then, with a sigh picks
up his bag and follows Bob.

56

BACK OF THE TRUCK

56

As the Truck bumps off down the road, Bob and Lyn sit down and find themselves facing TWO YOUNG IRAQI MEN.

BOB
Hi! Hello there. Thanks so much
for this.

The two Young Men smile in a friendly fashion.

BOB (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Don't know if we would have lasted
much longer. Phew!

One of the Young Men nods, smiling. He reaches casually forward and takes Lyn's BAG from him. Lyn just sits there, resigned as the Young Man roots through the contents.

BOB (CONT'D)
(oblivious)
Yeah, it gets pretty hot out here,
huh?

The Young Man takes out a ROCK COMPILATION CD from Lyn's bag and inspects it.

YOUNG IRAQI
(to the other)
Deep Purple.

They laugh.

BOB
(laughing too)
Oh, you speak English? Great. Deep
Purple. Right. You guys like Deep
Purple? You like rock or, or...

He suddenly notices the Young Iraqi is holding a HANDGUN.

The Driver leans out the window and shouts something over the roar of the engine. The Young Man next to Lyn takes off his scarf and starts to blindfold Lyn with it.

BOB (CONT'D)
(smile fading)
Lyn? Is this...is this...?

LYN WHEATON
(wearily)
Yeah.

57 INT. ROOM - NIGHT

57

Bob and Lyn, their hands tied, sit on a mattress in the otherwise empty room, lit by a shaft of moonlight from the small window above them. From next door comes the faint sound of Deep Purple's *Smoke On The Water* playing. Bob is losing it.

BOB

We're going to die! I'm going to
be killed by Al Qaeda!

From the next room we hear the Young Iraqis start to sing along to the track, laughing. Lyn listens.

LYN WHEATON

I don't think they're Al Qaeda.

BOB

Oh what the hell do you know? You
don't know! You don't know
anything! And this is all your
fault!

LYN WHEATON

Bob, there's something I have to
tell you. When I said I was
retired from the unit, that was a
lie. I'm on a mission. DeWitts was
just my cover. I've been
reactivated. I couldn't tell
you because this is a Black Op,
but...I think you have a part to
play. I think that's why you're
with me.

Bob collapses face down on the mattress.

BOB

(muffled)

You're an idiot. You want to know
why I'm with you? Because I got
drunk. *(Starting to cry a little)*
I got drunk and I just wanted to
get into Iraq so I could prove to
my wife I wasn't...just once that
I...And now I'm going to die.
She's right. I'm such a...

He dissolves into misery. Lyn watches with sympathy.

LYN WHEATON

Have you heard of *Optimum*
Trajectory before? *(No answer)*
Your life is like a river, Bob. If
you're aiming for a goal
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

that isn't your destiny, you will always be swimming against the current. Young Ghandi wants to be a stock-car racer? Not gonna happen. Little Anne Frank wants to be a High School teacher. Tough titty Anne. That's not your destiny. But you *will* go on to move the hearts and minds of millions. Find out what your destiny is and the river will *carry* you. Now sometimes events in life give an individual clues as to where their *Destiny* lies. Like those doodles you just "happened" to draw?

He unbuttons his shirt and reveals an EYE tattooed on his chest - very similar to the one Bob had drawn. Bob looks up.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

This is the *Ajna chakra* - the third eye - the symbol of the Jedi. When I saw you'd drawn it...well, the Universe gives me a sign like that, I don't ignore it. You're *meant* to be here with me, Bob. The Jedi inside you sensed that.

Bob stares at the EYE.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Now listen to me. I don't think these guys are FRL's or Mehdi Army... I think we're talking standard criminals here, okay? What they're gonna do is try and sell us on to another group. We can't let that happen.

BOB

How are we gonna stop them? There's three of them! And they've got guns!

LYN WHEATON

We're Jedi, Bob. The Jedi don't fight with guns. We fight with our *minds*.

BOB

What do you mean?

LYN WHEATON

Let's say we have no choice but to fight with these men. Then we use *visual aesthetics* to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
instill psychically in the enemy a
disincentive to attack.

BOB
(beat)
What do you mean?

LYN WHEATON
Okay, you lock eyes with one of
them, you go into a monotone and
you say "No, I'm not going to
attack you." You totally relax
your body and your voice. And then
you rip out one of his eyeballs.
Or you use a *pen*, stab him in the
neck, create a fountain of blood,
I mean really a *fountain*, get the
blood to squirt on his buddies.
That's a psychic disincentive,
right there.

Bob thinks about this, a little nauseated.

BOB
We haven't got a pen.

LYN WHEATON
(sighs)
You're missing the point.
(Standing up) Here let me show you
something. Stand up.

Bob stands up reluctantly.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
Choke me.

BOB
Oh...I don't want to Lyn.

LYN WHEATON
Choke me. What am I gonna do?
(pointing at his throat) Just
here. Choke. Choke.

BOB
I don't think I...there's sharp
edges around here...

LYN WHEATON
C'mon...(making quotation marks
with his fingers) "Attack me."

Bob stares at him, a little annoyed by this.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

What's with the quotation fingers?
That's like implying I'm you
know...only capable of ironic
attacking or...

LYN WHEATON

Quit jawing, Bob, and choke me.

BOB

(Beat)
Well, if I *choose* to choke you,
what are you going to do?

LYN WHEATON

I'm going to interrupt your
thought pattern.

Bob thinks about this then raises his hands to choke Lyn.
Lyn **THROWS** him - sailing through the air. He crashes
down into the floor behind Lyn.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

See? I hardly moved. Physics wise
there's not much going on. It's
the psychic energy that's
important. (Beat) You okay?

BOB

(in pain)
Sharp...edges...

LYN WHEATON

(helping him up)
You felt fear didn't you? Before
hand?

Bob massages his back, impressed despite himself.

BOB

Yes.

LYN WHEATON

Would you say that level of fear
was abnormal for you?

Bob thinks about this.

BOB

I don't know. I was pretty
terrified anyway but the fear I
felt on the run-up to the choking
did seem, you know, unusual.

LYN WHEATON

(pleased)
You know why? It wasn't you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED: (4)

57

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

It was *me*. I was inside your head.
Fighting with the *Mind*.

Suddenly the door opens and one of the Young Iraqis comes in, smiling.

YOUNGER IRAQI

Okay. We go.

58

EXT. DESERT - EARLY MORNING

58

The White Pick-Up bounces over the sand. Bob and Lyn sit in the back with one of the Young Iraqis, who has Lyn's back-pack.

BOB

(softly)
I'm sorry I freaked out, Lyn.

LYN WHEATON

That's okay. You learnt a lesson.
"Whatever you fear most has no
power - it is your fear that has
power."

BOB

(impressed)
Huh.

LYN WHEATON

Oprah.

BOB

Uhuh. (Beat) You really don't work
for DeWitts?

LYN WHEATON

Just my cover.

BOB

(Beat)
Ed Dacey said you ran a dance
studio. That was just cover too,
right?

LYN WHEATON

No. I do run a dance school. I
love dance.

BOB

Oh. Okay. (Beat) And you're really
on a mission out here?

LYN WHEATON

I'm here to locate someone
psychically and then, you know,
physically.

(CONTINUED)

BOB
Who?

LYN WHEATON
In time, Bob.

BOB
(Beat)
Were you just kidding me back
there - about me having some Jedi
in me?

LYN WHEATON
We learn to recognize our own kind
after a while. You ever dream
about flying?

BOB
Yes.

LYN WHEATON
That's one of the signs.

BOB
Do you really think so?

LYN WHEATON
Don't you? Haven't you always
really felt you were different?

Bob considers this.

BOB
Yes. Yes I have.

LYN WHEATON
That's the way it is for us. We're
the ones who don't fit in as kids.

BOB
Have you always had powers?

LYN WHEATON
Kind of. They used to call me the
Jinx.

BOB
Why?

Two TECHNICIANS study COMPUTERS. TITLES READ "AREA 51"
Groom Lake, Top Secret Test Flight Base, Nevada. 1983

TECHNICIAN
(Excited. Into
microphone)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
Foxtrot-117 has launched. Tracking
now. Charlie-Oscar 31.8066667...

Lyn (30's), in uniform, walks past and both computers
INSTANTLY CRASH.

VOICE
(over speakers)
We just lost contact! Request
status? Oh *Crap!*

The TECHNICIANS turn to stare after Lyn. We hear a SIREN
begin to wail.

INT. OFFICE - DAY - THE PAST

Lyn stands nervously to attention in front of a very grim
looking GENERAL STUBENDECK.

GENERAL STUBENDECK
Did you crash those computers?

Lyn opens his mouth to lie, but one glance at
Stubendeck's forbidding countenance changes his mind.

LYN WHEATON
(miserable)
Yes sir.

Beat. A SLOW GRIN steals over the General's face.

GENERAL STUBENDECK
(softly)
Far fucking out...

Lyn blinks. This wasn't the reaction he'd expected.

GENERAL STUBENDECK (CONT'D)
How'd you feel about a transfer
son?

INT. EX-MESS HALL - FORT BRAGG, NORTH CAROLINA - DAY

A small group of JEDI RECRUITS, Lyn amongst them, stands
facing a stern Jim Chango in the abandoned-looking
building. The walls have been decorated with COSMIC
MURALS.

JIM CHANGO
I am Lieutenant Colonel Jim
Chango. From now on, you
will speak only when spoken to,
and the first and last words out
of your mouth will be "Sir, yes,
sir!" Do you understand?

(CONTINUED)

RECRUITS

Sir, yes, sir!

JIM CHANGO

If you complete this course you will be a Psychic Weapon, an Angel of Death, our enemies Worst Nightmare! Until then you are *Nothing!* Less than *Nothing!* Do you understand?

RECRUITS

SIR, YES, SIR!

JIM CHANGO

(chuckling)

Yeah, I'm only kidding with that shit. Okay, what shall we do now?

He stares around the men, expectantly.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

(clapping his hands)

Hey! Lets *dance!*

The Jedis are DANCING to some rock, encouraged by Jim.

JIM CHANGO

Okay! Give it everything you've got! That's it!

The Jedis start to dance more frenetically, eyes closed, jumping about the room, waving their arms...

Jim notices Lyn, shuffling self-consciously from foot to foot.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

What's your name son?

LYN WHEATON

Lyn Wheaton sir.

JIM CHANGO

You've gotta free your *feet* before you can free your *mind*, Lyn.

LYN WHEATON

(embarrassed)

Not much of a dancer sir.

Jim examines Lyn's face through narrowed eyes.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

JIM CHANGO

But that isn't true is it Lyn? You
can dance. It's just someone told
you not to.

63 BEDROOM - THE PAST

63

A TWELVE YEAR OLD LYN - is dancing away to a track on
the radio. His FATHER weaves drunkenly past the door and
stops, watching.

LYN'S FATHER

Stop acting so fucking QUEER!

He throws his beer can at Lyn and walks on. Lyn stares
after him, upset. The RADIO abruptly catches FIRE.

64 INT. EX-MESS HALL - DAY

64

Jim watches Lyn with compassion.

JIM CHANGO

Well, I'm your commanding officer
Lyn, and I'm ordering you to let
the dance out!

