ESTABLISHING SHOT - EXTREME CLOSE UP - COBBLESTONES -
EARLY MORNING

TITLE SEQUENCE BEGINS

We OPEN with the screen filled with a dark gray, cut down the middle by a black crevice. We should be unsure of what we are looking at. Is it the surface of the moon or some primeval canyon covered in volcanic ash? Just then a liquid with a yellowish tinge finds its way down through the crevice and further divides the screen in two, like a river dividing East from West perhaps. CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP to reveal that the dark gray filled the screen was in fact two paving stones on a Parisian street and the yellowish river that ran down the middle of the stones comes in two tiny streams that lead to two little boys, who are peeing on the pavement, laughing at their mischief. The boys are twins. They wear backpacks and are set to go off to school. Just then we HEAR the voice of a WOMAN shouting in French (with English subtitles).

FRENCH WOMAN (O.S.)
What do you think you're going?! You ought to be ashamed behaving like that!

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP to reveal ever more scenes of life on this particular street. The woman shouts at the children from her window and the children run off. At the corner, fresh bread is being delivered to a sidewalk cafe, as chairs are set out at tables by white aproned waiters who are preparing for their morning clientele.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP to reveal a taxi driver arguing with a deliver man as a husband kisses his wife goodbye set off for work as we continue pulling back and across city over Montmartre, picking up an argument between drivers here, fresh bread being delivered to a cafe there. Chairs are being set up at sidewalk tables as city awakens and we float across Montmartre into a residential quarter. Husbands kiss wives who send children on their way as TITLES CONTINUE and the city more and more to life and we hover across a small square just up from the Place de la Opera, not far from the Saint Germain-des-Pres, with Montmartre in the b.g. The square has a sidewalk cafe with tables extending out onto a peninsula of pavement that stretches to the foot of a small hotel, whose shuttered windows overlook the square. As we pull and back over the small square, we literally...

**SFX SHOT**

...Pull backwards through the slats of the shutter,
from an aerial shot, being sucked in through the semi-closed shutters into a hotel room where we continue ever so slowly, pulling back.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - PARIS - EARLY MORNING**

The first thing we SEE in this shot which should appear seamless in its one continuous motion transition from the preceding scene, is a spider-web. We are TIGHT on the web in which a still-living insect struggles against his silky bonds. The web begins to tremble as from up above the spider drops, spinning thread lowering itself down on this latest victim, soon to be lunch. As the spider makes this journey we become aware in the b.g. of the panting sounds of lovemaking. It is a woman's breathless sighs and gasps we hear, but under that, perhaps a man's voice, perhaps not. The sounds build to a climax as the camera continues to pull back until it discovers the glistening body of a beautiful young Parisian woman in post-coital dewy Nirvana. Then, the figure of a nude silhouette enters frame and crosses over to the shuttered window. His face and body are half-lit by the slats of light that penetrate from the world outside the hotel room. He lights a cigarette.

**CUT TO:**

**ANGLE ON - CLOSE ON THE MAN**

whom we will come to know as CARLOS. He lights the cigarette and takes a thirsty drag sucking the smoke deep into his lungs, glancing out at the street and alternately at
spider who tiptoes down to her prey. He watches the spider envelop the still-living victim with her spindly legs. Then he takes another drag on the cigarette and the ash bright, a burning ember which he touches ever so slowly to the spider's body. It sizzles.

    CARLOS
    (whispering to the burnt spider)
    You lose...

He looks out through the shutters at the digital clock across the square. Then he glances back at the girl whom we will call COLETTE. The conversation is in French with English subtitles.

    COLETTE
    What do you mean?

    CARLOS
    I mean get out.

    COLETTE
    You're a pig, you know that? How can you be like that?

Carlos crosses to her slowly. He runs his hand across her cheek, then down across her throat. Death is in his eyes.

    CARLOS
    (barely above a whisper)
    Leave without saying another word.

INT. BATHROOM - HOTEL - DAY

Carlos stands in front of the mirror. The mirror is cracked back and in it we see the fractured face of Carlos staring at us from opposite sides of the cracked glass. He wears surgical gloves. From a make up kit by the side of the
he removes a piece of false hair and spirit gum as

CONTINUE.

A. Carlos affixes a John Lennon mustache.

B. Carlos puts on a brown wig of moderately longish

the hair

such as one might have seen on a student in Paris in

early seventies.

C. Carlos puts on a pair of John Lennon granny glasses

and

the student look is complete.

D. Carlos stands in front of a full length mirror in

jeans

jacket.

dressing

and a blue work shirt over which he puts a worn grey

He now looks every inch the young French student
down to look like one of the proletariat.

END OF TITLES

E. Carlos takes an M26 hand grenade and puts it into an

inside

its

bag

at

these things he sings: "ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE."

CARLOS

(singing)

All you need is love...
Rum da, da da da
All you need is love
Rum da da da da
All you need is lo-ve
Love is all you need.
Love is all you need.


EXT. / INT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY
It's a hot Sunday afternoon and the complex of shops and a cafe in St. Germain-des-Pres is bustling with young clientele. Inside the cafe, there is a second floor with a balustrade overlooking the tables inside. Outside, there are tables set up on the sidewalk.

JACK SHAW, a tall, husky American in his late thirties, sits at one of the front tables outside. He reads the International Herald Tribune. The headline is, "Terrorists Seize Embassy, Issue Demands And Threaten Attacks." Jack sips his espresso.

ANGLE ON CARLOS dressed as in preceding scene. He enters. Just then Jack looks up and sees him. For an instant, Carlos looks at Jack, tenses just slightly. Jack looks back at his paper paying no attention. Carlos pulls out a cigarette, pats his pockets for a light. Then he crosses to Jack.

CARLOS

Pardon monsieur...

He mimes flicking a match and Jack looks for a match. He offers the lit end of his cigarette. Carlos cups Jack's hand.

CARLOS

Merci.

He crosses away from Jack, smiling and goes inside the cafe. Jack follows him absentmindedly, tracking his progress through the windows, though his view is obscured somewhat by reflections of the street. Carlos steps casually to the railing overlooking the tables inside as Jack sees the double
image of Carlos and the reflected street scene. Carlos leans over, pulls the pin from an M26 grenade, and lets the "spoon" come off in his hand. We HEAR the timing fuse hiss as nonchalantly counts to himself.

CARLOS
(counting)
One thousand one... one thousand two... one thousand three...

ANGLE ON - JACK

He looks up just in time to see Carlos drop the grenade casually into the crowd below. Their eyes lock for a beat; then Carlos smiles, turns and bounds away. Jack's eyes widen in horror. He gets up, about to cry out a warning.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON

the crowd below as the grenade EXPLODES, filling the air with smoke and flying glass, its metal ripping through flesh and bone. People are wounded, bloody and writhing in pain and screaming in panic.

ANGLE ON JACK

disheveled, covered with the shattered glass of the window, but not but not seriously hurt, he struggles to his feet. He looks around for Carlos who has vanished, now realizing who he was. As he looks around, he sees a SMALL BOY staring at his left arm with heart-rending disbelief.

The boy has no hand.

CUT TO:
EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE – PARIS – DAY

There are throngs of ambulances, police and military personnel, wounded survivors are being tended to. All is confusion and off in a corner we SEE Jack, standing with a man in a suit. The man's name is DU FOLTIERE. He shows Jack an I.D.

DU FOLTIERE
Du Foltiere, Monsieur, intelligence liaison officer. DST. My understanding is that you are the Deputy Chief of Station, CIA, Paris, and that you witnessed by coincidence this attack.

JACK
That's right.

DU FOLTIERE
And you have told my subordinate that you recognized the terrorist as Carlos?

Du Foltiere pulls out a small notebook to take notes.

JACK
That's not what I told him. I said he recognized me. Afterwards I realized who he was. By then it was too late.

DU FOLTIERE
(writing in his notebook)
Ah yes... The deputy chief of station did not recognize him... But he recognized you.

JACK
I wasn't the one wearing the disguise.

DU FOLTIERE
Yes of course... But then how are you sure it was him?

JACK
How often do you see someone holding a live grenade listening to the fuse? Besides, the arrogant son of a bitch
It's a cold Sunday morning with a light snow just beginning to fall when SIX YOUNG MEN and ONE WOMAN enter the headquarters of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries -- a modern, seven-story block of concrete and glass. They all carry Adidas sport bags over their shoulders. Their leader, Carlos, with dark beret and sunglasses, sports a long white raincoat -- the kind that was very much in fashion that winter. Next to him is KOJ, a Japanese terrorist and his most trusted Lieutenant.

**CARLOS**

(singing)

I shot the sheriff...

But I did not shoot the deputy...

---

...Obviously some of the members are exploiting the oil price differentials as a loophole... This body has been very precise in its policy.

---

The group with the Adidas sport bags approaches the reception
desk. Carlos -- moustache, sideburns, and wispy beard reddish brown -- smiles politely at the female receptionist.

Behind the reception desk are two circular staircases which wind their way up to an elevator that is visible behind the railing at the top of the landing. There is what appears to be a security man standing at that elevator with an earpiece and tell-tale bulge under his jacket.

**CARLOS**

(in German)

Pardon me. Is the conference still in progress?

Smiling back, the ash-blonde receptionist nods.

**RECEPTIONIST**

(in German)

Yes, but sir...

**CARLOS**

(in German)

I have an urgent delivery for the ministers.

As if on urgent business, Carlos quickly heads up the flight of stairs before the security man who stands next to the receptionist can react. The security man speaks quickly into his walkie talkie.

**ANGLE ON - THE LANDING**

by the elevator at the top of the stairs. Carlos bounds up the stairs and pushes the elevator button. The Security Man near the elevator listens intently to what is being said in his earpiece and he steps forward to challenge Carlos. Carlos smiles at him and whips out a 9mm. silenced Beretta and fires two shots right between the Security Man's eyes. He falls
over the railing and lands face up on the console in front of the terrified receptionist. Carlos leans over the one move and fires two shots into the upturned face of Security Man who stands next to the shocked receptionist. The receptionist screams.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM**

**NIGERIAN OIL MINISTER**

(angry)

I protest the unfound charges of the oil minister from Venezuela. We do not use, nor intend to use, the lower gradings to capture more of the market --

His words are cut short when the door is kicked open, and Carlos strides in.

**CARLOS**

(brandishing his automatic)

**EVERYONE FREEZE!**

Everyone frantically hits the floor. That is, with the exception of TWO BODYGUARDS. They try for their weapons. A short burst from Carlos' Beretta machine pistol which is pulled from the inside of his trenchcoat brings them to the floor. This weapon is not silenced, but deafening. Just then Koj enters the room from the corridor.

**KOJ**

We've got company.

Suddenly, there's the sound of INTENSE GUNFIRE coming from the corridor.

**ANGLE ON - CARLOS**
He reaches into his trenchcoat and pulls out a pocket-
Chinese RGD5 grenade. He yanks the pin, lets the spoon
listens to the fuse hiss, counts quite calmly and then
the live grenade to Koj who catches it and in one
tosses it out the door. A loud sound of GRENADE
and plaster powders those glued to the floor. GASPS OF
But the gunfire outside ceases.

**CARLOS**

*My name is Carlos. You'll do as I say.*

His smile is cunning, mocking, and... familiar.

**EXT. VIENNA AIRPORT - SNOWSTORM - MAGIC HOUR**

We SEE an Air France jet liner touch down on the
runway.

**EXT. VIENNA AIRPORT - SNOWSTORM - MAGIC HOUR**

Jack comes down the steps of the just-landed jet. The
whips around his face as he walks down the stair unit
onto the tarmac, pulling his overcoat up around him.

**EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY, VIENNA - SNOWSTORM - MAGIC HOUR**

**EST.**

**INT. OFFICE - AMERICAN EMBASSY - VIENNA - NIGHT**

Behind the desk is CARL MICKENS, the CIA Station Chief
tall, angular, cropped grey hair. He is in mid-
with Jack Shaw who sits opposite him, his overcoat over
arm of the chair in which he sits. He has obviously
come from the airport.

**MICKENA**

*...Twenty million dollars ransom.*
JACK
Who's asking for it?

MICKENA
"The Arm of the Arab Revolution."
Alias of the month time.
(shrugs)
Could be anybody. The point is...
their leader claims to be Carlos...

JACK
He does, does he?

MICKENA
He wants to make sure everyone knows it's him. He wants the credit and the Austrians want a positive ID. That's when your name came up.

JACK
Who brought my name up?

MICKENA
The guy who says he's Carlos. The Austrians want you there to identify him.

JACK
Where?

MICKENA
At the airport. Tomorrow. When they provide the plane to fly him and the hostages to Libya. Carlos evidently feels very comfortable in Libya.

JACK
They got him here in their own backyard and they're gonna let him walk away?!

MICKENA
They've got no choice, Jack.

JACK
Bullshit! Let 'em handle it like the Israelis would.

MICKENA
They're not the Israelis Jack. It's not their fight.
JACK
Then let me take him out! They want me to meet him at the airport. I can get close enough to get a clear shot at him. We can end this shit now.

MICKENA
Jack! He's got seventy hostages.

JACK
Fuck the hostages!

Mickens looks at him almost in horror. Jack knows he has let down too much of the mask of professionalism as it were.

JACK
(apologetically)
Harold, we can handle it with a minimum loss of life.

MICKENA
We will handle it with no loss of life. Those aren't just any hostages. They are the oil ministers of the richest countries in the world, and that twenty million bucks they're gonna have to pay isn't gonna break 'em you know. It's nothing to them. They just want to pay it and... it's not our fight.

JACK
What do you think Carlos is gonna do with that money? Put it in mutual funds? He'll use it to hit us. Let me assemble a team and we can...

MICKENA
Jack goddamnit, there isn't any team to assemble! You're a fuckin' dinosaur. We're out of the assassination business. All of us! You got a personal hard on against this guy because he made you look like an asshole and now he's gonna rub your nose in it. I can appreciate your feelings, but it's not going down on our soil. It is not with our nationals and it is not our fight! Now I got my orders and you just got
INT. VIENNA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - VIENNA - NIGHT

Carl, Jack and various other CIA functionaries walk quickly down the corridor with Austrian police and intelligence officers. Jack carries a briefcase as do they all.

ANGLE ON - JACK

JACK

I gotta hit the john.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - VIENNA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jack stands inside of a stall in the men's room. He has just crossed a certain frontier in his mind and stepped into an area known as no man's land. He quickly takes off his overcoat and jacket and we see attached to his arm a harness made up of straps and springs. He opens his briefcase and attaches the harness a .32 caliber Beretta. He fumbles with adjustments, racing against time. Finally, he seems to have adjusted everything just so. Then he lowers his arm to side. Then he raises the right arm as if shaking hands the harness slams the .32 caliber Beretta from his forearm straight into his palm. He resets the gun back into the forearm position. He has a look of grim determination on his face. The only question is, is it the look of someone who is crazy enough to do he is contemplating.

EXT. VIENNA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - BLIZZARD - NIGHT

On the tarmac, an Austrian Airways DC9. TV cameras, lights, and beams are set up in front of the plane, sending
and pools of yellow light into the darkness and the snow which swirls all around as a pool of REPORTERS stands ready to record whatever is about to go down. Among a small group of OFFICIALS is Jack Shaw. Everyone's eyes are on an approaching yellow curtained bus.

**ON BUS**

As it gets closer, we can detect through its windshield a white raincoat and a black beret. Carlos is standing by the driver with a machine-pistol in one hand and a grenade in the other.

**CLOSE - JACK**

His eyes strain to get a better look at the terrorist, his arm down at his side.

**BACK TO SCENE**

As the bus parks by the DC 9, Carlos jumps out and waves to the media. Not the customary V-sign, but the wave of a celebrity... The hostages then, under their captors' guns, file compliantly out of the bus and onto the plane. A line of exhausted, bleary-eyed middle-aged men in expensive suits and in need of a shave. Carlos however, is as fresh, alert and energetic as the morning of the attack. And he's definitely savoring the moment.

**ON JACK**

Tense, he tries to be inconspicuous as he leans towards Mickens.

**JACK**

(whispering)

I think it's him, but I can't be sure. Not with those dark glasses and the beard...
ON CARLOS

Everyone on board, he too climbs the mobile steps and disappears into the plane. Suddenly, he reemerges and comes down to where the officials and Jack stand. As Jack watches him intently, he faces the MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR. In the window of the plane we SEE Koj holding a grenade to the pilot's head.

ANGLE ON CARLOS

CARLOS

Minister of the Interior, I presume...?

The distinguished-looking man, who looks a bit like Kurt Waldheim, nods.

CARLOS

I'm sorry this had to happen in Austria. We have no quarrel with your government.

His eye catching Jack, he stops in mid-sentence. A devilish smile crosses his lips as he turns towards him. He pulls a cigarette out and crosses right over to Jack, up close as they say, very personal. The snowflakes whirl surrealistically around them as the two stand face to face.

CARLOS

Pardon monsieur...

He mimes flicking a match. He takes off his glasses and looks at Jack and smiles.

CARLOS

We were never really properly introduced Mister Shaw. My name is Carlos.

