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WITHOUT REMORSE

FROM THE NOVEL BY TOM CLANCY
SCREENPLAY THIS VERSION BY
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30 AUGUST, 1995

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BLACK SCREEN

TITLE: "In war it is not murder to kill. The declaration of war makes us heroes when we kill. War often elevates the baser nature of man."

George S. Patton
General Officer, United States Army

CUT TO:

BUZZARDS--Perched on the scrub growth of a dense mangrove swamp.

TITLE: SOUTH VIETNAM, DECEMBER 1968
RUNG SAT SPECIAL ZONE.

A tremendous distant explosion disturbs the birds which all take to the air. Reptiles slither into the water. A distant cloud of ugly black smoke rises from the vegetation. It drifts on the wind having little effect on the great fecund growth that extends forever.

RADIO (O.S.)
Repeat Snake--I'm not reading you.

SNAKE (O.S.)
Chicago--Chicago--Taking heavy fire--
Abandoning position--Need immediate
air and extraction site.

CUT TO:

MEN IN BATTLE--SEAL's from Team One retreating in bounding overwatch through water and tangled mangrove roots. Mortar fire geysers around them. Machine gun and small arms pock the slime. Men scream and fall--the fog of war. Helicopters beat in overhead, firing door guns and rockets. Men clamber onto the skids--load wounded and bodies.

CUT TO:

RADIO COMMO BARGE--Attached to larger barges floating in the fetid river. Helicopters and PBR's are leaving to assist the battle. In the foreground are maps laid out on metal tables, men leaning over. A LIEUTENANT COMMANDER, SPENCER, looks up.

SPENCER
It's going to be a hot LZ.

A TWO STAR ADMIRAL in fatigues looks across--MAXWELL.

MAXWELL
Get Snake out--Whatever it takes.

SPENCER
I guess even his luck runs out.

CUT TO:

DUSK--HELICOPTER--Returning to the barge--lights on, rotor wash kicking up debris. Medical teams rush in as the choppers land, to take off wounded. The first out is the

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ambush team leader, CHIEF BOSUN'S MATE JOHN KELLY, late twenties, aged by stress. He supervises the handling of everything--the removal of wounded, weapons, etc. He helps each of his men, who are weary looking, wet, faces painted green. Last, he helps the helicopter crew pass down a body, wrapped in a poncho. Blood runs out, spatters in the rotor wash.

CLOSE--KELLY--Call sign Snake, tears stain his green face.

CUT TO:

KELLY--Sitting in Spencer's command bunker. He is dressed in clean tiger stripe fatigues, his face shaved, hair combed. He is clean and has eaten a hot meal, but his eyes are sunken from sleep deprivation. He has a tick when he turns to see another officer enter.

SPENCER

I don't know how to tell you this Chief.

KELLY

Tell me what Sir?

SPENCER

Your wife.

(pause)

Your wife is dead John. She was killed in an automobile accident near Imperial Beach--three days ago.

KELLY

Are you--sure? You're telling me--today?

SPENCER

Yes John--I'm telling you. It's true. A truck went out of control--crossed the center divider. It was quick. It was nobody's fault. It just--happened. I'm sorry John.

KELLY

Today? Bennet was just killed today--I carried him out. Why today?

SPENCER

I'm sorry about Bennet too John. Can we do anything for you?

KELLY

I'd like to be alone Sir.

SPENCER

You'll be rotated back John--You'll fly out tomorrow.

He stands up.

KELLY

My wife--was pregnant Sir.

SPENCER

I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

I don't want to go back. Don't rotate me back. I'm staying--here.

CUT TO:

NIGHT--DOOR--QUONSET HUT--On the door is the sign: COMMANDER RIVERINE FORCE--MACV V CORPS. A GUARD reaches for the handle.

GUARD

The Admiral will see you now Sir.

He opens it. Kelly walks in. ADMIRAL MAXWELL is writing at a metal desk--doesn't look up.

KELLY

Bosun's Mate Kelly reporting as ordered Sir.

Maxwell still doesn't look up.

MAXWELL

You want to stay? Ambushes, patrols, raids--you'd find what you're looking for or it would find you. I thought you had more than that.

KELLY

Sir?

Maxwell looks up--makes eye contact.

MAXWELL

I owe you Chief. You pulled my son out of a swamp like this. So I'm going to pay you back. You're going home. You've been here too long. Now I'm pulling you out of the sewer.

KELLY

I wish to stay Sir.

MAXWELL

You're wishes don't matter Chief. You've been condemned to live Kelly.

Silence.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Do I make myself clear?

Kelly swallows--chokes off all emotion.

KELLY

Aye Aye Sir.

Kelly salutes. Maxwell returns it. He goes sharply to the door.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Chief.

KELLY

Sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAXWELL

When the--gods--wish to confer great honor on a man.

(pause)

First they test him--Carry on.

Kelly leaves.

CUT TO:

TITLE: TWO YEARS LATER, THE GULF OF MEXICO

A BRIGHT BLUE DAY--The rusted metal of a condemned oil rig. Kelly's face, now with a short cropped beard, looms in the foreground. He has a dive mask on--pulls it down, puts a regulator in his mouth--nods to two other divers and rolls backwards off the dive boat--splash!

CUT TO:

KELLY--Underwater--being fed det-cord which he wraps around charges on the huge metal legs of the submerged murky structure. He checks the tautness of the cord, the wires--and looks to the other diver who is doing the same. He checks his watch, depth gauge. His eyes are vacant, lost, like in Maxwell's office.

CUT TO:

DIVE BOAT--An OIL COMPANY EXECUTIVE stands next to Kelly and the others, now in dry swim trunks and t-shirts. Kelly fires a flare, which arches up over them.

DIVER

Area clear.

KELLY (into microphone)

Fire in the hole--Fire in the hole--
Fire in the hole.

He turns a handle on the detonator--a dull explosion--foam erupts about the legs. Another larger blast geysers up. The structure slides over, creating a huge splash and is soon gone.

CLOSE KELLY--Everyone else is excited, as people are by demolitions. Some shake hands, others slap each other's backs. Kelly shows almost Zen emptiness.

EXECUTIVE

You're two weeks ahead of schedule.
You're due a bonus. Little Dutch was right about you. How'd he meet you?

KELLY

I only met him once--I know his father--used to work for him.

EXECUTIVE

In Vietnam--You knew the Admiral?

KELLY

I worked for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXECUTIVE
Don't talk much do you?

KELLY
Haven't got much to say.

CUT TO:

TITLE: BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

A TENEMENT WINDOW OPENS--A YOUNG GIRL climbs out holding onto a double string of towels tied together, which help her edge to a fire escape. She gets her footing, and pulls the towels to her after dropping one end. She is blonde, about seventeen or eighteen, good body, slim, athletic, but maybe a little haggard, not well fed. She wears hot pants and a halter top--unusual in that it is late fall. A brisk wind blows her scraggly hair as she runs down the metal stairs, two at a time. She looks back over her shoulder at the bottom--throws the towels in a trash can--runs to an alleyway--looks back up at the building, the window, and is gone.

CUT TO:

MAIN HIGHWAY--Kelly is at the wheel of his Scout, driving in traffic listening to classical music--Brahms.

CUT TO:

WINDOW--Where the girl escaped. A figure moves quickly across--it's too dark to see. A male voice, indistinct, is heard--swearing, yelling. Another figure is seen--a hand pulls the shade down.

CUT TO:

FENCE--HIGHWAY--The Girl pulls herself under the fence--she can barely make it. She's on her back. She wriggles through, the metal scrapes her knee. She gets free and looks back and around. She climbs the embankment up to the highway, and is almost hit by a van which honks at her. She pulls herself together--stands casually one knee locked, the other bent. She puts out her thumb.

CUT TO:

KELLY--Looking at her as he approaches. He is transfixed--a pretty girl--but here? There's almost no shoulder--dangerous.

KELLY (to himself)
What the hell are you doing lady?

He pulls over--looks in his rear view mirror--and can see her running towards him. The passenger window is down. She comes up--her face is pretty but not really clean. She's not really dirty either--not unusual for a hippie.

GIRL
Where you goin?

KELLY
You need a ride?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRL (smiles)
Seems like it.

KELLY
Sorry--I'm going south to the 116.

GIRL
That's fine.

Her smile is genuine and warm. Kelly can't help but to smile back. She opens the door.

THE SCOUT--Pulls out into traffic.

CLOSE GIRL--She looks around--glances in the rear view mirror. He washes her.

CLOSE KELLY--He watches her without looking directly at her. He too looks in the rearview. His hand drops to his lap--slides down the seat and touches the barely exposed checkered grip of a 1911 .45 Auto. His fingers pull away. He has a look of disgust with himself. She looks at him directly, then into the back seat, where three bags of groceries rest. When her eyes come back on him, they are wary but of a light blue tint--and to Kelly surprisingly beautiful. He looks into them.

KELLY
You look like you're hungry. There's
oatmeal raisin cookies on top.

She hesitates.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I'd like one too.

She smiles--a warm smile quite unexpected.

CLOSE APPLE--The Girl polishes it on her halter top, looks over at Kelly with a cookie in his mouth. She takes another one out of the bag--bites into the apple.

GIRL
Where do you live?

KELLY
I live out on the bay.

He's taken aback by her. She seems too bold--too interested.

KELLY
I'm going to my boat.

GIRL
A boat? You have a boat?

KELLY
I have to turn off up here at the
harbor. Maybe I can get you another
ride.

GIRL
Looks like it's going to rain.

Silence.

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GIRL (CONT'D)
Can I go with you--on the boat?

KELLY
What're you running away from?
(pause)
You don't look warm and I don't see
a bag or pack. You keep watching
the mirror.

Suddenly she seem helpless and younger--a lost child look.

GIRL
Can I--go on your boat?
(pause)
I need--help.

CUT TO:

HARBOR ENTRANCE--Kelly's boat, a forty foot motor yacht, "Springer", pulls out at a crisp eighteen knots, headed into a darkening sky. The sea picks up as soon as he passes the jetty.

KELLY--At the wheel--turns out into the bay. He looks down into the cabin and sees the girl staring up at him. She comes up by his side.

KELLY
I don't know why I'm doing this.
I'm not used to it.

He doesn't know why he said that--and looks embarrassed.

KELLY (CONT'D)
You ever been on a boat?

GIRL
No.

KELLY
Take the wheel--

She looks at him--she's grown more fetching. The wind blows her meager clothes against her. He takes her hand, puts it on the wheel, her other hand goes on his.

GIRL
Don't let go--What do I do?

KELLY
Just hold steady.

Rain starts to pelt down. The boat bounces, plowing across the swells.

KELLY (CONT'D)
What's your name?

GIRL
Pam--and yours?

KELLY
Kelly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She holds her hand over his, looks at it. On his wrist is a small tattoo of a seal with a ball on its nose.

PAM

What's this Mr. Kelly?

KELLY

Just Kelly--it's a tattoo. Don't you know all sailors have tattoos. I got it when I was drunk like a sailor does. It was awhile ago--kinda' stupid.

PAM

It's cute.

The rain really starts to come down, going over the windshield.

KELLY

There's slickers in that locker--under the cushion. It's going to get a lot worse.

She doesn't want to let go of him as the boat plows through the chop. She carefully goes to the locker.

PAM

Are we going to be okay?

KELLY

Sure--I was a Chief Bosun's Mate once.

She brings the slickers back--she's soaked. He can't help but look at her.

KELLY (CONT'D)

It's cold--maybe you should go down in the cabin.

PAM

I like it here.

The Springer mashes through the whitecaps as the squall turns the sky black.

CUT TO:

GREAT PUFFY WHITE TROPICAL CLOUDS--Going by--pull back to reveal a window. An AIR FORCE TECH SERGEANT is at an electronic board.

TECH SERGEANT (into radio)

Coming up on IP. Let's get started.

An AIRMAN looks out another window across the cavernous bay of the aircraft.

AIRMAN

That's a rog--she's winding up.

He looks out and sees:

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A SWEPT WINGED RYAN FIREBEE DRONE--Hanging on a pylon between two fat engines. It is painted in camouflage, and it's turbines are turning full power. As the aircraft banks, the green covered jungle, mist shrouded, passes below.

DC-130 HERCULES--Flies through the low clouds between dramatic sharply rising harsh plateaus.

CLOSE TECH SERGEANT--He looks out.

MISSION COMMANDER (V.O.)
Launch aircraft.

TECH SERGEANT
Be careful, baby.

He flips a switch--the bird drops free--the DC-130 banks away.

DRONE--Called a Buffalo Hunter--buzzes along 500 feet over the jungle. A coded radar transponder blinks on its vertical fin.

TITLE: OVER THE PLAIN OF JARS, LAOS

ON THE GROUND--An NVA crew looses twenty quick rounds from a 37mm twin gun mount. Some narrowly miss the drone, but it cruises along blindly.

EC-121 WARNING STAR--At the same time, an old Lockheed Constellation with a radar dome and various electronic antennae, flying high over a cloud bank.

INT. EC 121--A MAJOR checks a topographical map, then the blip on his radar screen.

DRONE--Turning, following a river.

MAJOR (O.S.)
That's it, keep going.

CUT TO:

NORTH VIETNAM--POW COMPLEX--The site was probably once a school--the central courtyard is surrounded by low French style buildings and concrete walls. In the courtyard an AMERICAN POW works at digging a well and irrigation trenches. Guards with rifles are eating and watching.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL ROBIN ZACHARIAS--Towers over the guards. He is black, lanky, has an easy grace about him, even in these circumstances. He leans down to scoop dirt, hears the whine of the drone.

CLOSE ZACHARIAS--He sees it--a speck coming in fast off the mountains. He waits a second--then stands up abruptly. The Vietnamese guards scream at him and beat him with rifle butts. As he goes down, he salutes the drone. A jab in the stomach bends him over, but he keeps his face turned towards the drone.

CUT TO:

A STARK ROOM--Devoid of adornment--a metal desk, picture of Uncle Ho, steel chairs. Zacharias sits and the CAMP COMMANDANT screams at him in Vietnamese from behind his desk.

VOICE (O.S.)

He wants to know why you did that.

Zacharias turns and sees ANOTHER MAN behind the door, a Caucasian wearing a grey uniform with no insignia of origin or rank. The man's face is clearly Nordic and Slav, his hair greying blonde. In another war he would have been in the Luftwaffe. He smiles warmly to Zacharias and puffs a cigar.

ZACHARIAS

I like airplanes--I have since I was a kid.

CAUCASIAN OFFICER

It was heading for Haiphong to count ships. It wasn't looking for you. I'm Colonel Alexi Grishanov, Robin. I'm sorry for the way these barbarians have treated you. I am Russian of course.

ZACHARIAS

You don't say. I thought you were Hawaiian.

GRISHANOV

You have the sense of the absurd-- You are a strong man Colonel.

ZACHARIAS

I was raised in a rough neighborhood.

GRISHANOV

Perhaps we can become better acquainted.

ZACHARIAS

Up to you--I'm just a tourist.

CUT TO:

SOUTH CHINA SEA--The Buffalo Hunter runs out of fuel--a beacon blinks on and a parachute pots from the tail. As it drifts a Navy helicopter bores in, snags the chute and angles away.

CUT TO:

USS INDEPENDENCE--The helicopter lowers the drone to the deck. Technicians swarm over it--yank off covers and remove a heavy film cassette.

CUT TO:

WINDOW--In the tenement from which Pam escaped--downtown Baltimore. A MAN leans against the sill. He is HENRY TUCKER, a mixed race black man, sleek and superbly coiffed and dressed, almost a dandy, but with a meticulous air to him. He watches:

A CHEAP TV--Orioles beating the Twins in Minnesota. He seems absorbed--voices raise offscreen. He wipes his wire rimmed

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glasses clean. Behind him are his two "boys", BILLY and RICK. Billy is lanky and wired, with a Kentucky accent. Rick stands there in a drenched slicker. Both are white.

HENRY TUCKER--Looks over DORIS BROWN, small, with scraggly dark-brown hair. She keeps her eyes down like a kicked puppy. Henry takes off his specs, and Doris flinches. He chuckles, makes a sharp move, fucking with her, and she flinches again. When he speaks, it's deliberately low--forcing people to listen.

HENRY
Where did she go?
(silence)
Doris.

She just shakes her head, trembling. She finally looks up at him, right in the eyes--lying badly.

DORIS
I--I don't know Henry.

HENRY
You can't lie to me baby--I'm your man. Lend me your belt Billy.

Billy yanks her by the hair into the center of the room.

ON TV--Frank Robinson hits a homerun, and Henry yells--

HENRY
Alright Franky! Yes!

Billy starts to unbuckle his belt--Doris stares at the buckle and starts to cry.

DORIS
Henry, please don't. I swear, I swear to you--

Billy slips off his belt, Henry reaches out and backfists her with his other hand--takes her by surprise. Even Billy flinches.

DUSK--BATTERY ISLAND--The Springer angles toward the concrete quay of Battery Island. All that's here is a boathouse and two massive concrete observation bunkers. There are lots of weeds.

PAM
How do you get a place like this?

KELLY
I lease it from the Navy. A friend helped me get it.

PAM
Some friend.

BUNKER--NIGHT--Except for the narrow glassed in view slits, it is like a home--there's some dissarray but most things are neatly ordered. There are large old couches and big covered chairs, some carefully patched. Kelly is in the kitchen putting away groceries. He looks off as he hears the shower

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start running. The bathroom door is slightly ajar, he can see Pam's form briefly as she steps into the shower. He knows she left the door open and can't help himself from looking.

KELLY
The water warm?

PAM
Great--I never thought I'd get warm again.

She reaches a delicate hand out and pushes the door closed--not completely, but he can't see anything--he goes back to his sorting.

PAM--Leans over to the fogged mirror, looks at herself for a second, then opens the mirror. There are the usual toiletries and a few bottles of prescription pills. Behind some nasal spray is another bottle--she takes it--it's nearly empty--tetracycline antibiotic. She dumps the capsules in the toilet--pulls a plastic bag full of white round pills from her shorts pocket--Quaaludes. She empties these into the antibiotic bottle, pushes the cotton in and replaces it behind the nasal spray.

CUT TO:

KELLY--Making a fire in a a pot bellied stove--it's roaring, feels good. He senses something, turns around. She is standing in the doorway of the bathroom, silhouetted, a towel around her, her hair down around her shoulders, the skin on her thighs and arms smooth and gleaming. He stands up--doesn't try to look away. She looks in his eyes--walks toward him.

KELLY
Is there anything--else--you--need?

She walks to him--close--closer--she lets the towel fall as her mouth finds his. At first he is stunned, kisses her back but doesn't know if he should, she pulls his arms around her, he feels her skin, smells her and is lost in her. He is overcome by his own spontaneous desire. She pulls him down, his hands consume her. Her hips move with a rhythmic violence and he matches it.

CUT TO:

MORNING--BUNKER--The sun breaks through the scattering rows of clouds. The storm has passed--it is clear. Gulls wheel overhead.

INT. CLOSE KELLY--Eyes open laying with Pam in his bed. He is wide awake--maybe been that way for awhile. He feels her move--she turns over away from him, the dawn light shines across her back. He sees scars and bruises he couldn't see before. The scars are long and there are more than a few. He lies back, tries to sleep--closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

EGGS--Frying in a pan with bacon. Pam picks the pan up and stirs the eggs.

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CONTINUED:

PAM

I come from Texas and we know about breakfast in Texas. Where do you come from?

KELLY

Indiana.

He is removed, cold--suspicious again. She wears a t-shirt and a pair of his shorts. She looks good this morning. She carries the pan over to the table.

PAM

That enough?

KELLY

You don't want any?

PAM

I'm not hungry.

KELLY

I didn't think so--

He looks at her--she knows something's wrong. She's scared again--there is a scary side to this man--

PAM

What's wrong.

He holds up the bottle of tetracycline.

KELLY

Is this what you made love to me with?
(silence)
Want to talk about it?

PAM

No.

KELLY

I do.

PAM

I was down to two pills a day. I'm trying--I need--something--I can't--

KELLY

How did you get on this shit?
--How long?

PAM

I don't want to talk about it.
I need to get away-

KELLY

From me?

She reaches out, grabs his arm.

PAM

No! --No!

KELLY

Somebody put those scars on your back? They come with the dope?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches to take the bottle with his other hand--she flinches as if he were going to hit her.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I'm not going to hurt you.

CLOSE PAM--She closes her eyes, turns away--she doesn't know what to do. She is deeply ashamed and scared. Tears roll down her cheeks.

PAM
Help me--Please help me.

CUT TO:

NIGHT--From across the bunker we see Pam leaning over the toilet in the lighted bathroom. Kelly holds her as she convulses. Only the bathroom is lit. It is the middle of the night.

CLOSE KELLY--Cold, without words--he cuts a Quaalude in half, gives it to her. She takes it down with a glass of water--almost gagging. He turns to leave--she looks at him.

KELLY
C'mon let's get some sleep.

He leaves, she has no choice but to follow--turns off the light.

CUT TO:

MORNING--PAM--She wakes--the light pours through the window slits. She is groggy and turns to find Kelly. He's on the couch--covered with blankets--she senses something.

PAM
Kelly?

He doesn't answer.

PAM (CONT'D)
Kelly--What is it?

She is seized with panic--leaps out of bed in her t-shirt and rushes over to him.

PAM (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

He is awake, shivering.

KELLY
Cold--I'm cold--Are you cold?
Put on my--robe.

PAM
Sure--

She gets up, grabs his terry cloth robe, puts it around her.

PAM (CONT'D)
You're shivering--you're sick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She touches his forehead--clammy.

PAM (CONT'D)
Oh God--you're sick.