Lyn starts to dance with a little more abandon.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

C'mon goddamit! DANCE! Let it go!
Let it all go!

Lyn starts to go for it. And it's true - he CAN dance.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

(with approval)

Welcome to the Heroes Journey Lyn.

Lyn smiles shyly.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

(to the room)

Okay remember everyone, we don't
officially exist as a unit so I'm
afraid there's no coffee budget.
Bring your own coffee. Oh, and no
solid food for the first week.

As the track continues we...

CUT TO:

65 TRAINING MONTAGE

65

66 EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY 66
UNIFORMED SOLDIERS march double time across the parade deck.
SPECIAL FORCES TROOPS
"I don't know but I've been told
Eskimo Pussy is mighty cold..."

67 JEDI WARRIORS 67
...marching, chanting a mantra.
JEDI WARRIORS
Ommmm...

68 INT. MESS HALL - DAY 68
Soldiers shovel in mouthfuls of creamed potato and steak.

69 JEDI WARRIORS 69
...sipping their vegetable juice.

70 EXT. FIELD - DAY 70
The Jedis stand watching a JEEP driving down a course marked out on the field.

71 INSIDE THE JEEP 71
Jim sits next to a nervous JEDI TRAINEE who is driving.
The Jedi is BLINDFOLDED.
JIM CHANGO
(calmly)
Okay, you're doing very well. Now
feel the next bend...

72 ON THE FIELD 72
The Jedis SCATTER as the jeep swerves erratically off the course and drives straight towards them...

73 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 73
SOLDIERS examine a DIAGRAM of BATTLE TACTICS.

74 INT. JEDI CLASSROOM - DAY 74

The Jedis examine a blackboard on which Jim is writing:
"Before going into Battle the JEDI utilizes A) Yogic Cat Stretch. B) Primal scream and leap. C) Belgian waffle. D) Ginseng E) Amphetamines."

75 EXT. FIELD - DAY 75

The Jedis stare doubtfully at the bed of HOT COALS in front of them. One JEDI stands ready, his feet bare.

JIM CHANGO

Okay, *only* when you're ready.

The Jedi nods nervously, hesitates, starts to WALK ON THE COALS, almost immediately starts to SCREAM.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

(encouraging)

Think *cold!* Think real *cold!*

76 EXT. FORT BRAGG - ROOFTOP - SUNSET 76

Jim leads the Jedis in the EARTH PRAYER as they face the setting sun.

JEDIS

Mother Earth, my life support system as a soldier, I must drink your blue water. I pray my boots will always kiss your face and my footsteps match your heartbeat. I am yours and you are mine. I salute you.

77 INT. EX-MESS HALL - EVENING 77

Jim leads the Jedis in another dancing session - rock music blasting - the men dancing in a variety of nerdish and demented ways. Their uniforms have been supplemented with odd, personal touches: hats, badges, sunglasses, a poncho...

We find Lyn dancing in blissful, idiotic abandonment.

BOB (V.O.)

After years of feeling like an oddball Lyn had finally found a home. At last he was amongst men who prided themselves on being different.

78 EXT. GENERAL STUBENDECK'S GARDEN - DAY - THE PAST 78

Jim leads the Jedis and General Stubendeck in a complex YOGA MOVE. We CLOSE on LYN.

BOB (V.O.)
 These were Golden Days for Lyn.
 There was something so noble and
 pure in Jim's vision that the
 Jedis felt themselves inspired to
 be *more* than soldiers. In a world
 torn apart by greed and hate they
 would be a force for good, for
 peace.

A BUTTERFLY lands on Lyn's outstretched hand. He watches it with a gentle smile.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 For the first time in his life Lyn
 felt truly happy.

The Butterfly flits away and lands on an APPLE in the tree overhead.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Then into the garden a serpent did
 come.

79 INT. DINNER PARTY - EVENING - THE PAST 79

GUESTS sit eating dinner around the large table. General Stubendeck is talking to his WIFE. He turns back to find the FORK in his hand BENT DOUBLE.

He looks in amazement at the man sitting beside him - LARRY SWANN.

BOB (V.O.)
 Larry Swann was a failed Sci-Fi
 writer from Colorado, recruited to
 the Jedis after General Stubendeck
 met him at a spoon-bending party.

Other guests laugh and applaud.

80 EXT. FUNCTION ROOM - EVENING - THE PAST 80

A WEDDING CELEBRATION is in progress. SCOTTY TOMLIN - one of the JEDI RECRUITS - is dancing, beaming with his new BRIDE. Guests - Lyn and the other Jedis amongst them - stand watching, clapping and cheering, a boisterous atmosphere of *bonhomie*. Larry watches the revellers with contempt.

(CONTINUED)

BOB (V.O.)
Right from the start he had made
himself unpopular with the other
Jedis.

Scotty and his wife are walking off the dance floor.
Larry stops him to shake his hand.

LARRY SWANN
Congratulations Scotty. I'm sorry
it doesn't work out for you two.

Scotty's face falls. The other Jedis glare at Larry. One
of them makes a move towards him but Lyn holds him back.

81 INT. MESS HALL - DAY - THE PAST

81

The Jedis eat at one table. Larry sits alone and shunned
at another table. Lyn walks over with a tray, hesitates
seeing Larry alone.

BOB (V.O.)
Larry made it quite clear that he
despised most of the other Jedis.

Feeling sorry for him Lyn sits beside Larry. Larry
flushes red.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But Lyn - Lyn was different.
(Beat) He really *hated* Lyn.

82 INT. PSI EXPERIMENT ROOM - DAY - THE PAST

82

Scotty, Larry and Lyn sit focusing on a wall of SMALL
WOODEN CUPBOARDS. Each cupboard has a letter and number
printed on its door.

JIM CHANGO
A-9.

The three men focus on the cupboard in question.

SCOTTY
It's...it's something cylindrical?
I think it's a pencil?

JIM CHANGO
Okay. Larry?

Larry rolls his eyes up in his head, speaks in a high
wavering voice with a bad cockney accent.

LARRY SWANN
This is Larry's Spirit Guide,
Maud. I'm looking into
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LARRY SWANN (CONT'D)

the cupboard now and I'm
seeing...I'm seeing...a tin mug?

JIM CHANGO

Lyn?

Lyn stares at his hands, focused. He looks up suddenly,
puzzled.

LYN WHEATON

It's a man on a chair.

Jim unlocks the little cupboard and takes a photograph of
the Lincoln Memorial. There are murmurs of admiration
from the watching Jedis.

LARRY SWANN

(blustering)

Oh, no, wait. See, I thought you
said K, not A!

Jim ignores him, smiles at Lyn.

JIM CHANGO

Bravo Zulu, Lyn. Outstanding.

Larry looks daggers at Lyn.

Lyn is walking calmly over the HOT COALS as the other
Jedis watch, impressed.

Jim is leading the Jedis in AIKIDO.

JIM CHANGO

Aikido is a vehicle for
harmonizing ourselves with the
Universe and the Way. Look upon
these sessions as an opportunity
to discover yourself and your
training partner in a loving
environment.

LATER

Larry flails violently at Lyn. Lyn FLIPS him with ease.
Larry gets up and CHARGES bellowing at Lyn who FLIPS him
out of the frame. Jim joins Lyn.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

(addressing the
watching Jedi's)

Notice how Lyn's circular motions
turned Larry's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)
aggression back upon him. Good
work Lyn.

A CHAIR flies through the frame, just missing Lyn's head.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)
(without looking at
him)
Larry, go outside, calm down.

Lyn lies on a couch drinking a beer, staring at a large
BROWN ENVELOPE. Jim sits beside him with pad and paper.
Lyn opens the envelope and stares at the PHOTOGRAPH of
the NATO GENERAL inside.

BOB (V.O.)
After a year's training, Lyn was
given his first tasking. A senior
Nato General had been kidnapped by
Red Brigade members in Italy. Jim
was unofficially
asked if his unit would be able to
help find him before it was too
late.

LYN WHEATON
(concentrating)
We're north of Verona. It's a
little town. There's a lake
nearby. I can see a Cinema. Across
from the Cinema is a shop or,
or...it's a cafe. He's in the
apartment above. The town is
called...it's something sweet.
(Beat) Dolce. It's called Dolce.

Jim looks proudly over to where an important looking
OFFICIAL watches from the next room. The Official looks
impressed.

BOB (V.O.)
It's true that the unit never
found out whether any of their
remote viewings were accurate or
not. Nevertheless from that moment
on Lyn's reputation soared.

Lyn stands in front of the other Jedis.

JIM CHANGO
Rank, medals...these things mean
little to the Jedi.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

86

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

But growth in spirit, in wisdom,
in psychic power, these things
earn our respect.

He presents Lyn with an EAGLE FEATHER.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

Native Americans believed that
when one received an Eagle
feather, it was the mark of love,
of gratitude and ultimate respect.
Only true Human Beings may carry
the Eagle feather.

He gives the feather to a deeply moved Lyn, as the other
Jedis applaud. Larry watches Lyn with HATE.

87

INT. REMOTE VIEWING ROOM - DAY - THE PAST

87

Lyn lies on the couch, drinking another beer, the Eagle
Feather on a chain around his neck. Boston's *More Than A
Feeling* is playing in the room.

BOB (V.O.)

The word soon got out in the
intelligence community that there
was a sergeant at Fort Bragg who
could find whatever you needed
found. It was as if Lyn could fly
anywhere in the world without
leaving his room.

We TRACK INTO LYN'S EYE - UNTIL WE ARE INSIDE HIS MIND.

LYN'S MIND P.O.V - We move towards the wall.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As Jim Chango said - the Force
truly was strong with this one.

As the song breaks into the chorus we burst through the
wall, into freedom...

88

EXT. THE SKY - DAY - THE PAST

88

As the track continues and we RACE over the land, flying
faster and faster, free as a bird, swooping up towards a
huge SUN, until the screens WHITES OUT and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

89

THE SUN - RISING - THE PRESENT

89

...as the Pick-up with Bob and Lyn in the back pulls up
next to another TRUCK.

(CONTINUED)

Two MEN dressed in black with their *kaffiyeh* covering their faces stand by it staring at them. In the back seat of the Truck sits a blindfolded IRAQI MAN.

The Driver of the Pick-Up crosses to the TWO INSURGENTS with a half-gallon bottle of WATER and passes it to them. They drink and confer briefly in Arabic. He turns and gestures to the other two Young Iraqis who push Lyn and Bob down from the back of the pick-up. Lyn stands still.

YOUNG IRAQI
(gesturing again)
Yataharrak!

BOB
Lyn?

LYN WHEATON
(gently)
It's okay, Bob. We're not getting
into that truck.

The First Young Iraqi gestures more angrily at the Truck.

YOUNG IRAQI
Yadkhol!

LYN WHEATON
Don't move Bob.

BOB
(scared, whispering)
Are you going to use the Blob?

LYN WHEATON
Let's hope it doesn't come to
that.

One of the Insurgents stirs and says something softly in Arabic. The other laughs. Angrily the First Young Iraqi takes out a HANDGUN and levels it at Lyn.

YOUNG IRAQI
YADKHOL!

Lyn raises one hand towards him.

LYN WHEATON
You can put your weapon away.
You're not interested in us.