With a cunning, mocking smile he extends his hand out to
shake Jack's. Jack stares at him, ever so slowly

to raise his hand. With that move he knows the gun will

slapping into his palm and he will be able to take

out no matter what the cost.

JACK
(smiling)
Eat shit and die slow.

His hand starts rising. In another second the gun will

into it. Just then we hear:

MICKENA (O.S.)

Jack, no!

Jack turns to look at Mickens. Mickens indicates the

photographers.

MICKENA
You don't want your picture taken
shaking his hand.

Jack is momentarily confused. He has turned to Mickens

thinking perhaps he was calling out a warning and now

moment for the shot has passed. He turns back to Carlos

who

shrugs and steps over to the Austrian minister so that

the

Minister now is between Jack and Carlos and the shot is

lost.

CARLOS
(to the minister)
As I was saying, I'm sorry about the
loss of life. And thank you for your
cooperation.

Once again he sticks out his hand. Only this time, as

the

cameras roll, Austria's Minister of the Interior shakes

the

hand of the archterrorist in what will go down in

the "handshake of shame."

ON JACK
His eyes tell it all.

**EXT. JERUSALEM - WESTERN WALL - DAY**

We begin with an ESTABLISHING SHOT of Al Aksa Mosque and the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem. These are the two most famous landmarks in Jerusalem's Old City skyline.

**OVER THIS WE SUPER:**

**JERUSALEM - AUGUST**

CAMERA then pans and tilts down and we are above the Western Wall looking down on the bobbing black hats of Hassidic Jews, the knitted skullcaps of more modern Orthodox, here and there the olive shirt of Army uniform with M16 or Galil assault rifle that sways in prayer as well.

**CROSS**

To the Jerusalem stone paving stones that make up the square in front of the wall as we glide across the intersecting lines of paving stones set one next to the other until a glowing cigarette comes into view and then a foot which crushes it out. There should be something in this sequence that is reminiscent of our opening, a foreboding that just as the cracks in the Parisian paving stones led us to once before, perhaps these new stones will lead us once again to some act of terror.

**NEW ANGLE**

just to reveal a man standing in silhouette, the man who has crushed out the cigarette. We cannot see his face because he has a camera to his eye.
NEW ANGLE - POV THROUGH THE CAMERA LENS

Through the lens of the camera just established we SEE an old Rabbi praying at the wall. CLICK! The shutter captures the shot.

BACK TO SCENE

The man in silhouette now lowers the camera and we SEE that he is CARLOS! There is no mistake even though the nose, perhaps is a little different and this time he is clean-slightly. It is still Carlos the Jackals. He smiles slightly.

EXT. CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

Busy photographing it, Carlos doesn't seem to notice the TWO ARABS who watch him surreptitiously. He walks in front of soldiers who laugh and look at us POV Carlos.

ANGLE

Carlos reaches into his pocket. Is he perhaps going for a grenade to toss at these soldiers? We build tension as he pulls out instead, another roll of film and with great determination, we have the CLICK of the door of the camera to enhance our music beat as tension builds. Surely it can't be long till Carlos does something awful.

EXT. MOSLEM QUARTER - DAY

Carlos walks towards the Suq, working his way through the crown from the Damascus gate as we reveal more soldiers in the foreground, surveilling the area.

EXT. MOSLEM QUARTER - DAY

From the POV of the two Arabs following him, we SEE Carlos...
lost, or pretending to be, as he ambles along through the Suq, past all sorts of vendors hawking their wares. Heads of fish are cut off with the swift slash of a knife in one stall, freshly skinned lambs hang by their feet in another. Carlos, still looking lost, approaches a street vendor hawking rosary beads. We see them talk but cannot hear their dialogue. Carlos walks on.

**EXT. MOSLEM QUARTER - DAY**

A group of children play an impromptu game of soccer.

**NEW ANGLE - SAME SCENE - POV CARLOS THROUGH CAMERA LENS**

We watch these innocent children playing. If this was a gun sight they'd be dead. CLICK!

**NEW ANGLE**

It is Carlos who has taken the picture. His smile at the sight of the children is no longer a subtle one. There is some secret enjoyment here. It's then, that he notices the Two Arabs tailing him.

**CLOSE ON - CARLOS**

He frowns. Now what happens can be interpreted in one of two ways. He is either trying to shake the two Arabs or he has entered every tourist's nightmare: a deserted alley in a foreign country with two bad guys. He quickens his pace. The Arabs do too. Carlos now knows they're after him and he takes
off running.

**EXT. MOSLEM QUARTER - DAY - CHASE SEQUENCE ANGLE**

So do the two Arabs. Only now there are THREE MORE coming after him.

**MOVING**

A tense, desperate CHASE in the Moslem Quarter's labyrinth of twisted alleys and narrow streets. When his Arab pursuers lose sight of him briefly, Carlos takes something out of his pocket, some sort of ID and throws it in an alleyway.

**EXT. SUQ - JERUSALEM - DAY**

Carlos races through the Suq, past a group of Arabs who begin heeding the call to prayer. They roll out prayer mats and begin acclaiming in Arabic that there is only one God Mohammed is his prophet. Carlos grabs one of the canvas awnings that shade the alleyways and this cafe. He rips it off, trying to make an obstacle course between him and his pursuers. He overturns trays of olives, sacks of sunflower seeds, anything he can get his hands on.

**NEW ANGLE**

Carlos runs headlong into a copper serving platter that is hanging on display. He is disoriented, terrified, and seemingly from out of nowhere, he is tackled, grabbed by the Arabs and dragged to a dark alley between two stores. He is overcome and brought down to the ground. One of the evidently has a deep dislike for Carlos and though subdued, he kicks the shit out of him.
INT. WINDOWLESS CELL - DAY

This room is your worst nightmare in the Middle East. It could be a cellar suite in Beirut, or an interrogation cell in Damascus. There is no way of knowing. It is simply an empty room with a large metal ring embedded into the floor, to which Carlos is shackled. Battered and badly bruised, he's obviously in great pain. The room's metal door SCREECHES as it opens slowly and a new man whom we will call AMOS enters. With him are two of the Arabs we've seen earlier. They're bareheaded now, without their kaffiyehs.

AMOS
(accented English)
How do you feel?

He smiles.

CARLOS
(broken English)
I do not speak English.
(in Spanish)
Yo soy Cubano... de Cuba... Castro...
Su amigos... Amigos... Entiende?

AMOS
You spoke English well enough to your contact... the street vendor... so please let's not play games. We're both professionals, Carlos.

CARLOS
(with heavy Cuban accent)
My name... Ramirez... no Carlos.

AMOS
Yes, I know what your name is... Illich Ramirez...

CARLOS
No Illich.
AMOS
Alias Carlos Sanchez, alias Carlos Martinez, alias The Jackal.

CARLOS
(with heavy Cuban accent)
Jou're loco man... No Carlos... I am tourist...

Amos swoops down and with one hand pulls Carlos by the hair over across his knee with his throat up and other hand in a hammer lock. Amos brings his face down to Carlos.

AMOS
Listen to me you piece of shit. I'm trying very hard to be professional about this but you are in Israeli hands now... So don't play games with me... entiende hombre?

Carlos whose neck is stretched back like a goose about to be slaughtered can barely croak out an answer.

CARLOS
Okay.

Amos loosens his grasp and straightens up. Carlos winces in pain from broken ribs. As he speaks it is now unaccented English, just the slightest trace of Spanish background.

CARLOS
You... You're telling me you're Israelis... not Arabs? (relieved)
I'm in some kind of an Israeli prison... is that what you're telling me?

AMOS
Amazing how much your English has improved in just a few seconds...

CARLOS
(trying to be very
Look, obviously there has been some kind of mistake. I don't know who you think I am, but I am a Lieutenant Commander in the United States Navy, okay? I am Lieutenant Commander Annibal Ramirez of the U.S.S. Yorktown, Sixth Fleet, docked in Haifa. I am not Carlos or Sanchez or Illich or the Jackal or whoever you think you just caught. If you call the U.S. Embassy and ask for the Sixth Fleet Liaison Officer, he'll confirm everything I've said.

He is not pushy, just firm and decisive.

**AMOS**

Remarkable... remarkable performance... the chutzpa of it is unbelievable... my hat is off to you Carlos.

Carlos, who from now on out will be referred to by his real name, RAMIREZ, has had it with the reasoned approach. He now adopts the demeanor of a U.S. Naval Officer reaming an enlisted man a brand new bunghole.

**RAMIREZ**

Your hat's off?! I'll tear your head off! You get on the horn and you call the U.S. Embassy and you call the Sixth Fleet Liaison Office and then motherfucker you go out and find yourself a good lawyer and I'll tell you somethin' Jack, I'm gonna sue your ass so bad that your great grandchildren will still be shovelin' shit to pay off the debt!

Amos is doing his best to look unflappable.

**AMOS**

Carlos... give me a break, huh? If you were an American officer you would have... ID papers, dog tags.

**RAMIREZ**

I ditched 'em in an alley just before you guys got me. Go back there you'll
find 'em.

AMOS
You ditched them.

RAMIREZ
Per instructions... An American officer on shore leave in the Middle East must travel in mufti, civilian clothes. A bunch of Arabs start chasing me... could be terrorism... could be kidnapping... instructions are to ditch our tags, our ID or anything else that could identify us. That's why I spoke Spanish, that's why I said I was a Cuban, not an American. And you broke my ribs here asshole. I'm gonna sue you, I'm gonna sue your government... I'm gonna sue every fuckin' Jew I can get my hands on you, understand me?!

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE RAMIREZ'S CELL - RUSSIAN COMPOUND

Amos walks down the corridor. For the first time, he looks the tiniest bit concerned.

RAMIREZ
(shouting after him)
I'm gonna sue Menachem Begin, I'm gonna sue Moshe Dayan, I'm gonna sue the goddamned B'nai B'rith or whatever you call it.

INT. AMOS' OFFICE - JERUSALEM - DAY

Amos sits in his office looking very worried. A long-haired baby-faced agent comes in. He could pass for a typical traveling on holiday. His name is YONI.

YONI
Sir?

AMOS
Yoni... I want you to go back to the old city... where we caught... Carlos... I want you to be very inconspicuous. Take a half dozen
men... you comb every alleyway
there... every garbage can...
everything you can find... for what
looks like a U.S. military ID if
there is such a thing there.

YONI
What's the problem?

AMOS
Who said there was a problem? There's
no problem. I just asked you to do
something and you're going to do it.
So there's no problem.

EXT. ALLEY OF OLD CITY JERUSALEM - DAY

Yoni and half a dozen plainclothed Shin Bet agents walk
through the alley looking around. Yoni is dressed like
a
long-haired backpacking student; others dressed like
Arabs,
others like tourists. As inconspicuously as possible,
they
search alleys and trash cans like the homeless
looking for
food.

INT. AMOS' OFFICE - JERUSALEM

Amos sits at his desk. Just then Yoni walks in. Amos
up.

AMOS
Nu?

Yoni puts a U.S. Navy ID complete with photo and a set
of
military dog tags on Amos' desk.

ANGLE - CLOSE ON THE ID

It identifies its bearer as Lt. Commander Annibal
Ramirez
U.S.N. There is a picture of Ramirez in the upper
corner of
the ID in uniform.

ANGLE ON AMOS
He holds the ID and then sits back in his chair
defeated and
lets out a very Jewish sigh.

AMOS

Oyyyy.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - TERRORISM SITUATION ROOM - DAY

This is a high-tech, ultra modern chrome and glass room
which features a map of the world etched in plexiglass with
terrorist hot-spots marked prominently. On the glass as
well is the logo of the CIA. In this Situation Room we find
WINSTON

SCOTT III, a 50-year-old pin-striped suiter who appears
to be amused. With him is Monroe, his Black deputy and
front of Jack, spread out on the desk is a file on
Polaroid
from Ramirez.

Jack taking in
judgments,

We SEE it as Jack does. Notes on the interrogation,
the roll of film which Ramirez was taking in Jerusalem.
listens to Scott and Monroe, but as he does he is
all the information in Ramirez's file, making no
just taking in information.

SCOTT

I love it! Those cocky Israeli
bastards thought they hit the jackpot.
Got the Jackal right in their own
backyard...

MONROE

State Department's goin' apeshit.
And the Navy... Admiral Trost was so
pissed he was ready to shell the
port of Haifa.

Jack, however, isn't sniggering. He's thinking hard as
he
looks at all the information on the desk.

**JACK**
You're not gettin' it are ya?

**SCOTT**
What?

**JACK**
These weren't some yokels... This was the Israeli General Security Service... The Mossad. The best in the business. They have the most complete dossier there is on Carlos, the latest pictures of him... everything. I mean what's that tell you?

**SCOTT**
That they really ate it this time.

**JACK**
Scott... doesn't it hurt to walk around like that with your head up your ass... I mean isn't it painful?

His eyes glance down to the pictures, especially the photos of the children. Something begins to click.

**EXT. NORFOLK, VA - DAY**

**SUPER: NORFOLK, VIRGINIA**

**EXT. T-BALL FIELD - NORFOLK, VA - DAY**

Almost nothing is as cute as 3 foot 5 inch 6-year-olds struggling to play the most elementary form of baseball, T-ball.

**ANGLE ON - 6 - YEAR-OLD JOEY RAMIREZ**
He is the first baseman and he is intent upon the batter who stands at the T.

**ANGLE ON - THE PARENTS**
cheering their kids on. Amongst them we recognize MAURA,
Annibal Ramirez's wife, who is cheering for her son's team. She holds a ten month old baby as she cheers.

**NEW ANGLE**

on Annibal Ramirez, resplendent in his summer whites, his face still showing the faintest remnants of bruises at the hands of the Israelis. He holds his sea bag in his hand. There is a waiting taxi behind him as he strides over towards the baseball diamond.

**ANGLE ON - JOEY**

He sees his father just as the batter hits the ball.

    JOEY
    Poppi!

The pitcher scoops the grounder up and tosses it to whose eyes however have lit up at the sight of his sailor father home from the sea so the ball hits him in the side of the head and he goes down. Ramirez wants to rush out to son, but Joey straightens himself up quickly, not wanting to be embarrassed by an over-protective parent.

**ANGLE ON - MAURA AND RAMIREZ**

Maura has followed her son's gaze at Ramirez and feels no embarrassment whatsoever as she runs into his arms, holding her baby. She kisses him.

    MAURA
    I thought you weren't coming back till tomorrow...

    RAMIREZ
    I wanted to be here for his game. Look how beautiful she is!

He picks up the baby and kisses her.
RAMIREZ
Just like her mother.

MAURA
What happened to your eye?

RAMIREZ
Nothing. Just fell. It doesn't matter. I'm home.

EXT. RAMIREZ'S HOUSE - NORFOLK - A MONTH LATER - DAY

It's a stucco, single-level structure in a clean, middle income neighborhood. Jack Shaw pulls up, crosses out of his car and knocks on the door. The door opens revealing Ramirez in a T-shirt and pair of sweats. Jack looks at his face, the unmistakable face of Carlos.

RAMIREZ
Joey watch Yolanda... okay?

JACK
Jesus...

RAMIREZ
I beg your pardon?

JACK
Lieutenant Commander Ramirez my name is Jack Shaw... I'm with the government... I'd like to talk to you about what happened in Israel.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAMIREZ HOUSE - BACKYARD - NORFOLK - DAY

ANGLE - CLOSE ON

the barbeque's coals which burst into flame as fluid and then match are applied. OVER this we hear

RAMIREZ
I want to sue them, okay? I want to sue the guy who broke my ribs. I
want to sue their government and their Mossad... and I want to sue Golda Meir!

NEW ANGLE - ON JACK AND RAMIREZ

They stand at the barbeque as Joey plays shooting hoops.

Ramirez holds Yolanda. Ramirez and Jack speak quietly.

JACK
Mrs. Meir is dead, Lieutenant Commander.

RAMIREZ
Then you might want to have them dig her up because I intend to sue her.

Jack chuckles.

JACK
Commander Ramirez when I said I was from the government, perhaps I should have been more specific. I'm from the CIA.

Jack reaches down, opens his briefcase and pulls out a large photo album-like briefing book. He opens it up and hands it to Ramirez. On the first page there is an 8×10 enlargement of a photo of Carlos entering a building. It is grainy but it certainly looks exactly like Ramirez.

JACK
Does the man in that picture look familiar?

Ramirez looks at the picture with the same look on his face that Jack had when he saw Ramirez for the first time.

YOLANDA
Poppi...

RAMIREZ
That's not me... I mean I know it looks like me... but...

JACK
I know it's not you.

**RAMIREZ**
It's... this Carlos guy.

Just then, Joey yells from the tree he's in. Jack automatically hides the picture as if the kid were from a rival intelligence agency.

**JOEY**
Poppi, you don't need to watch the fire, come climb with me.

**RAMIREZ**
Get out of that tree, Joey. Your mother sees that and I'm dead.

Now when Jack speaks it is more guarded and in even quieter tones.

**JACK**
This is the only recent shot we have of him... telescopic lens from half a mile away taken by the Israelis. Can you blame 'em for what happened? The only difference is the eyes.