KELLY
I've been this way before.

PAM
What is it--what's wrong? What
can I do?

KELLY
Malaria.
(pause)
It can get--pretty bad--but I
get through

He grabs her hand.

PAM
Oh no Kelly--Oh God!

KELLY
Just stay here.

PAM
I will--I'll stay here forever.

His teeth clatter.

CUT TO:

TIDAL FLATS--CHESAPEAKE BAY--The old scuttled hulks of WW II cargo ships lie aground rusting in a light mist. The tide is low and the tops of cattails bob from the water. A flat-bottomed speed boat is drawn upon a crude wooden dock tied to the side of one of the wrecks.

PORTHOLE--Henry Tucker looks out into the gray blackness of the bay. He sees a speedboat approaching and hears the whine of a small outboard. Behind him in the decayed Captain's cabin are TWO THUGS--TONY PIAGGI and EDDIE MORELLI. Both are slick competent men in their thirties--muscular, crudely capable.

PIAGGI
Angelo?

HENRY
Yeah.

EDDIE
You tell him you were meeting
with us?

HENRY
No.

PIAGGI
Maybe he ain't gonna' like it.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

HENRY
Maybe not--but gentlemen I don't
care. Do you care?

EDDIE
I don't cause any trouble that
ain't necessary.

Henry smiles. The boat is pulling up, cutting it's motor.

HENRY
I'll have a word with the dude.
You'll excuse me.

He walks out the steel door--drops smoothly down a ladder.
Eddie looks out the porthole--turns as Piaggi takes out a
short .357 revolver.

PIAGGI
Whatta' you think Eddie?

EDDIE
He's cool--he's got too much to lose.
This is his ticket into the big time.

PIAGGI
I don't trust niggers.

He leans up to lookout too.

EDDIE
His shits so good I don't care if
he's an Eskimo.

P.O.V. PORTHOLE--They watch ANGELO, a burly low class dock
tough pull up. Henry walks out to meet him. Angelo yells at
Henry, but they can't hear what. Henry shrugs. Angelo makes
some broad gestures--gets angrier. He stands up--Henry
offers his hand to help him out of the boat. Henry pulls him
up and moves so that as they come together, his other hand
snaps back with a knife flashing--plunges it into Angelo--
once, twice--again in a flash. Angelo screams hideously and
falls back into the boat writhing about still screaming.
This they CAN hear. They look at each other in shock. Now
Henry withdraws a small automatic--aims it carefully at the
figure thrashing in the boat. Pop! More screaming. Henry
carefully aims--pop--pop--pop! Finally Angelo stiffens and
spasms--then stops. Pop!--again.

EDDIE
Jesus don't sink the boat!

CUT TO:

HEROIN--In a plastic bag on the metal Captain's desk. Eddie
takes a small amount on the blade of his stiletto--tests it
on a glass slide--watches it turn color.

HENRY
You ain't ever had shit as sweet
as this--and this is just the start.

PIAGGI
Where's it come from?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY
That's what Angelo always wanted
to know.

PIAGGI
Alright--alright--I just don't like
this.

EDDIE (concentrating)
A few hours work--three hundred
grand. Something wrong with that
or am I missing it?

PIAGGI
Whatta' we do with Angelo?

Eddie gathers up his equipment, folds his knife.

HENRY
The crabs. Don't you like Maryland
crab cakes?

EDDIE
I though he was your friend?

HENRY
I don't have any friends. Do you?

EDDIE
Maybe Angelo did--What'll they say?

HENRY
Fuck him. He ratted on me. How
many friends does a rat have?

PIAGGI
He ratted on you? How do you know?

HENRY
'Cause the cop he ratted to is my
friend.

EDDIE
Thought you said you didn't have
any friends.

They walk out the cabin--slip down the ladder.

CUT TO:

INT. NAVY INTELLIGENCE HQ--DAY--CLOSE ON A RECONNAISSANCE
PHOTO--Taken from the Buffalo Hunter--it is Col. Zacharias
looking up at the drone.

NEXT FRAME--As the NVA soldier has his rifle up, reversed,
ready to slam Zacharias.

NAVY CHIEF
Poor bastard paid the price.

TILT UP to see the NAVY CHIEF and ARMY SERGEANT pouring over
the photos at a lighted table. An AIR FORCE SENIOR MASTER
SERGEANT adds an ID photo of Zacharias.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIR FORCE SERGEANT
What do you think Chief?

NAVY CHIEF
Close enough I'd bet money on it.

On the photos, the two faces of Zacharias stare out--one beaten and haggard, the other fresh-faced, uniformed.

CUT TO:

ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY--White stones dot the lawn. Rear Admiral Dutch Maxwell sets flowers at a headstone. A hard looking CIVILIAN in a trenchcoat stands behind him. This is RITTER, CIA OPERATIONS OFFICER. They look at the headstone. It reads: WILLIAM WHITE MAXWELL, FIRST LIEUTENANT, UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS 1948-1970. Maxwell stands up.

MAXWELL
Thanks for meeting me here Bob.

They walk to a government car. Maxwell's blue uniform and braid contrast sharply with the surroundings. Ritter puts his hand on Maxwell's shoulder.

RITTER
How's Little Dutch?

MAXWELL
He's flying for Delta now--copilot--

He takes a step or two more. They stop as a military funeral procession comes up the hill, a flag draped on the casket. Maxwell and Ritter salute. The young Lieutenant commanding the detail does the same.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
What are we burying these kids for Bob?

INT. RITTER'S CAR--ARLINGTON--Ritter hands Maxwell a folder, its edges are bordered in red and white striped tape with a coded designation BOXWOOD GREEN. He pulls out the blowups taken from the Buffalo Hunter.

RITTER
This one, Colonel Robin Zacharias, was shot down 18 months ago. Reported killed by the North Vietnamese. They even published this picture.

Maxwell stares down at a photo of what looks like the dead bodies of four POW's. Ritter taps the drone shots.

RITTER (CONT'D)
The camp is a black hole. Nobody knows about it. Nobody acknowledges it. Its code name is Sender Green.

Maxwell examines recon photos of the camp we saw.

RITTER (CONT'D)
We believe they have twenty American officers like Zacharias, all Lieutenant
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITTER (CONT'D)
Colonel/Commander rank or higher. All
with knowledge in areas of special
strategic interest.

(pause)
Dutch, these guys aren't coming back.

Ritter points to a red line on a map of the area.

RITTER (CONT'D)
It's doable, Dutch.

MAXWELL
It's also an invasion.
(pause)
A rescue mission isn't gonna' be
real popular now with the peace talks.
They'll want us to keep it off the books.
Especially since Son Tay failed--

RITTER
That wasn't our fault!

MAXWELL
You don't have to convince me Bob--
Don't preach to the choir.

He pours over the map then taps a spot, almost thinking out loud.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
This is where Little Dutch was shot
down. He was on the ground three days.
Nobody could get him. The SEAL's went
in and pulled him out.

RITTER
I know the story. It was one SEAL
wasn't it?

MAXWELL
Kelly--Chief John Kelly. My son and
I--have kept track of him.

They look at each other.

CUT TO:

BATTERY ISLAND--NIGHT--KELLY'S BUNKER--A lone light
illuminates one of the glassed-in observation slits. Smoke
steams out a chimney.

CLOSE KELLY--Writhing in fever--drenched in sweat, his face
pale, eyes dim. Pam holds his hand, mops his forehead with a
damp cloth.

KELLY (talking to no-one)
We--lived in the river water--we'd
just walk through it--

He breathes hard between sentences.

KELLY (CONT'D)
--Up to our waist--days at a time.
Couldn't shoot you so easy. No
problem going to the bathroom--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He laughs--turns to her. She tries to smile back.

KELLY (CONT'D)
You take your pill?

PAM
No--not yet.

KELLY
Don't forget--it'll fuck you up
otherwise.

PAM
I know--I know.

He turns back--his eyes flutter. He falls asleep--she mops his face. He shivers a little--she leans over him, wraps herself around his chest. Tears roll down her cheek.

CUT TO:

DAWN--Kelly sleeping peacefully, his face serene, if drained. The storm has past. He stirs--opens his eyes. Her face is right above him looking into his eyes. She puts her hand on his forehead.

KELLY
It's gone.

CUT TO:

SCRAMBLED EGGS--With tomatoes, ham, onions--sizzling. Kelly lifts the pan, stirs it up.

KELLY
That looks like enough--It's enough
for four rednecks on an oil rig.

PAM
It's a start.

He dumps a huge pile on her plate. He dumps a huge pile on his plate, sits down across from her and they both dig in like wolves.

PAM (CONT'D)
I didn't take the other pill
last night.

He stops.

KELLY
You all right?

PAM
Do I look all right?

She stands up, wearing nothing but a t-shirt. She looks alright.

CUT TO:

SPRINGER--DUSK--Pam skips along the side deck like a practiced seaman, tanned, filled out, her hair lightened by

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

the sun. She stops at the prow and stares at the horizon. Kelly cuts the engine, lets it drift, and makes his way toward her.

KELLY

This good?

Pam nods and hands him the bottle of Quaaludes. He ties it to a rock, and she drops it overboard. They watch it sink into the water. After a long moment--

PAM

I'm shaky but I'm gonna' try--

CUT TO:

LATER--BOAT--The two sit side by side at the stern watching the light fade. Pam is wrapped up in a Navy P-coat.

PAM

Once Daddy died there was no reason to stay--I ran away. I didn't know much.

KELLY

Where did you go?

PAM

New Orleans--that's where I ended up. It was rough--I was lucky I wasn't just raped and dumped in a gutter. I met Pierre Lamarck. The first friendly face I'd seen in I don't know how long.

She turns to him.

PAM (CONT'D)

He seduced me--he was good at that. He was my first lover--I was in a big strange place--I was scared and he was my first lover. I don't want to make it seem right, I just want you to see it.

KELLY

I see it--you don't have to tell me if you don't want to.

PAM

I want you to know--

She swallows.

PAM (CONT'D)

The first time he wanted to pimp me, I fought him. He slapped me around. It got worse from there. He's the one who turned me on to heroin. He could control me better that way. And I let him.

Pam sinks into a haze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM (CONT'D)

I called home once, but Mom just hung up on me. When I got to DC I was turning tricks just to make a fix. Henry used his girls to run drugs. He was the man-- He was big time--We did what he said--Whatever--That's when I got on downers. He wanted me dependent. The first time I tried to run away, I got three ribs broken.

Pam checks her ribs, winces in pain--goes on.

PAM (CONT'D)

A month ago I started to cut back on the ludes. I waited for Henry to be away. I went to a window. I didn't plan it. I just went--anywhere--it didn't matter.

KELLY

Did any other girls get away?

PAM

One tried around October. Helen. Henry--killed her. Made us all watch.

She shuts her eyes, shuts out the gruesome memory. Kelly stares at the water--dark thoughts. When Pam sees his look, her heart sinks.

PAM (CONT'D)

You see what I really am, Kelly?

KELLY

You've got guts. That's what I see.

He reaches for her, but she pulls away.

PAM

I had a friend, Doris--I wish I could help her--I feel rotten leaving her behind.

KELLY

That's too dangerous. We'll let the police do that.

PAM

She was like a little sister to me. I think about her and then I think about what if they ever find me.

She leans close to him, holds onto his arm. He stares straight out at the horizon--the same look he had when Maxwell sent him home.

KELLY

If they ever find you--they'll find me.

A thin smile crosses his visage, it is not a warm smile. She doesn't see it.

PAM

It'll never be safe--never.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns, masks his face of the sinister emotion she shouldn't see. He holds her shoulders.

KELLY

You can keep running or hiding. Or we can put them away.

PAM

The girl they killed, she was going to the cops, but Henry knew--like he could see her when she wasn't there. Maybe he can see me.

KELLY

Then he'd have to see me too.

She looks into his eyes. They are compassionate, loving. How can this man stand against what she's seen in others.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Do you trust me Pam?

PAM

Yes.

KELLY

Look, you and me were kinda' the same. We're not real lucky. I've done things--seen things that are hard to live with. We're not bad people, we're just in the wrong place sometimes. Over--there--I saw good men, really good men die because they turned left instead of right. Why'd I live when they died? It's what life is--You can't ask too many questions about it.

PAM

Do you forgive me?

KELLY

Whatta' you think?

He kisses her. She pulls away.

PAM

Don't ever leave me Kelly.

She leans her head on his shoulder.

KELLY

You know it's how you swim against the current that counts. Anyone can swim with it. If you get tired--

He shows her the tattoo on his wrist--a seal with a ball on its nose.

KELLY (CONT'D)

--I'm a good swimmer--I'll keep us going.

CUT TO:

P.O.W. COMPOUND--SENDER GREEN--NORTH VIETNAM--The moon is full, and bathes the seemingly empty compound in its light. A single window is illuminated by a dim bulb. Through the window we see Major Vinh, the camp commandant, and Col. Grishanov sipping tea.

CELL--Bare, save a stone slab and bucket. Zacharias leans against the wall and taps with a piece of wood.

TAP (subtitles)
Teach me French.

A tap returns.

OTHER TAP (subtitles)
Long time.

TAP (subtitles)
I've got time.

FOOTSTEPS--Zacharias gets up, painfully--the door is unbolted, opens. Two brutal looking guards shine flashlights in Zacharias's eyes.

ZACHARIAS
Lonely or do you need a fourth
for bridge.

A voice behind them, Grishanov.

GRISHANOV
What is bridge?

ZACHARIAS
Card game--my mother played.

GRISHANOV
Do you play?

ZACHARIAS
No--guess that leaves me out. I'll
catch you later dude.

They grab him, take him out into the darkness.

DIMLY LIT ROOM--Two small glasses--Grishanov pours brandy into both. Zacharias just looks at him and smiles.

ZACHARIAS
I appreciate it--but I've never
developed the taste.

Grishanov pushes it towards him--Zacharias pushes it back.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)
Don't drink. Perhaps you'd have a
Cuban cigar?

They smile.

GRISHANOV
What do you know about low frequency
search radar emission?

ZACHARIAS (smiling)
Zacharias, Robin, Lieutenant Colonel
United States Air Force--Would you
like my serial number?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRISHANOV

No Robin--I know almost everything about you already.

Grishanov puts a thick notebook down on the table. It's title: ASPECTS OF MICROWAVE DIFFUSION OVER ANGULAR TERRAIN, AUTHOR--CAPTAIN ROBIN ZACHARIAS

GRISHANOV

Your work--good. And classified.

ZACHARIAS

They take all that much too seriously don't they?

GRISHANOV

You wrote it in Berkeley California--master's thesis. What sort of place is Berkeley?

ZACHARIAS (smiling)

Zacharias, Robin, Lieutenant Colonel United States Air Force.

He puts his head on his hand, looks weary.

ZACHARIAS

If you don't mind, I'd like to get some sleep? I've got a beating in the morning.

He stands up--gives the Russian a salute, who returns it. The guards roughly escort him out.

CUT TO:

KELLY'S BUNKER--PHONE--Kelly picks up the receiver, leaves a card on the table--DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT EMMET RYAN--NARCOTICS--BALITMORE POLICE DEPARTMENT. He dials.

PAM

How do you know him?

KELLY

I recovered some dope for him--and a body. He'll remember.

(into phone)

Narcotics please, Lieutenant Ryan.

CUT TO:

POLICE OFFICE--A dark, good looking MAN--well dressed for a cop, picks up the phone.

MAN

Narcotics--Charon--Yes--Lieutenant Ryan isn't in right now--How can I help you? --Charon--Detective Mark Charon--yes--I remember you Mr. Kelly--How've you been?

CUT TO:

EQUIPMENT BUNKER--DAY--Kelly dismantles his Colt .45, removes the barrel and holds it up to the light. It's not dirty, but

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

he cleans it anyway with solvent and a toothbrush, then lightly oils it. Quickly, expertly, he reassembles the Colt--he could do it with his eyes closed--then racks the slide back a few times. He puts in the magazine, racks the slide again, and snaps the safety on.

KELLY

Tell me about Henry Tucker.

CUT TO:

PRECINCT OFFICE--EMMET RYAN--Tall, lanky, mustached, looks like a western lawman were it not for his clothes. He leans back in his chair. Charon goes over a report on the other side of the desk.

RYAN

Let me get this straight--Our friend Kelly has a female witness to a homicide?

CHARON

Drug related--Who knows, probably bullshit--but he's coming in tomorrow night--That's the only time I could schedule it--

RYAN

Well you never know--What the hell.

CUT TO:

SPRINGER(MOVING)--DAY--Pam is driving the boat now. She wears Kelly's jacket, the sleeves hanging down over her wrists. Kelly's laughing--tries to get her to throttle back, but she pushes him away. The port is visible in the distance.

KELLY (V.O.)

Are you scared?

PAM (V.O.)

A little.

CUT TO:

CRABHOUSE--NIGHT--They both wear goofy bibs. Kelly watches Pam with some amusement as she methodically makes a pile of crab meat, leaving a mound of shells.

KELLY

I didn't tell him anything about you. It's just a talk.

PAM

You'll be there?

KELLY

Except in the ladies room. In there, you're on your own.

Pam sits back and pulls off her bib, looks at him seriously.

PAM

I want you to take me back there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A long pause, he knows what she means and doesn't like it.

KELLY

Not a good idea Pam. Not smart.

PAM

I need to see it again--to know
that I'm really gone.

(beat)

I'm safe with you Kelly.

She means it. Something about the idea is exciting to Kelly, intense--and he is hooked on intensity but he doesn't admit it.

BALTIMORE STREET--NIGHT--The Scout crosses abandoned street-car tracks, signalling the nearness of the city as a light rain starts to fall.

INT. SCOUT--Kelly scans the street, checks the rearview every few seconds. He checks his Colt under the seat. Pam notices, then looks back out the window, tense.

THE STREETS--Are a war zone. The only light comes from the streetlights, half of them busted. There's shabby storefronts, cracked sidewalks littered with debris, two-foot weeds.

Cars cruise--it's an open air marketplace. Hookers loiter at corners, that pseudo casual "fly-me" strut. A woman leads her young son across the street away from a dealer, VENUS, in a bright pink Qiana shirt, who's making a transaction at the curb.

KELLY

Right out in the open.

PAM

A lot of these guys are Henry's.
See the one in the doorway?

(Kelly checks it out)

That's Ju-Ju, he's the dealer.
The guy in the pink shirt's Venus,
his lieutenant. He just makes the
connect. Watch--watch him now.

A clean black Karmann Ghia pulls up to Venus.

KELLY

Straight from the suburbs.

The driver rolls down the window, passes a wad of money. Venus reaches inside his shirt and hands something back. Suddenly, Pam tenses in her seat.

PAM

Oh God--

Kelly reaches for his gun. Pam stares ahead at a candy-apple red Plymouth Roadrunner a half block up.

PAM

I know that car. It's Billy's!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He speeds up, dodges left to get past the Roadrunner--but the Ghia shoots out and stops short. Kelly slams the brakes and winds up next to the Roadrunner. His voice is eerily calm.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Pam, you want to get down on the floor,
honey? Get down. Now.

But Pam freezes as Billy gets out, starts to walk to the back, talking to RICK and BURT in the car. He casually glances in at Pam and slows--he recognizes her.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I see it.

He cranks left, steps on the gas. At the corner, he pauses for traffic then hits a hard right out of there.

PAM

He saw me!

Kelly's eyes dart to the rearview. The double headlights of the Roadrunner make the turn behind them, fishtailing on wet asphalt.

PAM (CONT'D)

Are they--?

KELLY

Yes. Now get down, okay?

She does. Kelly slams the brakes, and the Scout nose dives. The Roadrunner almost eats its trailer hitch and spins out. Kelly accelerates, takes a corner too hard. The street is a strip of vacant lots turned to mud in the rain. The Roadrunner catches up, closes the distance. It blocks a turn, and the window rolls down. Kelly brakes and bounds over the curb into a dark mud lot, but the Roadrunner follows.

KELLY

That's it. Come on. Keep it coming.

PAM

What are you doing?

Kelly downshifts and slows, tires sinking into mud eight inches deep. Then they dig in, and the Scout turns broadside. The Roadrunner spins, and the headlights sink quickly, steam rising. The three men get out in the mud and drizzle and stare as the Scout takes off.

CLOSE KELLY--Bouncing over the empty lot--it's dark and he makes for the nearest curb.

KELLY (looking back)

Wrong car motherfucker.

As he nears the curb, he notices that the street light goes out--glass falls from it flickering as if it exploded--a whoosh of dark movement--a car, headlights off, screeches to a stop blocking him! He slams on the brakes--slides in the mud sideways almost touching the dark sedan--its window rolling down--door opening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM

Kelly!

KELLY

Stay down--roll that window down!

He slams into reverse--careens backwards--a flash from over the roof of the sedan--the back window shatters--another flash--a metallic clang.

KELLY'S HAND--Grasping for his gun as he tries to steer with one hand.

SCOUT--Slides around, shifts into gear--sprays mud, spins wheels and lurches ahead into the darkness.

KELLY--Comes up with the .45, drops it in his lap and rolls down his window.

KELLY'S P.O.V.--The lights on the other side of the lot should silhouette the Roadrunner but he can't see it--its lights are off.

PAM

Oh God! --Oh my God!

Kelly goes over a huge bump into a puddle--water splashes up on the windshield. He suddenly sees two dark figures running right in front of him--swerves to avoid them--whump! The wind-wing and part of the front windshield explode over Pam. She screams.

KELLY

Pam! Pam! Are you hit?

Suddenly the Roadrunner's dark shape is there. He swerves--a blast of flame to his left side--he is thrown forward into the wheel and the front window shatters--another blast. Kelly slumps over the wheel sliding down, the car jerks violently as the clutch is disengaged and stops.