The Young Iraqi points the gun at Bob who starts to walk towards the truck.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
(firmly)
Stay where you are Bob.

(CONTINUED)

Bob stops.

BOB
Shit...shit...

LYN WHEATON
(to the Iraqi,
calmly)
We can go about our business.

Apparently having had enough one the Insurgents pulls his own GUN out and aims at Lyn. The tension builds. Suddenly Bob remembers the phrase he was taught.

BOB
(blurting)
La tapar, ana sahaffi!

Immediately everyone stares at Bob. The Insurgent OPENS FIRE at him.

Terrified Bob, dives across the sand. The Young Iraqi behind him also scrambles for cover.

Still firing, the Insurgent is suddenly aware of Lyn sprinting towards him. Before he can turn to aim at him, Lyn LEAPS into the air, spinning around, face contorted as he emits a bizarre SHRIEK.

We FREEZE-FRAME ON HIM, HUNG IN MID-AIR.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now at the time I thought Lyn was having some kind of *fit* here. Later I discovered what he was actually doing was performing the *Echmeyer* technique.

CLOSE on a man who looks like WOODY ALLEN in a jungle hat. He has his eyes closed in IMMENSE CONCENTRATION. A bead of sweat runs down his face. SUPERED TITLES read: MIKE ECHMEYER.

BOB (V.O.)
Mike Echmeyer was a Vietnam vet with sixty-three confirmed kills. He remains the only non-Korean to achieve the rank of Master in Kwa Ra Do. He was one of the Jedi teachers at Fort Bragg.

REVERSE

(CONTINUED)

SHOOTING from behind Mike to the rows of JEDI RECRUITS watching with expressions of mingled admiration and horror.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was said he could have a tug of war with a dozen men and not move an inch.

We PAN DOWN the back of MIKE and find he is NAKED from the waist down. A SAND BAG is somehow hanging between his legs.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He was also able to lift bags of sand on *hooks* hung through his *scrotum*.

A RECRUIT raises a hand.

JEDI RECRUIT
Sir, what's the practical application of this?

91 EXT. ARMY BASE - DAY - THE PAST

91

OVER-HEAD SHOT - Mike lies on the ground staring up at us. We hear the sound of an approaching engine.

BOB (V.O.)
Another demonstration involved letting a recruit drive a jeep over him. This, in the end, was to be his undoing.

Next second a JEEP roars straight over Mike, going at sixty miles an hour.

We FREEZE FRAME on the JEEP.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Before his untimely death Mike caused quite a stir by advocating his controversial "shock and awe" knife attack method.

92 INT. DOJO - DAY

92

Mike leaps spastically in the air, spinning and shrieking, a knife held in one hand.

(CONTINUED)

BOB (V.O.)
The approach was hailed by some
knife aficionados as revolutionary
but criticized by others who
believed that the leaping and
spinning might lead you to
accidentally stab yourself.

TRACKING ALONG MIKE'S TRAINEE JEDIS - as they watch his
display.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Lyn Wheaton, however, became a
firm convert to the style.

We reach LYN who TURNS TO CAMERA.

LYN WHEATON
Mike, you're not forgotten. The
knife you gave me lies next to my
beret. God bless Mike Echmeyer.

We UN-FREEZE ON LYN - as he whirls and shrieks towards
the Insurgent. Bob watches amazed from where he lies on
the sand.

BOB (V.O.)
Of course, Lyn didn't actually
have a knife with him at this
particular time...so I still think
what he did was kinda...reckless.

The Insurgent, understandably startled, flinches
backwards, trips over the water bottle and falls on his
ass.

Lyn scoops up the gallon bottle of water and begins to
POUND the fallen man with it. The Young Iraqi moves to
intervene but Lyn smacks him in the face with the bottle.

The BLINDFOLDED IRAQI IN THE TRUCK manages to open the
door and stumbles out, claws his blindfold off and races
away over the sand.

The second Insurgent is distracted for a moment by his
victim's flight. When he turns back Lyn has scooped up
the Insurgent's GUN and is aiming it at him.

Beat. Nobody moves.

The sun is rising as the PICK-UP TRUCK roars over the
sand and swerves onto the road.

(CONTINUED)

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Lyn drives. Bob is leaning out of the window, staring at the road behind them.

BOB
(pulling his head
back in)
They're not coming! We're okay! Oh
God, we're gonna be okay!

The Truck crests a hill and we see the IRAQI MAN running desperately down the road ahead of us, his hands tied.

LYN WHEATON
There he is.

He puts his foot down and the truck roars after the running man.

TRACKING SHOT - pulling the IRAQI MAN, running for all he's worth.

Lyn leans out of the truck window as he drives up behind him.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
(yelling over the
engine)
Sir? You're okay! We're Americans.
We're here to help you!

Terrified the Man sprints faster. Lyn tries to pass him, but the Man veers at the same time and the truck CLIPS him, sending him flying.

IN THE TRUCK

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
Oh crap!

BOB
What happened?

LYN WHEATON
(braking)
I think I just ran him over.

Lyn runs over to where the MAN lies moaning on the road, his head bleeding.

LYN WHEATON
Sir? Are you okay? (Beat) Bob,
give me a hand here will you?

(CONTINUED)

Bob gets out and the two lift the Iraqi Man and begin to carry him back towards the truck.

They stop listening to an approaching rumble.

BOB

Oh shit! Oh shit, they're coming!

They scuttle faster back towards the truck, the Iraqi Man dangling between them.

Next second, two GLEAMING WHITE SUVs crest the hill and roar towards them. Seeing the road blocked by the truck, the SUVs screech to a halt and several MEN IN FLAK JACKETS AND SUNGLASSES tumble out in formation, aiming their M-16's at Lyn and Bob.

ARMED MEN'S P.O.V - Lyn and Bob stare at them before dropping the bound Iraqi on the ground. Bob waves nervously.

We hear the opening of *Nutbush City Limits* by Ike and Tina Turner as we...

LAPTOP SCREEN

We're rushing over a CGI DESERT, between the CGI rivers Tigress and Euphrates towards a GLEAMING CITY rising from the sand.

NIXON (O.S.)

Then I say "*There it is. The Future!*"

Bob and the Iraqi Man sit beside JOSH NIXON - a suit. Lyn sits behind in between two of the PRIVATE SECURITY GUARDS, who are nodding along to the music playing in the car.

Nixon, holding the LAPTOP for Bob to see, watches the screen, moved.

NIXON (CONT'D)

We play this on these big screens at the conferences, you know? This trumpet music blasting out. Every time I see it, it gets me.

He glances over at the Iraqi Man who is holding a dressing to the cut on his forehead, pale and shaken.

NIXON (CONT'D)

You a businessman, sir?

The Iraqi Man nods.

(CONTINUED)

NIXON (CONT'D)

Yeah, Ali Babas have been
targeting locals lately. (*Holding
out his hand*) Josh Nixon, Army
Small Business Office.

IRAQI MAN

(shaking)
Mahmud Daash.

NIXON

Ask me what business I'm in,
Muhammad.

MAHMUD DAASH

(weakly)
Mahmud. What business are you in
sir?

NIXON

Right now, I'm in the Quality of
Life business.

Nixon nods, smiling, pleased with the line.

NIXON (CONT'D)

(To Bob)
We've got 25 million Iraqis out
here who wanna be independent,
wanna make something of their
lives. But more than anything else
they wanna *buy* stuff. Cell phones,
digital cameras, leisure suits -
you name it. If it sells in
Boston, then we can damn well sell
it in Baghdad! (To Mahmud) Am I
right Muhammad? (To Bob) He knows
what I'm talking about. We've got
Halliburton, Parsons,
Perini...just in the *primes*.
We're gonna have Macdonalds, we're
gonna have Starbucks...No
corporate tax. It's a gold-rush.
Oh, and by the way, *fuck* the
French! (Laughing) Did you hear
that shit? Chirac wants to bring
French contractors in? Can you
believe that? Hey, Phil? Raise one
hand if you like the French.

THE DRIVER

(their double act)
Raise both your hands if you are
French!

He raises both his hands.

(CONTINUED)

NIXON

(laughing)
Yeah, okay...watch the wheel Phil.
(To Bob) Year Zero boys.

Bob nods politely.

THE BACK SEAT

Lyn prepares an INJECTION for himself. He feels the Security Guard beside him watching. He notices the name of the company on the man's badge - *Krom Security*.

LYN WHEATON

(making conversation)
What's *Krom*?

The Security Guard continues to watch him through his mirrored shades.

SECURITY MAN

(Texan accent)
God of War.

LYN WHEATON

(interested)
Really? Is that Norse?

SECURITY MAN

Conan the Barbarian. S'in the movie.

Lyn injects himself.

LYN WHEATON

Right.

Lyn notices the Chilean Security Guard on his other side has a tattoo on his arm - "*Viva Pinochet!*"

DRIVER

(suddenly)
Okay. We're in Indian Country.
Check six.

The SUV's are approaching a town and other cars have appeared on the road. The Security Men on either side instantly lean out of their windows with their M-16's - aiming them at the cars which swerve out of their way in fear.

NIXON

(To Bob)
I was pretty down for a while about not getting any trigger time in this war Bob, but you know what I've learnt? Our greatest weapon against evil is *commerce*.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

96

CONTINUED: (3)

96

NIXON (CONT'D)

When these people have quality
consumer items they will no longer
want to kill Americans.

He turns to gaze at the TOWN they are now driving into.

NIXON (CONT'D)

We're not gonna rest until there's
a satellite dish on every one of
those
roofs.

Behind him the sound of CARS BRAKING AND SWERVING
continues.

97

EXT. TOWN - GAS STATION - DAY

97

A LONG line of cars are waiting for gas - Iraqi men,
women and children, suffering in the heat. Many of them
have been there for hours. The SUVs approach.

98

INSIDE THE SUV

98

The driver of the first SUV radios Nixon's car.

FIRST DRIVER (O.S.)

(Over radio)

We've got a line for the gas
station here. Are we waiting?

NIXON'S DRIVER

(into radio)

Negative. We'd be way too exposed.
We're taking the station. Go in
fangs out.

He accelerates.

99

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

99

...as the two SUV's roar up, horns blaring, M-16's
bristling from the windows. The lead SUV rams the car at
the head of the line and sweeps it out of its path.
Nixon's SUV barrels through the gap and screeches to a
halt by the pumps. The THREE SECURITY MEN roll out
showily, machine guns ready.

TEXAN SECURITY MAN

Secure the perimeter!

The men fan out to the corners of the station, while the
first SUV blocks the road and more SECURITY pile out,
guns raised to cover the line of cars. There are howls of
protest from the waiting Iraqis.

Inside the SUV Bob, Lyn and Mahmud watch in astonishment.

(CONTINUED)

TEXAN SECURITY MAN (CONT'D)
Give her the go-juice, Eddy!

CHILEAN SECURITY MAN
I filled her up last time.

TEXAN SECURITY MAN
Bullshit.

NIXON
(cheerfully, out of
the window)
He did fill her up last time Gary.

TEXAN SECURITY MAN
With respect sir, bull-fucking-
shit. I tanked her last time.

THIRD SECURITY MAN
Every time! Can we get some sort
of fucking system so we don't...