Ramirez looks at the picture in shock at the resemblance.

**RAMIREZ**
Okay I get it now, you're here to talk me out of my lawsuit. But see I identified myself but they kept me in that cell for two more days chained to that wall after I told 'em who I was so...

**JACK**
Lieutenant Commander, I am not here about your lawsuit. Carlos is the single most vicious terrorist in the world. He's personally carried out or masterminded the worst terrorist attacks in modern history. Men, women, children. Children like yours... blown to bits or slaughtered in cold blood. Annibal... why did you join the Navy?
RAMIREZ
(as if by rote)
To serve my country.

JACK
To serve your country... to protect her from her enemies. Well Carlos is one of her enemies now. And he'll probably become a bigger one... terrorism... unfortunately is a growth industry.

RAMIREZ
Why are you telling me all this?

JACK
Lieutenant Commander, the governments of most countries in the free world have been after Carlos for ten years and we have nothing to show for it. There is exactly one person in the world who can help us get Carlos. And that person is you.

RAMIREZ
What do you mean... to get him?

JACK
All I can tell you is it may take as much as six months to a year of preparation. It will involve a high degree of risk. That much said, you may never as much as lay eyes on him yourself. But if we succeed Carlos won't be a threat to anyone anymore. Now I know you're going to need some time to think about it so...

RAMIREZ
No I don't need any time. The answer's no.

JACK
Annibal...

RAMIREZ
Lieutenant Commander... I am a Naval Officer... that's what I was trained for... that's what I'm good at... See you came to the wrong address. You want James Bond. He lives in London and he's got an Aston Martin.
You can't miss him.

We HOLD on Ramirez's look and Jack's half-smile.

INT. OFFICERS' CLUB - NAVAL BASE - NORFOLK - EVENING

The Officers' Club is decked out for a reception for Admiral Crawford. All the officers are in dress whites and all the wives wear white gloves and cocktail dresses as a Navy string quartet plays softly in b.g. There is a reception line and the Admiral stands with his aide who introduces each of the guests who pass through the line.

NAVAL AIDE
Admiral Crawford this is Commander and Mrs. Ward Scowcroft.

CRAWFORD
I know your family well, Commander, I was with your father at the Academy. I expect great things from you Ward... great things.

SCOWCROFT
I won't let you down sir.

Next up are Ramirez and his wife Maura.

NAVAL AIDE
Admiral Crawford this is Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Annibal Ramirez.

CRAWFORD
Annabelle?!

RAMIREZ
(smiling)
It's Annibal sir.

CRAWFORD
Yes... of course... well ... I'm glad to see we're getting some Mexican American officers in the ranks. I'm an L.A. boy myself so I have a real soft spot for authentic Mexican food... My stomach doesn't always go along with it but...
MAURA
We'd love to have you over to dinner Admiral but the cuisine would be Cuban not Mexican. I think your stomach would find it more agreeable... not to mention your taste buds.

CRAWFORD
You're Cuban Americans... oh I'm sorry... you grow up in L.A. and you hear Ramirez and... anyway it was a pleasure meeting you.

He looks uncomfortably over to his aide who gently keeps the line moving. CAMERA FOLLOWS ANNIBAL AND MAURA DOWN THE RECEPTION LINE. There in front of them is Jack in a white linen suit.

JACK
We do keep bumping into each other don't we. How do you do, Mrs. Ramirez? I was over at your lovely home the other day but I felt cheated because I had to leave before I had the pleasure of meeting you.

MAURA
The pleasure is mine...

JACK
Para servirle, Yo soy encantado de conocerte.

MAURA
Encantada Senor...

JACK
Shaw... Jack Shaw.

MAURA
Senor Shaw. Mucho gusto.

RAMIREZ
My wife speaks English Mister Shaw... so do I.

JACK
Perdonname, I didn't think you'd be
embarrassed to speak Spanish in front of the Admiral. A sus ordenes.

**ANGLE ON**

**THE BAR** - Ramirez stands at the bar.

**RAMIREZ**
(to bartender)
I'll have a club soda and... uhh... a glass of white wine please...

Jack steps up behind him. Jack holds a small wrapped package.

**JACK**
Let me guess the white wine is for your wife right? Cause you're afraid to drink anything stronger than club soda around the brass. How do you stand this shit Annibal? I mean they're all so fuckin' constipated.

**RAMIREZ**
My wife is waiting for her wine... if you'll excuse me.

Jack stands in front of him blocking his way.

**JACK**
Oh there's a fiery retort.

**RAMIREZ**
(under his breath)
How about fuck you.

**JACK**
I'd believe it if you said it a little louder...

Ramirez controls his anger which is starting to show through in the bulging veins.

**JACK**
Look at these guys. You don't belong with them. You belong with me. What did Darth Vader say to Luke? Come over to the dark side? You have no idea of the power we have.

**RAMIREZ**
Hey... I told you I didn't want anything to do with you.

JACK
How's it going to look in your jacket? Your country came to you requesting help and you turned it down. Not exactly promotion material, know what I mean? These people don't want you in their club, Annibal. I do.

RAMIREZ
The answer is no. That's the end of it.

EXT. RAMIREZ HOUSE - DAY

We open on a shot of the front door. The doorbell is rung and the door opens after a beat, revealing Ramirez. We don't yet see who is at the door.

RAMIREZ
Oh Jesus... what do you want?

NEW ANGLE

Revealing it is Jack who is at the door.

JACK
I want you to come with me.

RAMIREZ
Well then get set for disappointment.

JACK
Okay. Then you are ordered to come with me.

RAMIREZ
You can't order me to do shit.

Just then the cellular phone which Jack holds rings. Jack smiles and holds out the phone to Ramirez.

JACK
It's for you.

Ramirez takes the phone, totally faked out. He presses
"send" button and gingerly says...

**RAMIREZ**
( into Cell phone )
Hello... who? Oh... yes sir... Yes sir... Yes sir... Yes sir... Yes sir. I will... yes sir.

We HOLD for a beat on Ramirez's look at Jack who stands there unable to keep from smiling.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - DAY**

A helicopter lands in its air ambulance spot outside the Emergency Room entrance of Bethesda Naval Hospital. Out step Ramirez and Jack. They cross over to the hospital entrance.

We SEE a sign on the wall identifying this as BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE.

**INT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S LOUNGE - DAY**

Jack is there with Ramirez. He hands Ramirez a white lab coat and puts one on himself. Ramirez's coat has a tag he doesn't even notice, which says: DR. RAMIREZ on it.

**RAMIREZ**

What's this?

**JACK**

Put it on.

**RAMIREZ**

Why?

**JACK**

Because I just told you to. You need a phone call for that, too?

Ramirez resignedly puts the coat on.

**INT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY**
Jack and Ramirez walk down the corridor.

**JACK**
The boy was flown here from Germany. His parents are U.S. military personnel. Navy family. A bomb was planted in a grocery store that was frequented mainly by U.S. military dependents. They believe it was Carlos or one of the Cells he runs. How old is your kid?

This last is asked almost as an afterthought.

**RAMIREZ**
(quietly)
He's six.

**JACK**
Hmmph... so is this kid.

**INT. INTENSIVE CARE - HOSPITAL - DAY**

In the hospital bed is a six-year-old swathed in bandages. The child is pitiful with IVs sticking in him and tubes running underneath the bandages, and a heart monitor beeping weakly above him. His parents sit next to his bed. The father wears the khaki uniform of a Naval Lieutenant.

**NEW ANGLE**

ON Jack and Ramirez. They watch this scene through the little window in the door and then they enter the room.

**BACK TO SCENE**

The parents turn to them as they enter. The parents wear the look all parents wear in their children's hospital rooms at the sight of the doctor who may be able to save their child's life. A look of hope. A look of desperation.

**FATHER**
Hello Doctor Shaw. Is this... Is this the Specialist you told us about?
JACK
Doctor Ramirez, Lieutenant and Mrs. Newcomb... the parents of the child who was wounded in the terrorist attack.

Ramirez's eyes dart in panic from Jack to the Newcombs. They stick out their hands. Finally, he offers his.

FATHER
You're the one who's going to do the surgery.

JACK
He's going to help out.

FATHER
They told us you were the best person in the world to do this.

JACK
He's the only one.

Jack turns to Ramirez.

JACK
Here's the boy's chart, Doctor. As you can see, one kidney was destroyed by the shrapnel. There's a large perforation in the left lung, the spleen, the large intestine, the stomach lining were all torn. There are over a hundred individual shrapnel fragments. It was obviously designed by Carlos to maim, not to kill.

HOLD on Ramirez's look of helplessness which turns to anger.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Ramirez and Jack walk down the corridor. Ramirez is tearing off the lab coat.

RAMIREZ
What kind of a sadistic son of a bitch are you? You use those poor people... you use anything to get what you want.
Jack reaches into the large pocket of his lab coat and pulls out a small photo album, the kind families use to put 3×5 photos of their vacations. He puts it into Ramirez's hand.

**JACK**

To get what I want?

He hands him the photo album.

**JACK**

These are pictures of just some of Carlos' victims. Most of them are children. We haven't had time to get that kid's picture in yet. Up until I heard about you, all we could do about Carlos was take pictures of his victims. I wasn't lying to those people. You are the only one who can do anything about Carlos. I'm not the bad guy, Annibal. Carlos is. I'm just trying to make you see the choices.

Ramirez is still too angry to speak.

**JACK**

Who are you angry at? Me for bringing you down here or Carlos for blowing up that kid? Which of us deserves your anger?

**INT. RAMIREZ HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT**

Ramirez sits at his desk looking at the presentation book Jack gave him. The study is a reflection of the man, Navy pennants, photos, ships in bottles, family photographs. He is very much at home in this sanctuary.

**INTERCUT**

Photos of victims. Bloodied children, women, men, each atrocity labeled with the place of the attack and number of dead and wounded.
Just then there is a knock at the door. Ramirez closes the book and covers it with a newspaper as his wife Maura enters giving off the promise of a wonderful night of conjugal bliss.

MAURA
What are you doing?

RAMIREZ
I was just reading some... manuals...

She bends down and kisses his neck.

MAURA
Read 'em on the Navy's time... this is my time...

She sits into his lap, they kiss and the robe slips down off her shoulders. He kisses her more passionately now.

INT. CHILDREN'S ROOM - RAMIREZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Ramirez enters. He is wearing a robe, having just gotten up out of bed. It is perhaps, one in the morning. Joey is asleep, holding a stuffed animal. The baby is asleep in her crib looking like a little angel. Ramirez pulls the cover up on the baby and pats her gently so as not to wake her and then bends down and kisses his son.

EXT. NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT - SUBMARINE BASE - DAY

WE SUPER THE WORDS: "NOVEMBER, 1986"

Ramirez pulls up in a car with his wife and two children. He is wearing his khaki uniform and carries a sea bag. He embraces Maura.

RAMIREZ
You'll see... it'll go by fast.

MAURA
Not fast enough.
Ramirez bends down to hug Joey.

RAMIREZ
You take care of Mommy, okay?

JOEY
But why do you have to go?

RAMIREZ
Well they're finally giving me my chance to go into subs... that's what I've always wanted you know...

JOEY
New color subs...

RAMIREZ
Nuclear...

JOEY
Is there going to be a war, Poppi?

RAMIREZ
Not if I can help it.

JOEY
Then why do you need to go away?

RAMIREZ
Because sometimes countries need soldiers and sailors to be on guard so there won't be a war... So all the little children like you and baby Yolanda will be safe.

JOEY
Why can't somebody else's Daddy go on the sub and you could stay here and go to my games?

RAMIREZ
Because I'm the one they asked and I'm the one who knows how to do the job.

He kisses Joey, stands up and kisses Maura and the baby she holds and walks past the guard gate, showing his ID as his wife and children wave.
Montreal is an island in the middle of the St. Lawrence. It is a city part way up a mountain, Mount Royale. We track a car as it drives up out of the city, up the mountain to all places, a cemetery which sits at the foot of a prison that looms above it. The cemetery like the deserted. There can be no more desolate place than a graveyard full of long-dead prisoners whose prison has long since shut down.

We super the following words: Temporary CIA Safe House

Montreal, Canada

Ext. Road Leading to Cemetery - Day

We see Jack's car with him and Ramirez in it driving into the cemetery. As it does, it crosses in front of a video camera inconspicuously placed in a tree.

Cut to:

Ext. Cemetery to Abandoned Prison - Montreal - Day

A camera mounted atop a light fixture pans with Jack's car all the way up to the prison entrance. Signs on the prison proclaim that it is closed and that trespassing is forbidden. As Jack pulls up at the prison, a plainclothed operative comes out and as Ramirez and Jack pull Ramirez's bag out of the car, the operative slips into the driver's side and whisks it away. The ground around the area is full of snow that has not been plowed so the look of desertion is complete.

Int. Observation Room - Montreal - Day
There is an observation tower in the middle of the room which has become home to the pigeons who now flap noisily out of it as Jack crosses with Ramirez. The place has the look of an impromptu military encampment in a bombed out wreck building. In the observation room are several nondescript types. Jack shows Ramirez in.

**JACK**

This is an ad hoc operation set up specifically for your mission. When that's over, not even a trace of it will remain. You don't need to know anyone's name. And from now on, your name is Miguel... Security.

**RAMIREZ**

So your name really isn't Jack Shaw?

**JACK**

(smiling)

Of course it is.

### INT. CORRIDOR - OFF OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Jack walks Ramirez down the corridor. They pass the Surveillance Room, the small cell with its satellite dish and single computer terminal and operator established earlier as Technician #1. From here, cables snake their way everywhere. The place has the look of a mobile high-tech spy station that just happens to be set up in a former prison. Ramirez looks around. The idea of being in a prison is obviously uncomfortable for him.

**JACK**

Your mother is Irish... Irish American.

**RAMIREZ**

Yes.

**JACK**
Something wrong, Miguel?

RAMIREZ
...No... not really.

JACK
Your father was in a Cuban prison if I'm correct.

Ramirez turns and looks at him in surprise.

JACK
Your mother used to take you to visit him there, didn't she?

RAMIREZ
(quietly)
Yes.

JACK
I'm sure that's a disturbing memory.

He looks Ramirez straight in the eyes.

RAMIREZ
You didn't set this up in a prison because it was the first piece of real estate you were shown, did you, sir?

JACK
Let's just say everything has its purpose. And Miguel... no one is to know anything about you other than that you're our student. So don't call me sir, because it's like wearing a sign on your forehead that you're military. From here on out forget the Navy.

RAMIREZ
Yes sir... Gotcha...

INT. COMMAND ROOM - ABANDONED PRISON - DAY

Jack and Ramirez walk along until they come to a site which could as easily be in a space station on the dark side of the moon. There in the middle of a huge room looms a
enshrouded satellite tracking system. The plastic hangs down the roof encapsulating this area to protect all of the state of the art computer equipment from the dust. Inside this plastic shrouded space we SEE technicians at monitors which display every approach to the prison as well as monitors which display the surveillance images transmitted back via satellite.

**JACK**

This is our surveillance and satellite tracking center. Just as we are plotting to destroy Carlos, if he knew what we're trying to do, I assure you he'd try to find a way to kill us first.

**INT. PLASTIC COVERED COMMAND CENTER - ABANDONED PRISON**

-DAY

Jack pushes through the plastic shroud into a command center-like room. He and Ramirez enter. This place is high-tech, computers and neon lighting.

**JACK**

Carlos has two main safe houses. One in Libya, one in East Germany. We have satellites that pass over each one three times a day. Unfortunately, the Russians know exactly when our satellites are in position so we have to assume that Carlos knows as well.

They cross over to the satellite tracking monitors which display both the Libyan and East German safe houses. Sitting in front of one of the monitors is Amos, typing controls into the satellite tracking system.

**JACK**

There's one person I want you to meet, though I think the two of you
have already been introduced.

Amos now turns and comes around to Ramirez.

    AMOS
    Hello Miguel... My name is Amos.

Ramirez stares at him.

    RAMIREZ
    Oh yeah... I didn't recognize you
    without my foot chained to the floor.

    AMOS
    I hope there are no hard feelings.

    RAMIREZ
    There are a lot of hard feelings.
    And I'm still gonna sue you when
    this is over.

    JACK
    Miguel, this is a combined Israeli-
    American operation. Amos here knows
    Carlos better than anyone in the
    free world. He was the one who took
    that picture of Carlos in Libya.

    RAMIREZ
    If you could get a picture of him
    why didn't you just kill him?

    AMOS
    Don't let all this equipment fool
    you. Carlos still has the home court
    advantage. He has the best protection
    in the world... three layers at least
    at all times. Next and maybe most
    important... Carlos himself. The
    French DST came to arrest him once.
    He was at his apartment, drunk,
    playing his guitar. He actually had
    them convinced it was all a mistake.
    Then he went into his bathroom, took
    a shave mind you so he would look
    his best for the interrogation and
    when he came out managed to shoot
    each of them through the forehead.
    Then he got the informer who had
    betrayed him, put him down on his
    knees and killed him... Think of it.
    He took a shave and didn't even nick
himself once.

Amos is quiet, lets that sink in.