CLOSE GUN--Bounces off his lap and falls between his feet--blood dripping on it.

SCOUT--Stopped--a figure rushes up with a shotgun and pumps one into the door below the window on Kelly's side. Kelly lurches.

HENRY (O.S.)

Cool it! Be quick man.

Billy has the shotgun--pulls the door open. Kelly's ragged limp form falls into the mud. A figure opens the other door.

FIGURE

She's here!

He pulls her out--Billy looks at Kelly and kicks him in the head and stomps his face into the mud. Henry disappears into the darkness. Two men pull Pam away--her hair catches the light. Suddenly the Scout is just there in the rain as if it'd been abandoned.

CUT TO:

JOHNS HOPKINS EMERGENCY--NIGHT--Rear ambulance doors yank open. Orderlies help the DRIVER, MARCONI, pull out the gurney. Kelly's head, neck and shoulder ooze blood through a cervical collar. An IV trails from his arm, a blue tube is down his throat. A medic pumps air into his lung with an ambubag. The pneumatics swing in, and they rush inside.

EMERGENCY WARD--CONTINUOUS--They head down the corridor--Blood trails on the linoleum. E.R. RESIDENT CLIFF SEVERN inspects the wounds as they go.

MARCONI

Shotgun, close range. Several pellets close to the cord. BP's 50/30

SEVERN

Where the hell's neuro?

VOICE

Right here Doctor.

He turns and sees a handsome dark haired WOMAN(40's) walking up behind.

SARAH ROSEN looks at Kelly, sizes up the odds.

DR. ROSEN

Alright people--let's get him into three.

They roll the gurney into the:

EMERGENCY ROOM--Where the medical team hoists him onto a treatment table, strips him down. Eaton passes the ambubag to the respiratory therapist, not missing a beat.

An attractive red-haired NURSE--SANDY O'TOOLE (20's), snaps lead wires to the stickers on Kelly's chest and hooks him to the EKG monitor. Severn secures the head with sandbags then delicately removes the collar.

DR. ROSEN

We need to get some lines in this guy. Give him a couple liters of fluid and hang blood. O neg.

Nurse O'Toole starts the IV's--takes a couple units out of a six-pack cooler. Severn runs a sharp instrument across the sole of Kelly's foot. It moves. Dr. Rosen slips into sterile greens, glancing at the chart, then calmly inspects Kelly.

DR. ROSEN

Looks like we have multiple shotgun wounds to the neck and shoulder. Possible spine. Appears to be in shock. Responses doctor?

SEVERN

Positive. Good Babinsky. No gross indications of peripheral impairment.

DR. ROSEN

Do we have an ID?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON

No Ma'am. The police should be here in a few.

DR. ROSEN

What's with the glass?

EATON

Car window.

DR. ROSEN

Sandy, call O.R. Tell them what we've got. Tell them we're coming now.

Nurse O'Toole heads to the phone. Nurse 2 puts the EKG monitor on the table between Kelly's legs, hooks the IV's on travellers, and they roll him out.

CUT TO:

HENRY TUCKER'S PLACE--NIGHT--Billy washes his hands in the sink--looks over at Tucker, sitting in an easy chair.

BILLY

That was good huh--no more a' that motherfucker--shotgun man, can't trace it neither.

HENRY

I thought you was a good shot--you cracker's supposed to hunt birds and rabbits and shit.

BILLY

Only took three man.

HENRY

Black man woulda' used one--that's cause we're born poor--

He leans up and looks across at another chair.

PAM--Sits rigidly--she's been beaten but she's not shot. She has the look of a trapped animal on her face, a rabbit or a deer, caught by the dogs.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'm so glad you decided to come home baby. You look so good. Put some meat on your bones. Didn't I feed you well honey. Didn't I?

He leans in close.

HENRY (CONT'D) (softly)

I can't get over how good you look--turning me on. That's right. I see it all the time and I'm getting hot baby. I need you. I need to give you what you need--the way you like it. I want you to beg me to stop then tell me not to. I'm gonna' do you good child. You thought I'd be angry didn't you? No your daddy ain't angry. Do I look angry?

CUT TO:

IN THE DEN--DAWN--Candles flicker as if a ritual just took place. There is a glimpse of an arm splayed out over a velveteen ottoman in the center of the room--a naked body on its knees, head turned away.

Doris, alone, moves toward the body. We see wisps of ash blonde hair--Pam. Doris takes her head in her lap and starts to gently brush her tangled hair, tears spilling.

CUT TO:

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR--DAY--KELLY'S P.O.V.--THE FLOOR--Linoleum tiles roll under him as he is wheeled down the hall, then backed into a room. He tries to raise his head. He just sees a woman's legs, the cotton greens ending above the ankles. Then there's a whirring sound as the horizon moves downward.

Kelly is on a powered bed hanging between steel hoops, his body held with restrainers. Nurse O'Toole looks down into his face. Her brown curls are stuffed under a green cap, with friendly blue eyes above a surgical mast.

SANDY

Hi there. I'm your nurse.

KELLY

What--

SANDY

Somebody shot you.

Kelly stares at her face. Slow motion as she unties her mask, smiles. Kelly's face drains--his breath in short gasps, remembering.

KELLY

Oh God--Oh God--Pam.

DRUID PARK--MORNING--The sound of crows over a fountain in the middle of the lake. It's no Trevi, just an eight foot concrete cylinder with jets of water scattered by the wind. Twenty crows circle above. One of the crows dips down, gets through the water and settles on: the body of a young woman, alabaster white. The crow struts over the body--Pam.

CUT TO:

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR--DAY--Lt. Emmet Ryan and Det. Charon walk up the hall flanking Dr. Rosen.

DR. ROSEN

I don't do this, Lieutenant. He's recovering from major trauma--Don't approve of it at all.

RYAN

We both have jobs to do, Doctor.

DR. ROSEN

Then I intend to keep an eye on things in here.

CHARON

What--she wants to sit in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She answers by holding open the door. Ryan, amused--

RYAN

It appears that way Mark.

KELLY'S ROOM--Dr. Rosen watches the questioning, arms crossed. Sandy jots notes on Kelly's chart.

RYAN

How long had you known Miss Madden?

KELLY

Three weeks--She told me she'd been in trouble--that's all--Why?

RYAN

Well she ran with a bad crowd.

Kelly looks at him.

KELLY

You're trying to get at something--
What is it?

Det. Charon leans in.

CHARON

Mr. Kelly--this morning the body
of a young woman was discovered.

Kelly tries to pull himself up.

KELLY

That happens all the time doesn't
it? Why do you think--

DR. ROSEN

Maybe this has gone a little too far
gentlemen.

CHARON

Is this the young woman?

DR. ROSEN

Wait a minute here!

RYAN

Christ Mark--not yet.

Too late--Charon has a photo in front of Kelly's face. Kelly gasps.

KELLY'S P.O.V.--Pam's body is splayed on the fountain--crows walk on her--one stands on her throat.

DR. ROSEN

God dammit! What are you doing!

Kelly convulses--Sandy grabs the photo away--grabs Kelly's hand.

DR. ROSEN (CONT'D)

Get away from him! Get out of my
hospital! Get out now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARON
He has to identify--

Dr. Rosen slaps Charon hard across the face.

DR. ROSEN
Get out of this room!

Charon retreats, surprised, holding his cheek. She looks like she'll come at him again, maybe with something heavier than a hand.

RYAN
Let's calm down Doctor--He didn't mean to--

DR. ROSEN
I won't calm down! He meant to do that!

Ryan leaves--Dr. Rosen follows.

DR. ROSEN (O.S.)
I'm reporting this! You're in trouble
Officer--I'll put you in the street!
Now get out--that's right keep going--

CLOSE KELLY--He sees Sandy looking after them and grabs the photo out of her hand.

SANDY
No!

He catches her wrist, she winces. She's tough, she's seen a lot but what she sees now she's never seen before. His expression is something ancient and feral--his free hand balls into a fist, knuckles white. His expression of bestial rage has turned into a strange comprehension. Then the worst of all--even she gasped--there was death on his face. Death, controlled, disciplined. Death living in the mind of a man. Then a total serenity.

KELLY (softly)
That's her--Tell them--tell them
it's Pam.

He looks up at her.

SANDY
What? What can I do?

KELLY
I think I'm hungry.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER--DAY--A rerun of SINGIN' IN THE RAIN.
Det. Charon sits in the back row of this rundown 1930's film palace. Henry Tucker sits behind him in shadow.

CHARON
He didn't see anything, did he?

HENRY
You tell me man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARON

I don't know.

HENRY

You want me to get him in the hospital?

CHARON

Christ no, this is going on the books as a robbery. It'll go away--I can make it go away. The guy was scared--scared to death. He'll go away.

(turns his head)

What have you got for me?

HENRY

Shipment's coming in this week. Biggest yet.

CHARON

It's about time.

Henry is nervous around Charon. He loses his cool. He is, though he would never admit it, afraid of this man, and Henry Tucker is afraid of very little.

Charon nods. On screen, Donald O'Connor dances wildly with a dress dummy to "Make 'em Laugh."

HOSPITAL REHAB--DAY--Kelly sweats, breathing hard, on a stationary bike, his left arm in a sling. A PHYSICAL THERAPIST, DAVE, checks the heart meter.

DAVE

Your heart rate's one-ninety-five. Don't want you dying on me. I got a lunch date.

Kelly smiles and slows as Sandy enters with a wheelchair.

SANDY

Trying to show us how tough you are?

KELLY

So when do I get out, O'Toole?

SANDY

Another week. Tomorrow we unwrap the arm.

(checking his chart)

Your numbers are great. Pretty soon you'll be running marathons. What's the rush?

KELLY

Something wrong with getting better, moving on? I want to put this behind me--wouldn't you?

Kelly looks away, wipes his face with a towel. Concealment.

SANDY

I want to help you Kelly.

He stops cycling finally and looks up. A moment of trust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

I need to see the pathology report
on Pam.

SANDY

Why would you want--?

KELLY

She went through it alone. She
deserves to have someone who cared
about her know what happened.

SANDY

Those reports are classified.

He gets off the bike and into the chair before Sandy or Dave
can assist.

KELLY'S ROOM--Sandy wheels Kelly back inside, and they go
through the routine in silence. As she leaves, Sandy stops
at the door. The words are difficult.

SANDY

I never knew what happened to my own
husband. I still don't know why
he died. He was alone.

KELLY

Vietnam?

SANDY

How did you know?

KELLY

What else?

SANDY

I know how you feel.

KELLY

Maybe--Maybe you do O'Toole.

CUT TO:

POPE AIR FORCE BASE--A C-141 jet transport lands. Later its
cargo is being unloaded--dark green body bags of Americans
killed in Vietnam.

RECEIVING CENTER--Rows of examining tables. Civilian
morticians do their grim job.

CLOSE MORTICIAN--At table 12. He unzips the bag, checks the
ID card on the stark white corpse. A white tag is tucked
under the left arm. He pockets the card, looks down the line
as a uniformed CAPTAIN and SERGEANT walk away. The Captain
checks ID cards against the manifest on the Sergeant's
clipboard.

CAPTAIN

Spec. 4 Duane Kendall.

The Sergeant nods.

They move away. The Mortician unzips the bag further--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

reaches in and pulls a thread from the body's torso--it comes out easily. His hand goes into the body cavity quickly and removes four plastic packets of white powder, which he puts in his bag.

CUT TO:

HENRY--Picking up the phone.

HENRY
Yeah.

VOICE
Eight.

The line goes dead. Henry dials a number.

CHARON
Detective Lt. Charon--Narcotics--

HENRY
Eight.

He hangs up, sits back watching a baseball game--a double, the announcer and crowd excited.

HENRY (CONT'D)
That's good man--good.

DISSOLVE TO:

HOSPITAL--DAY--An empty room--used for conferences. Kelly sits in a wheelchair across from Ryan and Charon. Kelly looks good.

RYAN
Did you see anyone--any of the people--

KELLY
No--it was dark--I think they took out the street lights--I rolled my window down.

CHARON
That saved your life--window stopped most of the second shotgun blast.

KELLY
Well I guess I was lucky--

CHARON
Where'd they come from? Left or right side?

KELLY
I was looking the wrong way. She said something but I didn't get around. Pam--Pam saw them--I turned right but I never made it.

He looks down, beaten--as if to think of it just not being possible. He shakes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARON

Did she ever mention any names to you? Anything else?

KELLY

No--she was--ashamed and didn't want me to know that.

He looks up at them.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Not much help is it?

A silence, they all know they need more.

RYAN

Do you need that wheelchair?

KELLY

No--but I don't cross Dr. Rosen.

CHARON

I understand. You were in the Navy? Diver?

KELLY

That's right--I'm a commercial diver.

CHARON

Were you in Vietnam John?

KELLY

Yeah--not really--I was assigned to the Carrier Ranger. I used to go under her and clean the pumps.

CHARON

What're you gonna' do now?

KELLY

I don't know. I wanta' get away from here. Maybe I can go back in the Navy--I just don't know.

RYAN

I don't blame you--Your car's been cleaned up--bodywork's done. Your--gun is in the back--unloaded. Best keep it that way.

Ryan gets up.

RYAN

We'll let you know if we need anything else. Thanks a lot John.

CHARON

I'm sorry about what happened that first time. Pretty callous of me but we get frustrated.

KELLY

Don't mention it--I understand.

CUT TO:

HOSPITAL HALLWAY--Ryan and Charon walk down a crowded hallway towards the entrance.

RYAN

Couple more days and you can make it official.

CHARON

What's official?

RYAN

That this case is going south.

They pass Dr. Rosen who comes out a side door dressed in a lab coat. She glares at them.

CHARON

Professor Rosen, so nice to see you today.

ROSEN

Don't bet on it.

CHARON

Like your hair.

They move on quickly. She glares at them a moment--touches her hair.

RYAN

Nobody saw anything. Nobody knew the pimp the girl worked for. Nobody knew who she was.

CHARON

Yeah--and the boyfriend didn't see shit before or after he was shot. This could hurt my success rate--what if I don't get promoted next board?

RYAN

You'll get promoted--you're too good a politician.

They go out the door into the night.

CUT TO:

KELLY'S ROOM--DAY--He's buttoning a new shirt--has some things packed in a bag, puts them on the empty wheelchair. The phone rings.

KELLY

Hello, John Kelly.

PHONE (V.O.)

Hello Kelly--Dutch Maxwell.

KELLY

Sir.

MAXWELL (V.O.)

Heard you were in the hospital son.

KELLY

I'm getting out right now Sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAXWELL (V.O.)

Good--I have some things I need to talk to you about. Are you fit?

KELLY

Getting better Sir--everything seems to work.

MAXWELL (V.O.)

Next week--Thursday--that good? I'll come to your place.

CUT TO:

THE SCOUT--Is brought up to the entrance. Kelly waits in a wheelchair with Sandy holding it. Dr. Rosen stands to one side.

DR. ROSEN

We're through with you Mr. Kelly. I'll want to see you in two weeks.

He gets up and turns--she shakes his hand.

DR. ROSEN

I like you Kelly--'cause you don't feel sorry for yourself. Drive safely and stay away from drugs and firearms.

She turns and leaves. Kelly gets in--sees a brown manila envelope on the seat. His name written on it, and printed below: MEDICAL EXAMINER.

KELLY

Thank you O'Toole.

She hands him a paper.

SANDY

My address--if you need anything.

KELLY

We'll be talking.

SANDY

Good luck Kelly--Get out of here.

She turns the wheelchair and walks away. He watches her a moment then leaves.

CUT TO:

KELLY--Running on the mud near his bunker--lifting weights with his bad arm--tying knots on the deck of the Springer with his bad hand--finally, swimming next to the bunker. He swims like a SEAL. He stops, hears something--looks up. A helicopter swoops over low and turns--a Huey--olive drab.

CLOSE HELICOPTER--As it lands--the door slides open. Admiral Maxwell in undress whites.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLY'S BUNKER--Maps spread out on tables--the crew stands outside. Kelly hands Maxwell a coke--looks at a position marked on the map.

MAXWELL
The objective--here.
(he taps a spot marked red)

KELLY
Long way to swim.

Maxwell pulls out the file marked BOXWOOD GREEN.

MAXWELL
Chief, what we're going to talk about is very sensitive.

KELLY
Why me Sir?

MAXWELL
You're the only person in the country who's seen this area from ground level.

He takes a top secret envelope out--removes blown up photos--spreads them out. Kelly looks at the photos of Zacharias and the others, clearly affected by the images.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
Those men are officially dead John.
This one, Zacharias--
(he taps the photo)
--is positively ID'd as an Air Force Colonel.

KELLY
You want to go in and get them out.
Like Son Tay.

Those two words hang in the air--Son Tay. Kelly closes the file, sets it back on the table. Maxwell watches closely.

MAXWELL
Those men are never coming home. We have reason to believe they're being interrogated by Russians or Chinese. Those who've been identified held sensitive positions before their tours. Zacharias there, worked for SAC planning.

He point to another photo--different date and angle. A figure is barely seen under a roof, and his face is blocked by the overhang.

MAXWELL
That looks like a Russian uniform.

He looks at Kelly.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
What happened to put you in the hospital--you've got scars on your neck.

KELLY
Long story Sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAXWELL
Classified son?

KELLY
Sort of.

MAXWELL
You'll tell me in time--
(pause)
Well Kelly, we've got a chance.
What do you say?

Kelly doesn't hesitate.

KELLY
I'm glad I can be of help Sir. I'm in.

BATTERY ISLAND--DAY--The chopper revs up as Kelly walks Maxwell out.

MAXWELL
No phones, no mail. It's all face to
face contact. Come see me next
Wednesday--0900--

Maxwell hands him a Pentagon pass, then looks at him with fatherly concern.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
Keep up the swimming son.

Kelly salutes.

Maxwell Returns it, then crosses to the chopper. As it lifts off, he looks down at Kelly until he disappears into the haze.

CUT TO:

P.O.W. CAMP--NORTH VIETNAM--Vietnamese guards pace outside of a small office attached to the compound buildings. The Camp Commandant strides by--sees the door is closed and looks disdainfully in the window.

ZACHARIAS--Looking awful, sits at a nice table in Grishanov's office. A guard lays out place mats--brandy is already there, glasses, utensils.

GRISHANOV
American canned spinach. S and W brand.

It is placed on the table in a Chinese bowl, steaming.

GRISHANOV (CONT'D)
Baked beans with pork--and Spam.

Spam steams in a plate--Grishanov cuts off a slice, and is about to put it on Zacharias' plate.

ZACHARIAS
Not for me Colonel--watching my diet.

GRISHANOV
You don't eat pork? Is that it?
Are you a Black Muslim?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACHARIAS
I've nothing against pork, but I don't eat it when my comrades are sipping gruel. You can appreciate that I'm sure.

Grishanov leans back, smiles.

GRISHANOV
Very noble--but how do you know what your comrades are eating?

ZACHARIAS
We talk.

GRISHANOV
Yes--the tap code--you know we could have it stopped.

ZACHARIAS
You could kill us but that wouldn't be productive would it?

GRISHANOV
What would?

ZACHARIAS
Feed my buddies and we'll feel more like guests.

Grishanov laughs.

GRISHANOV
You are an interesting man Colonel--an honest man.

ZACHARIAS
I wouldn't go that far--

Grishanov wolfs down the Spam and spinach.

GRISHANOV
You come from a place called Salt Lake? It is salty--the ocean is 100 kilometers away?

ZACHARIAS
It is salty--

GRISHANOV
There are mountains?

ZACHARIAS
Wasach mountains.

GRISHANOV
You ski? I like to ski.

ZACHARIAS
The lift lines bug me on the weekends but I bet you don't have that problem.

GRISHANOV
Like flying isn't it--to ski?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACHARIAS

That's all you get for free Colonel.
By the way how're you doing on those
cigars?

Grishanov looks sheepish--reaches into his desk and withdraws
a small Partagas--cuts it--hands it to Zacharias.

GRISHANOV

Product of Communism.

He lights it with a Zippo. Zacharias draws--smiles.

ZACHARIAS

Spoils of war. Can I go?

He moves the chair--a guard slaps him hard across the ear.
Grishanov says something in Vietnamese. The guard stands to.

GRISHANOV

You may leave.

He stands with difficulty, takes a step.

GRISHANOV

"No Viet Cong ever called me a
Nigger.?"

Zacharias stops.

ZACHARIAS

Mohammed Ali--

GRISHANOV

How do you feel about that?

ZACHARIAS

We were eighteen black Captains in
Command and Staff College. Seventeen
made Lieutenant Colonel or better.

GRISHANOV

And you--were the best? A Thud
pilot F-105--Wild Weasel.

ZACHARIAS

No, I was the worst--you shot me
down. Good afternoon Colonel.

The guards hustle him out.

CUT TO:

KELLY--At the wheel of the Springer, slipping across a glassy
morning on Chesapeake Bay. The wind blows his hair, his face
has color. He looks more robust. He reaches into his map
bin for his log and sees a t-shirt that Pam wore. He picks
it up slowly--smells it--holds it against his face. His eyes
do not show a trace of emotion. He slowly puts it back.

CUT TO:

GUN SHOW--HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM--A flea market--tables with
rifles and pistols, old Western memorabilia, ammo, militaria.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is crowded--people look and haggle. Kelly moves through as part of the crowd.

PISTOLS--Mostly junk, on a table.

KELLY (O.S.)

That High Standard Sport King--

The DEALER behind the table reaches for it, looks up at Kelly--hands the .22 cal. automatic to him.

KELLY

Good bore?

He hands him a bore sight--racks the slide. Kelly examines it.