We hear a sudden, sharp POPPING sound. Immediately the
Men drop into CROUCHES, scanning the area.

TEXAN SECURITY MAN
(yelling)
Contact! We've got contact!

He opens FIRE - IMMEDIATE CHAOS: people scream, duck
down, some cars reverse desperately and collide with the
cars behind. The other Security Men join in the shooting.

THIRD SECURITY MAN
(shooting)
Where? Where's the shooter?

100 ACROSS THE STREET

100

Another SUV - identical, but black, is passing, hemmed in
by traffic. A stray BULLET from the gas-station pings off
it's armor plating. Immediately it screeches to a halt
and a NEW DETACHMENT OF SECURITY MEN roll from the car -
same flak-jackets and Oakley sunglasses but different
color uniforms.

NEW SECURITY MAN
(into radio)
Contact! We're under fire!

The New Detachment open FIRE blindly in the general
direction of the Station.

101 GAS STATION

101

...as bullets smack off the parked SUV.

(CONTINUED)

FIRST SECURITY MAN
Two o'clock! Two o'clock!

All the Security Men turns and begin spraying bullets across the road. Car windshields and windows explode.

INSIDE THE SUV

A scowling Nixon has slid low in his seat.

NIXON
(muttering to
himself)
Trying to help you fucking
savages.

Mahmud, Bob and Lyn are lying flat on the seats.

MAHMUD DAASH
My house is not far. We could walk
from here.

Bob flinches as another bullet ricochets off the SUV.

BOB
Sounds good Muhammad.

MAHMUD DAASH
Mahmud.

As machine-gun fire from across the street strafes the station and Nixon's Security men return fire blindly.

FIRST SECURITY MAN
(yelling into Radio)
Krom One this is Freedom Frontier.
We are under attack. This is a
FUBAR situation. Requesting Kiowa!

Behind him Lyn, Bob and Mahmud crawl across the station on their hands and knees, bullets zipping past them.

Mahmud leads Bob and Lyn at a crouching run down the street, amongst the crowd of Iraqis fleeing the gunfire behind them. We hear the *whup-whup* of a helicopter as a Kiowa Warrior passes over head.

Moments later we hear an EXPLOSION as the helicopter opens fire with a MISSILE...

104 INT. MAHMUD'S HOUSE - EVENING

104

TRACKING along a wall, past a crooked WEDDING PORTRAIT - a smiling Mahmud and WIFE, the glass broken...

BOB (V.O.)
Muhammad led us to his home which
it turned out had been robbed in
his absence.

We TRACK past a row of BULLET HOLES in the wall, a section of smoke damaged wall paper.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And also accidentally set on fire
by a US tank. Neighbors told him
his wife had
left, they weren't sure where she
had gone.

We reach Bob, Lyn and Mahmud eating at a low table. The windows behind them have been partially boarded up. Mahmud is sunk into a profound depression. Lyn looks tired, pale. They eat in awkward silence.

LYN WHEATON
What is this?

MAHMUD DAASH
Taameeyah.

LYN WHEATON
They're really good.

Bob nods politely. Mahmud nods, sighs.

BOB (V.O.)
I understood he was going through
a lot, but considering we had
saved him from kidnappers I still
thought his welcome could have
been a little warmer.

Lyn clears his throat.

LYN WHEATON
I'm very sorry for running you
over, sir.

Mahmud shrugs.

MAHMUD DAASH
It was an accident.

(CONTINUED)

LYN WHEATON

(Beat)

And I apologize for that security detachment. Please don't think all Americans are like that.

Mahmud nods. Beat.

MAHMUD DAASH

I apologize for the kidnappers.

Lyn demurs softly.

LYN WHEATON

Not your fault sir. I mean we get kidnappers in America too, so...you know. There's always, uh, *bad apples*, right?

The men eat in silence for a moment. Mahmud stares blankly at his plate, looking crumpled and lost. Bob watches him, faintly irritated. Lyn tries to think of something comforting to say.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

(carefully)

Akhir il ahzan. (May this be the last of your sorrows.)

Mahmud looks at him, startled perhaps by the unexpected Arabic phrase.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Did I say it wrong?

Mahmud shakes his head, moved but embarrassed.

MAHMUD DAASH

No...that was right.

They eat in silence.

Lyn and Bob are sharing a bed. Bob looks out of the window and notices a CLOUD over the moon. He concentrates on it, trying to "bust" it. Nothing happens. He sighs, looks over to Lyn who is staring at the wall, lost once more in dark thoughts.

BOB

Lyn?

LYN WHEATON

What?

(CONTINUED)

BOB
I was thinking...(Suddenly) Ro-
sham-bo!

He throws out a flat hand - PAPER - but without looking
Lyn has flashed out a FIST.

BOB (CONT'D)
(Grinning)
Paper wraps rock. I win.

LYN WHEATON
That isn't rock.

He indicates his raised THUMB.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
That's dynamite. Dynamite blows up
rock.

BOB
What the fuck's dynamite? That's
not in the rules!

LYN WHEATON
Ro-sham-bo is life, Bob. There are
no rules.

He stares at the wall.

BOB
What you thinking?

LYN WHEATON
Just Mahmud. People try to build
something of their lives,
something lasting, something
good... but there's always someone
wants to smash it up...

DISSOLVE TO:

An OFFICIAL examines a REPORT.

BOB (V.O.)
Lyn was thinking about Larry
Swann, but in fairness, while most
people agree that the Hockstader
Affair was the beginning of the
end for the Jedis, their
eccentricities had already brought
them to the attention of the Army
Chief of Staff for Intelligence.

107 INT. REMOTE VIEWING ROOM - DAY - THE PAST 107

A JEDI - TIM KEELER - lies on the couch in a TRANCE, Jim sitting beside him with pen and paper.

BOB (V.O.)
For example, there was Tim Keeler
who, on being asked to ascertain
the whereabouts of General Manuel
Noriega, had replied...

Tim jerks awake from his trance.

TIM KEELER
(firmly)
Ask Angela Lansbury.

JIM CHANGO
(beat)
What's that Tim?

TIM KEELER
Ask Angela Lansbury.

Jim looks up to an CIA AGENT observing from the next room. The Agent frowns.

108 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY - THE PAST 108

Jim waits a little anxiously. The CIA Agent walks up to him.

CIA AGENT
We asked Angela Lansbury.

JIM CHANGO
And?

CIA AGENT
She said she didn't know where
General Noriega was.

109 INT. STAFF CAR - FORT BRAGG - DAY - THE PAST 109

MAJOR GENERAL RUSSELL is being driven through the base. As he stares out of the window his expression suddenly changes to one of amazement.

BOB (V.O.)
Or there was the time Major
General Russell was visiting the
base and saw Jedi trainee Clifford
Kendrick...

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

RUSSELL'S P.O.V - we are driving past the training course. A bare-chested, long-haired KENDRICK is dancing around a wooden pole to which he is attached by two long wires and metal hooks which are stuck in his bleeding nipples.

BOB (CONT'D)
...practising the ancient Sun
Dance of the Sioux Nation.

110 INT. EX-MESS HALL - FORT BRAGG - DAY - THE PAST 110

Jim is introducing a young, fresh-faced recruit -
LIEUTENANT NORM HOCKSTADER to the other Jedis.

BOB (V.O.)
The Jedis survived such minor
scandals, protected, it was
rumored, by a President who was a
fan of both the Star Wars films
and the paranormal himself. But
then, one summer,
a young, likeable Lieutenant
called Norman Hockstader was
recruited to the New World Army...

Larry Swann examines the new recruit with interest.

111 EXT. FIELD - MORNING - THE PAST 111

Larry and Norm are jogging together, deep in
conversation.

BOB (V.O.)
Larry Swann wasted no time
befriending the newcomer.
Desperate to compete with Lyn,
Larry had been doing research into
the infamous CIA MK-ULTRA
experiments which he believed
could enhance his own psychic
powers.

112 INT. REMOTE VIEWING ROOM - DAY - THE PAST 112

Norm sits on the couch, smiling innocently as Larry
wheels an ELECTRONIC DEVICE on wheels over to the couch.

BOB (V.O.)
All he needed was a lab rat to try
them out on, check if they were
safe.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

Larry, making sure Norm can't see, is pouring a massive dose of LSD into a DRINK. He gives the glass a quick stir and turns, smiling, to Norm with it.

113 LATER

113

Norm lies tripping on the couch, rigid, wide-eyed, wearing headphones, connected to the electronic device, which emit disturbing electronic frequencies.

Larry stands at the light switch, turning the red bulb overhead on and off, eagerly watching Norm's reaction - a modern day Frankenstein.

BOB (V.O.)

It turned out they weren't.

114 CLOSE ON LARRY - LATER

114

...cowering terrified under the couch, as the sound of GUNSHOTS fill the room. Norm's NAKED LEGS stride past him.

115 EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY

115

A NAKED AND DEMENTED NORM walks through the base, firing random shots at scattering soldiers with his Beretta. He finds Jim blocking his way.

JIM CHANGO

(gently)

Norm? Give me the gun, Norm.

Norm starts to cry. Then he puts the gun into his mouth...

116 INT. DISCIPLINARY HEARING - DAY

116

Norm's father - MAJOR GENERAL HOCKSTADER - stares fixedly to where Jim and General Stubendeck sit in the hearing - his expression filled with icy rage.

BOB (V.O.)

Norm's father, who it turned out was pretty high up in the Pentagon, wanted blood. Although the Jedis were pretty sure Larry was responsible, nothing could be proved and when he was called to the disciplinary hearing Larry made sure to smear Jim with everything he could...

117 LARRY TALKING BEFORE THE HEARING

117

...looking every inch the neat, professional soldier.

LARRY SWANN
Lieutenant Colonel Chango used
funds from the project's black
budget to procure prostitutes...

The OFFICIALS listening register shock and dismay. Jim
stands up, outraged.

JIM CHANGO
That's a lie!

LARRY SWANN
...and also drugs for himself and
his men.

Jim jumps to his feet again.

JIM CHANGO
That's a...(catches himself) Well
the hooker thing is *definitely* a
lie!

118 THE DISCIPLINARY OFFICER

118

...is reading from the Bible.

DISCIPLINARY OFFICER
(grimly)
"There shall not be found among
you any one that maketh his son or
his daughter to pass through the
fire, or that useth
divination...or an enchanter, or a
witch, or a charmer, or a
consulter with familiar spirits,
or a wizard, or a necromancer..."
Deuteronomy 18, 10-11.

He snaps the Bible shut. Everyone looks at Jim who thinks
about this.

JIM CHANGO
Yeah...I've done pretty much all
of those I think.

The OFFICIALS look at him as if he were SATAN himself.

BOB (V.O.)
General Stubendeck resigned. Jim
received a dishonorable discharge.

119 EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY

119

Jim, a broken man, is walking off the base. He reaches the gates and sees Lyn waiting for him.

JIM CHANGO
Continue the work, Lyn. The World
needs the Jedis, now more than
ever.

Lyn can't speak. Jim hugs him and walks off, the gates closing after him.

120 INT. FORT BRAGG - BARBERSHOP - DAY

120

The Jedis sit having their hair shaved with electric clippers. The Jedi's NEW COMMANDER - MAJOR VOELTZ - not a shred of New Age sympathy in his regulation heart - walks down the line, examining his men coldly.