**AMOS**

Finally, there are political realities. Whoever hits Carlos has to realize that he'll unleash against himself a fanatical wave of terrorist activity in retribution.

**JACK**

That by the way, is the last question you're going to ask. From now on you'll get information when and how we want you to get it. Not before. You don't ask questions, you just do what you're told.

**EXT. CEMETERY - MONTREAL - SUNSET**

Amos, Jack and Ramirez walk amongst the tombstones. Jack and Amos have warm coats. Ramirez does not. He shivers in the cold, but tries not to show his discomfort.

**AMOS**

This is going to be unlike any learning experience you've ever had before. For one thing, we're going to push to all your limits. Fatigue, frustration and fear. We're going to make you more terrified than you've ever been in your life just to see how you handle the fear. Any other learning experience you get things ninety-nine point nine nine nine percent right you get an "A." Here if you get things ninety-nine point nine nine percent right... you get...

Jack walks right up to Ramirez and mimes a gun with his thumb and index finger and puts it right up to Ramirez's temple and goes...

**JACK**

Dead! And I'll tell you the truth. I honestly in my heart of hearts don't
care whether you live or die. Don't take that personal. I don't care whether I live or die. I do care about getting Carlos. That's all I care about.

**RAMIREZ**

But nothing personal, right?

**AMOS**

I'm not as cold-blooded as my American friend... it would bother me very much if you were dead... so we will teach you to stay alive... but no questions... just do. Otherwise...

He puts the imaginary gun to Ramirez's temple.

**RAMIREZ**

When do we start?

**JACK**

You already have. What were the names on the last three tombstones you passed on your right?

**RAMIREZ**

I... I don't know, I wasn't looking. I wasn't paying attention.

**JACK**

That's what will get you killed. Carlos is always looking... always paying attention. Always.

**AMOS**

Because Carlos is the master of the techniques of survival which we will teach you and because he is an efficient killer for whoever employs him, then for him there are simply no rules. Unlike you Miguel, you're a rule follower, aren't you?

Ramirez says nothing.

**AMOS**

Carlos is the opposite of that and that's what's so seductive, you know? He can kill whomever he chooses... ravish whoever he chooses... take whatever he chooses. Do... whatever
he chooses. It is to be in many ways a superman, not bound by the mores or morals of humanity.

JACK
And if you learn what we can teach you, you'll be one, too. If not, you'll be dead.

INT. ABANDONED PRISON - CAFETERIA - THE NEXT MORNING

It is a huge, empty room. Ramirez sits at the lone table as Amos enters. Ramirez is eating a bowl of porridge. His breath steams out in the cold. The room is freezing but instead of a warm jacket, he wears light prison overalls.

AMOS
Good morning. How's the porridge, you like it?

RAMIREZ
'Morning. It's not bad.

He finishes what's left in the bowl. Amos reaches over to a side warming table. There is a huge pot of porridge there.

AMOS
Good... finish everything in the pot.

RAMIREZ
There's got to be like... eight helpings in there maybe...

AMOS
No questions... Just do.

From now on, unless otherwise indicated Ramirez is in the too-tight shirt and tie and light jacket. Jack is in the distance, observing.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ABANDONED PRISON - DAY

Ramirez is doing furious situps, hanging off the balcony of
one of the tiers, with his feet linked under one of the bars so that as he does his sit-up it is over an abyss. Amos stands in front of Ramirez, puffing on a cigar as he speaks, so that Ramirez is gulping in breaths of cigar smoke as he exercises.

**AMOS**
Name and place of birth!

**RAMIREZ**
Illich Ramirez. Caracas, Venezuela.

**AMOS**
Your father?

**RAMIREZ**
Doctor Jose Altagracia Ramirez... Do you have to smoke that cigar?

**AMOS**
Yes.

There is a silence between them. This is obviously the end of that subject. Then Amos goes on.

**AMOS**
Carlos' father abandoned him and his mother because he wanted to be a playboy. Your father abandoned you in effect, when he was sent to prison. Either way, it's a lonely child missing his father. I want you to take what you know of your real father and superimpose it onto this the image of Carlos' father, so when you talk of one you are talking of the other with the same emotion... the same love, the same resentment... the same sadness, the same anger.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CEMETERY - MONTREAL - DAY**

As Jack and Ramirez walk toward the cemetery, we SEE Ramirez
who wears a lightweight white parka so that he shivers in the cold in contrast to Jack's heavy winter gear. Ramirez carries what appears to be a gun.

**JACK**

You need to not only remember the names on every tombstone, but where they are so when I call out a name, you whirl and shoot.

They walk into a scene that is completely surreal. Standing behind every tombstone is one of the crew of trainers. Each man wears a white parka and white pants against the freezing cold. In the center of their impromptu circle stands Ramirez, also wearing white, but of much lighter material so that he shivers in the cold. All of them including Ramirez hold paint pellet guns. It is a cemetery full of living targets which can shoot back. Jack stands outside the circle.

**RAMIREZ**

It's kind of cold. You think I might be able to borrow a warmer jacket from someone?

**JACK**

Brisson! We don't want you to be comfortable. That's just what will get you killed.

Ramirez hesitates a moment, trying to remember where the tombstone with the name "Brisson" is. The trainer who stands behind the "Brisson" tombstone has no such hesitation. He fires at Ramirez and an ugly black splotch of paint explodes on Ramirez's white suit. Ramirez shakes his head in frustration.

**JACK**

DuPres! Paquet!
Ramirez whirls, misses one, is hit again with another black splotch but hits the Paquet tombstone square in the chest with a black splotch of his own.

**INT. KITCHEN SET - PRISON - DAY**

In the middle of a huge room, a movie set has been erected. There are flats supported by sand bags which form the "set" of a kitchen. The set is perfect in every way but its position inside of a huge prison hall lends a quality of the macabre, since no movie is being shot here and no audience will ever see these performances. Jack is there with Ramirez. He opens the refrigerator and Ramirez looks inside as Jack times him on his watch, then closes the refrigerator. Ramirez sneezes. He has caught a cold but must ignore it.

**RAMIREZ**

Top shelf... some milk, some juice, maybe some cottage cheese, a couple bottles of beer, some tomatoes... I don't know...

**JACK**

What kind of milk, how many cartons, open or closed, what kind of juice, how full was the bottle, was it cottage cheese or cream cheese, how many bottles of beer, how many tomatoes? This is life and death!

Jack opens the cupboard.

**JACK**

Look here... Ten seconds, how many cups, saucers, plates, look this time!

**INT. CAFETERIA - ABANDONED PRISON - MONTREAL - DAY**

Ramirez sits practicing his Venezuelan accent in English,
repeating phrases he hears from a native speaker on a tape recorder as he eats another of the interminable bowls of porridge.

**EXT. CEMETERY - MONTREAL - DAY**

Ramirez once again stands in the center in his lightweight white parka surrounded by trainers in heavy white parkas. Jack is nearby.

**JACK**

Here's the thing about Carlos. He doesn't fit any mold. His father is an extraordinarily wealthy playboy who's a Marxist at the same time...

Ramirez whirls and misses and is hit by the trainer. Jack shakes his head and continues.

**JACK**

The guy's such a fanatic he names his three sons after Lenin. And I don't mean John. The same thing is true for Carlos. He's a guerilla fighter who loves champagne and caviar... LaPierre!

Ramirez whirls and hits the trainer in his shoulder at the same time that he himself is hit. Jack's look betrays no emotion.

**JACK**

He doesn't want to be Che Guevara, he wants to be the James Bond of the People's Liberation Front. It's not so much radical chic as an excuse for sadism. Paquet!

As he says this last, Ramirez whirls and shoots another trainer, dead in the chest. Ramirez smiles. He is beginning to enjoy playing terrorist.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY**
We are speeding down the road in a suped-up open Jeep
Ramirez, who is driving. Suddenly, we SEE Jack and Amos
ahead. Amos pulls a lever and a barrier snaps up at
level across the road. We jam on the brakes and

CUT TO:

INT. JEEP - DAY

Ramirez is at the wheel. Suddenly he sees the barrier
a hundred yards in front. He hits the brakes and the
brake at the same time.

NEW ANGLE

The tires scream and leave black tracks, as the Jeep
slides sideways towards the barrier. Just before reaching it,
car completes a 180-degree turn and roars back, but at
last second fishtails and swerves off the road.

ANGLE ON - RAMIREZ

He is obviously frustrated.

ANGLE ON - JACK

He shakes his head in disgust.

JACK

Dead again.

EXT. BELVEDERE - DAY

Ramirez and Jack walk together on the belvedere which
is an observation area with a railing around it, overlooking
abandoned prison. In between the belvedere and the
field which is almost completely barren except for
tree. It sits down below.
In the distance, we SEE a snow mobile approach with its lights on. Just then, Jack takes a pocket sized remote transmitter and slips it into the front pocket of Ramirez's jacket, turning it on as he does.

RAMIREZ
What's that?

JACK
It's a transmitter.

RAMIREZ
For what?

JACK
Target practice. You're the target.

Jack quickly moves away from Ramirez. As Ramirez moves, he notices that the snow mobile changes direction as well, continues to home in on him. And then there is a second mobile. And then a third, all of them coming straight for him. He starts to run. The snow mobiles turn and continue bearing down on him, driving him closer toward the railing. We SEE the snow mobiles are controlled by radio antennas, evidently homing in on his transmitter.

Jack, who has moved quite a ways off, pulls out a Beretta and sets it on the rail. We SEE on the snow mobiles, a lit-up remote device.

JACK
If you shoot out the receivers, they'll stop. There are ten rounds in this clip. The first two are live, the next three dummy, then three live, two dummy.

Ramirez stands like a deer in the headlights for an instant.
and then goes running for the gun. He cannot make it to the gun before the first snow mobile barrels down upon him. He is right against the rail now and goes diving into the snow. The snow mobile goes directly over him and crashes through the rail, falling down to the field below. Ramirez is running, grabs the gun, fires two rounds and misses, hits three dummy rounds which click away as the second mobile draws closer. Then he fires and hits a then fires and misses, then fires and hits the remote. That snow mobile stops in its tracks. The third now down on Ramirez. He clicks off two dummy rounds and before the snow mobile hits him, a shot rings out. The receiver shatters and we SEE Jack standing with the gun with which he has just saved Ramirez’s life.

**JACK**

Three times dead.

**INT. CAFETERIA - ABANDONED PRISON - DAY**

It is after lunch and Jack and Amos are eating ice cream sundaes while Ramirez sits eating the last bit of porridge from the huge bowl.

**AMOS**

You finish all your porridge?

**RAMIREZ**

(deadly)

Yeah... yeah... I finished all my porridge.

**AMOS**

Good now you can have some more.

He motions for the waiter who crosses with a fresh pot and
starts to ladle it out into Ramirez's bowl. Ramirez reaches up and tears at his tie and rips open the top button. Ramirez explodes bat ting the waiter's hand away and sending the bowl flying.

**RAMIREZ**

Enough of this porridge shit man, hi jo deputa! Fuck it man... I ain't eatin' no more of this shit! And I ain't wearin' this fuckin' shirt anymore either!

With that he rips off the tie and rips open the shirt.

**AMOS**

Why Miguel amigo, whatever is the matter?

**RAMIREZ**

I'll tell you what the matter is man... I been here twelve mother fuckin' weeks an' all I've had to eat the whole time is this shit! And those dumb ass basketball games... what's that?! You damn near kill me with those fucking snowmobiles... I haven't seen my family in three months and I still don't know what any plan is or what I'm supposed to be doing!

**AMOS**

Congratulations! You're acting like a child... like a spoiled brat...

**JACK**

And not a Navy Lieutenant Commander, which is exactly what would get you killed.

**AMOS**

Finally you're acting like a willful spoiled child which is just what Carlos was.

**JACK**

We couldn't just let you study Carlos. If this thing is going to work, you have to become him.
Ramirez looks at him in disgust.

**RAMIREZ**
The two most elite intelligence services in the world and the best you can come up with is this porridge bullshit?!

**AMOS**
As a child Carlos was fed that porridge that you love so much every day. He hated it. Every woman or man he's ever been close to he told about that porridge... how the very smell of it made him sick. And now it makes you sick.

**JACK**
When he was in school he was a scrawny little kid. The last one to get picked for any teams. He felt as clumsy as we've made you feel...

**AMOS**
His father smoked cigars... the same ones whose smell you complained about. The only cover that can save your life... is the one you believe yourself. Now... are you ready to pass the next test?

Ramirez just looks at them, in a kind of shock.

**AMOS**
I'll take that for a yes. You're about to go into your house. Your wife has told you she was away with the children for a week. She is entering the house for the first time in a week with you. The children are still at Grandma's so the two of you have a nice romantic time ahead of you. Walk through the house... through the living room and the kitchen only. You have thirty seconds. Walk casually through the house so as not to make her suspicious of anything you do and find out if she's telling you the truth or not. If you pass this test your questions will be answered. If not... you'll be sent home to Virginia and this will
Ramirez walks casually through the living room with camera following. Amos and Jack walk behind him. Ramirez bends down to tie his shoe near the sofa. He crosses into the kitchen and camera follows. He opens the refrigerator and takes out a carton of milk. He takes a drink from the carton and dribbles some onto his shirt and onto the floor. He gets an "I'm such a slob" look on his face. Then he replaces the milk, crosses to the sink, takes the sponge off the sink and first towel. He mops up the spill with the sponge and then with the paper towel, then tosses the paper towel into the trash. As he speaks, Ramirez himself will be amazed at how much he is able to deduce using the techniques he's been taught.

JACK
(looking at watch)
Time's up.

AMOS
Nu? Is she telling the truth or lying?

RAMIREZ
She's got to be lying, otherwise this would be a very short test and I don't think that's what you had in mind. She had a man over.

JACK
How do you know?

RAMIREZ
She hasn't been here in a week? Then why was the sponge still damp. It means she washed dishes. Take a look at the dish rack. There's water in the tray underneath it. Probably
from a couple of plates. There's a bit of water in the silverware tray. The milk is still fresh... not even a hint of being sour and the date on it is a week from today... means she just bought it yesterday or the day before. The margarine's fresh-bought but it's already been opened. Same with the bread.

AMOS

How do you know it was a man?

RAMIREZ

(ignoring him a beat)
She might have met him at a bar because there's a book of matches in the garbage. She was probably careful to throw the cigarette away but there's still a bit of ash and that cigarette smell at the bottom of the liner.

JACK

What else?

RAMIREZ

I think they made love on the sofa because one of the cushions has been turned over and there's the indentation of a tennis shoe print in the rug over there.

He looks down at Jack's shoes.

RAMIREZ

Sorta like the ones you're wearing, Jack. Besides, I know it was a man because I smelled after-shave on the couch.

He gets a quizzical look, crosses to the couch, sniffs.

RAMIREZ

...Cheap kind.

He crosses to Jack and sniffs Jack as well.

RAMIREZ

Jack... you've been fucking my wife.
He holds index finger and thumb up to Jack's head like a gun, reprising his mentor's gesture to him and making the sound of a gunshot with his mouth.

RAMIREZ
Now who's dead?

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

We have four quick cuts. Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! In each one, Ramirez who stands in the center of the trainers, whirls like a ballet dancer and beats each trainer to the punch, hitting dead center on each one with his paint pellet gun. From the side, Amos and Jack nod to each other approvingly.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A triumphant Ramirez walks with Amos and Jack.

JACK
The plan is to get the KGB to eliminate Carlos for us. Carlos knows every link between the KGB and every terrorist organization in the world. He's not only the smoking gun, he knows every contact there ever was. We make the KGB think that Carlos is ready to turn... ready to go over to the CIA, and they'll take him out.

RAMIREZ
Why would they think Carlos would go over to the CIA?

AMOS
Money... fifty million... not for the forces of world revolution this time, but for him, in his pocket with a new identity and CIA protection. They'll believe it... if we lay it out right... they'll believe it.
RAMIREZ
When do we move?

AMOS
Not so fast. You're far from ready. I would think another three months of training and then...

RAMIREZ
Bullshit! I'm ready now. Give me any test you want. Christ, I already passed your tests... what more do you want?

EXT. ABANDONED PRISON - SUNSET
The sun is just setting. There is the silhouette of the prison in the snow. A kind of dark serenity permeates the scene.

INT. CAFETERIA - ABANDONED PRISON - SUNSET
Ramirez sits at the table in the huge, dark and empty room. The table is set with champagne and caviar. He has his Arabic book and tape and earphones.

RAMIREZ
(studying to himself in Arabic)
Shoo Ismak? Isme... Carlos. Isme Carlos.

INT. NEW MONITORING ROOM - ABANDONED PRISON - EVENING
We are in a new setting. It is a kind of dungeon, perhaps once a solitary confinement cell. It is crowded here now with Jack, Amos, and Technician #1 who sit in front of a new bank of monitors. On one we SEE Ramirez eating in the cafeteria.

AMOS
It should be hitting him now...

ANGLE ON MONITOR
We PUSH IN on Ramirez on the monitor.

**INT. CAFETERIA - ABANDONED PRISON - EVENING**

Ramirez sits as before. He is eating his caviar as he looks at his Arabic textbook.