DEALER

I got an extra six inch barrel--
stone new--and another four inch
that's got some blue wear.

Kelly looks at the price tag--\$85.

KELLY

What's your best deal with both extra
barrels?

CUT TO:

PENTAGON--Kelly walking in the entrance--talking to security.

KELLY--Walks down the wide hallway. On the walls are superb paintings of Naval engagements--from 1812 through Korea. Kelly stops at a spectacular painting of the Destroyer Johnston at Leyte Gulf. He turns around. Admiral Maxwell is standing there.

MAXWELL

A few tin cans--taking on a Jap
battle fleet. Saved McArthur's ass--
(pause)
Sometimes it does make a difference.

CUT TO:

MAXWELL'S OFFICE--Maps laid out--files, recon photos. Maxwell sits down, ROBERT RITTER comes in. Kelly stands.

MAXWELL

Kelly, this is Robert Ritter. He
works for the CIA, good little spy.

Ritter reaches out, shakes Kelly's hand.

RITTER

You ever interact with Agency people
while you were over there, Kelly?

KELLY

Indirectly.

RITTER

And?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY
You want it straight Sir?

RITTER
That's exactly what I want.

KELLY
We had security problems Sir.

RITTER
Not on this.

They move to the map.

RITTER
Sender Green is new, less than two years old.

KELLY
How are you planning to get in Sir.

RITTER
Helicopter insertion, maybe even try an amphibious assault and head up this road.

KELLY
Too far. Too many people with guns. The road isn't even as good as it looks here. Has to be choppers.

He catches a look between Ritter and Maxwell--not good news.

KELLY (CONT'D)
You need to keep it lean. The more complicated it gets, the easier it is to go wrong.

RITTER
Well, lean is what we're going for, Kelly. We're handling this as a "black" project. That means it doesn't exist.

Maxwell takes a beat. It pains him to say it.

MAXWELL
The Son Tay job was compromised. Someone on our side burned that mission.

KELLY
Jesus, why?

MAXWELL
I don't know--but I'd sure like to meet the gentleman so I could ask him.

RITTER
Welcome to the real world of intelligence operations.

MAXWELL
The first thing we better do is study Son Tay--After action file is at Eglin Air Force Base--Florida.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITTER

We'll have to send someone low profile.

They look at Kelly.

KELLY

I'm only a Chief Sir.

RITTER

No Kelly--You're now Mr. Clark.

He opens up a drawer and puts a new ID and other fresh documents down. Kelly looks at it--his old Navy photo is on various ID's--DOD, CIA, drivers licenses(3) and a D.C. Police permit to carry concealed weapon.

KELLY

Mr. Clark.

RITTER

You're a consultant for the Navy, gathering material for a very low level report. Half the money we spend in this agency goes out the door that way.

KELLY (looking at it all)

Is there a get out of jail free card?

RITTER

Don't let it go to your head.

MAXWELL

Before you go to Eglin, I want you to compile a wish list of equipment--everything you could possibly need.

KELLY

A wish list--

CUT TO:

KELLY--BUNKER--A cold afternoon--wind blowing off the bay--he walks over to a second bunker, opens the lock on the door.

INT. BUNKER--He turns on the light to reveal a decently equipped machine shop--lathes, drill presses--a South Bend mill, everything that a machine shop on a destroyer would have.

WORKBENCH--He takes the High Standard Sport King out, lays it on the bench. Then he takes another one out, and another--

PISTOLS--Four of them--and about six extra barrels.

CUT TO:

LATHE--Turning down the easily detachable barrels.

BUNKER--NIGHT--The only light showing comes from the machine shop.

BAFFLES--Round disks with a hole in the center--about twenty of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TUBE--Being threaded with a die.

TUBE--In vice--Kelly filing down a sight which has been slotted and soldered on.

METAL PARTS--Being dropped in a blueing tank.

BUNKER--DAWN--The light still on.

OUTSIDE--Kelly slides a magazine into the pistol--racks the slide--aims at a beer bottle--shoots the top off--a poof but the loudest noise is the bolt clicking.

INT. BUNKER--KELLY--Modifies the safety lever to lock the bolt.

OUTSIDE--Kelly aiming--a single shot--the loudest noise on the wind is the bottle breaking.

CUT TO:

KELLY--ASLEEP--Light pours in the slits of the bunker. It is late in the day. The phone rings. Kelly shakes himself awake, answers it.

VOICE (V.O. FEMALE)
Mr. Clark? --Mr. John Clark?

KELLY
Yes--Yes--I'm here.

VOICE (V.O. FEMALE)
Mr. Clark we have airline travel arrangements for you. You'll be flying Piedmont Flight 167 to New Orleans at 9:15 tonight. Tomorrow you'll have a rental car and drive to Eglin. Your return is open.

KELLY
Did you say New Orleans?

CUT TO:

FRENCH QUARTER--NEW ORLEANS--NIGHT--The street is alive with lights and people. Various kinds of jazz drift on the air for the tourists. On the corner is Chats Sauvage, a nightclub--numerous young girls walk up and down the street in front--ogled by businessmen and redneck farmers who come to spend money. All around is a party atmosphere well keyed to seduce out-of-towners. A white Cadillac Eldorado pulls up to Chats Sauvage. The door opens--a well shaped tight leg followed by the girl, sixteen or seventeen, demure with an innocent sexuality. She waits for her man as he exchanges words with some sort of assistant who takes the car.

CLOSE PIERRE LAMARCK--He looks around, waves to a few people and walks his girl into the club. As he hesitates at the door to exchange a word or two, the girl looks around appraising the men who look her up and down. She sees:

A LEAN BUSINESSMAN--In a loose tropical suit--looks like money but not too much. She exchanges glances with him. It is Kelly. He walks by.

CUT TO:

ALLEY--In back of the busy street--quiet here--cats on fire escapes--lots of trash. Kelly looks down a narrow passageway to the street--there's a door that opens into the club. He takes a couple of boxes out of a dumpster and pushes them across another narrow alley blocking it. He brushes himself off.

CUT TO:

PIERRE LAMARCK--Sitting in a corner booth--a young girl on either side of him. He wears a three piece white suit and whispers in one of the girl's ears. She giggles and turns and kisses him and then slides out. Lamarck takes a long drink of beer.

CUT TO:

KELLY--AT BAR--He holds a beer and watches Lamarck in the mirror. The club is crowded and dancers sway between him and Lamarck, but he can see another girl go up to the booth and lean over to him. Kelly looks up at the bartender.

BARTENDER

But there are lots of girls here Monsieur--lot of them.

KELLY

I'm shy.

BARTENDER

That man in the corner--he is Pierre Lamarck--he can help you.

CUT TO:

LAMARCK--Dancing with a black girl, slow and sensual. He smiles and turns, a look of pleasant disinterest--completes his turn and pulls her to him. The dance ends. He gracefully spins her and leads her to someone, laughing to her.

CUT TO:

KELLY--Different position--far from the bar, away from lights, in a crowd. He still holds the same beer.

CUT TO:

LAMARCK--Drinking a third beer while the dancers gyrate before him. He has some money on the table, a woman's hands on his. He takes a gold money clip from his pocket and adds the bills to it.

CUT TO:

CLOSE KELLY--Near the men's room--dense smoke. Kelly has on sunglasses. He himself smokes a small cigar. He still has the same beer. He watches Lamarck tipping up his fourth glass--two different girls sit with him. He says something to one of them and she slides out of the booth, he follows. Kelly goes into the men's room.

CUT TO:

LAMARCK--Relieving himself at the urinal while checking out his appearance in the mirror. Behind him, Kelly washes his hands--turns as Lamarck flushes.

KELLY
You're Pierre aren't you?

LAMARK
That's right--do you know me?
I don't owe you any money do I?

KELLY
Oh, no--I remember you from a few years back. I met you then.

LAMARCK
Take off the shades my man so I can see.

He does.

LAMARCK (CONT'D)
Yes young man, what can Pierre do for you?

KELLY
I like the ladies--I had one named Pam--must be two--three years ago.

LAMARCK
Pam? I don't recall--but I remember you my man. Don't be embarrassed.

He combs his hair in the mirror.

LAMARCK (CONT'D)
All of us like the company of the ladies when we're away from home. You are away from home ain't you?

KELLY
Yes--I like the ladies--and I--like to party.

Lamarck stops.

LAMARCK
Yeah, happy stuff man--good. A lady has to have the proper mood. She has to be happy.

At that moment a couple of kids come in.

LAMARCK (CONT'D)
Come with me Sir--Come with Pierre.

CUT TO:

ALLEY--They come out the side door, down the narrow passage--dark.

LAMARCK
I have lots of girls young and fresh.

KELLY
You don't remember Pam?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They emerge into dim light.

LAMARCK
There are so many.

He passes back into dark shadow as Kelly passes by--a flicker of metal shines as his hand moves. Now both are obscured by darkness. Lamarck stops.

LAMARCK (CONT'D)
What are you doing? My man that is very foolish. Can you need money so bad?

KELLY
Your gun--be slow--careful--the other hand--keep it there.

LAMARCK
Why would I have a gun?

KELLY
Do I look stupid. Good--throw it.

The gun chatters on the ground--sparkles in the dim light.

KELLY (CONT'D)
You don't remember Pam?

LAMARCK
No my man--What is she to you? A girlfriend?

KELLY
No--she's dead.

CLOSE LAMARCK--Only his eyes show, wide like a cat's--but darting on about his silhouetted face.

LAMARCK
If I knew her, it was only business.

KELLY
I know that Mr. Lamarck, but someone killed her.

LAMARCK
But it wasn't me!

KELLY
I know that too.

CLOSER--Lamarck's eyes seem to cry out.

LAMARCK
Then why are you doing this?

CLOSE KELLY'S SILHOUETTED PROFILE--Just the hint of light off one eye.

KELLY
Practice.

FULL SHOT--Clack, clack--the sound of the bolt. A gasp of breath--Lamarck's body tumbles out of the shadow--spasms and a sparkle leaps from his head. Kelly walks down the alley past the dumpster.

(CONTINUED)

RITTER--Walking from the Pentagon parking lot to his office. He carries a sheath of papers--mail--etc., goes over them, comes up with a Manila envelope--he opens it as he walks--looks at a report.

CLOSE REPORT--The cover reads: CLASSIFIED--EYES ONLY--
KINGPIN COMPILED ANALYSIS--JOHN CLARK

CUT TO:

MAXWELL--In his office reading the same report.

KELLY (V.O.)

Though we do not presently know the complete reasons for Kingpin's failure--these factors contributed and must be avoided.

CUT TO:

KELLY--Talking to a LANDLORD of a modest apartment in urban Baltimore.

KELLY (V.O.)

Forward Operations Base--too far from the target. The raiders were exposed to enemy radars and visual sightings as they ingressed to target--A launch and support site close in--possibly offshore, is essential--

KELLY (to Landlord)

Would six-sixty for three months be alright--I can give you an out of state check or I could come up with some cash.

LANDLORD

Cash would be fine.

CUT TO:

KELLY--Talking to a rural HIPPIE COUPLE in Virginia who stand next to an older Ford Falcon.

KELLY (V.O.)

Must have sufficient assets to insert team and extract if necessary. Kingpin had no backup helicopters if something had gone wrong.

HIPPIE GIRL

We'll take eleven hundred--okay?

KELLY

Alright I can do that.

He reaches into his pocket, comes up with a large roll--Lamarck's roll, in his gold clip.

CUT TO:

KELLY'S APARTMENT--Bare except for the bed, a desk, and a closet. Kelly has not shaved and has a good stubble growing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He has a pile of used clothing that he goes through, selecting pants, coat, a shirt.

KELLY (V.O.)

Equipment must not be out of the ordinary lest it draw attention within the community and open the possibility of further security leaks.

CLOSE OLD BASKETBALL SHOES--Four pair all the same size. Kelly paints them black with a can of spray paint.

CLOSE GUN--The High Standard Sport King--Kelly polishes the bolt face with a file and emery cloth(changes its signature), polishes the extractor, fits on a second silencer--a number 2 painted discreetly on it.

KELLY

Assault forces should be drawn from where they will least be noticed--
Recommendation--U.S.M.C.

CUT TO:

STREET--NIGHT--Kelly parks the Falcon on a deserted tenement street--the neighborhood is not good.

KELLY (V.O.)

Most important will be on-site on the ground intelligence.

He gets out of the car. He looks awful--grubby, unshaven, a filthy coat, his hair matted, face dirty--a homeless wino. He opens a pint of cheap rum and pats himself with it. He walks with a casual aimless stride. Cars pass on the main street several blocks ahead.

KELLY (V.O.)

We must not forget that even though Kingpin was successful in assaulting Son Tay prison--the prison was empty and had been so for at least a week.

The area is getting more familiar--this is Billy's ground. Kelly looks for a red Roadrunner--a cop car passes. Kelly notes the time on his darkened watch under his wrist.

CUT TO:

MAIN STREET--Kelly sits in the shadows--his hand over his face. He dumps the rum out on the sidewalk, a picture of a man in terminal despair. Several people walk by, lights of cars drift in and out.

CLOSE KELLY--Looking through his fingers, he scans the buildings. He sees that next to him is a four story tenement. He looks up at it towering above him--dark, abandoned.

CUT TO:

KELLY--Climbing up the stairs in the tenement building. He goes down a filthy shattered hallway--rats scurry out of his way. He is as silent as a cat--looks into an open doorway--moves to another, goes in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROOM--A shattered window overlooking the street. Kelly moves up from the unlit side, staying in the shadows. He quietly pulls a ruined sofa over--sits down. Quickly he reaches into his clothes and removes a small pair of 7X35 binoculars--lays them down. Taped on the inside of his jacket is a notebook and pen. The glint of the Sport King's butt shows in his belt. He sits back and watches.

KELLY' P.O.V.--A cop car goes by again.

KELLY--Writes the time in his log.

KELLY'S P.O.V.--He scans the various people up the block. A bus comes to a stop, obliterating his view.

KELLY (O.S.)
Uptown fifty two--five minutes
thirty five seconds late--

The number 52 on the bus becomes visible. As the bus pulls away, a figure crosses the street in shadow. Kelly catches a glimpse of a bright flowery shirt or jacket. It is VENUS, hair shining. He walks to what seems a shadow and stops. A thin drift of smoke curls up from the shadow. Venus exchanges something.

KELLY (O.S.)
There you are.

Now a MAN'S profile can be seen.

KELLY (O.S.)
Venus and JuJu.

CLOSE KELLY--He writes in his logbook, and marks it on a well drawn map he's unfolded. He writes: 1:05 JUJU--VENUS.

CUT TO:

KELLY'S EYES--They flick--his wrist comes up--the time: 2:42. It's been more than two hours but Kelly's eyes are as alert as when he first got here. He turns back to the street.

KELLY
--Car twenty one, where are you?

The squad car turns down a side street and passes under him. He looks to JUJU.

P.O.V. BINOCULARS--JuJu has disappeared. The squad car goes by--a whiff of smoke comes up from the shadow. JuJu stands up. Kelly can see him clearly. He walks out in the street and towards us on the sidewalk, carrying a can of beer. He turns into an alley, is partially obscured and relieves himself, still holding the can.

KELLY
That's right my man--that's nice.

JuJu walks back opening another can--throws the old one in the alley. He goes back to his shadow--a car pulls up--customers.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE KELLY--He gathers up his equipment--secures his log.

KELLY (V.O.)
My conclusion gentlemen is that
what really went wrong at Son
Tay was the time factor.

He leaves his perch silently.

CUT TO:

STREET--Kelly stumbles across the street and then slips
between houses and makes his way quickly to the alley in
back.

KELLY (V.O.)
It simply took too long--from planning
to operation. In the search for perfection
on Kingpin, security was lost.

ALLEYWAY--Kelly moves quickly down the alleyway that JuJu
pissed in. He takes a woman's handbag from the back of his
waist and lays it down in the delta of a light shaft--open.
The final touch, he takes Lamarck's gold money clip, lays it
where it sparkles--he dissolves into the shadow.

CLOSE KELLY--He is breathing harder--his adrenaline is up.

KELLY (V.O.)
What must be done with Sender Green
is to act quickly or not at all.
Safety must be secondary to speed
and stealth.

CLOSE GUN--He pushes up the modified safety to block the
bolt. He opens an exhaust screw on the bottom of the
silencer, and with a small can of shaving cream--squirts it
in. The sound of the shaving cream sounds incredibly loud.
He pockets the aerosol can and now the silencer is filled--
bolt blocked--ultimate efficiency.

CLOSE KELLY'S WATCH--Another forty-five minutes have passed.
Kelly looks up to see the squad car go by. He now has become
incredibly calm--as if he were a reptile--a snake.

CLOSE KELLY'S EYES--He senses something--footsteps! They
grow louder--incredibly loud, closer!

KELLY'S P.O.V.--ALLEYWAY--A figure suddenly emerges and
stands looking into the alleyway. We can't see JuJu's face--
it is in silhouette. He fumbles with his pants--pisses
towards us. Steam rises from the ground. He finishes, turns
and leaves. The footsteps are still loud.

CLOSE KELLY--He doesn't breathe--he is disappointed but he is
patient and patience pays off. The footsteps stop--turns--
come back.

ALLEYWAY--JuJu comes back into the alley, looking as he did
before--throws his beer can at us.

JUJU
Fuck--What is this shit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks forward--comes to the bag--leans down looking for a second. He kneels and reaches out for the money clip. Kelly's hand comes from the side--puts the barrel almost on the back of his neck--pift!--almost indiscernible--wet shaving cream vaporizes at the muzzle. JuJu stiffens and suddenly goes limp as a rag--sprawled on top of the bag and clip. His leg kicks twice and then nothing. The muzzle of the gun emits just a hint of vaporous smoke before it is tucked into Kelly's waistband.

CUT TO:

KELLY--Driving through the night in his Falcon. He comes to a huge industrial waste area--thousands of dumpsters. He pulls the rubber surgical gloves from his hands. He is no longer wearing the same clothes. He gets out--quickly puts the jacket in one dumpster, the pants in another and the gloves in a third. He runs back to the car.

CUT TO:

CHESAPEAKE BAY--DAWN--The Springer cuts across the morning glass. Kelly is next to the wheel at a small bench with a handsaw. He cuts the barrel into four pieces.

BRIDGE--Moving now at a good clip--Kelly scatters the baffles and cut silencer tube along with the barrel pieces.

CLOSE GUN--He puts another standard six inch barrel on it--lays it next to the wheel.

CUT TO:

BUNKER--MORNING--A fire blazing in the incinerator. Kelly's shoes--melting and being consumed.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER--Kelly is asleep like a baby.

CUT TO:

PARK--OUTSIDE THE PENTAGON--Maxwell and Ritter sit on a bench. Kelly kneels and draws in the dirt.

KELLY

Use weather to get in close--offshore.
This time of year you got the weather.

RITTER

How big?

KELLY

Twenty-five people, max. Assault goes
in as the evac units are landing.
Five minutes, tops.

MAXWELL

You're an optimist Kelly.

RITTER

And on site--real time intel--I
guess that's you--Mr. Clark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY
That's me.

CUT TO:

JOHNS HOPKINS--DAY--Kelly sits with his shirt off on a table, his scars have healed well. Dr. Rosen looks at a clipboard. A nurse has just finished taking his blood pressure.

DR. ROSEN
I'm impressed Kelly.

KELLY
Five mile swim--everyday whether I need it or not.

DR. ROSEN
A lot of people would like to have your blood pressure--What about the rest of it? How're you really feeling?

KELLY
Time heals everything. I have time.

At that moment Sandy walks in. Kelly grabs his shirt and covers up.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Please O'Toole!

They crack up. Kelly laughs too--making a face at Sandy.

KELLY (CONT'D)
You ought to smile more often O'Toole--it's quite pretty.

Dr. Rosen smiles and leaves.

DR. ROSEN
Yeah--loosen up a few turns Sandy--like me.

They stare after her.

SANDY
You're looking healthy for a guy that got shot six weeks ago. Put your shirt back on--you trying to impress me?

KELLY
Do you take lessons from Dr. Rosen?

SANDY
I don't need lessons.

KELLY
Would it be presumptuous if I asked you to have lunch--

SANDY
Yes it would--you think I've got nothing to do? People are sick and dying and you think I can eat lunch? Come on--I'll walk you out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gets up--they go to the door.

KELLY
When do you eat?

SANDY
Only late at night when no one's
watching.

PARKING LOT--They walk out saying nothing--there's a feeling
between them, a comfort, but neither will admit it.

KELLY
I've never thanked you.

SANDY
For what?

KELLY
For everything you did for me--
for all of it.

SANDY
Yeah you did--you got better. Not
everyone gets better--most get worse.

They come to his car, he smiles at her.

KELLY
Long walk for someone without the
time to eat lunch.

SANDY
Don't mention it.

KELLY
You know--I'd like to have dinner
with you O'Toole. Sometime--late
when nobody's around watching. Not
now but sometime--

SANDY
I'll think about it.

She turns and goes back, leaving him. He opens his door--she
gives a quick glance back--he smiles to himself.

CUT TO:

KELLY'S APARTMENT--DUSK--He is wearing a really filthy pair
of pants and a soiled undershirt. He looks in the mirror,
having just finished shaving his hair off into a tight buzz
cut. A greasy black wig lays on the bed next to his gun.

CUT TO:

DRUG STREET--NIGHT--Two street pushers talk to each other,
give each other a brother's handshake and go their separate
ways. A girl comes down a stoop and walks with the one
coming toward us. They wave to someone, yell something but
we don't hear.