BOB (V.O.)
After Jim left, Major Voeltz of
Special Forces took command of the
Jedis.

Lyn stares at his reflection as his long hair falls to the floor.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And nothing was ever the same
again.

DISSOLVE TO:

121 INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING - THE PRESENT

121

Bob wakes up, listening to the sound of Lyn's laboured breathing.

Across the room Lyn sits, sweating with pain, preparing an injection. We see he has used the LAST OF THE MEDICINE. He injects himself, his breathing beginning to ease and sits staring at the empty VIAL. Bob watches for a moment then shuts his eyes, feigning sleep.

122 EXT. ROAD - DAY

122

Lyn and Bob are waiting on the quiet road which is studded with burnt out CARS.

Mahmud drives an old Renault out of a warehouse and over to them. He gets out the car and hands Lyn the keys.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

LYN WHEATON
I really appreciate this sir.

123 INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

123

Lyn watches Mahmud in the mirror as they drive away. He stands in the middle of the road, staring at his feet. They drive on.

124 EXT. DESERT - ROAD - DAY

124

As the car cuts across the landscape.

125 EXT. DESERT - ROAD - LATER

125

The car has pulled over at a junction.

126 INSIDE THE CAR

126

Lyn sits staring out at the emptiness, looking, perhaps for the first time, worried. Bob sits, still sullen after his phone call.

BOB
(peevish)
Jesus Christ. We could'a *bought* a map if you'd said.

LYN WHEATON
Bedouins have been navigating this desert for centuries without maps. You can use a wrist-watch in conjunction with the sun.

BOB
Well?

LYN WHEATON
What?

BOB
(exasperated)
Well...use your *watch*.

LYN WHEATON
I haven't got a watch.

BOB
Oh for the love of...Here...

He gives Lyn his watch. Lyn looks at the watch and turns to stare at Bob.

(CONTINUED)

BOB (CONT'D)

What?

LYN WHEATON

This is a *digital* watch, Bob.

BOB

So? That's...

LYN WHEATON

So you need a watch with *hands* for Christ's sake!

BOB

Well how the hell am I supposed to know? You're the navigation expert here. You *told* me you could find the way.

LYN WHEATON

Will, if you'd just be quiet for a...

BOB

Turns out you haven't even got a watch! Now what the hell are we...

LYN WHEATON

Will you shut up? I don't *need* a watch. I'm using Level Two.

BOB

(Beat)
What?

LYN WHEATON

Level Two. Intuition. We were trained to make correct decisions. Somebody runs up to you and says "There's a fork in the road. Do we turn left or do we turn right? And you go...(snapping his fingers) "We go right!"

Bob stares at him.

BOB

Just...instant?

LYN WHEATON

Instant. (Snapping his fingers)
Just like that.

BOB

WE'VE BEEN STANDING HERE FOR HALF AN HOUR! HOW'S THAT "INSTANT?"

Lyn abruptly starts the engine and takes the right turn.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

126

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh, it's *that* way?

LYN WHEATON
(grimly)
Yes. It's this way.

BOB
Right. Now you know.

127 EXT. DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

127

HIGH ANGLE

Below us the car drives off into the empty landscape, getting smaller and smaller. Then...

BOOM. We see the flash of the explosion and the Renault is flipped like a toy car. A ribbon of black smoke rises into the blue sky. Silence.

128 EXT. DESERT - LATER

128

BOB'S P.O.V - We are stumbling forward towards a sand berm. We hear the sound of heavy breathing.

BOB (O.S.)
(croaking)
What...what happened?

Lyn is staggering over the sand with Bob on his back. He is holding his backpack. Bob has a gash on his forehead which is bleeding. Under the blood his face is white. In the distance, behind them, we can see the column of black smoke rising.

LYN WHEATON
IED.

BOB
(Beat)
What?

LYN WHEATON
Improvised Explosive Device.

BOB
Oh Jesus.

LYN WHEATON
You're okay Bob. It's gonna be okay.

BOB
I can't believe this. Great
fucking intuition Lyn.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (CONT'D)

I can't...put me down. I can walk.
Put me down.

Lyn puts Bob down. Bob keels sideways onto the sand and lies there, wheezing.

BOB (CONT'D)

Oh, Jeez. Oh, Jeez.

LYN WHEATON

Alright, c'mon...

He hauls Bob to his feet, puts his baseball cap on him and pulls him onto his back. Bob hangs there limply as Lyn sets off again.

Lyn reaches up and gropes at Bob's face, removing his spectacles. Bob doesn't notice.

BOB

Where are we going? We should stay
with the car so the army can find
us.

LYN WHEATON

Fedayeen will find us first.

BOB

Well, I disagree. I totally
disagree.(Beat) The Federal what?

LYN WHEATON

Fedayeen Saddam. Paramilitary.
Fellas who probably laid the IED.
They could be on their way now.
Hold this Bob.

He passes Bob his backpack. They stagger on in silence for a moment, Bob jogging up and down on Lyn's back. Lyn snaps the legs off Bob's glasses, uses them as improvised *divining rods* to scan the sand ahead.

BOB

What are you doing?

LYN WHEATON

Could be IED's or mines around
here. I'm checking for
disturbances in the telluric
current.

BOB

(still dazed)
Are they my glasses?

Lyn doesn't answer, keeps on walking, struggling a little under the weight. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

BOB (CONT'D)
Jesus, it's hot. I'm so hot.
(Beat) Aren't you hot?

LYN WHEATON
(not unkindly)
Bob? It's pretty important you
keep your mouth closed, okay? You
can lose a lot of water through an
open mouth.

He staggers on with him.

Bob trails after Lyn, his shirt tied around his head,
breathing hard. Lyn is still scanning the sand.

BOB
I can't breathe properly. I
can't...Oh boy...

He staggers, manages not to fall.

LYN WHEATON
You're okay.

BOB
I think I'm bleeding to death.

LYN WHEATON
You're not bleeding to death, Bob.
It's shock, okay? It's just the
shock. It'll pass. You're gonna be
okay.

BOB
If we'd stayed at the road we
would be *safe* now! Now we've got
no water, no food or, or...
(noticing Lyn's scanning) Will you
forget about the fucking tantric
currents?

LYN WHEATON
(patiently)
You're going to be okay.

BOB
Stop saying that! I just got blown
up! I'm in the middle of a *desert*!
I'M NOT GONNA BE OKAY!

LYN WHEATON
Bob, you're suffering from shock.
If you start panicking now your
heart's gonna stop.

(CONTINUED)

Bob stares after him incredulously.

BOB
(losing it)
Is that...is that supposed to *calm me down?! (hurrying after him)* You know what color the seats were in the frigging hotel but you can't...you wanna observe something Lyn? Observe the fucking bomb in the middle of the road!

Lyn walks on without answering. Bob notices the sun is sinking.

BOB (CONT'D)
Wait a minute. That's west. Al Qaim's in that direction. We're going the wrong way.

LYN WHEATON
The mission isn't in Al Qaim. It's somewhere *near* Al Qaim.

BOB
Where?

LYN WHEATON
(Beat)
I don't know.

BOB
Is that...is that...is that a *joke?* We've come six hundred miles and you don't know *where we're going?*

LYN WHEATON
I have to *find* him, okay Bob? If the exact whereabouts of the Target was known it wouldn't take a Jedi to find them, would it?

BOB
Who? Who is it we're supposed to be looking for?

Lyn stares out over the desert.

LYN WHEATON
Jim.

BOB
What?

(CONTINUED)

LYN WHEATON

Jim Chango. I've been looking for him and now...we're so close but I can't...I can't...

Bob watches Lyn stare around him, looking pale and drawn and, for the first time, afraid.

BOB

Who gave you the mission Lyn?
(Beat) Lyn?

LYN WHEATON

Jim did.

BOB

What?

LYN WHEATON

Jim did. He appeared in my trailer two months ago. A psychic projection. I could hear him calling my name.

Bob is so staggered by this for a moment he can't speak.

BOB

(Softly)
Oh...Oh Jesus.

LYN WHEATON

He needed me.

BOB

Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus Lyn. There's no mission? We're in the middle of the desert because you heard voices? There's no one here! There's no-one fucking here.

Lyn starts to walk off but staggers and falls.

BOB (CONT'D)

Lyn!

Bob rushes to him, kneels beside him. Lyn clutches his stomach, grimaces.

BOB (CONT'D)

Is it the Crohns?

LYN WHEATON

I don't have Crohns.

BOB

What's the matter with you?

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (3)

129

LYN WHEATON

I'm dying.

Bob stares at him, stunned.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

I've been murdered.

130 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

130

Lyn sits staring up at the immense MOON above them.

Bob sits watching, huddled against the cold, in the shelter of some rocks. Lyn gets up, stumbles back over to him and lies down, struggling for breath, white with pain.

LYN WHEATON

It's gone Bob. I can't find him.
I've lost my power. It's the
curse.

BOB

What curse?

LYN WHEATON

(With profound
sadness)

They took this... *beautiful thing*
we'd been building and they
corrupted it. They destroyed the
New World Army.

BOB

Who destroyed it?

Lyn stares at the stars above, remembering, grief
stricken.

LYN WHEATON

I did.

DISSOLVE TO:

131 INT. EX-MESS HALL - FORT BRAGG - DAY - THE PAST

131

The Jedis, now indistinguishable from other soldiers,
stand white-washing over the COSMIC MURALS. Major Voeltz
stands watching.

MAJOR VOELTZ

Yoga is not the business of the US
Army, ladies. *Drumming circles* are
not the business of the Army. And
love and peace is most certainly
not the business of the Army.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

MAJOR VOELTZ (CONT'D)

So you girls better start thinking
about how you CAN engage in the
business of the United States
Army, which, in case you have
forgotten, involves *winning*
fucking wars!

BOB (V.O.)

When the dust of the Hockstader
Affair had settled it revealed a
surprising victor.

132 INT. MAJOR VOELTZ'S OFFICE - DAY - THE PAST

132

Larry stands to attention in front of Voeltz, a REPORT
held under one arm.

BOB (V.O.)

Major Voeltz regarded Larry Swann
as a patriotic whistle-blower and
the one sound fruit in an
otherwise dubious barrel of
apples.

LARRY SWANN

It's some scientific research I've
done for possible *offensive* psi
applications sir. (Beat) I did
show the report to Lieutenant
Colonel Chango, but he didn't seem
interested.

Voeltz snorts angrily.

MAJOR VOELTZ

(muttering)

I bet he wasn't.

He takes the report and begins to look through it. Pause.
He looks up slowly at Larry.

MAJOR VOELTZ (CONT'D)

We have men who can do this?

LARRY SWANN

(a sly smile)

I think I know one sir.

Voeltz ponders the report, tempted.

MAJOR VOELTZ

But we don't have the resources.

LARRY SWANN

Well sir...there is goat lab?

133 INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - DAY - THE PAST 133

The building we saw at the top of the film. A hundred GOATS stare silently at us.

BOB (V.O.)
Goat Lab was originally created as a clandestine laboratory to provide in-the-field surgical training for Special Forces soldiers.