**ANGLE ON - THE TEXTBOOK**

It shows a picture of a street in an Arab country, possibly Libya. It is a typical street scene: a dispassionately sterile photograph in which one can almost hear the BBC announcer voice in your head saying, "And here is a typical scene in lovely Tripoli..." There is a man in a business suit walking on the sidewalk in this picture. We CUT back and forth between Ramirez and then as Ramirez strains to look harder, unbelievingly, we PUSH IN tighter on the picture from his POV and to our amazement, the man in the picture back up at us is Ramirez! Then suddenly the man in the moves and his finger comes up to his lips and he looks and says, "SHHHHHH." Just then, a street vendor in the scene pulls out a gun and shoots Ramirez in the picture the head. Ramirez falls and the picture goes back to a shot of Ramirez lying face down in the black and white oozing black blood onto the white sidewalk of beautiful downtown Tripoli.

He looks out the window at the bluish sky as we shift focus between him and his background. He looks down at the bowl of porridge.

**ANGLE ON - THE CAVIAR**

It is crawling with ants.
Ramirez picks up the bowl and throws it across the room.

**RAMIREZ**

Jack! Jack!!!! Amos!! You motherfuckers!

He gets up, looks at the TV camera and walks down the corridor to the observation room.

**INT. CORRIDOR - ABANDONED PRISON - MONTREAL - EVENING**

Ramirez walks down the corridor past the surveillance room. The satellite dish is still there but there are no technicians to be seen. He follows the cable that snakes down the corridor towards the command room.

**INT. COMMAND ROOM - MORNING**

Ramirez walks along the cable until he comes to the enshrouded satellite tracking system. He pulls one of the plastic panels to discover that the place is totally empty. He bends down and picks up the cable as if it were a lifeline on a strip at stormy sea. He follows it hand over hand where all the equipment was -- it's gone. He looks around and through the plastic, starts to see the silhouettes of people moving and talking. Abruptly, he pulls the panel aside -- just some pigeons against the moonlight shafts.

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - EVENING**

Ramirez enters the Observation Room with its looming observation tower that now has become home to the hundreds of pigeons inside it. The place is completely deserted.

**RAMIREZ**

Jack!!
At the sound of his shout, hundreds of pigeons explode out of the observation tower like bats in a primal cave. Ramirez instinctively crouches in terror.

**RAMIREZ**

Amos you piece of shit! Wen anta? Coos echtak ya sharmuta!

**ANGLE ON**

POV Ramirez. It is blurry and then there are brilliant flashes that cut across our eyes, slicing across our vision, blinding us.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Ramirez knows they have doped him.

**RAMIREZ**

So she tried the first bowl of caviar and said, that's too hot, and she tried the second bowl and said, that's too cold and so she tried the third little itsy bitsy bowl of caviar that belonged to little Miguel and that turned into maggots and that was just right...

**INT. CORRIDOR - ABANDONED PRISON - NIGHT**

Ramirez runs down the corridor. There are cells on either side of him now. They are empty. He is trying to hold onto his sanity.

**NEW ANGLE - POV RAMIREZ**

The cells are now full and each of the cells contains... him! He is trying to get out of all of them.

**ANGLE ON - CELL #1**

Ramirez is in Carlos' black jeans and T-shirt.

**ANGLE ON - CELL #2**
Ramirez is in his dress white Navy uniform.

ANGLE ON - CELL #3

Ramirez is dressed as a doctor, operating on a patient with Jack assisting him. Ramirez pulls a brain out of the patient's head.

RAMIREZ
Here's the problem, Doctor. He needs a new brain.

He tosses the brain to Jack who catches it.

JACK
Brilliant, Doctor!

Jack eats the brain.

JACK
And tasty, too!

ANGLE ON - RAMIREZ

as he walks down the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY ANGLE ON - RAMIREZ'S HAND

It morphs from his own hand to that of a child and the child's hand gives birth to a woman's hand who morph's up alongside of him. It is Ramirez's mother.

NEW ANGLE

Child Ramirez and his Mother walk down the corridor behind two Cuban prison guards. The cells are full of Cuban political men. There are shouts and screams of agony from being tortured somewhere far off. They reach Ramirez's father's cell. Child Ramirez reaches out for his hand. A guard pushes his hand away. RAMIREZ'S FATHER speaks in Spanish.
RAMIREZ'S FATHER

Vaya mi hijo. Vaya rapido!

INT. CORRIDOR – ABANDONED PRISON – NIGHT ANGLE ON –

PIGEONS

They come flapping their wings, dive bombing at us.

NEW ANGLE – RAMIREZ

He walks in his black jeans and T-shirt. The cells are empty around him but up ahead he hears the sounds of someone making love. Well, not making love... fucking. He approaches sounds and there in one cell is is wife Maura under humping away at her. Carlos looks up at Ramirez.

ANGLE ON CARLOS

in cell humping Maura.

CARLOS

(looking at Ramirez)

I think she likes me better... don't you baby. She likes it rough... you never knew that? Yala... ruh mi hun.

He motions for Ramirez to leave.

ANGLE ON – RAMIREZ

He is about to rush the cell when more pigeons come flapping down at him. He turns and...

INT. CORRIDOR – ABANDONED PRISON – NIGHT – SFX NEW

ANGLE

The pigeon becomes a dove gliding in a shaft of moonlight. Then it leaves the moonlight and it turns into a crow.

NEW ANGLE

The crow turns back into a dove and then suddenly the dove begins to choke, to vomit. It opens its beak and out of
mouth emerges the wet, slimy head of a full grown
crow. It is coming straight out of the dove's mouth and
straight at us, to devour us. We HEAR RAMIREZ SCREAM
OVER THIS.

INT. ABANDONED PRISON - CORRIDOR ENTRANCE - MORNING
Jack and Amos walk down the corridor. They both look as
they have been up all night, which indeed they have.
are in need of a shower and shave.

    AMOS
    I hope we didn't go too far with this.

    JACK
    I'd rather have him wind up in a
mental institution fucked up on LSD
than shot in some back alley in Libya.
If he can't handle this, he sure as
shit can't handle going operational.

They round the corner. There, looking up at them,
sitting in
a chair, showered, shaved, looking fresh and ready to
the day is Ramirez. He is reading his Arabic book. He
up at them.

    RAMIREZ
    Okay... what's next?

INT. KGB HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR - MOSCOW - NIGHT
We begin on a shot of a huge statue of Lenin which
dominates this corridor. As camera swings around we SEE a HEAD
KGB OFFICER with his KGB AIDE. OVER this shot we SUPER:

    KGB CENTRAL COMMAND - MOSCOW

The head KGB officer holds a report. He reads aloud in
Russian and we SUPER ENGLISH SUBTITLES. From now on, all
Russian will be indicated by putting the dialogue in
parentheses. The KGB Officer is very smug about the report.

HEAD KGB OFFICER
(glancing up from report)
[We're just gotten information from our resident in Zurich that the CIA head of station there has deposited letters of credit in the amount of fifty million dollars into the account of a Mister Paulo Ortega... It would appear the Americans are dangling a very impressive bait for what I can only assume is a very juicy fish. I want to know who this Paulo Ortega is and what he's going to give the CIA that is worth so very much money. And then we'll see what we can do about that.]

He smiles with a great deal of self-satisfaction.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MAGIC HOUR - AERIAL SHOT

Ramirez races down the road in the Jeep. The road twists and turns as a light snow begins to fall.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Ramirez drives and we SEE that he has an earpiece which goes to a Walkman tape recorder. We HEAR the instructions being fed to him on the tape in Jack's voice:

JACK (THRU TAPE)
You're going to hit a hairpin turn exactly three tenths of a mile from the stop sign which should be coming into view at any minute.

NEW ANGLE - ON THE STOP SIGN UP AHEAD BACK TO SCENE

Ramirez starts to slow down.

JACK
Don't stop for the stop sign, don't even slow down for it. You've got to hit the hairpin exactly fifteen seconds after you pass the stop sign.
We see that Ramirez is going 60 miles an hour down the straightaway. The road is open and straight ahead. Ramirez drives on with total focus. The intensity is obvious. Ahead is a hairpin turn.

**JACK**
The hairpin should be right in front of you. Keep your focus. You can't let down even after you negotiate the turn. You never know what's going to be around the next corner... or whose life might depend on your reactions.

**NEW ANGLE**

ON the Jeep as it negotiates the turn.

**INT. JEEP - NIGHT**

We have a shot of the road, POV Ramirez through the windshield. Suddenly as we negotiate the hairpin turn, up ahead of us sits Jacks in the middle of the road TIED TO A CHAIR, looking straight at us.

**ZOOM TO JACK**
sitting straight, tied into the chair so that he could not run if he wanted to. He doesn't move, just stares forward, as if trying to lock eyes with Ramirez.

**RAMIREZ (O.S.)**
(as his hand starts for brake)
You asshole!

**HIGH ANGLE**
The Jeep turns slightly to the right, then sharply to the left. And as its back wheels lock, it slides and completes the 180-degree turn. Just short of Jack.

**CLOSE - JACK**
His face is white, his stare frozen. He has seen death before.

Never that close.

BACK TO SCENE

Ramirez jumps out of the Jeep, coming straight at Jack.

RAMIREZ
You crazy-assed mother fucker! I could have killed you!

JACK
You can't let down! This isn't a game... it is life and death. You have to be ready for anything, all the time.

RAMIREZ
Fuck you!

Just then we HEAR the roar of the snowmobiles coming out of nowhere, bearing down towards them.

JACK
(calmly)
The clip in your gun has three live, two dummy, one live, three dummy, one live.

Ramirez looks at him, pushed to the breaking point now. He pulls the transmitter out of his pocket and crosses right to Jack and stuffs it in Jack's pocket.

RAMIREZ
No rules, Jack? Then you fucking deal with it.

Ramirez waits for Jack to say something... to protest... to say anything. Jack says nothing. Ramirez turns in a fury and four Jack making
absolutely no attempt to toss the transmitter. Jack locks eyes with Ramirez. Jack is not going to budge. turns his back and is about to continue walking away noise of the snowmobiles bearing on the unrelenting grows louder. Ramirez can take it no more. He turns, out the gun and must run right to where Jack is in get shots off at each snowmobile. He fires through the rounds until he takes out all four snowmobiles, the which comes to rest only a few feet away from them Ramirez is exhausted. When Jack speaks it is quietly with contempt.

JACK
You pussy. You rule-following pussy.

Ramirez turns, looking at Jack, unable to believe his ears.

JACK
You know why you don't fuck around on your wife? Not because you don't want to. You're a man. You want to fuck everything. But you don't... because you're afraid it would cost you what... your wife, your family, your self respect maybe...

As we watch Ramirez listening to Jack, we can see him going over the edge.

JACK
...You know what Carlos would do if he was married? He'd bring whatever woman he wanted home and make his wife fuck her. That's what no rules means. That's what you're too much of a pussy to get.

Ramirez walks straight over to Jack, pulls his hair back so
that Jack is staring up at him and then he puts the barrel of his gun at Jack's temple. Ramirez is not bluffing now. He has gone completely into the dark side for the first time.

RAMIREZ
No rules, Jack? Okay... We're in a fucking foreign country on a secret mission... I can't be here, I'm on a submarine. The U.S. Navy's my alibi. What's the count on my ammunition, Jack? Is this one live or a dud?

He stares down at Jack and we can see that Jack does not remember the count, as Ramirez pulls the trigger. CLICK!

RAMIREZ
What about the next one, Jack? Live or dud... who cares... no rules, right?

He pulls the trigger. CLICK!

JACK
(perversely proud)
Yes, my good son...

RAMIREZ
Think you can be lucky three times in a row?

He pulls the trigger. CLICK!

RAMIREZ
How about four?

He is about to pull the trigger once again when we hear:

AMOS (O.S.)
Annibal! It's over!

Ramirez turns to see him, as Amos walks down the embankment towards him.

JACK
Stay out of it.
AMOS
It's over, Jack. He's it.

Ramirez stays with the gun pointed at Jack. It is obvious he is in a killing mood, perfectly ready and willing to squeeze the trigger once again. Amos takes the gun from Ramirez, points it up and pulls the trigger... KABOOM!

EXT. ROAD BY DEAD SEA - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

WE SUPER THE FOLLOWING: ISRAEL - APRIL, 1987

We have an aerial shot over a date plantation which sits incongruously in the middle of the desert beside the Dead Sea, as we MOVE TO REVEAL a car driving along this barren landscape; the tortured rock formations, the mountains reflected in the water, a desert-scape that looks like something out of Dante, as Peugeot cuts its way along the road.

INT. PEUGEOT - DEAD SEA - ISRAEL

Jack is in the car with Amos, who drives, and Ramirez. Ramirez has a bandage across his nose. He has black eyes from plastic surgery. Jack hands Ramirez a small bundle which he opens. Inside is a black T-shirt and black jeans.

RAMIREZ
What's this?

JACK
What you'll wear from now on. Black T-shirt and jeans... it's the only thing Carlos ever wears whenever he's not out being a terrorist. It's the opposite of what he was forced to wear as a child... you know... the school uniforms, the white tight
collared shirts... It's become like a fetish for him.

**AMOS**
And to match your new wardrobe, in another two days your bandages will come off and you'll get to show your beautiful new nose to Carla.

**RAMIREZ**
Who's Carla?

**JACK**
She's a Venezuelan. She was Carlos' main squeeze about fifteen years ago. She'll put the finishing touches on the act.

**RAMIREZ**
Why's one of Carlos' girlfriends helping us?

**AMOS**
Carlos used her... like he uses a lot of women. She emigrated to Israel. Now she wants to get even.

**RAMIREZ**
What do you mean used her. How?

**JACK**
He put her on an airplane with a bomb in her suitcase. She would have gone up with everything else. What's that song say? There are fifty ways to leave your lover? Make that fifty-one.

**AMOS**
She's about thirty-seven... still attractive.

**JACK**
So it's not gonna be a hardship.

**RAMIREZ**
What's not gonna be a hardship?

**JACK**
Making love to her.

Ramirez looks at Jack in shock.
**JACK**

Annibal... the way in is a woman... her name is Agnieska. It's part of the trap. The KGB will be watching her... we'll make sure of that... She's a more recent girlfriend of Carlos... But they've got to be convinced and so does she. Carlos, you, are going to ask her to do something. She has to believe you're him or she won't risk it.

Ramirez just looks at him, as if cheating on his wife was obviously not part of the bargain.

**JACK**

What the fuck are you lookin' at? You're gonna help murder this guy, you draw the moral line at extramarital sex?

Ramirez is quiet.

**JACK**

Don't think of it as cheating. Think of it as fucking for the flag.

**AMOS**

"When in doubt, close your eyes and think of England."

**EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DEAD SEA - SUNSET**

At first we should not realize we are near a building of any kind. We open on a WIDE ANGLE on the Dead Sea from a stunning smoking of his this is and

POV. CRANE DOWN to reveal the silhouette of Ramirez a cigarette. We now SEE that his nose is exactly that Carlos. He has just a bit of dark circles left under eyes, just enough to make him seem moody. He tosses the cigarette and turns to enter a room. Now we see that a deserted barracks pock-marked with artillery shells machine gun bullet holes from past wars.
EXT. BALCONY - SAFE HOUSE - DEAD SEA - SUNSET

Ramirez turns to enter the barracks with a wide-angle landscape overlooking the Dead Sea. He now wears a black T-shirt and black jeans. The Peugeot is parked near the barracks that sits on the edge of the cliff in b.g.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DEAD SEA - SUNSET

start TIGHT on a shot of an ashtray. It is overflowing with cigarettes. A woman's hand picks up the butt that is in the ashtray and with the last of its ember she lights another cigarette off it. She is CARLA, mid-thirties, hard edged, which mars the beauty she still has. She is intense, and bitter.

She and Ramirez are alone in the living room. She sits in a corner. We become aware of the room. It is a study in contrasts. Light shoots in through shell holes and cracks in ruined walls. And yet, the interior is somehow soft, with thick carpet, muslin drapes and a large bed that resembles at one and the same time, a boxing ring and an altar. She pays no attention to Ramirez. She doesn't acknowledge that he's entered the room. She is in a reverie.

CARLA

The thing about Carlos is... he doesn't lose himself with a woman... not with a lover... maybe with a whore I don't know... I wasn't his whore. Lovers are different to him... he might have a use for them... so he has to seduce them properly. He has to make sure they're so crazy about him they'll do anything for him.
RAMIREZ
When did you...?

She holds up a hand without looking at him, commanding his silence.

CARLA
Shhh! You're not here.

She rocks herself back and forth, comforting herself for the first time we see the bottle of Irish whiskey holds at her side. She raises it, takes a long gulp, the fluid dripping down the corner or her mouth. She doesn't bother to wipe it away. It is there next to tearstains on her cheeks.

Slowly, her rocking back and forth, her primal comforting, the act of an abused and abandoned child will turn into strokes, caresses of a secret style from a phantom lover who will get her in the mood for what she must do. She must get herself wet. She must get herself ready. She must recapture what it is to be seduced by Carlos. Her hand is her lover now.