CLOSE CLIPBOARD LOGBOOK--The faint tinged light of the town
is enough to see by. It reads: HEADING--JAN 19 1200 HRS--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A FULL COMPLIMENT--ALL PERSONNEL ACTIVE. Down to another entry: JAN 22 0300 HRS--MOVEMENT OF PRIMARY UNITS TO NEW POSITIONS--TURF CONTROL? INFRASTRUCTURE STILL UNCLEAR. Further down: JAN 23--0100 HRS--NEW CADRE--ARCHIE AND JUGHEAD--WORK CLOSE--BIG BOB--LITTLE BOB--TOO EXPOSED. DAGWOOD--ISOLATED, GOOD POTENTIAL.

CLOSER--DAGWOOD is walking towards us with the girl on his arm. He whispers in her ear--puts something in her hand. She kisses him and crosses the street. Dagwood walks behind a dark stairway--obscured.

CLOSE KELLY--In his perch looking at his watch--checks the pockets of a filthy Army field jacket to make sure he's left nothing. His hair is long and greasy--he wears bell bottom jeans--a dirty itinerant hippie. He moves out.

KELLY

Just about now.

CUT TO:

DAGWOOD--Leans against the wall of an alley. On the street Venus walks up. They say a few words--make an exchange.

DARK ALLEY--Kelly moving fast dodging newspaper and broken glass. As he approaches the light, his pistol comes up.

ARCHWAY--To street--Dagwood lights a cigarette for Venus and then one for himself. The light is bright and momentarily impairs their night vision. They can't see into the alley but they hear:

KELLY (O.S.)

Don't move.

DAGWOOD

What the fu--?

He squints to see Kelly camouflaged in the shadows, then sees the pistol aimed at him.

KELLY

Business good tonight?

DAGWOOD

What you want mother?

Venus finally hears them, turns and freezes.

VENUS

Hey muh-fuh--

KELLY

Quiet. In the tunnel, facedown, quick.

Kelly waves them inside, checks the street. They go in the alley and get prone. Kelly searches them, takes Dagwood's rusty .32. Then he unwraps electrical wire from his waist, ties it tightly around their hands, and rolls them over.

VENUS

You a cop?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAGWOOD
Shut the fuck up man.

KELLY
I'm not a cop.

A clatter of cans at the other end of the passage--Kelly's alarm. He looks up, aims. But it's just an alley cat. He lowers the gun back to them.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Looking for a guy name of Billy,
drives a red Roadrunner.

VENUS
What? You dickin' me?

KELLY
Answer the question please.

VENUS
You get you fucking ass outta' here.

Kelly turns the gun slightly and fires two rounds into Venus' head. Blood spatters on Dagwood's face, and he jerks away.

KELLY
I said please.

DAGWOOD
Sweet Jesus--Motherfucker.

KELLY
Billy--red Plymouth Roadrunner, loves
to show it off. He's a distributor.
I want to know where he hangs out.

DAGWOOD
Look man I can't--I could get killed man!

KELLY
That's a funny thing to say. I like
you--but I can always ask someone else.

He puts the gun into the back of his neck.

DAGWOOD
Please! Please mother don't!
Billy's mean--fucker's bad--animal
fucking bad.

KELLY
Where--please.

DAGWOOD
Bar called "The Blind" man. The
dude works it--he's there man.

Kelly gets up--silhouetted briefly in the archway. Then in the shadow--

KELLY
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dagwood hurls himself over to see his tormentor. Clack-clack. He stiffens, his mouth gaping open. He tries to get his feet under him and then goes down in a heap. Kelly is already gone.

CUT TO:

ITALIAN RESTAURANT--Upscale, menu in Italian--lots of plants and paintings. Henry Tucker expertly rolls his angel hair pasta with fork and spoon. He is dressed well, though a bit flashy.

VOICE (O.S.)

They're real happy.

Henry looks up at Tony Piaggi sitting across from him. Tony wears expensive Italian silk, sleek but conservative.

HENRY

Why shouldn't they be--they have the best product on the street.

PIAGGI

Not everyone's happy. No one wants the French stuff now. Especially with our pricing.

HENRY

Competition--it's called--business.

PIAGGI

Our competitors can try and spoil the market.

Henry takes a bite of veal.

HENRY

Do I have anything to worry about Tony?

PIAGGI

No--just be careful.

HENRY

I've always been a careful man. I keep my business tight and small--a lot of businesses expand too quickly.

PIAGGI

You're smart Henry--you get smarter all the time. You're a very clever--small timer.

Henry ignores the insult--smiles--pours some wine into Piaggi's glass.

HENRY

More wine? --It's very fruity--good body.

PIAGGI

I don't mind sayin' it's nice to do business with a professional. Somebody organized but--well--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY
Speak up man. We have no secrets.

PIAGGI
There's curiosity--I mean about where
your product comes from. Professional
curiosity.

Henry's face goes cold--he leans across to the mobster with
no fear or trepidation.

HENRY
No, Tony, not now or ever.

PIAGGI
I'm just offering financial assistance--

HENRY
No--

PIAGGI
Okay for now but think about it.

Henry goes back to his cool. He folds the napkin, puts it
on his plate--gets up. Piaggi doesn't know what to say.

HENRY
Next Friday--twice as much. Can
YOU handle it?

He turns and leaves.

PIAGGI
Sure, keep it secure--smart.

Henry doesn't answer him, just walks out.

CUT TO:

POLICE CAR--UNMARKED--Ryan drives. Charon looks at a
notepad.

RYAN
That's three in one week.

CHARON
Could be a turf war.

CUT TO:

CRIME SCENE--Ryan and Charon walk over to where the
ballistics people have put up sticks to show the angle that
the bullets took.

CHARON
Any shell casings?

COP
Four--.22 caliber--

RYAN
You'll never find that gun.

COP
Why do you say that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

Look at the groups--tight--excellent shooting--better than me and I'm pretty good.

POLICE SERGEANT

No gun, no drugs, no money. Clean robbery--

RYAN

Or a mob hit.

Charon turns sharply--he is clearly more interested than he shows.

CHARON

Whoever did it--knew their business--a professional. But a pro--a real one is hard to come by. Expensive. You don't find them on the street Em.

RYAN

We'll just call this skillful for now.

CHARON

That's comforting.

CUT TO:

NEWSPAPER--METRO SECTION--A minor headline about three drug related killings in one week--gang wars--execution style, etc. Kelly puts the pathology report down over the newspaper, opens it.

CUT TO:

SANDY O'TOOLE--Feeding her dog Toby on her front porch in a bathrobe--the dog is shaggy and spills kibble out of the dish--suddenly the dog looks up. She does too. A figure is silhouetted walking towards her, the sun at his back. She squints--he wears a blue suit but something's familiar--it's Kelly. She seems relieved as he walks closer. They say nothing for awhile.

SANDY

How'd you know where I live?

KELLY

Dr. Rosen--is that okay?

CUT TO:

KITCHEN--She pours coffee for him. He sits at the table and looks at her. It makes her nervous but there's something exciting about it too.

SANDY

I'm not used to being seen without notice Kelly. A woman needs to--

KELLY

You look good--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY

Well--so do you--I've never seen you in a suit before.

KELLY

Got a job in Washington. Goes with it.

She sits down.

SANDY

What kind of job?

KELLY

Consulting for the Government--part time.

SANDY

Why are you here Kelly?

Now he seems to stumble--not sure of what to say or how.

KELLY

There was something in the path report. It kept bothering me. Pam's hair.

SANDY

What about it?

KELLY

Pam's hair was combed--It had to be combed after--like a--friend or--

SANDY

A kindness.

KELLY

Yeah--like a friend would do. I'm glad--even then--she had a friend.

SANDY

Is that what you came to see me about Kelly?

KELLY

I need a friend O'Toole. So do you.

She sips her coffee, looks down.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Dr. Rosen said your car was broken down. You might need some help.

She looks up into his eyes.

SANDY

You know how to fix cars?

KELLY

I won't make any promises but I'm cheap. I brought my toolbox.

CUT TO:

CAMP LEJEUNE--DAY--A small bleacher on the parade ground-- Marine's file in and take their seats. Standing by a car in front is Ritter with MARINE BRIGADER GENERAL MARTIN YOUNG. Young is tall, greying blonde hair, built like a football player--a combat officer.

GEN. YOUNG

These are Recon Marines. All Marines volunteer--All Marines are elite. These are the elite of the elite.

RITTER

How do they compare with--

GEN. YOUNG

Special Forces? These men have all had one tour in Vietnam. Some--the gunny's have had two or even three. Look at their faces.

Ritter does--they are professionals--lean, hardened experienced men for their ages. Most are three stripes or better. There are about fifty of them.

GEN. YOUNG (CONT'D)

None of these people have nightmares or suffer delayed stress syndrome.

RITTER

How do you know.

GEN. YOUNG

Because they deem themselves predators, not prey, and lion's know no such feelings.

They settle down.

CLOSE GEN. YOUNG--

GEN. YOUNG

Gentlemen, we are selecting volunteers from Force Recon. We need fifteen people. It will be dangerous. It will be important. It will be classified. Only you will know. But when it's over-- You will be proud--

CUT TO:

GARAGE--DUSK--Sandy watches Kelly under the car in his sweats. She walks around and inspects Kelly's suit, shirt and tie hanging on a knob.

SANDY

Kelly--

KELLY (O.S.)

Yep.

SANDY

What did you do in the Navy? You weren't a diver on an aircraft carrier were you?

KELLY (O.S.)

Nope--I lied--I painted numbers on the sides of trucks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY

What do you do for them now?

Kelly slides out.

SANDY (CONT'D)

--What do you consult about? It's more isn't it? Don't lie to me Kelly. My husband Tim was in the 1st Cav. I know the type.

KELLY

Alright O'Toole--you got me. I'm a spy.

He goes back under.

KELLY (O.S.)

You know you're gonna' have to pay for this work.

SANDY

Oh yeah, how?

KELLY (O.S.)

Dinner--you cook--I'll wear my suit and tie.

SANDY

That's steep Kelly--women always get had on automobile maintenance. Will you tell me some state secrets?

Kelly pulls himself out.

KELLY

Oh come on O'Toole--if I told you--you know, I'd have to kill you. Start her up.

CUT TO:

THE STREET--NIGHT--Kelly in disguise, long mustache, sideburns, greasy darkened skin. He looks around. His eyes gleam with intensity, he sniffs the air. He's sitting in his car, a filthy jacket on, he scans the street and looks down.

CLOSE SEAT--He has a foot long aircraft aluminium tube, threaded on the end. In his other hand is a .410 gauge shotgun shell that he drops into a short steel cylinder, which he screws on the long tube over a spring. This is a bang-stick, used for killing sharks. When the tube is slammed into something the shotgun shell will go off. Light birdshot is all that is necessary. Kelly looks ahead at:

THE BLIND--Billy comes out of the bar with Rick, Doris, and Burt. They get into the freshly waxed Roadrunner and pull out. Behind them, a beat up Falcon follows, headlights off.

The Roadrunner makes a quick right and stops at the end of the block near a dealer, BANDANA, named for his trademark red bandana tied on his head. Doris gets out with a big purse and goes inside with him.

The Roadrunner moves on around the block, and the Falcon pulls over to the other side of the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. FALCON--Kelly watches in the rearview as Doris comes back out with Bandana. They exchange words, and he yanks her back by the hair, releasing her only when the Roadrunner pulls up to get her.

ROW HOUSE--NIGHT--The Roadrunner stops at a brownstone, and they all get out. Across the street, Kelly shambles up and sits on the sidewalk in shadow, watching the three men enter the house with Doris. He focuses on Billy, the gold bracelet, the swagger. A stray dog comes up to Kelly, sniffs him, sits down. Kelly scratches his ear, eyeing the faded house number.

KELLY

Eight-four-two. Prospect Avenue.

Kelly gets up and weaves to the corner then turns into the alley. He pauses, puts on surgical gloves, then moves back to the street, blending in with the derelicts and pushers.

He turns the corner near The Blind and sees Bandana forty yards away, a gun bulging at his hip. As Kelly approaches, Bandana looks up, a quick once over, then dismisses him.

Kelly shifts his wine bottle then pulls the cotter pin from the bang-stick held inside his jacket with tape. Ten feet away, Bandana looks up again, annoyed. As if on cue, Kelly stops and urinates in the gutter. Bandana looks away, disgusted.

BANDANA

Oh man.

Kelly scans all directions, his head lowered. All clear.

Three feet away, Kelly starts to pass Bandana, then suddenly whips out the bang stick and drives it up into his sternum. The shotgun shell goes off, whump--point blank.

Bandana's lungs evacuate, his mouth open as if in surprise. He locks eyes with Kelly, stands erect for a second, then falls straight down like a collapsing building.

Kelly takes the wad of cash, keeps moving up the street. At the corner he swishes the bloody tip of the stick in gutter water then moves on.

AROUND THE CORNER--At the bus stop, a black woman VIRGINIA CHARLES, wearing a nurse's uniform under a thin coat, is heading home when a voice calls out behind her.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey mama where you going to?

She stiffens, sees the shadow of a street junkie, XAVIER, following her. She walks faster, head lowered.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Lend me some money mama. I loves you but I need my dope.

VIRGINIA

Ain't got enough to interest you boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XAVIER
I'll cut you bitch!

Click, a switchblade close to her ear. Virginia stops, breathing hard. She opens her purse and pulls out a five.

DXAVIER (CONT'D)
Five whole dollar? Shit, I need more'n that.

VIRGINIA
It's all I have.

AT THE CORNER--Kelly arrives and sees the flash of the knife--and the two figures in silhouette ten feet from his Falcon.

KELLY
Shit.

Xavier slices at Virginia's arm. She gasps, drops her purse. He grabs her throat, then looks up to see Kelly approaching head lowered. Xavier starts to sneer at the "bum" until--

Slam--Kelly head butts him cracking his nose, he turns, elbow to the solar plexus. Xavier swings wildly with the knife, and Kelly grabs his hand, twists and yanks the arm--crack--as the shoulder dislocates. Xavier hits the ground in agony. Virginia stares at Kelly, trembling.

VIRGINIA
Please--please don't hurt me.

Kelly turns his face from her, speaking quietly.

KELLY
Why don't you go home Ma'am.

In shock, she grabs the five from the pavement and hurries off, holding her bleeding arm. Kelly crouches next to Xavier. The punk looks up into those eyes--fear.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Not a good night for you--is it?

He takes the knife from Xavier's hand.

CUT TO:

DRUG STREET--NIGHT--Ryan's car pulls up to the crime scene. He and a young DETECTIVE DOUGLAS get out and see the knife sticking out of the base of Xavier's skull.

DOUGLAS
Jesus--they weren't kidding.

A POLICE OFFICER meets Ryan at the curb and walks him to where Virginia Charles is being tended by a paramedic.

OFFICER
Name's Virginia Charles, she lives a block over. She reported the crime.

RYAN
She know anything about the one around the corner?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER

No.

At the body, Douglas stares down at the twisted arm, needle tracks along the veins, then looks up at the Medical Examiner.

RYAN

What the hell's wrong with the arm?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Shoulder appears to be dislocated.
Make that wrecked. Cause of death
kind of obvious.

RYAN

Jesus--how strong do you have to be
to do that?

Nearby, ANOTHER OFFICER listens to a shaken Virginia Charles. Next to her, her teenage son looks down at Xavier without sympathy.

OFFICER

A bum?

VIRGINIA

Wino--that's the bottle he dropped.

She indicates a pile of trash. Inconspicuous next to it is Kelly's brown-bagged bottle. Ryan goes over and picks it up, careful not to smear prints. Their first hard evidence.

RYAN

Mrs. Charles, can you describe the
man you saw?

CUT TO:

ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY--DAY--Henry Tucker runs his fingers over titles in the library stacks. Behind him, with his back to him, Charon flips through a slim novel.

HENRY

Never had one of mine wasted before,
now I've lost four?

CHARON

Looks like ripoffs. They must have
got careless. High risk business.

HENRY

How'd they do 'em?

CHARON

Bandana--Christ--you don't want to
know. But JuJu and his guys were
done very professional. Ryan was
talking like it was a mob hit.

HENRY

Oh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARON

This wasn't the outfit. Tony and Eddie aren't going to do anything like that are they?

HENRY

Tony isn't.

CHARON

What about Eddie?

Silence. Henry puts a book back, walks away. Charon searches the shelf, finds the hefty volume. Inside, there is a crisp white envelope--cash. He pockets it and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. NVA PRISON--DAY--Zacharias is led to a hot, windowless cell by three NVA soldiers. Just inside the door, one soldier butt-strokes him in the back and Zacharias falls. They kick and beat him mercilessly. Zacharias doesn't fight back. No use.

Suddenly, a voice bellows in an oddly accented Vietnamese.

ZACHARIAS' P.O.V.--As the soldier's boots draw back. Another bellow and they quickly leave. Strong hands sit him up against the wall, and a face comes into view--Grishanov.

GRISHANOV

Savages! Bloody stinking savages.
I'll throttle Major Vinh for this.

Grishanov barks an order, and a canteen appears. He pours water over Zacharias' face, then holds a flask to his lips. Zacharias swallows quickly then, shocked, pushes it away.

ZACHARIAS

I don't drink--

GRISHANOV

It is medicine. The Muslims have no rule against medicine do they?

(Zacharias looks up at him)
Even Malcolm X drank. Pain serves no one. Not you, not me, not your God. Let me help you a little. We are enemies, Robin, but we are also pilots.

Zacharias pushes it away. Grishanov wets a cloth from the canteen and gently cleans Zacharias' face. He sits next to him, lights a cigarette and watches him drink water.

ZACHARIAS

What makes you think I'm a Muslim.

GRISHANOV

Because you are strong and disciplined--

ZACHARIAS

--And black?

He goes into a coughing fit. Grishanov holds him until he gets air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRISHANOV

What religion are you Robin?

Zacharias hardly looks at him.

ZACHARIAS

Fighter pilot.

GRISHANOV (smiles)

So am I.

DISSOLVE TO:

A BOTTLE OF BRANDY--Two glasses on Grishanov's desk. Zacharias lays on a cot. Grishanov has his feet up on his desk, lights a cigarette.

GRISHANOV

Do you ever go up--just over the clouds--roll to the right--and turn the radio off?

ZACHARIAS

They let you do that?

GRISHANOV

No but I do anyway. What about you?

ZACHARIAS (still in pain)

I live in a free country--but they frown on it.

GRISHANOV

It is then that you are really free. All else is left behind. In a good machine like the 17--light on the stick--

He pours another brandy.

GRISHANOV (CONT'D)

For you?

ZACHARIAS

No thanks--my belly is warm--I think I'm drunk--and a rib is broken.

GRISHANOV

Why would a man live without drink?

ZACHARIAS

Malcolm doesn't recommend it.

GRISHANOV

Now you are pulling my leg?

ZACHARIAS

--That your favorite--Mig 17--mine was the F-86H. I used to like to go up on a moonlit night. Yes, I turned off the radio--

CUT TO:

SQUAD ROOM--DAY--The evidence bag with the dusted wine bottle--another with Xavier's switchblade. YOUNG DETECTIVES sit around with Charon and Ryan--lots of smoke and coffee.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN
No prints?

DETECTIVE
No Sir--one partial on the blade
matched with the victim. Either he
stabbed himself in the neck or the
suspect was wearing gloves.

CHARON
He was just a junkie--he didn't fit.
What's the motive?

RYAN
Our guy does the pusher, leaves.
He turns the corner and sees Mrs.
Charles being mugged.

CHARON
Come on--he had to cross the street--
a hit man wino with a sense of chivalry.
These guys are pros--our guy is certainly.
Pros don't get involved. That's why
they're pros.

RYAN
"Go home Ma'am"--that's what he said--
"Ma'am". She saw him--saw his face.

OTHER DETECTIVE
Then why didn't he kill her?

RYAN
'Cause he's a different kind of pro.
He's new.

DETECTIVE
Whatta' you mean?

RYAN
There's a war on--place called Vietnam.
Could be a lot of talented people who
need work.

CHARON
What about the pusher? Forensic
figure out that wound?

DETECTIVE
Shotgun .410--found a piece of the
plastic crimp--the wad--Winchester
AA Skeet. Burns on the surface--must
have been a short barrel--pistol of
some sort--

CHARON
Made a mess for a .410.

OTHER DETECTIVE
Maybe a bang-stick.

RYAN
A what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTHER DETECTIVE

Bang-stick--like skin divers use on big fish. Goes off right against it--

RYAN

That's why there wasn't any sound-- Find me a bang-stick--I wanta' look at one.

CHARON

A wino skindiver with the manners of a knight. I say it's a mob hit-- You've seen too much television.

RYAN

Well Mark--whatever he is--He's no wino.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS--PATIENT'S ROOM--DAY--Sandy checks a sleeping patient's EKG, jots a note on the chart, then starts to walk out. She stops at the door, steps back to see yesterday's crumpled newspaper: FOURTH PUSHER DEAD IN W. BALTIMORE. She takes it with her.

CUT TO:

QUANTICO MARINE BASE--DUSK--Construction crews finish the large parking lot next to a newly constructed day-care center. Only this day-care center is far away from everything--other buildings, the main roads. It is situated under a hill covered with trees--some of which are being removed. A steamroller smooths out the blacktop. Lines for parking spaces are being painted on. The structure itself is a low walled compound almost French in style--stucco and brick--there is an adjoining building and a low wall around it. There are few windows--mostly wood coverings. This compound has an exact resemblance to another one in North Vietnam.

CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN DOBBS--Looking over bills and lists. A Civilian and General Young walk over.

GEN. YOUNG

You've done a good job Mr. Dobbs. No more long bus rides for those kids.