We BOOM down to reveal that many of the goats have their legs in PLASTER.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The goats would get shot in the leg with a bolt gun and then a trainee would have to dress the wound successfully. Goat lab actually used to be called Dog Lab...

134 SMALL DOG STARING AT US 134

...with big, brown eyes.

BOB (V.O.)
But it turned out most soldiers didn't feel good shooting dogs in the leg...

A SOLDIER stares doubtfully down at the dog, bolt-gun in hand.

135 EXT. NEVADA TEST SITE - DAY - THE PAST 135

A Goat stands tethered in the desert. TITLES read "*Nevada Test Site, Frenchman Flat, 1951.*"

BOB (V.O.)
...whereas the army had long felt fine about doing stuff to goats - even testing atomic weapons on them.

We hear the drone of an AEROPLANE high, high above. The goat looks up...

136 INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - DAY - THE PAST 136

Lyn stands facing the goats. Voeltz and Swann watch him. Lyn STARES. One of the goats STARES BACK. Lyn STARES. The goat STARES BACK. Lyn STARES.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

And the Goat falls over.

MAJOR VOELTZ

(softly)
Holy shit.

Beat. The goat gets back up, shakes itself and walks off.
Lyn slumps.

137 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - THE PRESENT

137

Bob listens transfixed.

LYN WHEATON

This was the real deal, Bob. I was
at the Gateway. Afterwards I
realized I'd got injured.

BOB

Huh?

LYN WHEATON

Sympathetic injury I guess. I was
bruised all over.

BOB

So, it's not that the goat fought
back?

LYN WHEATON

(sadly)
Goat didn't have a chance.

BOB

But...that was it?

LYN WHEATON

I wish it was. Swann told Voeltz
we should try the experiment
again. Only this time they
said...kill the goat.

138 INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - DAY - THE PAST

138

Six GOATS - each wearing a NUMBERED BIB - stand in a
small bare room. A SOLDIER is setting up a VIDEO CAMERA
in front of them.

139 INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - SECOND ROOM - THE PAST

139

Lyn sits in another bare room. Voeltz and Larry Swann
stand watching him. Lyn is also being TAPED. A SOLDIER
walks in carrying an envelope. Voeltz takes the envelope
and draws from it a piece of paper. He shows it to Lyn -
the number FOUR.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

MAJOR VOELTZ

Take out number four.

Lyn stares at the number.

BOB (V.O.)

Lyn said he had no intention of
killing the goat.

140 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - THE PRESENT

140

Lyn flushes with indignation at the memory.

LYN WHEATON

There was no way! What had the
goat ever done to me? It was
totally against the way of the
Jedi. I was just going to pretend
to try so they would say, "okay -
it can't be done" and forget about
it. But then, as I sat there, I
felt this, this *pulse* start inside
of me and...I couldn't *stop* it.

He turns to look at Bob, haunted.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

You know what I keep thinking?

141 INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - LYN'S ROOM - THE PAST

141

CLOSE ON LYN

...as he stares, concentrating.

LYN WHEATON (V.O.)

Maybe deep down inside some dark
part of me wanted to see if I
could do it?

142 INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - GOAT ROOM - DAY - THE PAST

142

VIDEO FOOTAGE

Grainy, flickering black and white footage of the six
goats in the room. Suddenly one of them goes down.

143 INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - LYN'S ROOM - THE PAST

143

A soldier runs into the room. Voeltz, Swann and Lyn turn
to him, the atmosphere electric with dread and
anticipation.

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER
(solemnly)
The goat is dead.

The three men stare at him.

MAJOR VOELTZ
(hoarsely)
Goat number four?

SOLDIER
(surprised)
No. Number five.

144 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - THE PRESENT

144

Bob stares at Lyn aghast.

BOB
Collateral damage?

LYN WHEATON
(eyes glistening)
Collateral damage. (Beat) That was
it. I'd used my powers for evil
and it was like I brought a curse
upon us all. Like that poem where
the guy kills the seagull and they
make him wear it round his neck.
Every night
I'd dream of that goat in its
little bib, it's mouth opening and
closing but nothing coming out...

Bob shakes his head, stares out into the darkness.

BOB
The silence of the goats.

Lyn flicks a suspicious glance at Bob, but is reassured
by his solemn expression.

LYN WHEATON
I finished my tour and I quit. I
walked out of the unit and I never
went back.

145 EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY

145

Lyn, wearing civilian clothes and holding a suitcase, is
walking off the base. He reaches the gates and turns for
one last look at the place that has been his home.

BOB (V.O.)
But before he could leave Larry
arranged one last parting gift.

(CONTINUED)

Lyn tuns back to the gates and finds Larry Swann standing in front of him, looking WIRED.

LYN WHEATON

What do you wan...?

Before he can finish Larry CHOPS his hand down in an odd blow onto Lyn's forehead. Lyn staggers back a little, holding his head.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

What the *hell*?

Larry has already darted around him with a crazy laugh and is running madly back into the base. Lyn stares after him, stunned.

LYN WHEATON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was the *Dim Mak*.

Bob looks at Lyn, puzzled.

BOB

The *Dim Mak*?

LYN WHEATON

The *Dim Mak*. The Quivering Palm. The Death Touch. It's like this legendary, martial arts move. It was forbidden in the New World Army. Larry had got it from a mail-order book.

BOB

What does the Death Touch do?

LYN WHEATON

(Beat, patiently)

It kills you Bob. With one touch.

BOB

Jesus.

LYN WHEATON

There's a story that Wong Wifu, great Chinese martial artist, had a fight with some guy and had him beat when the guy gave him this light *tap*, and Wong looked at him and the guy just nodded. That was it. He'd given him the death touch and Wong died.

BOB

Then and there?

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

LYN WHEATON

No. Eighteen years later. That's the weird thing with *Dim Mak* - you never know when it's going to take effect.

147 EXT. ARKANSAS - TRAILER HOME - DAY - THE PAST

147

Lyn sits on the steps of the rusting trailer, bearded, smoking, drinking. A mess.

BOB (V.O.)

Nothing went well for Lyn from then on. He drifted through years of dead-end jobs.

148 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - THE PAST

148

Lyn drives a beat up car down the Pacific Coast Highway.

BOB (V.O.)

He heard a rumor that Jim Chango had fallen on hard times, taken to drink...

149 INT. EXECUTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY - THE PAST

149

Jim, odd-looking in an ill-fitting suit, is making a pitch in front of a large illustration of four HIPPY-LOOKING MEN holding lambs.

BOB (V.O.)

...had even sunk so low as to pitch a cartoon, based on the New World Army, to Hannah Barbera...

The watching EXECUTIVES look nonplussed.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But they hadn't dug it. Then, one day, Lyn found his former teacher.

150 INT. MONTEREY BAR - DAY - THE PAST

150

TV SCREEN

JIM CHANGO - older, bewildered, a shadow of his former self, comes out of a GYM, filmed by a NEWS CREW outside.

NEWS PRESENTER (V.O.)

In April 2001, Martial Arts instructor Jim Chango welcomed a new student to his class.

(CONTINUED)

Lyn sits, a bottle half-raised to his lips as he stares at the TV in the corner of the bar.

ON TV

A SHOT OF JIM, staring uncertainly at the camera as he is interviewed.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
What did you teach him?

JIM CHANGO
(reluctantly)
The choke hold. And the kamikaze spirit.

NEWS PRESENTER (V.O.)
Jim also gave his new student a copy of a knife combat manual. We know this because the student - Ziad Jarrah - left the manual in his motel room, on September 1st, shortly before he took control of United Airlines flight 93, the plane that went down in a field in Pennsylvania on its way to Washington DC.

THE CAMERA CLOSES on JIM'S FACE.

JIM CHANGO
(faraway)
I liked him. He said he was a businessman, wanted to learn how to defend himself. He was humble, very quiet...

Lyn watches, his heart breaking.

BOB (V.O.)
Lyn drove to Florida but Jim had already checked out of the motel he'd been staying at. Happy to find someone to blame, the press had torn him to shreds. In response Jim had disappeared for the second time in his life.

151 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - THE PRESENT

151

Lyn is falling asleep.

LYN WHEATON
If I could just find him, Bob...if I could just find him I know we could start again...

(CONTINUED)

92.
151 CONTINUED: 151

His reaches out his hand for Bob's.

152 EXT. DESERT - DAWN 152

Lyn is asleep. Bob sits watching the sun rise. A lone CLOUD floats in the sky. Bob STARES at the cloud, focuses, desperate, hopeful...

Slowly, the cloud fades and DISAPPEARS.

A look of WONDER crosses Bob's face. We hear the opening of Boston's *Foreplay*.

153 BOB HAULING LYN TO HIS FEET 153

...as the track continues. Lyn protests faintly.

BOB
C'mon Lyn! You've got a mission to complete.

154 BOB, LYN ON HIS BACK 154

...facing the empty landscape all around him, no idea which way to go. Bob closes his eyes.

BOB
(to himself)
Feel the way.

Abruptly he picks a direction and sets off...

DISSOLVE TO:

155 EXT. DESERT - MORNING 155

The music swells - epic, ridiculous - as Bob staggers across the endless dunes with Lyn on his back. Bob is sweating, struggling, resolute, facing adversity.

DISSOLVE TO:

156 LATER 156

Bob staggers up a berm, Lyn still on his back. He falls, gets up, staggers on...

DISSOLVE TO:

HIGH ANGLE

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

...rushing over the ocean of sand towards Bob and Lyn, crawling like tiny insects below us.

DISSOLVE TO:

157 LATER

157

Bob is on his last legs, face burnt by the sun, parched, dragging one foot in front of another. He manages one more step. Then one more. Then he falls to his knees, Lyn rolling from his back. He kneels in the sand, dazed, finished...

Then a blade of GRASS flutters past on a gentle breeze. Bob stares at the strip of VIVID GREEN - the first we have seen for a long time, feeling cool air on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

BOB DRAGGING LYN UP A BERM

...until we crest the top and see an impossible vision - the Euphrates River - immense, beautiful flowing across the desert below - belts of palm trees and long grasses edging its banks.

DISSOLVE TO:

158 BOB DRAGGING LYN THROUGH THE GRASS

158

...to where a small BOAT is tied up on the bank.

DISSOLVE TO:

159 OVERHEAD SHOT

159

...as the boat is carried by the current down the river. Bob and Lyn lie in the bottom, exhausted, staring up at us.

DISSOLVE TO:

160 INSIDE THE BOAT

160

Bob, slipping in and out of consciousness, stares up at the burning sky. We hear a dull roaring, muffled, growing in volume. The silhouette of a HELICOPTER grows out of the immense fire of the sun.

FADE OUT.

In the BLACK we hear a VOICE.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

ARMY BROADCASTER (O.S.)
(in Arabic,
subtitled)
In America if I do not like my
cell-phone company I change them.
I am in charge. This is consumer
power.

161 INT. ARMY BASE - ROOM - DAY

161

OVERHEAD SHOT - Lyn and Bob lie side by side in beds,
both hooked up to IV's. Sunlight slants through the
shutters on the window in the cool room. The voice is
coming from a SPEAKER on the wall.