CARLA
You don't exist until I'm ready to let you exist, and then... you do exactly what I say.

She leans her head back and conjures Carlos up in her mind.

CARLA
It's not pleasure for him... it's... it's... this sick kind of conquest... you know this seduction... he's got to make you not just a lover but a disciple... a worshipper... He brainwashes you with his body... so... so... you'll do anything... you see because he's the perfect
lover... he does it all to... not to please you... but to excite you... to... to make it dangerous for you and then, that's very sexy too, to a woman... that danger... like he could kill you in a second... but instead he makes you come... So he's almost killed you, you see? And you have this orgasm right then and it's like he's killed you and there isn't anything left of you and he makes you be born again the way he wants you to be. So there isn't a thought in your brain that he hasn't put there. Not a feeling in your body that he hasn't put there.

She masturbates herself stopping just short of climax. Then she looks up at Ramirez, acknowledges his presence and lets him exist.

**CARLA**

Take off your clothes.

**RAMIREZ**

Just like that?

**CARLA**

Look Mister...

**RAMIREZ**

Miguel...

**CARLA**

I don't want to know your name... I don't want to know anything about you okay. This isn't fun for me. I'm not here to play soft music and be romantic. I'm here to help you kill him... At least I hope that's what you're going to do. They promised me it was.

**RAMIREZ**

Yes.

**CARLA**

Take off your clothes.

**ANGLE ON RAMIREZ**
He takes off his clothes. CAMERA SHOOTS FROM THE WAIST UP.

**CARLA**
You're smaller than him.

**RAMIREZ**
(shaking his head)
Great.

Carla slaps him suddenly without warning hard across the face.

**CARLA**
That's what he would have done if I would have said something like that. Without a moment's hesitation. What's wrong with you?! No eres ni hombre!

Ramirez backhands her and she flies backwards against the couch.

**ANGLE ON CARLA**
lying against the couch. Her mouth is bleeding just a little.

**CARLA**
Now come to me and kiss where you hit.

She puts her finger to her lip and sees the blood. Ramirez bends down to her, the passion rising.

**CARLA**
Kiss where the blood is and then smear it on my lips so I taste it.

Ramirez bends down and kisses her and the blood smears and he kisses her passionately.

**CARLA**
Now go down on me... yes like that... si... si... tease me... tease... but don't let me come... control me... it's got to be when he wants it... yeah...
Ramirez's head goes down out of frame.

DISSOLVE TO:

NEW ANGLE

Ramirez and Carla in bed, both naked, Ramirez is on top...

   CARLA
   Ask me if I like it... he always asks... he wants to hear it.

   RAMIREZ
   You like it...

   CARLA
   Demand it.

   RAMIREZ
   (harder)
   You like it?!

   CARLA
   Yeah...

   RAMIREZ
   You like it?!

   CARLA
   Make me beg.

   RAMIREZ
   Beg for it...

   CARLA
   Please...

   RAMIREZ
   Yeah...

   CARLA
   Please... Tell me you want me to come...

   RAMIREZ
   I want you to come now...

   CARLA
   You want to feel it all over you...
Ramirez is too turned on now to follow instructions.

**RAMIREZ**
Oh yeah baby... yeah... you make me feel so good.

**CARLA**
Stop!... Stop it!

She pushes Ramirez back. She sits up gropes for a cigarette.

**RAMIREZ**
What... What'd I do...

**CARLA**
He never loses control... He never tells you how he feels. He's in control. He's the one who makes you feel what he wants you to feel. He never feels anything... You stupid...

She fumbles with a lighter... Then she throws it aside and the cigarette.

**CARLA**
Roll over!

**RAMIREZ**
Why?

**CARLA**
On your back!

Ramirez rolls onto his back and she gets on top of him.

**CAMERA**
SHOOTS FROM THE WAIST UP.

**CARLA**
I'm Carlos... You're me.

She starts humping him. Her voice goes down very low.

**CARLA**
You like it...

She humps harder. Ramirez evidently does.

**RAMIREZ**
Yeah.

CARLA
You like it?

RAMIREZ
Oh baby...

CARLA
Ooooo I want to make you come...

RAMIREZ
Yeah...

CARLA
I want to make you come... I want to feel it all over me.

RAMIREZ
Yeah... yeahhh... Yeahhhhh.

Ramirez is almost at the point of orgasm and Carla reaches down with her hands and starts to choke him.

RAMIREZ
(scared)
What the fuck are you doin'?

CARLA
Let me... let me do it... Put your hands down.

She humps him harder and chokes him and he climaxes and then she releases her grasp on his throat...

CARLA
He does that... he's crazy... he chokes you... just a little.

She gets off him and lights up a cigarette.

CARLA
Then he goes to the refrigerator and eats... He's always hungry afterwards... always... God I feel like filth.

She starts crying and the crying grows louder. Ramirez rolls over to her to take her in his arms.
RAMIREZ
I'm sorry... I'm sorry.

CARLA
Get your hands off me!

RAMIREZ
Shh... I'm not him... I'm not Carlos... I'm...

CARLA
I don't care who you are. I don't want to know anything about you... except that you're going to kill him.

EXT. KGB HEADQUARTERS - MOSCOW - NIGHT

INT. KGB OFFICE - NIGHT

A HEAD KGB OFFICER is with a KGB AIDE. He reads a report.

HEAD KGB OFFICER
[It seems our friendly bank manager in Zurich has received instructions to put a new name on the account of our mysterious Mister Paulo Ortega... Agnieska Kozinski. Does the name sound familiar?]

KGB AIDE
[Should it?]

HEAD KGB OFFICER
[I ran a check on her. She's a French national... originally Polish. She was a girlfriend of Carlos.]

KGB AIDE
[Our Carlos?]

HEAD KGB OFFICER
[The question is... is he still our Carlos. Or is he about to become someone else's.]

EXT. AGNIESKA'S APARTMENT - PARIS - DAY

A beautiful young woman whom we will come to know as AGNIESKA
enters her apartment building.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARIS - DAY**

Agnieska collects her mail. She stops when she comes to a postcard. We cannot make out what it says, but it has a profound effect on her. Dialogue is in French with English Subtitles.

**AGNIESKA**

My God... My God... It's him.

**EXT. - BALCONY - SAFE HOUSE - DEAD SEA - SUNSET**

Ramirez stands looking out to the horizon, smoking a cigarette when Jack comes up behind him.

**JACK**

Well... not the most painful way to burn your bridges behind you, huh Miguel?

**RAMIREZ**

What do you mean?

**JACK**

Saint Miguel the faithful husband is dead. Long live Carlos. You've cheated on your wife... now you can do anything.

**RAMIREZ**

What I did in there I didn't do to cheat on my wife and you know it.

**JACK**

Hey, pussy's pussy.

Ramirez turns to look at him as if a light bulb has just gone on.

**RAMIREZ**

I just got it about you, Jack. You can't get it up, can you?

The look on Jack's face for once, having been caught completely off guard, betrays the fact that Ramirez is dead-
on. Just then, we HEAR:

   AMOS (O.S.)
   We've got it. Just confirmed.

   JACK
   Got what confirmed?

ANGLE ON - AMOS

He crosses towards them, holding a decoded message.

   AMOS
   The KGB has set up a surveillance on Agnieska. And Agnieska has received her summons from her long-lost love... Carlos, telling her to come and meet you. At the meeting you convince her you're Carlos. You ask her to handle some bank transactions. She will. Then the KGB knows Carlos and Ortega are the same man. Then later they'll see you meet with a CIA agent. They'll have all the pieces. They'll know Carlos has turned.

   RAMIREZ
   Where do I meet with this Agnieska?

   AMOS
   Libya. That's where Carlos is.

   RAMIREZ
   Couldn't we wait till he takes a trip? I mean Libya... shit.

   AMOS
   The waiting is more dangerous to you than going to Libya. We've laid out a trap. Now we have to be careful not to get caught in it ourselves.

EXT. SHORE OF DEAD SEA - ISRAEL - SUNSET

Ramirez and Amos walk along the road which runs straight along the Dead Sea. Here and there are strands of barbed wire and the barracks in the b.g. As they walk, they pass a sign which says: THE DEAD SEA - YOU ARE NOW STANDING AT
AMOS
Jack doesn't know that we're having this talk and I don't want him to know... understand?

RAMIREZ
Okay...

AMOS
Nothing can make you ready for combat but combat. Jack would be against me telling you this... He would say you shouldn't have a thought in your head that we haven't put there but you're not just a box that we're going to fill up with our own ideas. You have a right to know certain things.

RAMIREZ
I appreciate that Amos... a lot. It's funny, I started out hating you... I mean I'm still gonna sue you, don't think you're off the hook for my broken ribs, but...

AMOS
But now you love me and we're going to run away to San Francisco and find a reformed rabbi to perform a mixed gay marriage. Listen to me... You're going to feel more alone than you've ever felt in your life. It will hit you all of a sudden and you'll think your heart's going to jump out of your chest, you'll think everyone around you can hear your heart beating, and that everyone around you is an enemy agent. I want you to be prepared for that. So you can deal with it. Understand?

In the far distance, we are vaguely aware of a huge truck barreling along, coming straight down the highway towards them.

RAMIREZ
Yes.

**AMOS**

We had an agent... the best we ever had in training. We were going to infiltrate him into Beirut and then use him to penetrate the PFLP. No student ever scored higher than this man... We set up his cover for six months in Argentina. He was perfect. And then we sent him to Beirut. He got off the plane, went to his hotel, went up to his room and had a nervous breakdown.

Suddenly it seems, the truck is right on top of them, heading straight for them, like monster in a child's nightmare. It passes within inches and Ramirez has to fight to keep jumping as the truck roars past them. It is not a just a truck. Then again, it could have killed them same.

**AMOS**

We had to mount an operation to send in a man posing as a doctor so we could drug him and get him out on a plane. Okay? Now you understand? Nothing prepares you. I want you to know that so when it hits you, you don't panic, you feel the fear and then get rid of it.

**RAMIREZ**

Jesus...

**AMOS**

You splash some water on your face. You take some deep breaths. You look in the mirror and when you look in that mirror, I don't want you to find Annibal Ramirez. You find Carlos. If you find Carlos, that's what everyone else will find too. And if you find Carlos and anything goes wrong, he's the one who can get you out of it. Because he's the best.
RAMIREZ
(after a beat)
I got a wife I got to go back to when this is over. I got kids I got to go back to when this is over. I want to go back as Annibal Ramirez... not Carlos.

AMOS
You will... you'll need a time of decompression and it will be hard at first, but you will. Because inside you aren't Carlos... you aren't a terrorist. But right now, in order to save your life, you've got to be. You've got to look in the mirror and find Carlos. Do you understand?

It is almost said like the offering of a vow.

RAMIREZ
I do.

AMOS
You won't be able to go in with a gun... too risky... so we're going to have to get one to you once you're in place. How I don't know yet... But we'll get one to you. You'll make your way out by boat. We'll be on it. But we won't be able to help if anything goes wrong. We'll make our way down the coast to a friendly state and then fly back to London, and from there back to the U.S.

EXT. LIBYA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

As passengers come out of the plane we recognize Ramirez amongst them.

SUPER: TRIPOLI, LIBYA - MAY 1987

INT. LIBYA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A cold, dreary, oppressive airport. Grim-looking and even more menacing SECURITY MEN in dark glasses. In line of arriving PASSENGERS, at the passport control
is a limping Colombian businessman. Scanning the place behind sunglasses, his heart is POUNDING, POUNDING, POUNDING. This is it. This is real enemy territory now, and he knows it.

**RAMIREZ'S POV**

The foreboding paranoia that everyone is staring at him. Soldiers, security men, airport employees, other waiting passengers. They all seem to know his secret. They're all just waiting for the axe to fall. Ramirez heads over to the Customs booth. He turns back as a guard pushes him aside to let pass a rich Arabic family. A young fat girl holding some toys grimaces at him as she indelicately makes her way with her family through the crowd. In the b.g. we notice a Mercedes waiting for them through the glass doors of the airport. Ramirez continues on his way towards the Customs booth. Behind a curtain, he sees a man being searched.

**OFFICIAL**

El Pass'port!

The sudden harsh voice jolts us all.

**CLOSE - OFFICIAL**

Pockmarked face with exaggerated features. Ugly and mean. Ramirez hands him his Colombian passport. The POUNDING quickens.

**OFFICIAL**

Sheil el Nadara!

He barks in Arabic, motioning Ramirez to remove his sunglasses. Ramirez does, fighting to remain calm under the man's granite gaze. The official looks at the passport and
back at Ramirez. The following dialogue is in Arabic with English subtitles.

Now and for every other scene in which Ramirez passes himself off as Carlos, he has brown eyes.

OFFICIAL
Ricardo Moran Vargas?

RAMIREZ
Yes.

CLOSE - RAMIREZ'S FACE
Tiny beads of sweat begin to form on his forehead.

OFFICIAL
Your business?

RAMIREZ
Pipes. I sell pipes.

OFFICIAL
Pipes?

Ramirez nods, smiling apologetically, searching for the words in Arabic. Ramirez struggles to appear calm. His heart's POUNDING, however, intensifies.

RAMIREZ
For the oil...

OFFICIAL
Oil?

RAMIREZ
Pipes for oil... Petroleum...

OFFICIAL
(after a beat)
Step over behind the curtain.

NEW ANGLE
Ramirez's luggage is being thoroughly searched by the Official. Finally the Official looks up at him.

OFFICIAL
All right. You can go.

Finally he stamps the passport.

**EXT. LIBYA PALACE HOTEL - DAY**

We have a shot of the cab, an old Mercedes coming towards us, and then under the arch leading to the entrance of hotel. Ramirez steps out and he's assailed by a bunch of kids begging and trying to grab his baggage. He looks around.

**ANGLE - POV RAMIREZ**

Across the street at a cafe soldiers with guns laugh. From a shop window, the silhouette of a man seems to look us. Across the street, kids on a balcony throw a water balloon at a horse pulling a cart and the horse bolts right in front of Ramirez.

**BACK TO SCENE**

As the street urchins continue to beg and grab at his luggage, suddenly out of nowhere, a bellboy appears and smacks one of the kids who falls to the ground. They all disperse as the bellboy takes the luggage and leads Ramirez who pays the cab driver and then crosses to the hotel.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - LIBYA - DAY**

The bellboy enters with Ramirez, sets down his bags and opens the shutters of the window. Ramirez tips him silently. Once the bellboy has left, Ramirez walks to the phone and checks it out. Then he crosses to the shutters. Perhaps
sees a shadow looking in his direction from the dark apartment across the street. He closes the shutters. Just then, a LOUD KNOCK on the door. He jumps and automatically for his gun. But he has no gun... and his heart begins POUND again. The LOUD KNOCK repeats itself.

RAMIREZ
(in Spanish)
Who's there?

An incomprehensible response in Arabic.

RAMIREZ
(in accented English)
What do you want?

VOICE
Room service.

RAMIREZ
(after a pause)
I not order nothing.

VOICE
Iced water.

RAMIREZ
Iced water?

VOICE
Yes, sir.

The voice is young, and not too assertive. Ramirez consults his watch and looks out the window again. Everything still seems to be normal.

VOICE
Sir...?

Ramirez carefully opens the door. In walks a young, rather innocent-looking WAITER with a jar of ice water. He wears a fez on his head. As he places it on a table, Ramirez
him with suspicion. Suddenly the waiter reaches
his jacket and... pulls out a small handgun.

ON RAMIREZ

He is frozen with fear.

ON WAITER

Putting his finger to his mouth to signal silence, he
the gun and silencer under a napkin. Then he takes off
fez and from within, pulls out a small grenade and
clip of ammunition. Without any further attempt at
communication, he exits the room.

RAMIREZ

Jesus.

Ramirez walks back into the bathroom. He splashes water
his face and takes three deep breaths and then slowly
up into the mirror... and finds Carlos.

EXT. STREET IN LIBYA - DOWNTOWN TRIPOLI - DAY

We SEE a beautiful dark haired woman of about thirty
down the street. There are several other pedestrians as
The woman is Agnieska. She carries a large bag of
groceries.

EXT. STREET - TRIPOLI, LIBYA - RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

A van is parked on the street. Agnieska walks along.
starts. A man whom we will come to know as VLADIMIR
the mirror. His partner NIKOLAI readjusts it and in it
SEE Agnieska, walking. The two KGB operatives, now both
Agnieska.

VLADIMIR

[There she comes...]
NIKOLAI
[Do you see Misha?]

VLADIMIR
[Not yet.]

Behind Agnieska about fifty feet behind her we SEE several pedestrians, one is an Arab and another a European. Agnieska goes up into an apartment building.

VLADIMIR
[There he is.]

Around the corner comes another Arab businessman type. The first Arab stops in front of the apartment house and bends down to tie his shoe. The second Arab comes up alongside of him and the first Arab gives an almost imperceptible nod. The second Arab goes into the apartment house.

VLADIMIR
[He's passing her to Leonid. For Russians, they make good Arabs.]

The van makes a U-turn and pulls around the corner to give them another vantage point of Agnieska's apartment.