DOBBS

You're going to pay hell getting the plumbing in. And Sir, it is a long way out here.

GEN. YOUNG

We'll let the government worry about that.

Dobbs can see that no further questions will do him any good. The General and Civilian walk into the structure, he just shakes his head.

COMPOUND--NIGHT--Trucks unload playground equipment which is set up quickly by camo-clad Marines. Mannequins of women and

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

children are placed about near the swings and slides. Cars are brought in and parked in the lot.

DISSOLVE TO:

COMPOUND--DAWN--Empty--dew on the mannequin's faces, the cars, the windows--empty--waiting.

CUT TO:

KELLY'S APARTMENT--TWILIGHT--Kelly looks in the mirror--his face is covered in brown makeup. He puts a short wig on. He looks Brazilian. He pulls a sweatshirt hood over his head, obscuring most of his features.

CUT TO:

NIGHT--Kelly walking along the street--slow dejected. He no longer looks like a wino--instead, just some shabby Hispanic down on his luck. He walks out of the lit area, looks down the street--he is half a block away from where the red Roadrunner is parked in front of the brownstone. He sees Rick leaning against it talking to a girl. Further down he sees a squad car parked. The cops are talking to a wino. He ducks into the narrow dark passage to the alley.

CLOSE KELLY--He makes his way through--steps out into the alley and almost bumps into TWO PUNKS--one white, the other mixed, smoking grass.

WHITE PUNK

Hey motherfucker--where you going?

Kelly tries to seem small and puts his hands to his face and shakes his head.

WHITE PUNK

Answer me asshole? You hear me?

KELLY

No comprende--Comprende Espanol?

He pushes Kelly against the wall hard.

WHITE PUNK

C'mon fucker!

The Black Punk kicks him in the legs. Kelly stumbles onto one knee.

BLACK PUNK

Yeah--let's see what you got for me in your pocket motherfucker.

Kelly fumbles and drops some bills--they scatter--two tens--a twenty.

KELLY

Please--Please!

They see the money--go for it. Kelly is on his feet and runs down the alley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHITE PUNK

Look at that spic go. Shit you're lucky spic.

BLACK PUNK

Righteous.

They continue down the alley, talking to themselves. Kelly keeps going. They have no idea that death has breathed on them.

CUT TO:

BROWNSTONE--THE NUMBER 841--Below, Rick leans inside the door smoking a cigarette. He hears something on the street, a gravelly voice humming. It's Kelly, slumped against the wide steps.

He climbs up towards the door then drops his rum bottle. It shatters at Rick's feet.

RICK

Don't puke here Pancho.

Kelly gets up on all fours, swaying. Rick lifts him up. Kelly's arms dangle, letting Rick carry his full weight.

RICK (CONT'D)

Get your ass moving--

Move? With rattler speed, Kelly slaps a hand over Rick's face and drives the Ka-Bar knife through his ribs then twists. Rick stares at him, eyes wide, knees buckling. Kelly looks straight into his face, nose to nose--

KELLY

Remember Pam?

A tremor of recognition, then Rick's eyes roll back. Kelly lets him down quietly. Finally, he pulls out the knife and wipes it off on Rick's crisp white shirt.

INT. ROW HOUSE--NIGHT--Kelly climbs the stairs, close to the wall, his gun in his hand. Voices come from an upstairs bedroom. The sound of a slap then a whimper, a cruel chuckle. Heavy, rapid breathing. A despairing whisper--

DORIS (O.S.)

Please--

BILLY (O.S.)

What's the matter bitch--I thought you loved me. Do you bitch? Do you?

Another slap. On the landing, light comes from the master bedroom, a streetlight through a dirty window. Kelly slowly peers around the doorframe.

Inside, Doris is kneeling on a mattress on the floor. Billy, naked except for his gold bracelet, works her over from behind, roughly fondling her breasts.

KELLY

Looks like fun. Can I play too?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billy stares into the shadows. Light glimmers off Kelly's automatic. Billy goes for his own gun in a clothes pile.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Don't even think it. You even breathe loud and I'll splatter your brains.

BILLY

Who the fuck? You the mob? I don't owe you--

KELLY

On your face, spread eagle, or I'll shoot that little dick you're so proud of.

(he aims the gun downward)
Down--Now.

Billy does it. Kelly motions to Doris.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Get dressed. Do it now. Quiet.

She hesitates, then moves slowly in a drug haze. Kelly quickly ties Billy's hands with electrical wire then glances up at Doris. Her lip is bleeding, cuts and huge bruises all over her body. Kelly tightens Billy's wires, hard--

KELLY (CONT'D)

You like it this way?

Billy yells. Doris stares at Kelly, head tilted, eyes wide. She's managed only to get on her panties and an oversized shirt. Kelly lifts Billy by the arms, and he yowls.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Feels good--does it?

He shoves a gag in his mouth and turns him to the door.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Walk.

(to Doris)

You too.

DORIS

Who--who are you?

KELLY

A friend of Pam's. I don't want to hurt you--just do what I say.

INT. SANDY'S HOUSE--NIGHT--The doorbell rings in the darkened living room. Sandy flips on the light and opens the door.

KELLY (a rasping whisper)

Turn the light off.

She does it, seeing that it's Kelly--the disguise, the filthy clothes. Doris is next to him, bedraggled, with mascara ringing her eyes.

SANDY

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

Remember about Pam--she had a friend?

SANDY

Wait a minute!

KELLY

This is her friend. Name's Doris.
I can't help her right now. There's
something else I have to do. You're
going to take care of her.

SANDY

John, what's going on? What the
hell are you doing?

KELLY (flaring)

Somebody's been beating the hell out
of her Sandy. She needs help.

Sandy takes Doris' hand and helps her inside.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Don't tell anyone she's here. Sure
as hell don't tell the police.

SANDY

Why?

Silence. Sandy reads him, lets it sink in.

SANDY (CONT'D)

It's you isn't it. You--you're putting
your life in my hands, Kelly.

KELLY

Yeah, well you did okay the first
time didn't you?

She watches him get in his car. Doris sways on her feet.

DORIS

I'm gonna' be sick.

Sandy hustles her to the bathroom. No time to think.

INT. SPRINGER--DAWN--Kelly sits in the control chair staring
out at the undulating mirror of water. Billy's hands are
shackled to a deck fitting, sweat coating his naked body.

BILLY

Who the fuck are you?
(silence)

I said who the fuck are you?

Kelly wipes his neck with a towel then pulls off his shirt
and stretches. Billy stares at the scars on his back from
the shotgun blast--realizing:

BILLY (CONT'D)

You're--the fucking boyfriend.

KELLY

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY
I killed you.

KELLY
Did a real good job.

Billy eyes him as if he's a ghost. Then, like a kid poking a rattle, he starts to goad him. Just to get a rise.

BILLY
Pam told us all about you before we
snuffed her.
(no response)
She was a great little fuck. Right
up to the end. Not real smart, though.
Not real smart.

Kelly steers toward the blinking red lights of the looming Bay Bridge. His knuckles are white around the wheel.

BILLY
I had her three times man--three.

Kelly turns to him slowly, eyes burning. And Billy shrinks, realizing that he's been fucking with death. The bravado goes, and his voice is almost wheedling.

BILLY (CONT'D)
I don't know what the big deal is.
I mean, she's just a dead whore. We
should be able to cut a deal man.
There was 70 grand in the house you
stupid fuck.

Kelly coolly checks the chart as they approach the bridge.

KELLY
No deals.

MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE--DAY--The case files are open on the desk in two rows. DR. SIDNEY FARBER, small, bearded, a pipe smoker, holds up Rick's white button down shirt for Ryan. The three bloody swipes across it--one in the impression of a knife blade.

DR. FARBER
It's a Ka-Bar, standard issue Marine
combat knife. Very accurate thrust.
Only one penetration. He knew exactly
what he was doing.

RYAN
Got in close and did him fast.

Farber taps a photo of the newest crime scene--Billy's place.

DR. FARBER
Your suspect knows weapons, knows
tactics. He's changing his methodology
to throw you off. His training shows
by cleaning the weapon right away.

RYAN
Training?

(CONTINUED)

DR. FARBER

He's a very angry man. Extremely fit. And yes, highly trained.

RYAN (catching on)

Yeah, I've met people like that before.

Ryan nods to a framed combat infantryman's badge, jump wings and a Ranger flash on the opposite wall.

RYAN

So have you, I gather.

DR. FARBER

Sure have. What outfit were you?

RYAN

Easy Company, Second of the Five-Oh-Sixth.

DR. FARBER

Airborne, One-Oh-One, right?

RYAN

All the way, Doc.

DR. FARBER

Well, that's what you're up against.

RYAN

A combat vet.

DR. FARBER

With his training, probably a Ranger, Green Beret, somebody like that.

RYAN

But he's not crazy.

DR. FARBER

No, motivated.

CUT TO:

BATTERY ISLAND--DAY--Kelly walks through brush toward the machinery bunker, finishing an apple. He dials the combination lock and flips on the interior light before entering.

MACHINERY BUNKER--Kelly sits next to a steel cylindrical recompression chamber. Billy's face can be seen in the small plexiglass window. Two pressure gauges on the front--one for atmospheric pressure, one for the equivalent water depth.

KELLY

All comfy?

Billy thumps against the steel. Kelly yanks a rope to start the compressor, and opens the pressure valve. Air hisses out--the gauge needles slowly rotate clockwise.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You know how to swim Billy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY (on intercom)
Fuck you!

Kelly watches the depth gauge drop from 40 to 30 feet. Something strange happens to Billy. He starts to tremble, then moan.

KELLY (CONT'D)
It's a recompression chamber. It's designed to reproduce the pressure that comes along with scuba diving. You ever hear of the bends?

Finally, Billy begins to scream in pain.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I guess that's yes.

BILLY
Fuck you man! Kill me asshole.
I ain't gonna' tell you shit.

The gauge is at 25 feet. Billy claws at his ears, his eyes are blood red, body convulsing. Kelly dials back the gauge, and the screams stop.

KELLY
See how it works? If I don't like what you say--it hurts. You think you're ready to talk about Henry?

Billy nods. Kelly slips a glass of water through the airlock. Billy sucks the water through a straw.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Where does Henry live? Where does he do business?

BILLY
Don't know man. I just work for him.

KELLY
Wrong answer.

Kelly puts his hand on the gauge.

BILLY
No! No wait.

KELLY
Simple question Billy. Where does Henry get his information.

BILLY
Some--Jesus--some cop.

KELLY
A cop? Interesting, makes sense. What else.

Billy presses his forehead against the glass, weary.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE PALACE--DAY--Henry and Charon are the only two people in the balcony. This time it's CAMELOT.

CHARON

How much does Billy know? He could be part of this.

HENRY

A lot. Shit--too fucking much.

CHARON

They're looking for a guy disguised as a bum. White, not too tall. Whoever this guy is, he's a pro.

(pause)

It's a direct attack on the organization.

Charon checks to see that no one's around.

CUT TO:

GAUGE--20 FEET--Kelly's hand is on the valve. Billy is screaming and thumping on the window with his hands and head. Kelly dials it back.

KELLY

Whew--that was rough. How do YOU feel? I'm tired myself.

Billy whimpers, groans, guttural profanities.

KELLY (CONT'D)

What was that? I think you're not understanding me. See Billy--I haven't hurt you yet. Next time the air goes out so do your joints. They just explode inside. You won't walk again. You won't talk--at least so that anyone can understand. Your brain--pifft--blood vessels--all that. But it won't kill you Billy. By the way--usually your bowels let go. Have you shit yourself Billy?

From the look on his face pressing against the window, he has.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Who's gonna' clean that up?

BILLY

Why--why don't you kill me?

KELLY

Because we have to talk. Tell me, how do the drugs come in?

BILLY (whining)

I don't fucken know.

KELLY

I have trouble believing that.

CUT TO:

MOVIE THEATER--The Knights of the Round Table are swearing allegiance to Arthur and the code of chivalry. They break into song.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE HENRY--CHARON

HENRY

Fucker didn't take the money in the house. There was 60-70 grand. Fucker didn't touch it.

CHARON

Now that's my point Henry--Leaving the money and killing Rick.

HENRY

Fucker cut his heart out!

CHARON

It's a message--and I for one am listening. Who do you know doesn't need money?

HENRY

Everybody needs jack, man. Who would leave 70 grand--

CHARON

Somebody very rich--Is Tony Piaggi rich?

HENRY

Tony's people work for Eddie Morello.

CHARON

Eddie Morello is a made man. He's rich. His family's rich. Eddie doesn't need money.

HENRY

C'mon man--you shittin' me.

CHARON

Who else?

CUT TO:

KELLY--Taking notes--carefully thinking about what he's hearing.

BILLY (breathing hard)

The mob--the warehouse where it's cut is owned by them.

KELLY (not looking up)

Piaggi you say and Morello? And this address it better be right 'cause I can check.

BILLY (crying)

Fuck you man.

Kelly looks up.

KELLY

Now this is over for me. Which one of you--killed Pam? Don't lie Billy, I'll find out--I'll know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

I did you asshole! It's my job--Ain't you ever done a job?

KELLY

Yes--I think you're telling the truth. You've been very honest with me Billy.

BILLY (screaming)

Kill me motherfucker! I fucked her too--so did Henry. She was begging man--begging!

KELLY

How many hours? How long did it take? Ten--twelve--We've only been here seven--and look at you.

Billy screams and thrashes like an animal.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I don't understand Billy--You're gonna' have to beg me.

BILLY (crying)

Let me go! Kill me--Fucker!

KELLY

Did it feel good? I bet you liked it.

He gets up and turns the valve--walks out of the shed. Billy's screams are high pitched--inhuman. Kelly shuts the door, feels the night air.

CUT TO:

KELLY--In his bed, about to turn off the light and get a good night's sleep. He hesitates, picks up the phone.

CUT TO:

SANDY--Sleeping, the phone rings. She picks it up.

KELLY (V.O.)

How is she?

SANDY

She's sleeping. She's hooked on pills--she's been injured--

KELLY (V.O.)

I know all that. Don't call the police. Take her to Dr. Rosen if you have to--no one else.

SANDY

Where are you John?

KELLY (V.O.)

Home--but I'll be away tomorrow--I'll see you as soon as--

SANDY

She said you killed someone John.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY (V.O.)
Yes, I did.
(pause)
You knew it was me when the phone
rang didn't you?

SANDY
I picked it up didn't I?

CLOSE KELLY--He is genuinely disturbed.

KELLY (V.O.)
I couldn't leave her Sandy. I'm
sorry I got you into this. I didn't
know what to do.

No response--

KELLY (V.O.)
Sandy?

SANDY
You never called me Sandy before.

CLOSE SANDY

KELLY (V.O.)
Well you never called me John.
(pause)
The people who worked Doris over
are the same--

SANDY
I figured it out. I'll be careful.

KELLY (V.O.)
Real careful.

SANDY
John--
(pause)
What you're doing--is--wrong.

KELLY (V.O.)
I know--
(pause)
Sandy?

SANDY
Yes.

KELLY
Thanks.
(click)

She hangs up the phone--she should be scared, bewildered,
angry. But she's none of these things. She's calm and
fascinated, interested--attracted.

CUT TO:

SPRINGER--NIGHT--Kelly scans the collection of derelict ships
near Bloodsworth Island with binoculars from the flying

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

bridge. It's just as Billy said. Kelly lowers the binoculars then looks down at Billy naked, wrapped in a blanket on deck.

Kelly alters course and heads westward near the shoreline. Near a bend in the river, he slows to an idle just past a sleepy little town and drops his lunch-hook. Quickly he lowers an old dinghy into the black water, then goes to Billy and straps a lifejacket on him.

CUT TO:

SANDY'S BEDROOM--MORNING--Sandy quietly picks up used washcloths and other evidence of a rough night. Toby is curled up at the foot of Doris' bed. Sandy looks up to see Doris watching her.

SANDY
You're awake.

DORIS
I'm not dead.

Doris pets Toby, who licks her face. She is suddenly a seventeen year old girl again. She looks up expectantly and starts to sniffle, tears roll down her face.

SANDY
You're alright--you're safe here.

DORIS
They'll look for me. They found Pam.
This is because of Pam--isn't it?
You and--and him.

She sniffles more.

DORIS (CONT'D)
Billy killed Pam--and Billy killed--
him.

SANDY
It--was you wasn't it--who brushed
Pam's hair?

She starts to sob.

DORIS (sobbing)
She was my friend.

Sandy holds her.

SANDY
You're a good friend Doris. You are.

Tears well in her own eyes.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Doris--do you have anyone? Any family?

Doris looks up at her--stops crying. She hasn't thought about this--didn't think she would ever be able to.

DORIS
I have a Daddy.

CUT TO:

QUANTICO MARINE BASE--MORNING--WOODS--Near the main base--a bus comes around a building. Kelly stands in a base parking lot next to the woods. The bus stops--doors open and MEN quickly file out. They wear green jungle fatigues and head covers. They are no nonsense Marines, twenty of them--salty. A GUNNERY SERGEANT, IRVIN, lines them up. A YOUNG CAPTAIN, ALBIE, walks over to Kelly who is in his sweats.

ALBIE
Mr. Clark?

KELLY
That's me.

ALBIE
Captain Albie Sir--Assault Team.

Irvin walks over, he is a black man, cut from stone.

KELLY
You must be Gunny Irvin.

IRVIN
What kinda' shape you in Mr. Clark?

KELLY
Let's see.

Irvin turns to his team.

IRVIN
Good morning Marines!

TEAM
Recon!

IRVIN
Mr. Clark will be working with us.
He used to be a SEAL!

The Team makes seal barking sounds.

IRVIN (CONT'D) (to Clark)
They will let you work with us Sir.
They like SEAL's--usually for breakfast.

Kelly smiles, he's happy to be home again.

IRVIN (CONT'D)
Mr. Clark has learned to run since he came upon the land. Therefore he will lead us this morning. You will be easy on him gentlemen because he is not a true amphibian, like Marines!

TEAM
U-U-U-R-A-H-H-H!

KELLY
C'mon Jarheads.

He takes off--they follow yelling. Irvin yells in cadence. The Captain runs just behind Kelly, who feels good in the crisp air and grins.

CUT TO:

THE COMPOUND--Empty cars in the parking lot--footsteps in cadence can be heard as Kelly and the assault team come running down the road.

THE HILL--A Naval officer in undressed whites, Maxwell, a civilian in a windbreaker and Ritter--they watch the assault team pass packs and weapons and go inside.

RITTER

Classroom exercises for the next hour.

He points up in the air.

RITTER (CONT'D)

Russian satellites.

MAXWELL

How good do they see?

RITTER

I have to assume they see as well as we do.

CUT TO:

BLACKBOARD--Large photos of the prison camp--along with diagrams--and more diagrams showing different colored team movements with arrows.

ALBIE

--After the towers are hosed--Team Blue will continue to neutralize the barracks--Team Red and yellow will breach the prison structure--simultaneously. I cannot stress the importance of fire discipline.

CUT TO:

SUN--High in the sky--a face enters frame--Albie--he looks at his watch--waiting for the second hand.

ALBIE

Now! Move! Move!

Men run and shoot--live ammo--the wooden window--riddled steel silhouettes knocked down. Men crash through windows. Grenadiers fire practice rounds from M-79's. All are coordinated with split second precision. These guys are good. Sgt. Irvin looks at his watch.

IRVIN

You're late! You're late! Your grandmother does this better!

CUT TO:

SMALL RURAL HOSPITAL--An ambulance pulls up and the ATTENDANTS wheel in an emergency case. The victim looks almost dead. It is Billy.

ATTENDANT

Any I.D.? --What the hell happened to this one?

PARAMEDIC

I don't know--it's like he was dropped from a bridge. The police'll get prints--maybe that'll help.

CUT TO:

POLICE DEPARTMENT--NARCOTICS--MARK CHARON--Working at his desk. Young Det. Douglas comes in. Charon looks up, wearing reading glasses.

DOUGLAS

Just got something you might know about--William Grayson?

CHARON

Wild Billy Speed--meth user and a distributor--Somebody kill him?

DOUGLAS

Almost--found him in the bay--just got prints off him. He's all fucked up.

CHARON

Can he talk?

DOUGLAS

No--larynx is exploded or something, I couldn't get it. You think this ties in with our stuff?

CHARON

No--different M.O. but I'll tell Ryan and maybe we'll swing down there tomorrow. Just leave the details--I got a long lunch date.

CUT TO:

HOSPITAL ROOM--AFTERNOON--Nuns move through the hallways quietly. Alone in a room, Billy is hooked up to pumps, tubes and meters. He senses something--moves his eyes. He sees:

DETECTIVE MARK CHARON--Looking down at him, holding his badge.

CHARON (whispering)

Hello Billy--Police Officer. You don't know me--but I know you.

Billy gurgles.

CHARON (CONT'D)

Who did this to you? You're gonna' die anyway. You want them to be drinking wine and dancing when you're gone?

CLOSE BILLY--His eyes wide.

Charon puts a pen in his hand--his notebook under it.

CHARON (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

Billy can't see, and is in great pain, but revenge drives him. Charon gets something off a tray--we see he has rubber gloves on. Billy stops writing--Charon looks at it.

CLOSE NOTEBOOK--Written crudely: FROGMAN

CLOSE HYPO--Charon opens it, taking in air through the needle. He holds Billy's arm. It's easy to hit the tracked vein.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE BILLY'S EYES--Wide in terror--the same gurgling. The needle is withdrawn.

FOOTSTEPS--As Charon leaves.

CUT TO:

COMPOUND--QUANTICO--The Marines sit around eating lunch from McDonald's. Kelly is with them. Maxwell and Ritter walk through the compound as targets are replaced. .