ARMY BROADCASTER (O.S.)
This is democracy. Let us work
together for that. And please stop
shooting at those who are only
here to help.

Lyn opens his eyes, looks around him.

ARMY BROADCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This is an old one from Cat
Stevens. (Correcting himself)
Yusef Islam. That's Yusef Islam.

Lyn looks at the door and for a second there's a FLASH OF
A FACE staring in through the glass. Then it's gone.

Over the speaker comes the sound of *Lady D'Arbanville* by
Cat Stevens.

Lyn sits up, staring at the door. Bob stirs in his bed.

BOB
Lyn?

162 INT. ARMY BASE - CORRIDOR - DAY

162

Lyn walks unsteadily out of the room, towing his IV drip
behind him.

The door at the end of the corridor is just CLOSING. Lyn
sets off down the corridor. Bob appears in the doorway
behind him, towing his own IV.

BOB
(Hissing)
Lyn? Where are you going?

163 ANOTHER CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

163

Lyn passes doors, glances into the rooms beyond...

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

LYN'S P.O.V - the room seems to house a PRINTING PRESS. A SOLDIER stands with his back to us, watching LEAFLETS fire out of the press.

We pass to the next room which seems to be a RECORDING STUDIO - the walls covered in shelves of CD's. A SOLDIER sits with headphones on playing an electronic keyboard...

164 EXT. ARMY BASE BUILDING - DAY

164

Lyn emerges blinking into the light. He stares around him. The song is playing over speakers, echoing eerily around the base.

A door slides shut with a clang nearby and Lyn turns to locate the sound.

A trail of FOOTPRINTS leads across the sand to a HANGAR nearby.

Lyn heads off across the sand, dragging the IV. Bob emerges behind him.

BOB

Lyn!

Lyn reaches the sliding doors of the building and drags them open and stands staring into the gloomy interior. Bob catches him up.

BOB (CONT'D)

I don't think we should...

He stops following Lyn's gaze...

INSIDE THE BUILDING

The place is full of GOATS.

Lyn and Bob stare at the animals. Slowly Lyn advances into the darkness, peering around him.

In the shadows at the back of the building a figure STIRS. Lyn walks slowly forward until he can make out the man - old, bearded, worn and wasted by years of heavy drinking. It's JIM CHANGO.

Lyn stares at him.

LYN WHEATON

(Choked)

Jim?

Jim smiles hesitantly.

(CONTINUED)

JIM CHANGO
(Mumbling)
How you feeling now?

Lyn is too choked with emotion for a moment to answer.

LYN WHEATON
I knew you were here.

He turns to Bob who is staring in amazement at Chango.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
You found him Bob. You found him.

He hugs Jim. Jim hesitates then pats Lyn's back.

LARRY SWANN (O.S.)
Oh good...

Bob and Lyn turn to find Larry Swann standing in the doorway behind them.

LARRY SWANN (CONT'D)
...the gang's all here.

Lyn stares at Larry - shocked.

Larry and Jim are showing Bob and Lyn around. A few CIVILIAN WORKERS are working at computers behind them.

LARRY SWANN
This is primarily a Psyops base.

BOB
Psy for psychic?

LARRY SWANN
(Chuckling)
Psy for psychological, although the irony isn't wasted on me. Radio broadcasts, leaflets, that sort of thing.

Bob picks up a LEAFLET.

LARRY SWANN (CONT'D)
Oh, that's an Iraqi Psyops leaflet they dropped on us.

BOB
(reading)
"American Soldier - your wives are back home having sex with Bart Simpson and Bert Reynolds."

(CONTINUED)

LARRY SWANN

Yeah, hadn't exactly done their homework there.

Lyn is staring at Jim who is looking a little vacantly at the racks of CD's. Larry notices.

LARRY SWANN (CONT'D)

How'd you find us, Lyn?

LYN WHEATON

I remote viewed you.

LARRY SWANN

(smiling)
Scotty Tomlin told you, didn't he?

LYN WHEATON

No.

LARRY SWANN

Yeah, he did. We told Scotty we were coming over here, asked him if he wanted some work.

LYN WHEATON

I haven't seen Scotty.

LARRY SWANN

That's funny, because he told me he'd run into you and mentioned that there might be some jobs going with us over here.

LYN WHEATON

What kind of jobs? If this is Psyops what are you doing here?

LARRY SWANN

I said *primarily* Psyops. (To Bob) This is a restricted area, you understand? Everything you hear and see stays secret or you go to prison.

Bob nods a little nervously.

LARRY SWANN (CONT'D)

There are individuals in the current administration who are looking for...*creative solutions* for the War on Terror. They're far more open minded then their predecessors, and they've outsourced experimental research to my company.

(CONTINUED)

He indicates the PSIC name badge he's wearing.

LYN WHEATON

"Sick?"

LARRY SWANN

It's pronounced psi-ike. Psychic Systems International Corp. Turns out certain people had heard about the New World Army and were interested in some of the work we were doing back then. The got in touch with me, I got in touch with Jim.

LYN WHEATON

(To Jim)

You're working for *him*?

Jim frowns at the CDs, not seeming to hear. He selects a disc from the shelves.

JIM CHANGO

I've been looking into subliminal messaging. This is one we've designed to play to our own troops before combat.

He puts the disc in a player and presses play. We hear a burst of *Wishin' and Hopin'* by Dusty Springfield.

BOB

There's a subliminal message in this?

Jim peers through his spectacles at the cover of the CD.

JIM CHANGO

(reading with
difficulty)

This is..."Don't get drunk before firing heavy machine guns."

LARRY SWANN

We've got all sort of products in development. (To Worker) Tell them one of our new ideas.

PSIC WORKER

Air bag mine?

LARRY SWANN

Air bag mine. Non-lethal mine, catapults the fucker up into air. (To another) Gimme another one.

(CONTINUED)

2ND PSIC WORKER

Blast target with pheromones and
then release Attack Bees.

LARRY SWANN

Excellent. Attack Bees. The Forces
of Nature! Another.

1ST PSIC WORKER

Project Achilles. We mutilate
enemy corpses and...

LARRY SWANN

We're not *doing* that anymore!
(*Throwing an eraser at the worker*)
Idiot!

He turns back to Lyn.

LARRY SWANN (CONT'D)

The point is we've got a budget,
we've got supporters. This is
the new Golden Age for Psi
research, Lyn. I'm rebuilding the
New World Army. Only this time
without the hippy crap.

Jim stands up and starts walking a little unsteadily
towards the door.

LARRY SWANN (CONT'D)

You okay Jim?

JIM CHANGO

(Without turning)
Gonna get some ice-cream.

Lyn waits until Jim has left before turning back to Lyn.

LARRY SWANN

(Softly)
Must be a shock, seeing him like
this? Our fans in the
administration have got it into
their heads that he's this great
eccentric genius, the Oppenheimer
of the New Age. I mean they pretty
much insisted I get him involved.
Truth is...

He shakes his head sadly.

LARRY SWANN (CONT'D)

You get the odd flash of what he
used to be but... he's pretty
burnt out with the booze.

Lyn tries not to show all the emotions he is feeling.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY SWANN (CONT'D)

You know I meant what I said to
Scotty. There could be a place for
you here. (Smiling)
Think about it. We've got
something we've never had before.

Something about Larry's smile disturbs Lyn.

LYN WHEATON

What's that?

LARRY SWANN

Permission.

166 INT. BASE - CORRIDOR - DAY

166

Bob helps Lyn down the corridor. Lyn suddenly stops,
listening. There is a faint sound of MUSIC coming from
somewhere nearby.

167 INT. BASE - CELL CORRIDOR - DAY

167

Lyn walks down the corridor, Bob following. At the end of
the corridor is a single door with a SPY-HOLE. The loud
music is coming from there. We can hear now that it is
the *I Love You Song*, from the kid's show BARNEY.

We TRACK towards the door...

Lyn hesitates then slides back the SPY-HOLE cover and
peers in.

LYN'S P.O.V -

An IRAQI PRISONER sits huddled in the cell, illuminated
in the flashes of a powerful STROBE LIGHT OVERHEAD.

SONG (O.S.)

I love you, you love me, we're a
happy family...

The prisoner looks terrified, and despite the whimsical
music the whole scene is horribly sinister.

Lyn steps away from the spy-hole.

BOB

(Anxiously)
What? What is it?

LYN WHEATON

It's the Dark Side.

168 INT. BASE - CANTEEN - DAY

168

Jim sits alone at a table, eating ice-cream. Lyn and Bob arrive. Lyn sits down in front of him. Bob stands a respectful distance away, watching.

LYN WHEATON

(Awkward)

I've been looking for you, Jim.
Been looking a long time.

Jim nods, still eating.

JIM CHANGO

How come?

LYN WHEATON

I don't know. Just to see you.
(Beat) I had a...*(He laughs shyly)*...had a dumb idea we could, you know, maybe get something going together? Like a retreat or something? Like Millbrook maybe? Start again.

Jim eats for a moment.

JIM CHANGO

That's what I'm doing here.
Starting again.

He dabs some ice-cream off his beard with a napkin.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

You know there's people in Special Forces know all about me, what I was trying to do? All that time out in the wilderness, suddenly... I'm a legend.

He shakes his head, as if in wonder, then clutches his temple.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

Brain freeze.

Lyn tries to stay calm.

LYN WHEATON

(Quiet urgency)

Jim, I don't mean to be, uh...but this isn't...what your doing here, working for Swann? This isn't you. This isn't the New World Army.

(CONTINUED)

JIM CHANGO

I know it isn't. We've got proper funding for one. You know we've got a budget for coffee? They've made us official.

LYN WHEATON

Yeah, well maybe that's when you should have realized something was wrong. (Beat) I know you feel guilty about... about things that have happened but if this is some kind of penance...?

Something painful flickers on Jim's face for a moment.

JIM CHANGO

Different world now, Lyn. Those ideas I had back then...I was wrong. You can't save the world with love. You just can't.

Lyn stares at him for a long beat, broken-hearted. Finally...

LYN WHEATON

Good to...good to see you.

He gets up and walks stiffly away. Bob watches him with concern and follows him out of the canteen...

169

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CANTEEN - MOMENTS LATER

169

Lyn gets out of the door, ashen, all the strength draining out of him. Bob catches him as he staggers.

BOB

Okay, I've got you. I've got you.

He gently leads Lyn away.

170

INT. BASE - ROOM - EARLY EVENING

170

SHOOTING THROUGH THE DOOR

Lyn lies in the bed, talking to a DOCTOR. We can't hear what's being said. Bob sits on the bed next to him, watching.

171

EXT. BASE - EARLY EVENING

171

Jim sits in the sand, smoking, watching the sky turn scarlet as the sun sets. Bob walks over.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

I just wanted to say goodbye, sir.
It looks like they're going to fly
me out in the morning.

Jim nods, exhales smoke. Beat. They stare at the sun for
a moment.

BOB (CONT'D)

I read your manual sir. I thought
it was pretty amazing.

Jim doesn't answer.

BOB (CONT'D)

I even learnt the, uh...

Bob hesitates, feeling foolish. Then...

BOB (CONT'D)

Mother Earth, my life support
system as a soldier, I must drink
your blue water...

We CLOSE on JIM's face, as he listens to Bob recite the
Earth Prayer.