INT. VAN - LIBYA - DAY

The two Russian operatives continue their stakeout of Agnieska's apartment.

INT. APARTMENT - LIBYA - LATE AFTERNOON

Agnieska enters the apartment. She opens the door and walks in. The apartment is dark. She is about to turn lights when suddenly a hand grabs her from behind mouth and another hand holding a gun snaps right down to her head. She drops the groceries and screams but hand muffles it. She struggles a bit but the person who
her hisses.

**PERSON HOLDING HER**
(in an Arabic accent)
SHHHHHHH. One sound and you're dead.

Outside the door we hear faintly the sound of footsteps. We still cannot make out who is holding her. He appears to be an Arab in traditional garb completely bald with mustache and glasses. He speaks in a thick Arabic accent.

**PERSON HOLDING HER**
Carlos... when is he coming here?

He loosens the grasp on her mouth.

**AGNIESKA**
I don't know what you're talking about.

**PERSON HOLDING HER**
Don't play games with me. We've had you followed. We know you're going to meet him. Now, when?!

**AGNIESKA**
I don't know any Carlos... please I'm telling you the truth.

The person holding her still has his gun at her head. He cocks the trigger back with a loud noise. The gun has a silencer on it.

**PERSON HOLDING HER**
This gun has a silencer. There won't be any noise. Now talk!

**AGNIESKA**
I don't know what you're talking about... I'm not from here. I just came to visit a girlfriend. This is her apartment. She'll be here tomorrow... please.

The person who is holding her throws her to the floor. He stands over her.
PERSON HOLDING HER
You're lying...

AGNIESKA
I swear to you... I'm telling the truth...

The bald Arab who was holding her slowly takes his belt out of its loops and puts his gun back in his pants. He holds the belt as if he is going to strangle her.

AGNIESKA
What... what are you going to do to me.

PERSON WHO WAS HOLDING HER
First... I'm going to have some fun with you... and then...

He reaches up to his glasses and takes them off and his mustache and false nose...

RAMIREZ
Then I'm going to have something to eat... I'm famished.

PRODUCTION NOTE: THE BEGINNING OF THIS SCENE SHOULD BE PLAYED WITH ANOTHER ACTOR SO THAT THE AUDIENCE HAS NO HINT THIS IS RAMIREZ. THEN ON THE CUT WHERE HE TAKES OFF HIS GLASSES, IT SHOULD BE THE ACTOR PLAYING RAMIREZ, BUT HE IS BALD.

AGNIESKA
You bastard! I haven't see you for two years and this is the way you...

Ramirez laughs.

RAMIREZ
I had to be sure I could still trust you.

He bends down to her and kisses her.

AGNIESKA
I came all the way to this god-forsaken country didn't I? I've been
holed up in this place you arranged
for me for the past twenty-four
hours... I couldn't eat I couldn't
sleep... nothing just sitting in
here waiting for you.

He picks her up in his arms and starts carrying her to

the

bed.

RAMIREZ
So why did you leave...?

AGNIESKA
Whoever stocked this place with food
didn't leave much of a selection...
I wanted to go out and get some nice
things for you. You weren't supposed
to be here for another three hours.
I could have made a nice dinner.

RAMIREZ
I've got what I want to eat in my
arms right now.

He lays her down on the bed and pulls up her skirt and

his

head goes down out of screen as Agnieska arches her

sighs.

EXT. HARBOR - LIBYA - LATE AFTERNOON
The silhouette of a fishing boat drifts along the
costline.

INT. FISHING BOAT - LIBYA - LATE AFTERNOON
We see the silhouettes of two men against the out of
focus
backdrop of the city. They are Jack and Amos, chain

smoking.

Both men dressed as fishermen. Jack checks his watch.

JACK
I wonder what he's doing now.

AMOS
Practicing safe sex, I hope.

INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT IN LIBYA - SUNSET
Ramirez is in bed with Agnieska. She lays back smoking a cigarette, sighing.

**AGNIESKA**
My God... my God...

**RAMIREZ**
Yeah... Now, let's eat.

He gets up and throws on his pants and crosses into the little kitchen. Agnieska follows, draping a blanket around her. She crosses to a window and opens it.

**RAMIREZ**
What are you doing?

**AGNIESKA**
Just getting some air in here...
Don't be so jumpy.

He turns back to the refrigerator and opens it. Agnieska crosses to the fallen sacks of groceries.

**AGNIESKA**
Forget about what's in there... I found caviar and, here's some pate.

**RAMIREZ**
Didn't like the food I'd left for you, huh?

His eyes scan the refrigerator.

**AGNIESKA**
Couldn't eat a bite of it.

**ANGLE ON RAMIREZ**
His eyes still scan. He pulls a cucumber out of the refrigerator and takes a bite and makes a face.

**RAMIREZ**
Ughhh... I don't blame you.

He opens the lid on the garbage can and throws the cucumber inside.
ANGLE ON INSIDE OF GARBAGE CAN

At the bottom are cigarette butts. CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON IT IS FILTER-TIPPED.

Ramirez turns around to her and comes up behind her.

RAMIREZ
Who was here smoking a filter-tip cigarette my darling?

AGNIESKA
What?

RAMIREZ
You don't smoke filters.

AGNIESKA
What are you talking about?

He grabs her by the back of the neck and shoves her face down into the garbage can.

RAMIREZ
That's what I'm talking about! The filter-tipped cigarette. Who was here.

AGNIESKA
You're crazy... no one... I... Illich... listen... I ran out of cigarettes and... and I was at a cafe and I bummed a cigarette... I had a cigarette and coffee and came back here... that's all.

RAMIREZ
(loosening his grasp just a little)
You bummed a cigarette... that's all.

AGNIESKA
Yes... yes... you know I can't have coffee without a cigarette.

RAMIREZ
I believe you.
He straightens her up and rises with her. Then all of a sudden he grabs her by the throat and starts to strangle her.

**RAMIREZ**

The nearest cafe is two blocks away. A cigarette wouldn't have lasted that long... so you bummed a cigarette but it wasn't in a cafe... it was very close to here... In this apartment building. Who did you meet with? That window was a signal wasn't it?! Wasn't it you puta bitch!

He starts to strangle her and we see not Ramirez but Carlos.

**RAMIREZ**

Tell me or you're dead!

He is choking the life out of her. She croaks out an answer.

**AGNIESKA**

The French... the DST... They made me... I didn't have any choice...

**RAMIREZ**

You sold me out!

He is choking the life out of her when we hear footsteps racing down the hall. Ramirez throws Agnieska down, grabs his gun and grenade and races to the open window and goes out onto the fire escape. His feet are bare. He has no shirt on.

**EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - APARTMENT BUILDING - LIBYA - SUNSET**

Ramirez comes out of the apartment onto the fire escape. Bullets hit the wall next to him and below we see several DST agents shooting up at him. A DST agent appears inside of the apartment and shoots at Ramirez. Ramirez moves out of the way of the shattered window.
ANGLE - POV RAMIREZ

looking down and across the alley.

INT. VAN - LIBYA - SUNSET

VLADIMIR

[Gunfire?! What the hell is going on?!
]

The two Russian operatives get out of their van.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - LIBYA - SUNSET

DST agents from below are shooting up at Ramirez. Their gunfire destroys everything in sight. Ramirez leaps over the railing and flies across the street, landing on a terrace. His momentum is so strong that he is propelled through the glass doors of the terrace.

INT. APARTMENT - NEXT LEVEL - LIBYA - SUNSET

Ramirez goes through the window of the apartment as bullets continue to fly. He cuts his feet on the broken glass.

INT. APARTMENT - NEXT LEVEL - SUNSET

Ramirez quickly goes through the apartment, falling into the room, landing hard where a family is eating and watching TV. We see now that Ramirez is wounded.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - LIBYA - SUNSET

Ramirez comes out the door and starts toward the stairs. Ramirez suddenly bangs into a DST agent. The two of them look at each other in shock for a beat. Neither was expecting the other to be there. The moment seems to last forever. They are literally face to face. Which one will react first? Ramirez takes half a step back, raises his gun and
exploding the DST agent's forehead. Ramirez has a moment of horror, splattered with the blood and brains of this man. We Intercut a flash of the DST man being hit in an instant, almost subliminal replay as if Ramirez's brain must register the scene twice to comprehend it. Just then, a shot rings out from below and Ramirez, who can't help staring in at the dead man, flees once more for his life.

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE - STAIRWELL - LIBYA - SUNSET

Two more DST agents follow the trail of blood up the stairs.

EXT. ROOF - APARTMENT HOUSE - LIBYA - SUNSET

Ramirez arrives at the top of the stairs. Reaching the edge of the roof, Ramirez looks across to the other side. The DST agents arrive at the top and see Ramirez. Ramirez takes a deep breath and jumps, barely making it, clinging onto a pipe on the side of the building. Once again, we Intercut the quick flashback of the DST man being shot. Then, as shots ring out around him, Ramirez pulls himself up and gets away.

EXT. ROOF - APARTMENT HOUSE - LIBYA - SUNSET

Ramirez checks over the side of the building to see a DST car following. One agent steps out and starts to shoot at him. Ramirez fires back and shatters the windshield and jumps to the next rooftop.

EXT. ROOF - APARTMENT HOUSE - LIBYA - MAGIC HOUR

Ramirez's silhouette runs from roof to roof.

EXT. ROOF - APARTMENT - MAGIC HOUR
Ramirez trips over a piece of metal and crashes through the metal roof of a shed, and then, landing, he takes off through the narrow alley below.

**EXT. ROOF – APARTMENT – MAGIC HOUR**

Ramirez runs down the dark and narrow alley.

**EXT. NARROW ALLEY – MAGIC HOUR**

Outside a Turkish cafe, a DST agent shoots at Ramirez. The diners duck for cover. Ramirez shoots out the the fixture sparks and flies off its hook, sending a string of lights crashing down toward the DST agent, the bulbs exploding around his head.

**EXT. SMALL ALLEY – NIGHT**

Ramirez arrives at a small street. In the distance we see the lights of a bright and busy street. Suddenly, headlights hit his face, gunfire rings out and Ramirez takes off by the oncoming car.

**INT. COURTYARD – LIBYA – NIGHT**

Ramirez is running from the car dodging bullets. Ramirez lobs a grenade at the car. It explodes right in front of the car, not taking it out, just damaging it. Ramirez runs across the street and is hit suddenly by a motorcycle which veers off and goes crashing into an oncoming car. Ramirez gets up and runs into a doorway.

**INT. COURTYARD – LIBYA – NIGHT**

Ramirez, sweating and out of breath, scans his new and dark surroundings. While bleeding, Ramirez suddenly turns
and shoots. A DST agent falls out of the darkness, dead. Ramirez hears something. Turning around, Ramirez shoots an agent at the top of the building. The body falls and gets tangled into the string of electrical wires. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out another clip and re-loads.

**EXT. STREET - LIBYA - NIGHT**

Ramirez comes out of the doorway and waves down a taxi. Ramirez jumps into the driver's seat, pushing the driver aside. When the driver resists, Ramirez throws him out into the street.

A passing truck nearly hits the driver. Other Arabs start approaching Ramirez but back off immediately once he raises his gun. The taxi makes a U-turn and leaves, racing traffic. Ramirez checks his mirror and sees that he is picked up by a DST car. They begin to shoot at Ramirez and his window shatters.

**EXT. SMALLER STREET - LIBYA - NIGHT**

Ramirez is driving full speed. The car jumps as it hits the junction of the street. Ramirez continues to be followed by the car of DST agents. Ramirez turns into a small alley.

**EXT. NARROW STREET - LIBYA - NIGHT**

Ramirez drives down the narrow street. The sides of the car barely fit through. Sparks fly from the metal scratching against the walls. The taxi's mirror pops off as the chase continues.

**EXT. SMALLER STREET WITH ARCHES - LIBYA - NIGHT**
The cars continue to race through the streets. Ramirez suddenly sees two kids coming out of a garage. Ramirez veers out of the way and misses the kids. The car goes crashing into scaffolding and paint drops down onto the windshield. Once again, we Intercut the flashback of Ramirez killing the first DST agent, being splattered with his blood. Ramirez continues to drive away, wiping away the paint on the windshield.

**EXT. SMALLER STREET WITH CAFE - LIBYA - NIGHT**

Ramirez tries to wipe away the paint. The cars continue to race through the streets.

**EXT. STREET - LIBYA - NIGHT**

The two cars disappear down a hill. Ramirez's vision is blurred by the paint on the windshield. A car suddenly appears that forces him to veer left into a stairwell. The taxi descends the stairway. Ramirez suddenly pulls the parking brake and the other car hits Ramirez's car and flips over it and explodes. Ramirez, watching the explosion, takes off the other way.

**EXT. STREET IN LIBYA - NIGHT**

On the harbor, a police car is seen next to Ramirez's taxi. The sergeant reveals some blood inside the taxi but Ramirez is nowhere to be found. We SEE the KGB on the scene.

**EXT. HARBOR - LIBYA - NIGHT**

The fishing boat enters the harbor. Jack stands on the deck as the boat passes under a bridge. Out of nowhere a man jumps onto Jack and shoves him to the ground. Holding him by the neck, Amos appears and is about to hit Ramirez but
grabs Amos' arm and stares at him.

**EXT. VILLA - LIBYA - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT**

We SEE Carlos' villa through the barbed wire. The silhouette of a guard is on top of the building.

**INT. VILLA BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The real Carlos is asleep in the bed with a beautiful Arabic woman. A Japanese KOJ enters and taps Carlos on the shoulder. Instantly he springs awake with a gun in his hand pointed at KOJ.

**KOJ**

Illich... you must get dressed. There was a shooting tonight... We have to talk.

**CARLOS**

What shooting... who?

**EXT. FISHING BOAT AT SEA - NIGHT**

**INT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT**

Jack and Amos are with Ramirez who is furious. Amos is binding Ramirez's wounds.

**RAMIREZ**

What the fuck are you talking about, you didn't know she was working with the DST?

**JACK**

We didn't. How the fuck should we know?

**RAMIREZ**

They're our allies, for Christ's sake!

**JACK**

They didn't tell us this time. Why should they it was their operation. And we sure as shit weren't gonna let them in on you being here.
RAMIREZ
Why not?! That way they wouldn't have tried to kill me and I wouldn't have wound up killing them.

AMOS
It would have been too dangerous.

RAMIREZ
Too dangerous... what the fuck do you think that was back there? Safe? How the fuck more dangerous does it have to get?

JACK
Annibal, the important thing was it worked! The Russians have to think it was Carlos now... What did they see? They trail the girl... and then there's a shoot out. Let's make sure they know it was DST... we can make sure they get that information. If they know the DST was there then what were they doing there if it wasn't to get Carlos. She betrayed you, so tomorrow we take her name off the bank account and we set up another place for them to get their pictures. We burned Libya but okay so we'll find another place. The only thing that matters is they've got to believe it now. It's perfect!

RAMIREZ
You fuckin' maniac! I killed four DST agents tonight! They're our allies and they were tryin' to kill me and I killed them. I killed our allies!

JACK
Hey fuck our allies!

Ramirez just looks at him in horror.

AMOS
Annibal... policemen wind up shooting other policemen... it happens. I would rather have you here feeling guilty about them than to know there was a meeting in Paris tonight where they were feeling guilty about you.
JACK
Annibal... you did what you had to do and it worked. All the training worked. Carlos couldn't have done it any better.

He smiles.

EXT. KGB HEADQUARTERS - MOSCOW - NIGHT

The Head KGB Officer is there with his aide. Both look as if they've been up all night.

KGB AIDE
[Whether Carlos was actually in there with her or not we don't know... All we know is there was a gun battle... DST agents from what we've been able to find out. But whether or not it was Carlos...]

HEAD KGB OFFICER
[If it was Carlos and he sent for the girl... and she betrayed him... Well... we should keep watch on the girl. What he does about her will tell us more than anything else.]

INT. VILLA - LIBYA - MORNING

Carlos sits in the closed Villa with Koj and four other terrorists.

CARLOS
So the moronic DST find an old girlfriend and send her here to bait a honey trap for me... and then they trip over their own dicks and start shooting each other... why?

KOJ
There was a man with her... who we don't know... They must have spotted him come in... thought it was you and moved too soon... before she even made contact with you. Whoever he was... he was awfully good.

CARLOS
Where is the girl now?
KOJ
They've taken her to Paris.

CARLOS
I want the bitch dead!

KOJ
It won't be easy.

CARLOS
If it was going to be easy I could hire a couple of junkies. I want the cunt dead! You handle it Koj. Hit her in Paris, right under their fucking noses and leave Europe through London.

KOJ
When?

CARLOS
Now! Leave now. Not this afternoon... not five minutes from now... Now!

Koj gets up and leaves. Carlos turns to the others.

CARLOS
Something else troubles me my friends. How was this woman going to make contact with me. You're the only ones who knew about this safe house. So one of you was her contact.

They all start to protest too late as Carlos pulls out his gun and shoots each of them.

INT. STAIRWELL - AGNIESKA'S BUILDING - DAY - EST. SHOT

SUPER OVER THE CIRCULAR STAIRWELL: PARIS - JUNE, 1987

Agnieska comes down the stairs, passes by camera.