ALBIE

Fifteen seconds off your personal best Gunny.

Irvin picks up something--shows it to the team.

IRVIN

What's this?

MARINE

Sir--it's a snail Sir!

IRVIN

A snail--Well I want you to know that he has been following you guys around all day.

He puts it down.

KELLY

He must be a Recon snail.

The team makes various animal noises. Albie looks over to Kelly.

ALBIE

Mr. Clark--What's this all about?

IRVIN

It's Son Tay again--some shit like that?

KELLY

It's not a raid on a day-care center.

ALBIE

Is it worth it?

KELLY

It's worth it. I oughta' know, I go in first--I come out last.

IRVIN (smiles)

There it is.

CUT TO:

QUANTICO--MAIN DEPOT--Trucks load equipment, ordinance men pack weapons--CAR-15's, M-79's, LAW's, belted ammo for M-60's, medical kits, emergency rations, starlight scopes. Men climb into the trucks packing everything in careful order. Kelly and Ritter stand in a doorway. Maxwell dictates notes to an Aide.

KELLY

It's started.

(CONTINUED)

RITTER
What the hell, let's do it.

CUT TO:

SANDY'S PHONE--Ringing. Dr. Rosen picks it up.

DR. ROSEN
Kelly? --Fine mess you've got us into.
Where are you? --What am I doing? I'm
cooking. Yes cooking. I'll get her.
You're a lot of trouble Kelly. I hope
you're worth it--

CUT TO:

ANDREWS AFB--DUSK--Kelly is in a phone booth outside some
quonset huts. A jet roars over.

KELLY
Sandy--I hope everything is alright.

SANDY (V.O.)
Where are you John?

KELLY
I've got to go away for a couple of
days, maybe a week.
(pause)
It's government business--I can't
help it.

SANDY (V.O.)
That kind of business?

KELLY
Yeah.

SANDY (V.O.) (pause)
Doris is doing fine. We're going to
take her back to her father--He wants
her back. He cried on the phone.

KELLY
When?

SANDY (V.O.)
Tomorrow--Dr. Rosen thinks she'll be
okay. We'll check on her.

KELLY
That's fine Sandy--You--You know
you're--wonderful.

Silence.

SANDY (V.O.)
John--you're going over there aren't
you?
(pause)
I can feel it.

KELLY
Let's not talk about me. You remember
everything I said?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY (V.O.)
I remember--I know about everything
John. I'll be careful.
(pause)
Is it dangerous?

KELLY
Could be--you have to stay alert Sandy.

SANDY (V.O.)
I don't mean me--

KELLY
No--it's nothing--routine exercise.
I'm just an--observer.

CLOSE SANDY--The others look at her.

SANDY
Be careful John--Come back--I'll
miss you.

He says something--she slowly hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

COMMO CENTER--QUONSET HUT--Maxwell gets up from a radio bank.

MAXWELL
Yeoman Grafton.

PETTY OFFICER GRAFTON looks up.

GRAFTON
Sir?

MAXWELL
Make signal to Captain Franks on
Iwo Jima: Olive Green.

CUT TO:

DOORS OF C-141 OPENING--Ramp down--Marines run up carrying
full packs--ammo and personal weapons.

CUT TO:

C-141--Lifting off towards the last light fading in the west.

CUT TO:

PRISON COMPOUND--MORNING--Zacharias drags himself from his
slab over to the wall. He looks worse. He hears tapping.

ZACHARIAS (tapping)
Repeat--I was asleep.

Nothing. He waits. A voice from his door.

GRISHANOV.
Sleep well Robin?

He turns, realizing all this time he's been tapping to the
Russian, who opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACHARIAS
You're Add--It was you--all the time?

GRISHANOV
It was me.

Grishanov sits down, gives him a cigar. He pulls himself up, limping.

GRISHANOV (CONT'D)
Still hurt? Dirty little fascists.
I've tried--Look, you and I--we play
our games but we are friends Robin.
Maybe someday we will not be enemies.

ZACHARIAS
Maybe.

GRISHANOV
Do you think our countries will ever
go to war?

ZACHARIAS
No Colonel--probably not.

Grishanov lights the cigar for him--hands his flask over.
Zacharias takes it, drinks weakly.

GRISHANOV
I am not worried about your B-52's.
We could not stop them. War is
idiocy. What I worry about are the
Chinese.

On the floor, Grishanov lays out an air navigation chart of
the southeastern Soviet Union. Zacharias looks him over
thoughtfully--his eyes swollen from a beating.

ZACHARIAS (resigned)
They'll go for Moscow. Cut off the
head and the snake dies. Surprise
attack--three groups--light bombers
that can go in low and maneuver.

GRISHANOV (satisfied)
Three groups.

ZACHARIAS
That's how I'd do it. Through these
passes, but I'll need better maps.

He sits down. Grishanov looks him over--in his eyes a mix of
respect and victory.

CUT TO:

TITLE: PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

A SMALL HOUSE--On a quiet Pittsburgh street--working class.
RAY BROWN, Doris' father, watches from his porch as Sandy's
car pulls up. He is a solid salt of the earth man who has
lost his daughter. He is apprehensive. The car door opens.
Ray stands up silhouetted in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY BROWN
Dory? Oh God! Dory!

His daughter runs to him, she wears a bright dress, as innocent as when she was a little girl. He runs to her. Sandy and Sarah Rosen get out and watch as the two embrace each other crying.

CUT TO:

SOUTH CHINA SEA--YANKEE STATION--USS IWO JIMA--DAY--
A helicopter attack carrier steams through the serene sea. She is accompanied by her battle formation--guided missile cruisers, destroyers, etc. In the distance, and which is growing larger, is a carrier battle group.

DECK--Kelly watches the last CH-53 helicopter unloading some of his team. A LIEUTENANT approaches.

LIEUTENANT
Mr. Clark Sir?

He follows him to the island.

COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER(CIC)--Maxwell and Ritter are with CAPTAIN FRANKS, a slight balding man. Kelly stares down at the plot, counting the ships in the formation, then looks at the bank of radars.

KELLY
Traffic from the objective?

RITTER
Some--one last night was in Russian.

MAXWELL
I hope we get that son of a bitch.

An intelligence officer hands Kelly the latest set of recon photos, and he holds them up to examine.

KELLY
Only one car. No trucks. Nothing much in the immediate area. I'm ready for my evening swim.

CUT TO:

USS IWO JIMA--PRE-DAWN--The sea sled is wheeled out to the flight deck. A Sikorsky's rotors are turning. Kelly, in wetsuit, strides out to the deck through an audience--Irvin, Franks, Maxwell, Ritter and others. Albie walks with him.

KELLY
Looks good to me Captain.

ALBIE
Kick ass Mr. Clark.

Kelly shakes hands with Captain Franks then boards the Sikorsky. It lifts off, the sled attached to the bottom, and heads into the darkness without strobes, disappearing in seconds.

CUT TO:

SOUTH CHINA SEA--DAWN--The water ripples black in the light of a waning moon as the chopper hovers ten to fifteen feet above the surface. The sled is lowered by hoist to the water, followed by Kelly, swinging in the rotor wash.

He cuts loose and drops into the water, swims to the sled and attaches a safety line. Then he frees the sled, flips on the power, and signals the chopper.

It angles toward the horizon, and Kelly disappears into the murky water of the South China Sea--alone.

RIVER--UNDERWATER--NIGHT--Kelly slows and rises to the surface, easing his head above the water for a position fix. Moonlight reflects raindrops rippling the water--good camouflage.

Male voices speaking Vietnamese carry across the water from the bank 300 yards away--an eery reminder he's far from home. Kelly checks the sled's instruments then goes back under.

RIVER BANK--Kelly's eyes rise up over the water's surface. He pulls off his rubber hood and listens intently--insects, bats, the soft drumming of the rain.

He steers the sled toward a stand of overhanging trees--then touches ground and quickly strips off his wetsuit.

Moments later, the sled glides to the middle of the river, unattended, and starts to sink.

ON THE HILL--Kelly, now in camouflage gear, climbs through dense foliage in a tense crouch, eyes and ears sweeping constantly, rifle in hands.

He stops to fill his canteen at a stream and drops in a purification tablet. He checks out the gravel river road below, then heads for the second hill--his hill--Snake Hill.

CUT TO:

SNAKE HILL--As Kelly crests the hill, the dark shape of Sender Green comes into view. He freezes, barely breathing. There's a flare of light from one of the guard towers--someone's cigarette.

Quietly he moves below the crest, then positions himself in a shroud of bushes. He pulls out his radio--a hoarse whisper:

KELLY

Snake calling Cricket--Over.

COMM TECH (V.O.)

Snake--This is Cricket--Reading you five by five.

KELLY

In place--Beginning surveillance--Over.

COMM TECH (V.O.)

Copy that--Out.

CUT TO:

URBAN HOSPITAL--Ryan and Douglas walk down the hallway, past hushed nuns, with a DOCTOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR

Your Detective Charon was here only an hour after he died. He couldn't talk anyway, he was so messed up. I've never seen anything like it.

RYAN

What finally did it?

DOCTOR

Embolism--but he was a mass of embolisms--almost like when someone has the bends or something. Maybe he was just pummeled--

RYAN

What did you say?

He stops.

RYAN (CONT'D)

The bends--isn't that what divers get-- scuba divers--coming up too fast?

DOCTOR

That's right.

CUT TO:

SNAKE HILL--DAWN--Kelly opens a food bar then suddenly stops, stares down at the camp. It's Grishanov stepping out of the officer's quarters. He stands out in his Russian uniform. Kelly half smiles, whispers--

KELLY

Morning, Ivan.

Kelly watches Grishanov cross the parade ground toward Major Vinh, towering over the short, limping man. Vinh gives him a sloppy salute, and they exchange words. Kelly taps out another message on the radio.

CUT TO:

ZACHARIAS--Laying on his slab--a thin shaft of light comes through the window slit. The small grill on his door slides. Zacharias doesn't even look.

ZACHARIAS

You think you used me don't you?

CLOSE GRILL--Grishanov's eyes.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

This isn't about the Chinese. You think I'm stupid?

No answer.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D) (soft, calm)

Well buddy if what I've told you helps you--You better get in a war with Mexico. You ain't in my league.

He turns over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRISHANOV
That's very brave Robin. I know you
are ashamed.

ZACHARIAS
If you don't believe me--just try it.
We've been waiting for 25 years.

A silence.

CLOSE GRISHANOV--He speaks slowly, a sadness about his eyes.

GRISHANOV
You are a dead man Robin. Why do
you think you are here instead of
the "Hilton"? You are already listed
as dead. I--I tried to save you. I
could do nothing. I tried because you
have become--a--friend. I'm sorry.

He turns and leaves.

CUT TO:

PITTSBURGH--RAY BROWN'S HOUSE--PASTOR CHARLES MEYER(60) walks
up the snow covered walkway, rings the bell.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM--Doris is shaky, looks up to Pastor Meyer.

PASTOR MEYER
--But you're a witness to this young
woman. Pamela's murder--you've got to
have the courage Doris.

DORIS
No.

PASTOR MEYER
Someone's got to come forward.

RAY BROWN
He's right Dory--He's right.

PASTOR MEYER
We've got to call Baltimore.

DORIS (backing away)
The police?

CUT TO:

SNAKE HILL--DUSK--Kelly, completely camouflaged in weeds and
leaves, the air is thick with night bugs droning. He watches
the changing of the guard below, checks his watch--taps out a
message.

CUT TO:

USS IWO JIMA--CIC--The Comm Tech jots down the message.

COMM TECH
Light Green--Normal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAXWELL
Let's do it.

CUT TO:

FLIGHT DECK--Marines in full battle gear run to CH-53's, rotors turning. Their faces are painted--they wear boonie hats--and load into two helos. Captain Albie stops for a moment near Maxwell. Ritter and Franks look on.

ALBIE
See you in about three hours Sir.

MAXWELL
Good hunting.

They salute--he runs off. Deck crewmen with lighted wands guide the take-offs.

CUT TO:

BALTIMORE--DAY--An unmarked detective car--pulls into the parking lot at Police Headquarters. Charon drives, Douglas sits next to him.

CHARON
Is this girl Doris willing to do a depo?

DOUGLAS
Her dad's bringing her from Pittsburgh tomorrow. Ryan talked him into it.

CHARON
A break--sometimes even we get lucky.

Douglas gets out.

CHARON
See you tomorrow. What time?

DOUGLAS
Around two.

He goes in--Charon drives off.

CUT TO:

RYAN--At his desk--waiting on the telephone. Douglas sits down.

DOUGLAS
Holding? Pisses me off when they do that.

RYAN
They're getting something for me.

DOUGLAS
Who?

RYAN
Military Service records, St. Louis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He waits a second.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What do they call Navy divers now--
UDT? Underwater Demolitions?

DOUGLAS

They all do that--all of 'em are UDT
trained--but they call some SEAL's
now. Super tough commando's.

RYAN

SEAL's.

DOUGLAS

Sea, Air, Land--

RYAN

Catchy--

(into phone)

Hello--Yes--John Kelly--Well give me
all of them you have. Any under UDT
or--SEAL's--Uh-huh--SEAL's are--
classified?

CUT TO:

SNAKE HILL--LIGHT RAIN--NIGHT--Kelly scans with the
binoculars, watching the changing of the guard once again.
Far away, the thunder of artillery--Kelly looks up. The
guards don't even react, it's nothing new.

Kelly taps three long dashes on his radio, gets two back. He
murmurs to himself, staring down at the prison barracks--

KELLY

About a half hour to freedom guys.

The rumble of artillery from the coast. The soft drumming of
the rain. And something else. Low and tenuous, growing in
intensity. Kelly turns, then freezes as it gets louder over
the rain--the sound of truck motors.

KELLY'S P.O.V.--BINOCULARS--TRUCKS--Two, three, four of them.
Lights on--just slits, headlights taped over. Soldiers are
in the back, lined on both sides--military trucks.

KELLY (O.S.)

Shit--

Kelly lowers the binoculars as the trucks wind past the base
of the hill toward the camp gate. A shout from one of the
towers--lights flip on in the officer's quarters--shouting.

Forty soldiers quickly dismount from the line of trucks.
Half head for the trees, half take positions inside the
perimeter and dig in.

Kelly, deathly still, flips on the radio.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Cricket, this is Snake--Over.

(nothing)

Cricket, this is Snake--Over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

USS IWO JIMA--CIC--SAME TIME--Maxwell takes the microphone.

MAXWELL

Snake, this is Cricket Actual--What is your message--Over.

KELLY

Abort Abort Abort--Acknowledge.

Everyone freezes, confused. Maxwell stares ahead, not believing what he's hearing.

MAXWELL

Say again Snake--Say again.

SNAKE HILL--SAME TIME--Kelly barks into the radio, barely contained frustration.

KELLY

Abort the mission--Abort Abort Abort--Acknowledge immediately.
(long silence, then--)

MAXWELL (V.O.)

We copy your order--Acknowledged--Mission aborted--Stand by.

KELLY

Roger--Standing by.

He clicks off, watching, listening as NVA soldiers cut through the brush, moving closer and closer to him.

CUT TO:

USS IWO JIMA--CIC--Maxwell stares down at the chart table. Ritter grips the platform, frustrated.

RITTER

What happened Dutch?

MAXWELL

We still got a man in there Jim.

(to Captain Franks)

Let's move in toward the beach, fast as you can.

FRANKS

Yes Sir.

SNAKE HILL--NIGHT--The NVA are dangerously close. Kelly whispers in the radio.

KELLY

Cricket--This is Snake--Over.

MAXWELL (V.O.)

We read you Snake.

KELLY

I'm moving--There are people on my hill--I will head west--I'll need helo extraction--Out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kelly takes a last angry look down on Sender Green, now overrun with NVA soldiers, then heads down the hill.

CUT TO:

IWO JIMA--DECK--The two CH-53's land, disgorge troops who assemble on deck. Albie and Irvin run down the line of men selecting machine gunners, grenadiers--seven in all.

MAXWELL (V.O.)

I want a strong rescue force mounted
from the assault groups.

HUEY COBRA GUNSHIPS--Refueling as others are brought up on elevators.

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

We'll need more gunship support since
we won't know the extraction site until
the last minute--

CH-53--The troops go up the rear ramp--extra 7.62 mini-guns are mounted on side doors. The ramp is about to raise when from the island--another figure--it's Maxwell himself, carrying a helmet and wearing a leather flight jacket. He gets on the ramp, goes up. The Sea Stallion wheels over as three Cobras follow, joining others in the air to escort the rescue.

INT. CH-53--Maxwell sits forward of the troops--next to the door gunner. The crew chief adjusts his radio headset. Albie leans forward, yells over the noise:

ALBIE

Sir--We don't usually do this with
a two star!

Maxwell leans back--grins.

MAXWELL

Mission's failed--Career's over--
Last chance to be young.

Albie gives him a thumbs up.

CUT TO:

DORIS--Watching television in her living room. The doorbell rings. She gets up, goes to it--tentative--she looks out, opens the door.

CLOSE--Mark Charon--badge in hand. He smiles warmly--she feels relieved.

CHARON

And you must be Doris. Your dad
around?

DORIS

Yeah--We were going in tomorrow.
We didn't expect you.

CHARON

Didn't you get the call--Maybe the
line was busy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DORIS

Dad's in the basement working--I'll--
go get him.

She goes to the back and down some stairs. Charon looks on a table near the door--a notepad--Sandy O'Toole and a number at Johns Hopkins and her home's. He hears them talking downstairs. He reaches into his coat and withdraws a Colt Woodsman .22 Auto with a long silencer built in--similar to Kelly's work. He starts towards the stairs.

CUT TO:

JUNGLE--RAIN--NIGHT--Kelly goes down a steep hill fast, slipping down the side of a choked ravine--the rain hiding all noise. He stops at the bottom, checks his CAR-15 muzzle and straightens his pack. He looks out of the leaves.

A CLEARING AHEAD--A road in its center--beyond some foliage and the river.

CUT TO:

CITROEN--Driving through the rain. Major Vinh sits next to his driver while Grishanov is in the back. The rain obscures visibility--the lights are covered except for slits.

GRISHANOV (Vietnamese)

If there was knowledge of a raid--
Why was I not informed?

Vinh laughs to his driver: Too bad for you--Arrogant Stalinist toady--We are the warriors--You're just a bureaucrat.

KELLY--Moves across the clearing, sizing it up for an extraction site. He is on the road close to the jungle--he turns and looks down the long clearing and doesn't hear or see:

THE CITROEN--Careening out of the jungle, its engine roaring--sliding on the mud--headed right for Kelly. The driver has a brief glimpse in his muted lights of a green-clad man in leaves.

KELLY--Hears at the last minute, turns and raises his rifle in one motion--a short burst through the driver's windshield, another into the passenger side--then he rolls--the Citroen goes off the road and slams hard into a tree.

KELLY--Comes to his feet--circling in the dark--he can see that the driver is motionless trapped behind the wheel. The door opens--a figure rolls out--crawls and pulls himself up--a glint in his hand. One shot and he goes into a heap. Kelly listens--the rain--he moves up--there are documents and notebooks scattered around the body. Kelly scoops these up with one hand. He hears a moan from the back seat. He opens the door--a body slumped-out part way--Kelly's muzzle goes to the figure's throat. He can see well enough to distinguish Grishanov's Caucasian features. He grabs him and pulls him out--flops him face down in the mud and stands on him as he scoops up a notebook and shoves it into his web-gear--Paydirt!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE GRISHANOV--Kelly turns him over. He's still stunned but he can see a painted face above him and flickering eyes--a gun muzzle at his teeth.

KELLY
I know you understand me. Do exactly what I say or we die together--You first.

He pulls him to his feet. There are lights further down the road--maybe voices--a definite light ahead.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Can you swim?

CUT TO:

SIGN--On a low government building: U.S. NAVY SPECIAL WARFARE SCHOOL--LITTLE CREEK. Ryan looks at it--goes in the door.

CUT TO:

OFFICE--Ryan accepting coffee from Commander Spencer, who sits down across from him.

SPENCER
Kelly was a good man--a moral human being. I don't believe he did these things.

RYAN
But he's capable of it?

SPENCER
Sir, we're all capable of it. Every one of us. We both know that.

RYAN
His record says that he was on the Independence as a diver--and you were at Cam Ranh Bay supervising waste removal? How could that be if you were is C.O.?

SPENCER
The Lord and the U.S. Navy work in strange ways Sir.

RYAN
Was Kelly a--SEAL? That's what you are--that's what this is--a commando school--

SPENCER
I didn't say that Sir--But as far as Mr. Kelly is concerned, he's very good with weapons. He will avoid confrontation.

RYAN
But if we corner him?

SPENCER
You don't want to do that.

CUT TO:

ADMIRAL MAXWELL--Sitting behind the PILOT and copilot of the CH-53, banking over the coast--the dark shapes of two Cobras off to their left--a glint of moonlight on the river in the distance.

PILOT (over radio mike)
We should have heard something by now.
Even his homing beeper.

MAXWELL
Keep orbiting 'till we're bingo fuel.

PILOT
Could get hot anytime Sir--

MAXWELL
We'll get him--God help me I will.

CUT TO:

GRISHANOV'S FACE--Looking up at the silhouette of a bridge--passing above. Kelly's arm is around his neck--he's being held in the lifeguard carry going downriver with the current on a receding tide. He could cry out to the voices he hears on the shore--but when it comes to it, he's scared. Scared shitless. He knows this man will kill--silence his first sound--and he will drown in this dark water. The bridge passes by. The moon shows briefly through the clouds.