BOB (CONT'D)

I pray my boots will always kiss
your face and my footsteps match
your heartbeat. I am yours and you
are mine. I salute you.

Jim abruptly throws his cigarette away and turns and
walks back into the base. Bob follows him.

Bob trails after Jim.

BOB

I know it isn't my place to say
this sir, but...I wish you would
go and see Lyn. I think somehow
you're the person that's kept him
going and now I'm worried he's
stopped fighting it...

JIM CHANGO

(Without turning)
What are you talking about?

BOB

He's dying, sir.

(CONTINUED)

JIM CHANGO

Oh that. Look, that Dim Mak was
mail order.

BOB

He has cancer sir.

Jim stops and turns to face Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)

I don't know how long he's got.

Jim stares at him, shaken. He opens his mouth to say
something then thinks better of it and walks on. Bob
stands, staring after him.

Up ahead a SOLDIER stands at the door of a cell.

IRAQI MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(weakly, from inside
the cell)

156403... 156403...

SOLDIER

I CAN'T FUCKING HEAR YOU!

IRAQI MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(from inside the
cell)

156403... 156403...

SOLDIER

LOUDER! FUCKING LOUDER! (As Jim
passes) Hello sir. (Into cell) I
CAN'T FUCKING HEAR YOU! LOUDER!

Jim stares at him, perhaps seeing him with fresh eyes. He
walks on.

Lyn lies in the bed, weak and pale. Bob sits beside him.
After a moment Lyn opens his eyes.

LYN WHEATON

(Weakly)

Bob?

Bob leans in.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Yes Lyn?

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Ready. Set. *Ro-sham-bo!*

(CONTINUED)

Automatically Bob throws a hand - PAPER. Lyn has thrown a STONE. Lyn wraps Bob's hand around his own.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Paper wraps stone. Well done. I've got something for you.

With difficulty he leans up and takes the EAGLE FEATHER from where it has been hanging around his neck and passes it to Bob. Bob doesn't know what to say. He puts it on.

ON THE DOOR

...through which we can just make out Jim Chango watching from the shadows, eyes wet.

Bob and Lyn lie sleeping. Lyn starts awake. Jim stands staring down at him.

JIM CHANGO
(softly)
I just saw Timothy Leary.

LYN WHEATON
(beat)
Timothy Leary's dead.

JIM CHANGO
That's right. He's had an idea.

PSIC WORKERS AND PSYOPS TROOPS are all eating breakfast together - drinking coffee, talking, laughing.

We reach Bob and Lyn eating in silence. Bob watches Lyn with concern.

BOB
I'm not sure you should be up like this, Lyn.

Lyn is staring over to where Jim sits on another table, enjoying his cigarette and coffee in silence.

LYN WHEATON
Got to, Bob. One last mission.

BOB
What mission?

Lyn turns to look out of the window to where Larry Swann stands outside in the early morning sun, smoking a cigar and drinking coffee. He turns and notices Lyn, raises his cup, a smug smile on his face. Lyn raises his own cup to him.

Suddenly Larry notices something in the sand at his feet - a small insect of some kind. He begins to watch it with strange fascination. After a moment he sinks to his knees in order to get a better look at it. One of the SOLDIERS notices and starts to laugh softly. His neighbor looks at him as if he's crazy then begins to laugh himself.

BOB (CONT'D)
(watching)
What's going on?

LYN WHEATON
We put LSD in the water.

Bob turns to stare at him.

BOB
What?

LYN WHEATON
Jim and me. We put LSD in the main
water tank last night. They had
like bottles of the stuff.

Bob stares at his coffee cup, aghast.

BOB
But...we've drunk the water.

LYN WHEATON
Yup.

He pours himself another coffee.

ARMY BROADCASTER (O.S.)
(Into microphone)
The weather? The weather is going
to be HOT!

Through the window we see Larry get on his belly to get a better look at the bug.

The DJ SOLDIER has gone off script. A PRODUCER is trying ineffectually to pull him away from the desk.

ARMY BROADCASTER
(Into microphone)
I'm guessing. I mean, I haven't
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

176

CONTINUED:

107.

176

ARMY BROADCASTER (CONT'D)

looked at the, the *thing* but I'd
say it's going to be fucking HOT!
Hot. Hot. Hot.

The Producer pulls and releases the DJ's headphones so
they slap against his head and starts giggling.

ARMY BROADCASTER (CONT'D)

That hurt Greg, you fucking dip-
shit. (Laughing too) You fuckity
fuck dip-shit fuck-hole.
(Remembering something) Hey!
Music!

He hits a button.

177

EXT. BASE - MORNING

177

CLOSE on a LOUDSPEAKER - blasting *Bat Out Of Hell* by
Meatloaf out over the base. We BOOM down to where two
SOLDIERS are dancing, tripping.

ALL OVER THE BASE

Soldiers are wandering around, talking, some falling to
their knees, weak with laughter. Some stand alone,
staring with a beatific smile at the sky.

As the music plays on a STRYKER ARMORED VEHICLE drives
around the corner of a building, a SOLDIER standing up,
arms raised, in the gun turret.

The Stryker screeches into a clumsy skid, the Soldier
having to hang on. The Stryker roars off again, heading
straight for the GATES of the base.

SOLDIER

(calling down into
the vehicle)

You're going to hit the gates.
You're going to hit the gates.

The Stryker veers left and smashes through the perimeter
fence and out into the desert.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

(calmly)
It's okay. You missed them.

178

INT. RADIO STATION - MORNING

178

The DJ and the Producer are wrestling over the sound
desk, laughing.

179 INT. BASE - CORRIDOR 179

Bob, Lyn and Jim walk towards the cell block.

BOB

(angry)
Don't you think it might have been
more sensible if we *hadn't* drunk
the fucking water?

LYN WHEATON

That might have aroused suspicion.

JIM CHANGO

Don't worry Bob. Over the years I
have built up a massive tolerance
to all narcotics.

180 INT. CELL - MORNING 180

An IRAQI PRISONER looks up startled as the door to the
cell is flung open and Jim stands, filling the doorway,
bare-chested, wild-eyed and wild-haired.

JIM CHANGO

In the name of the New World Army
and loving people everywhere I'm
liberating this base!

181 EXT. BASE - LATER 181

As the music continues Bob, Lyn and Jim appear leading a
column of nervous IRAQI PRISONERS out of the building,
towards the gates. Lyn and Jim are holding BABY GOATS in
their ARMS. A tripping Bob is holding bunches of flowers -
it's as close as they can get to the illustration from
the New World Army Manual. Lyn holds up a hand to stop
the procession.

Larry stands in front of them, a GUN in his hand, his
face blank.

Lyn and Larry stare at each other. Then, unexpectedly,
Larry starts to cry.

LYN WHEATON

(softly)
Give me the gun Larry.

Larry starts to raise the gun to his mouth. Pauses.
Scratches his head.

LARRY SWANN

Wow. I'm *hungry*.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

He wanders off.

ARMY DJ (O.S.)
(Over loudspeaker,
laughing)
Hey! More music! (muffled) Get
off, will ya?

Over the loud-speakers we hear the opening of *Wild Mountain Thyme* by The Byrds.

LYN WHEATON
(Beat, relieved)
Okay, let's go.

182 FLATTENED SECTION OF FENCE

182

Bob and Lyn stand at one side, Jim at the other,
beckoning the prisoners through, hugging the prisoners as
they pass through.

LYN WHEATON
We're very sorry. *Ma'assalama*.

One by one the Iraqis walk out through the broken fence,
staring around them suspiciously, expecting a trap.
Nothing happens, no one shoots them.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
(waving)
That's it. Keep going.
Ma'assalama.

The Iraqis start to hurry away over the sand.

Beyond them we can the Stryker, driving in circles in the
desert, a NAKED SOLDIER stands whooping on top.

183 EXT. BASE - LATER

183

Bob, tripping heavily, is staring with fascination at the
sand trickling through his fingers. Suddenly we hear the
building whine of the HELICOPTER engine starting up. Bob
looks up, puzzled.

184 HELICOPTER

184

Jim and Lyn sit in the chopper, Jim at the controls. Lyn
is holding the flowers.

Bob appears, hurrying over.

BOB
(calling)
Wait! Wait for me!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (CONT'D)

What about the mission? You said
there was another mission!

LYN WHEATON

(Over the sound of
the engine)

You're the mission Bob! You're
the mission! Tell them what
happened!

The helicopter begins to rise. Bob stands swaying,
staring up. Lyn smiles sadly through the window, raises
his hand.

The Helicopter RISES - HIGHER AND HIGHER. Bob waves
goodbye.

BOB (V.O.)

At the time I was hurt that Lyn
hadn't taken me with him. But now
I know it was because he and Jim
had already seen what was to come.

As the helicopter flies off into the blue.

BOB (V.O.)

Nobody knows exactly what
happened. The official
story is that their helicopter
must have crashed, either because
they were hit by an RPG or
because...well, that's what
happens when you fly a helicopter
while you're tripping on acid. All
I know is they've never been seen
since. Like all Shaman they
returned to the sky.

The helicopter disappears altogether.

DISSOLVE TO:

WEEKS LATER. Bob sits typing, frowning with
concentration.

BOB (V.O.)

When I got back home I wrote the
story up. Everything.

187 EXT. OUTSIDE BOB'S OLD HOUSE - EVENING

187

Bob sits in his car staring at his old home, across the road. Through the window we can see Bob's ex-wife HELEN, eating dinner with Bob's ex-Editor - Dave.

BOB (V.O.)

I sent it to the newspapers, the radio stations, the TV stations, because that was what Lyn wanted me to do. The people needed to know.

188 INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - EVENING

188

Bob sits watching a *Today* style show on TV.

BOB (V.O.)

I was ready for whatever they would do to me. I was ready to disappear. I was ready to go to prison. I was a Jedi and I was fighting for the New World Army. (Beat) But they didn't put me in prison. They did something much worse.

ON TV

NEWS ANCHOR

(chuckling)

And finally, US forces in Iraq are using what some are calling a cruel and unusual tool to break the resistance of Iraqi POWs, and many parents would agree! Some prisoners are being forced to listen to Barney the Purple Dinosaur sing the *I Love You* song. I think after an hour of that they'll spill the beans! Don't you? Let's go outside to Al for the weather.

Bob watches, ashen.

189 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

189

Bob is working for another small town newspaper. He sits at his desk, staring fixedly ahead at the wall.

BOB (V.O.)

That was it. That was the only bit of my story that ran anywhere. And it was a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
joke. And if I ever needed proof
of how the Dark Side have taken
the beautiful dream of what a
nation could be and had *twisted*
it, destroyed it, that was it.

Bob stands up. He starts to walk down the office, his
face set with grim determination.

BOB'S EDITOR

Bob?

BOB (V.O.)
But I won't stop. I won't give up.

Bob quickens his pace.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Because when I look at what is
happening in the world, I know
that *now*, more than ever, we need
to become ALL that we can BE.

Bob is running.

BOB (CONT'D)
Now, more than ever, we need the
Supermen.

Bob rushes towards the WALL. Just as he is about to hit
it we FREEZE FRAME. We hear the opening of *Break on
Through* by The Doors.

BLACK

THE END