CUT TO:

BANK--Kelly pulls Grishanov up harshly--checks his compass--looks back where they came--no lights. He gets out his radio.

KELLY
Cricket this is Snake--Acknowledge.

CH-53--MAXWELL

MAXWELL
Reading you Snake--

KELLY
Go up-river to first bridge--Double
back one klick--Go due south--I'll
use strobe and pop smoke--Do you copy?

Already the helicopters turn and go down towards the jungle, gathering speed.

MAXWELL
That's a rog Snake.

SMALL CLEARING--Another road--twisting off towards a hill--the moon is brighter now. The clouds are breaking up. Kelly and Grishanov are flat in a ditch--Kelly can hear the rotors coming.

KELLY
Now or never Ivan--Don't be smart--

He pops his strobe light--sticks it in the ground. The helo's come over the far trees just as he planned. They can't miss it--they bank hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly gunfire--small arms--followed by 23mm--tracers arc and fall.

KELLY
Too late now!

He grabs the Russian--they rush toward the open.

PILOT--CH-53--Banking, turning, tracers lazily gliding up.

PILOT
It's gonna' be hot! Hoodlum Lead
give me some cover--

KELLY--Pops a smoke grenade--it flares and white smoke billows. A Cobra streaks over firing its cannon--the opposite tree line is lit up with incendiary strikes. Another fires rockets--there's sparkles from the dark jungle--cracks of bullets overhead. Tracers hit and bounce straight up--an explosion--a secondary--the roar of more rockets streak over. Two Cobras set themselves between him and the enemy fire--and begin raking with their cannon. There's a tremendous sudden wind--chaos--the huge dark shape of the CH-53 seems to come down right on them. A mini-gun pours molten fire from the door. Suddenly figures are running around them--firing back.

STRONG HANDS--Pull Grishanov to his feet. He's hauled in the side door. Somebody slaps Kelly on the back and he follows them to the ramp--a strong grasp pulls him up--others clamber in. Kelly finds himself looking up to Sgt. Irvin's dark green face.

IRVIN
Good evening Mr. Clark--Who'd you
bring to the dance?

KELLY
Hitchhiker--

The ramp comes up partially. The rear mini-gunner fires out over it. They are already airborne--the ground drops away.

CLOSE MAXWELL--Next to the door gunner again--catches Kelly's glance--winks.

MAXWELL
Rescue One--Coming up on feet wet--
We have Snake aboard.

CUT TO:

RYAN'S OFFICE--DAY--Ryan taps a picture of his son on the desk while he listens grimly on the phone(the picture is of Jack Ryan--Harrison Ford--graduating from Annapolis). He pushes the picture away.

RYAN
No--they were supposed to be here at
two o'clock. I'm sorry too.

He hangs up. Douglas waits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN (CONT'D)

Doris Brown and her father were murdered in their home. Execution style--two shots each from a .22 automatic.

DOUGLAS

Who knew she was in Pittsburgh Em? This thing was in wraps.

RYAN

Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe it is the mob.

DOUGLAS

You think Em--that maybe they got someone here? Someone on the inside?

CUT TO:

INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND--Junk piles of rusting metal--tin cans, discarded parts--smokestacks in the background. Mark Charon and Henry Tucker stand on a pile of debris.

CHARON

Could be the Philly gang or it could be bigger--jealousy. Here's how we get it out in the open.

HENRY

Sing it man.

CHARON

We bring it all next week as usual. Everything we've stored. Both Piaggi and Morello are there. We cut it at the warehouse--We make each one think he's getting more than the other.

He walks down--Henry follows.

CHARON (CONT'D)

They think the other's cut a deal and ripped 'em off. We find out right there.

HENRY

And who settles it--Me?

CHARON

Maybe they settle each other. You got the connections now Henry.

HENRY

That's true--

CHARON

You don't need them anymore. I'll clean up the mess--it's legal for me to kill criminals--

HENRY (smiling)

I guess you're my only friend Mark.

CHARON

Something like that.

CUT TO:

USS IWO JIMA--BRIG--Grishanov is strapped to a chair, blindfolded. Ritter pulls up a chair and sits opposite him.

RITTER
You are aboard the USS Iwo Jima, Colonel.

GRISHANOV (in Russian)
I don't speak English.

RITTER
Some of your notes are in English.

Ritter signals--a Marine takes off his blindfold. He blinks--looks at Ritter.

GRISHANOV
I am a Soviet Officer. You have no right to interrogate--

RITTER (hard)
You've been interrogating American prisoners of war. How does that look Colonel?

He holds the wet notebook up.

RITTER (CONT'D)
Who do we call to find out what you're worth?

Grishanov is surprised, scared.

GRISHANOV
I have a wife--a house--children.

RITTER
So do a lot of people.

CUT TO:

CAPTAIN'S MESS--They're all there--Maxwell, Ritter, Franks, other CIA types. Kelly looks at the documents spread out on the table--along with recent recon photos of Sender Green.

KELLY
Look--they brought in 37 mike-mike, radar's over here.
(to Maxwell)
The chances of success exactly zero.
I did what I had to do.

RITTER
Somebody burned the mission.

Dead silence--white rage--frustration.

MAXWELL
Son Tay again--

RITTER
Could be the State Department--could be us--We'll find 'em sooner or later--
That's how the NVA knew, Clark. You made the right decision.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kelly doesn't find solace in this.

RITTER (CONT'D)
But you may have done more than you
think--the Russian.

They look at him.

RITTER (CONT'D)
He's a bargaining chip.

CUT TO:

KELLY'S BERTH--NIGHT--Kelly slugs down whiskey from a flask
while Irvin and Albie watch.

IRVIN
Could have been a lot worse
Mr. Clark.

He glares--sweating--on his way to a drunk.

KELLY
Gunny--everything I touch goes
to shit.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDY'S HOUSE--NIGHT--The wind blows--the lights are off
in the living room. Someone is knocking on the door. The
dog barks and growls--Sandy comes out in a robe and turns on
the lights--a figure outside.

SANDY
Who is it?

VOICE
Police--Detective Mark Charon.

She hesitates--then opens the door. Charon stands in a
trenchcoat with snow on him. She motions. He comes in.

SANDY
What do you want at this hour?

CHARON
I have some questions about Doris
Brown.

Sandy is taken aback.

CHARON (CONT'D)
You know Miss Brown.

SANDY (caught)
Y-Yes.

CHARON
She's dead--murdered.

Sandy gasps--is genuinely afraid now.

CHARON (CONT'D)
She had your number--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY
I helped her once.

CHARON
Didn't you help take care of that
diver--Kelly? The frogman. Didn't
you, Miss O'Toole?

SANDY
I was his nurse--Why?

CHARON
Do you know where his is?

SANDY
He's out of the country.

CHARON
You've been seeing him?

SANDY
I don't think you have the right to
question me like this--at this time.

CHARON
Time will come Miss O'Toole--Time
will come.

He turns and goes back out the door--slams it. She watches
him walk away--turns out the light, still watching, he gets
into his car. Suddenly the phone rings. She jumps--it rings
again--he drives away--she picks it up.

FEMALE VOICE
Miss Sandy O'Toole?

SANDY
What do you want?

FEMALE VOICE
I have a message from a John Kelly.
He says he's safe and on his way home.

She breathes.

SANDY
Thank you.

CUT TO:

KELLY--DAY--Sitting on Sandy's porch with her and the dog
drinking soup.

KELLY
What did he say.

SANDY
Nothing really--he was looking for you.

KELLY (drinks)
He's the one Sandy. He's dirty. He
probably killed Doris. You've got to
get out of here. Can you go to Sarah's
for a few days?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY

I--I suppose so--What're you going to do?

KELLY

There are things that must be finished. Don't ask me anymore.

SANDY

Doris was mine John--I won't ask you.

He puts his hand on hers.

KELLY

I'd like to hold you Sandy. But everything I've held on to is--gone. Maybe this has to be this way.

He gets up--she reaches for him but he is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. MACHINERY BUNKER--Sounds of the lathe echo off the water in the crisp winter light.

INT. BUNKER--In a vice is the barreled action of a Ruger 10/22 automatic .22 caliber rifle--holes in the barrel.

MONTAGE--Baffles slid over--a tube over these--a 3X9 scope installed--the stock replaced. Finally--Kelly firing a rapid string--the target--a ten shot group that can be covered with a nickel.

NATIONAL ZOO--Ritter walks with a burly RUSSIAN, SERGEY VOLOSHIN. They pass the reptile gardens.

RITTER

Look General, you don't like the little bastards any more than we do.

SERGEY

They are our fraternal socialist allies.

RITTER

Yeah--and we have democracies all over Latin America--These snakes are more reliable.

(points to the rattler)

SERGEY

You know where you stand with enemies. Not always true with friends.

RITTER

Then hear me General. The stakes are high. If anything happens to those men, I promise we WILL produce your Colonel. The Pentagon WILL be pissed off. They want those men BACK and they don't give a rat fuck about detente.

SERGEY

Do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITTER

Does the name Curtis LeMay bring memories.
Where were you during the Cuban missile
crisis Sergey? Don't fuck with Big Dick
Nixon or you'll wake up to a 4000 degree
surface temperature.

SERGEY

I think we can do business.

RITTER

I'll be expecting the call.

MAXWELL'S OFFICE--Kelly is seated in front of Maxwell's desk.

MAXWELL

The police have been asking for your
files. Fellow called Ryan.

KELLY

Ryan? --Yeah he's smart--Ryan.

MAXWELL

You want to tell me about it?

KELLY

It's a long story Sir--and you better
ask Mr. Ritter in too.

MAXWELL

That bad?

CUT TO:

COFFEE CUPS--EMPTY--The three sit around Maxwell's couch.

KELLY

A shipment? Twenty kilo's--maybe
better.

RITTER

Wow.

KELLY

Smells like formaldehyde.

They frown.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Embalming fluid--It's Asian heroin--
think about it--they're using the bodies
of our KIA's to bring the shit in.

MAXWELL

Jesus.

Silence--rage, disgust, betrayal of faith.

RITTER

How many kills?

KELLY

Five so far.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAXWELL

I guess that makes you an ace.

KELLY

Maybe it's unwinnable over there Sir.
But I'm winning this war.

The phone rings--Maxwell picks it up.

MAXWELL (gruff)

I said no calls--what?

He listens, hangs up--looks at the others.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

They tried to reach you Bob--to tell you
that the prisoners have been transferred
from Sender Green.

KELLY

Congratulations Sir.

RITTER

You did it John--Now what the hell
are we going to do with you, MR. CLARK?

CUT TO:

BALTIMORE STREET--DAY--Kelly in his Falcon. He looks normal,
wearing a coverall from an electrical company. He checks his
notebook.

CLOSE--Notes from Billy's interrogation: PICK UP--6TH--
UNKNOWN LOCATION--DISTRIB--10TH 0600--1223 PONCO ST.--
WAREHOUSE. He opens a one hour photo envelope--snapshots of
a warehouse--somewhat isolated in a run-down neighborhood.
He draws circles around one window--on the second story that
can be opened--all others are barred or bricked up. He draws
a line showing phone cables. He looks at his watch--3:35.
He looks up and we see down the street--the warehouse.

CUT TO:

ROOF--Of a nearby building--Kelly clips into the phone wires
coming over from the warehouse. He attaches a field phone.

OTHER POSITION--Kelly lays out the 10/22 rifle--eight spare
ten round magazines. He has brought them up in a large
plastic plumbing cylinder. He lays out binoculars,
McDonald's Big Mac, fries and a coke. He looks over and down
at the warehouse, slightly below. Three cars are parked in
front. From his position he can see the front door--side
window--other glass between bars. He hears nothing but the
late day traffic--ties a grey handkerchief around the rifle's
barrel to break up its shape and starts on the Big Mac.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE--GROUND FLOOR--A table--the tubes of heroin
laid out. Henry sits with his feet up.

MORELLO

What the fuck are you talking about?
Who the fuck are you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY

All I know is what's been going down.
You want to explain it?

Morello has two goons with him. Tony Piaggi throws up his hands.

PIAGGI

I got nothin' to do with this Eddie--
First I heard.

Now we see that there is a gun in Henry's hand--nickel .357 revolver. Behind him stands Burt who has a cut down automatic shotgun.

MORELLO

You're making a big mistake nigger.
I want you to think about it.

Silence. He turns to reveal Mark Charon leaning against a wall--casual.

MORELLO

What about you--Where do you stand?

CHARON

I'm a Jew--I go with the nigger--
Put your money on the table--All
of it.

MORELLO

You fucker--You're dead meat. You'll
go slow and special.

CHARON

You're insulting an officer.

PIAGGI

I got nothin' to do with this--
Let me go.

CHARON

Shut up!

He lets his hand drop--it holds a .357 snubby.

CHARON (CONT'D)

Go ahead big man--you're so well
connected--make your choice.

The phone rings--Henry looks at it--everyone tenses, it rings again--and again. Finally Burt reaches for it.

BURT

For you.

Henry takes it.

CUT TO:

KELLY--With rifle--field phone in hand.

HENRY (V.O.)

Who the fuck this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

John Kelly--

HENRY

Who the fuck are you?

KELLY

I am Death--the Destroyer of worlds.

(silence)

Remember Pam? I do--You're all that's left Henry. Having a party?

CLOSE HENRY--He blanks in terror--holds the phone away.

HENRY

It's him! It's the frogman--the guy who did all my people!

CHARON

Don't buy it Henry--it's part of the set-up.

HENRY

Fuck--you talk to him!

He drops the phone on the table. Charon doesn't move. Henry stares at the phone. Morello looks to his boys.

PHONE

Look out the window Henry--Look out the window.

HENRY

Burt--check the window.

Burt moves around keeping the gun trained. Looks out the window--sees nothing--the building, the roof maybe?

P.O.V. SCOPE--On Burt's head through the glass. His eyes come up--go wide.

CLOSE KELLY--He fires three shots quick--two more--pift-pift--glass breaking.

CLOSE BURT--Glass shatters in his face, two holes through his cheek and nose--he screams, spins--hair flicks--blood spatters--the shotgun goes off!

MORELLO--Goes for his gun--his boys draw theirs. Henry kicks away from table firing into Eddie's stomach--a bullet bursts a bag of heroin. The goons fire back and run. Charon ducks down--with a two handed grip he centers one in the back--again. The other blazes a few shots from an automatic--goes for the front door. Morello sits down in the chair and shoots Henry across the table--the two empty their guns at each other and Morello slumps over on his folded arms on top of the dope.

FRONT DOOR--The thug crashes through--it's about thirty feet to the nearest car.

KELLY--Slaps a new plastic ten round mag in--runs the bolt--comes up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

P.O.V. SCOPE--The dark, heavy figure of a mob thug running to the car--pift-pift-pift. He twists and contorts--grabbing at himself.

CLOSE THUG--As if he's being stung by bees. He gasps--tries to scream--spots appear on his head--ear--shirt. He grabs at the rear view mirror trying to hold himself up--claws at the car and sinks down between them. Only the sound of traffic is heard.

CLOSE PHONE--On table.

KELLY (V.O.)
Don't try that again! Hello--Hello--
Anyone home? Henry?

CLOSE HENRY--Holding his stomach--his ear is shot off too. He's shaking. The gunfire has stopped. Piaggi stands right where he was frozen.

CLOSE KELLY--He slaps in a new magazine--scans with binoculars--picks up the phone.

KELLY (CONT'D) (V.O.)
What was that? Did you boys have
a disagreement?

No answer.

KELLY (CONT'D) (V.O.)
Cat got your tongue?

CUT TO:

CHARON--Moving carefully to avoid the window.

HENRY
I'm hurt. I'm real fucking hurt.
You gotta' get me an ambulance.

CHARON
Stand up--We're gettin' outta' here--

HENRY (shaking)
How man?

CHARON
I told you it's part of Eddie's play.
He ain't fucked me yet and now he's
dead.

He picks up the phone.

CHARON (CONT'D)
Eddie's dead motherfucker!

KELLY (V.O.)
Who's Eddie--Uncle Sam want's you!

Charon slams the phone--picks up the shotgun from Burt who is dead. He hands it to Piaggi.

CHARON
Go up the stairs--the roof. We'll
cover from here--He can't do two
places at once.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIAGGI

Let me talk to him.

CHARON

I'll kill you now if you don't move.

He shoves the gun in his hands.

CHARON (CONT'D)

Don't be cute--I'll take your eyes
out--It's your only way friend--
Go on.

Piaggi turns and goes to the stairs.

CHARON (CONT'D)

Keep goin--I'm waiting.

Piaggi thinks about turning around--looks over his shoulder.
Charon's gun is pointed at him.

CHARON (CONT'D)

C'mon gangster--You got a big shotgun.
Show me something.

Piaggi goes up the stairs.

CHARON--Grabs the dope off the table in front of Henry--puts
it in his coat--some sticking out of his pockets.

HENRY

What're you doin' man?

CHARON

Let's get out through this window--
He's on the other side.

A half bricked window--he picks up a chair and smashes it
out--it's jagged--small.

HENRY

I can't man. I'm gonna' die. You
ain't gonna' leave me?

He shakes violently--Charon smashes away at the window.

CUT TO:

PIAGGI--At roof door--he hears the glass breaking below.

KELLY--Has moved to the back where he can cover the roof door
and the other side. It's getting dark.

CUT TO:

CLOSE HENRY--Loading his pistol with shaking bloody fingers.

HENRY

Don't leave me man.

CHARON

Stay if you want Henry. You were
always a quitter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Henry whirls around, gun pointed--

CHARON (CONT'D)
You gonna' shoot me? You can't can
you--I'm your only friend.

He does--blam--Charon doubles over--rolls and comes up--
Henry's gun is shaking. Charon raises his--blam through the
eye. Henry reels back and crushes in a heap and spasms.

CHARON (CONT'D)
Dirty little phony.

ROOF DOOR--Piaggi crashes out--rolls and comes up like in the
movies. Kelly shoots him in the neck twice and turns to scan
the windows. Piaggi is on his hands and knees. Kelly goes
down the stairs.

ALLEY--Charon has fallen out the window and lays in the
trash. His gun is about five feet from him. It's almost
dark. He feels something, looks up. Kelly--standing--his
face obscured by shadow.

CHARON
You.

KELLY
Me.

Charon breathes, smiles, coughs.

CHARON (to no one)
You fucked it all up. I coulda' been
East Coast distributor--You know that.

He looks at Kelly.

CHARON (CONT'D)
What am I? I get thirty grand a year--
I put these maggots away and they're
back out before I can do the reports.
What do I get for thirty fucking years?
It's worse than when I started. I just
wanted a piece and you came along. Why?

KELLY
I don't know--I only do what I believe in.

CHARON
You think I'm different, fucker?

KELLY
Yeah--You stopped--I didn't.

He kicks the gun to him--fades back into the dark.

KELLY
Do the right thing.

KELLY'S CAR--Kelly gets in--puts the tube in back--hears a
shot--closes the door.

CUT TO:

SANDY'S HOUSE--Ryan's car in front. The door opens, Ryan walks out in an overcoat, says goodbye to Sandy and Dr. Rosen. He walks down the sidewalk to his car. He stops. Kelly is standing by it. They face each other.

KELLY

I'm not armed Lieutenant Ryan.

RYAN

Alright--I'll want you to come with me. Will you do that?

KELLY (to house)

Do they know?

RYAN

No.

KELLY

Can I make my phone call?

RYAN

Sure.

CUT TO:

POLICE STATION--Kelly sitting behind a desk. Detective Douglas and others are around. He is handcuffed. He looks ahead--

DOOR--Opens a to holding area--in walk Ritter, Maxwell and CAPTAIN GREER, a black man in his forties. The Naval Officers look impressive in blue and gold braid--campaign ribbons. They walk up to Ryan's desk.

RYAN

Are you his attorneys?

RITTER

We are his counsel.

Maxwell sits down on the desk. He is handed several folders by Greer.

GREER

It seems you've made a mistake Lieutenant Ryan.

MAXWELL

The man accused of these crimes is John Kelly?

RYAN (catching on)

Yeah--try it.

MAXWELL

Well I admit he looks a lot like John Kelly--Chief Kelly was killed two weeks ago in North Vietnam. He was on a classified operation.

RITTER

He's listed as MIA.

GREER

Here is his file--fingerprints--birth certificate--education--service records--It's all here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAXWELL
This man is Mr. Clark.

GREER
His file.

He throws another down.

RITTER
You see there's been a terrible error.

Ryan glowers.

RYAN
You can't do this. I know your game.
You can't. You're breaking the law.

RITTER
Prove it.

MAXWELL
Laws are imposed by social orders
Lieutenant Ryan--like governments.
Now morality--well that's a personal
choice.

CUT TO:

IWO JIMA MEMORIAL--DAY--Grishanov gets out of a limo and
walks to another. Sergey opens the door.

SERGEY (Russian)
What did they do to you?

GRISHANOV
They took my fingerprints.

CUT TO:

TRAVIS AIR FORCE BASE--1973--Signs proclaiming "Welcome Home
Heroes", etc. The Marine Band plays "When Johnny Comes
Marching Home". A military 707's door opens--the ramp goes
to a red carpet lined by wives and kids--TV cameras--
photographers. The skinny men come down the steps in baggy
uniforms. They wave and howl--some cry. Wives and children
rush to see their fathers and husbands gone for years.
Colonel Robin Zacharias is one of them. He kisses the
ground--then sees his wife and two kids. He whirls about in
their arms.

IN THE CROWD--John Clark watches, his eyes brimming with
tears. He weeps and laughs and almost collapses but is held
up by his red-haired wife Sandy. Zacharias passes by looking
up into the clouds laughing and crying himself and light
radiates off him.

THE END