EXT. AGNIESKA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - PARIS - DAY

A French DST security man comes out of the apartment building first. He looks around the street and then nods. A DST man comes out of the building and gets in a black Renault
after first checking underneath it to make sure there
bomb and then popping the hood and examining the engine
then examining the ignition wires. Satisfied, he takes
deep breath and starts the motor and then the first DST
nods inside the apartment building and another DST man
out with Agnieska next to him. He opens the door for
when two shots ring out, both of them hitting her in
forehead. The DST agents scatter for cover when
car parked in front of the Renault explodes with
force and the DST agents are all hit.

INT. KGB OFFICE - MOSCOW

The Head KGB Officer is there. The Head KGB Officer has
file opened on his desk. In it are photographs of
jumping out of the apartment in Libya. None of the
show his face clearly so there's no way of telling who
is. Just then the Aide comes in and hands a telex to
Head KGB Officer.

HEAD KGB OFFICER
(reading it)
[When?]

AIDE
[This afternoon... the girl and two
DST agents dead, one wounded.]

HEAD KGB OFFICER
[So now we know... it was Carlos.]

He holds up the picture of Ramirez with just the back
head showing.

HEAD KGB OFFICER
[We still have to tie him to the
CIA... if that is what's going on. I
won't make a move against him until I know for sure.]

AIDE

[Why?]

HEAD KGB OFFICER

[Because my dear boy... four of his colleagues shot in Libya, plus the DST and now the girl. He's a very dangerous fellow. One doesn't make a move against such a man until one is sure. And then one must move very quickly and kill him... before he has a chance to kill you.]

EXT. LONDON - HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

SUPER: LONDON - HEATHROW AIRPORT

INT. HEATHROW TERMINAL - ARRIVAL GATE - DAY

Ramirez crosses out of the arrival gate. He looks for the world like a business traveler who is completely alone.

INT. HEATHROW TERMINAL - CAFETERIA - DAY

The Cafeteria is crowded and noisy. Ramirez walks with his tray as if looking for a table. There is an open seat where Jack and Amos sit with their backs to each other at separate tables. Ramirez crosses to Jack. Ramirez is still bald but his hair has grown out a bit.

RAMIREZ

(loudly)

Is this seat taken?

JACK

No, go right ahead.

Ramirez sits down and now the conversation is in hushed tones.

RAMIREZ

I want to go home. I want to see my family.
JACK
This isn't the place for this conversation.

RAMIREZ
(pissed off)
No rules, remember? I want to go home. You said yourself we can't move again till he leaves Libya. You don't even know when that's gonna be. He might stay there another year for Christ's sake.

JACK
No he won't. He's gonna make a move and it'll be in Europe just to stick it up the DST's nose. I'm gonna go and find out about our connecting flight.

ANGLE ON - RAMIREZ
He picks up his soup spoon and turns it over and uses it to scan what's going on around him.

ANGLE ON - SPOON
IN the spoon we SEE Koj with a flight bag walking across the cafeteria toward Ramirez.

BACK TO SCENE
Koj crosses around in front of Ramirez to get a better look, obviously surprised to see what he thinks is Carlos. Koj leans in close to Ramirez.

KOJ
(whispering)
Carlos... what are you doing here?

Ramirez looks at him, shocked for a moment and then recovering.

RAMIREZ
(hissing)
You idiot! Don't you know better than to approach me in public!
KOJ
(loudly)
Excuse me sir... I only wanted to know where I could buy a newspaper.

RAMIREZ
Go over there by the phone booths and wait... I'll come to you.

Ramirez gets up casually.

ANGLE ON - AMOS
He has heard everything that has gone down.

ANGLE ON - KOJ
He waits, standing a few feet away and not by the phones as he was told. He watches Ramirez. Something doesn't jibe...

passwords were not exchanged. He crosses to Ramirez's side.

KOJ
(loudly)
Excuse me sir... I asked if you knew where I could buy a newspaper.

Ramirez stops for a moment. He knows that the line is some kind of code and he has no response to give so he starts up walking again. Koj is instantly behind Ramirez, his hand going into his flight bag and pushing the flight bag up against Ramirez's back.

KOJ
Make the slightest move and I shoot... and I don't miss. Walk to the rest room, very carefully.

Ramirez does as he is told.

ANGLE ON
Amos. He watches it all going down in the back of a chrome napkin holder. He slowly gets up, looks around for Jack and
goes out into the corridor and sees Koj and Ramirez going into the rest room. Koj sees one of those sandwich signs off to the side which says, "LAVATORY TEMPORARILY FOR CLEANING." He pulls it in front of the door.

**INT. RESTROOM - STALL - HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY**

Koj has Ramirez's head with one hand, while he holds on him with the other. He forces Ramirez's head down into the toilet bowl. He flushes. The water level sinks then rises, covering Ramirez's face. Koj holds him water long enough to almost drown him. Then, instead of lifting his head out, he flushes again and the water lowers.

**KOJ**

Tell me what I want to know quickly or you're dead.

Just then Ramirez manages to kick back and overpower send him flying back out through the door of the stall. Ramirez is back on him in a second but Koj has his gun and pointed right at Ramirez's head. They have shifted position now, so that they are not facing the stall, door of the bathroom. Koj is about to pull the trigger we HEAR:

**AMOS (O.S.)**

Down!!

**NEW ANGLE**

Ramirez ducks and rolls out of the way and Amos fires two shots into Koj's chest but not before Koj can get off a right into Amos' chest. In an instant Ramirez is on the still-alive Koj grabbing his head in his hands and slamming
down onto the edge of the sink with a thud that cracks his skull. He quickly crosses to Amos who is dying.

AMOS
Get out of here... now...

RAMIREZ
I've got to get you to a doctor.

AMOS
Get out now...

Ramirez cradles him.

RAMIREZ
I'm not going to let you die here...
I've still got a lawsuit against you, remember?

Here, Amos speaks as a doomed father would to a son who still has a chance to save himself from the Holocaust.

AMOS
My dear boy... my dear dear boy... I am dead. Please God, don't let it all be for nothing... Get out now...

Ramirez stands as Amos literally pushes him away. Ramirez is the brave and dutiful son as his father says, coaching, teaching him to the last...

AMOS
Walk slowly... no attention.

Ramirez is ashen faced, knows Amos is right and forces himself to stand up and walk almost robot-like out of the restroom.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - CORRIDOR - DAY

On a long shot we SEE Ramirez walk down the corridor till he sees Jack. He says a few words to him and then starts walk back toward the restroom. Jack grabs his arm and literally walks him out of the corridor and down an escalator.
INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Jack and Ramirez stand next to a phone booth. Jack is on the phone dialing. A voice with a cool British accent answers on the other end.

PHONE VOICE
Cousins Industrial Maintenance, may I help you?

JACK
Mister Simon Wicks, please.

PHONE VOICE
Ringing.

WICKS (THROUGH PHONE)
Simon Wicks here.

JACK
This is Jack Shaw. Could you send a clean-up crew to Heathrow. We've had a rather nasty spill.

EXT. CAR - IN RAIN - LONDON - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. CAR - IN RAIN - LONDON - DAY

Ramirez is with Jack who is on the phone.

JACK
(into phone)
Yes... I'm calling about my cousin...
Oh Jesus... Oh Jesus...

He shakes his head. Ramirez knows it means Amos is dead.

RAMIREZ
Oh God... no...

JACK
(into phone)
I understand... Yes... Good bye.

He hangs up the phone.

RAMIREZ
Amos?
JACK
He's dead.

RAMIREZ
Why?! Why didn't you let me go back to him... If we'd have gotten him help sooner instead of... instead of "we had a rather nasty spill!" Is that what it was Jack? Is that all Amos was... a rather nasty spill, mop it up, it'll be okay?! Huh?!

JACK
(dead panned)
He would have been dead anyway and he knew it. That's why he told you to get out.

Ramirez knows he's right.

JACK
(after a beat)
Looks like you're going to get to see your family after all.

RAMIREZ
What?

JACK
You're going home... it's off... for the time being at least.

RAMIREZ
Bullshit! I want him. I want that son of a bitch Carlos! And I want him dead!

JACK
Tough shit what you want, Annibal. Koj had a ticket for Libya on him. Chances are he wasn't looking for you but...

RAMIREZ
He wasn't looking for me... He thought I was Carlos!

JACK
That's what I think too but the Director wants an operation review board... The DST shoot out... the girl winds up dead in Paris... now
this... I've got to go back for the
review and you've got to go home.

RAMIREZ
No way man... it was my fault... the
whole thing... I want him dead!

JACK
What do you mean it was your fault?

RAMIREZ
When he asked me about the paper...
if I coulda just bullshitted my way...

JACK
It was a password... you didn't know
it... anything you would have tried
would have backfired. I had a thing
like that... Awfully warm for this
time of year... the response was,
yes but not as sticky as two summers
ago... the guy says anything else...
he even hesitates, you shoot him. I
shot him... There was nothing else
you could have done.

RAMIREZ
I'm not leavin' till we get him.

JACK
Nobody's askin' you. They're shuttin'
us down. You go back home... maybe
I'll see you again... maybe I won't.
You'll either hear from me or you'll
get new sea duty and that's the end
of it.

Ramirez just looks at him shocked.

RAMIREZ
Just like that?

JACK
Just like that. I ain't the Madam
kid... I'm just one of the whores.
And so are you.

EXT. RAMIREZ HOME - VIRGINIA - DAY - RAIN

A taxi pulls up in front of Ramirez's house. Ramirez
steps
out of the taxi dressed in his Navy uniform and sea bag. He does not have a hat on and we SEE his head not bald, is now in the shortest of buzz cuts, much shorter than the way his wife last saw him. He outside the house looking at it like an adult who has back to his boyhood home and finds it suddenly so Just then the door opens. There is Maura holding the and next to her, Joey. Ramirez runs toward them and him and we SEE them in tableaux, embracing. An idyllic reunited.

CUT TO:

INT. RAMIREZ HOUSE - STUDY - VIRGINIA - NIGHT

We begin on a shot of Ramirez's chair. It rocks back forth violently as we PAN UP and SEE Ramirez, who is Maura. They are both fully clothed, skirt hiked up, fly unzipped. This is not lovemaking. He is fucking her out. It is passionate, rough sex. Maura hits high "C"

Ramirez sweeps books off of a table, lifts her out of chair and lays her out on the table. The two of them together. It is clear from Maura's look that this is best sex she's ever had. Ramirez slowly rolls off her. smiling as well, and then becomes aware that Maura has to cry.

RAMIREZ
What's wrong?

MAURA
You've been with another woman... haven't you.
RAMIREZ
What are you talking about?

MAURA
Haven't you?

RAMIREZ
No. What... what would make you say a thing like that?

MAURA
You're different...

RAMIREZ
Maura... I was on a submarine... there aren't any women on submarines... There was nothin' to do but read. They had one of those... how to improve your sex life books... I must have read it about ten times. I tried out a couple of things from chapter three okay? I mean if it didn't turn you on blame Doctor Ruth okay?

MAURA
(unconvinced)
Okay.

RAMIREZ
Great. You want to check with the Navy to see if we had shore leave... I'll get you a fuckin' letter okay?

MAURA
I don't need any letters. And I don't need you to talk to me like that either.

Ramirez gets up and zips up his fly.

MAURA
Where are you going?

RAMIREZ
Get somethin' to eat... I'm starving.

He exits.

EXT. RAMIREZ HOME - DAY
SUPER: JULY, 1987

INT. RAMIREZ HOME - DAY

Ramirez comes into the house from the garage.

RAMIREZ
Maura... Maura!

Maura comes out of the kitchen.

MAURA
What?

RAMIREZ
Where's the car? The car's not in the garage. Where's the car?

MAURA
The fellow at the service station said it needed a tune up. I took it in this morning... You didn't say you were going to need it.

RAMIREZ
Don't do that anymore.

MAURA
What?

RAMIREZ
I don't want anybody workin' on the car. Car needs something I'll do it. But I don't want anybody touchin' that car.

MAURA
Why? What difference does it make.

RAMIREZ
It makes a difference to me okay? So don't do it.

MAURA
Did you check the mail?

RAMIREZ
Yeah I checked the mail. Still nothin' from the Navy. Why, you so anxious to get rid of me?

MAURA
I don't want you goin' back to those subs. I'll tell you that.

RAMIREZ
Yeah well I don't have much to say about it. It's the Navy you know.

MAURA
You can request another assignment. It's changed you Annibal. It's hurting us.

RAMIREZ
What's hurting us?

MAURA
Your attitude... that's what hurting us.

RAMIREZ
My attitude. I don't have an attitude man... you got an attitude.

MAURA
You're suspicious of everything that goes on... you snap at Joey, you snap at me. I don't like it.

RAMIREZ
Look I just... it's hard gettin' used to... you know... it's hard... Listen... tomorrow's Joey's game. Let's just go to Joey's game. It'll be nice. It'll be like it always was. You'll see.

He holds her to him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - NORFOLK, VA - DAY

It is Little League Day. Adorable kids are dressed up in baseball. They have graduated from T-ball to coach-pitch, in which the coach pitches the ball for the kids. There are hot dogs
lounge chairs, family dogs and... fathers. The mothers are there as well, as are brothers and sisters, but primarily it is the fathers trying to fulfill their own dreams of sports glory through their kids.

ANGLE ON - RAMIREZ AND JOEY

Ramirez has his arm around Joey, giving him his last bit of fatherly advice.

RAMIREZ
Okay... remember, what do we do?

JOEY
Keep my eye on the ball.

RAMIREZ
And who's the guy who wins?

JOEY
Whoever has fun, wins.

RAMIREZ
Right! So you go out there and have fun.

He gives Joey "five" and Joey runs out to join his team at their dugout. Ramirez starts walking about toward Maura and the baby. As he does, he crosses next to another father, FRANK, who is with his son TYLER. Frank is about six foot four and to say that he is competitive would be the understatement of the year. He is haranguing his kid as if this were the deciding game of the World Series. He is on one knee so we don't see just how big he is.

FRANK
I don't want so see you out there dickin' around today, you understand?

Tyler looks at his shoes. He is cowed and embarrassed.

TYLER
Yes sir.

FRANK
You're gonna be focused and aggressive and you're gonna play to win. Got it?

Tyler is still staring at his toes.

FRANK
Hey, you think I'm talking just to hear myself talk? Look at me when I'm talking to you!

Frank suddenly smacks him in the face. Annibal stops in front of the two of them.

RAMIREZ
Hey pal, lighten up, what do you say? It's just a game?

Frank looks at Ramirez and stands to his full six foot four.

FRANK
What did you say?

RAMIREZ
I said lighten up. It's just a game and he's just a kid.

FRANK
He's my kid.

RAMIREZ
Great. So why don't we let our kids have a good time. Come on, I'll buy you a beer.

FRANK
I don't need you to buy me a fuckin' beer, you piece of shit. And you stick your face in my business again and I'll beat the living fuck out of you. What do you say to that?

ANGLE ON - RAMIREZ

There isn't a trace of Ramirez here at all. It is pure Carlos.
FRANK
What are you smilin' at, asshole?

RAMIREZ
(very quiet)
A dead man...

But before Ramirez can move, we HEAR:

MAURA (O.S.)
Annibal... please!

Ramirez turns. Maura is there beside him.

MAURA
Annibal please. Let's go sit down.

FRANK
Good idea, Annabelle. Your ol' lady just saved your ass.

MAURA
Annibal... please... Please...

Maura tugs at Ramirez's arm and Frank smirks. Ramirez cages the monster inside and turns with Maura. As he turns, turns to Tyler as if he cannot believe the boy is still there.

FRANK
What are you doin' standing here?! You're supposed to be over there with your team! Now move!

The boy hesitates. Frank rears back his arm to hit him.

FRANK
I said...

But before Frank can complete the sentence and strike his child, Ramirez comes flying through the air with a kick planted straight to Frank's head. It is sudden and violent and brutal. He comes down and with one side-kick, "knee-caps" Frank, which is to say he hits the top of Frank's kneecap and breaks it so that it is down around his shin. Frank
brings his head down into his own swiftly rising knee. The result is devastating and Frank's nose is now all across his face. Blood is everywhere and Ramirez does it again. Now the object is Frank's teeth, so that when his head comes off of Ramirez's knee, his mouth is a mass of blood as well.

In slow motion, Ramirez turns and sees his son who stares in horror at what his father has just done. At the same time, Maura is up and grabbing onto Ramirez. Ramirez however is not done. Frank is completely defenseless now and leans him back across his knee, pulls him by the hair exposing his throat like that of a sacrificial lamb about to be slaughtered. This time instead of a knife, it will be a chop from Ramirez which will crush Frank's windpipe and him. But before he can deliver the blow, Maura grabs his arm. He turns to her, almost about to hit her or throw off and the two of them are face to face as Ramirez looks from her to his son and realizes how deep into the abyss he has plunged.

**EXT. STREET NEAR BALLPARK - NORFOLK, VA - DAY**

An ambulance is receiving what is left of Frank on a gurney as Ramirez is led away in handcuffs to a squad car.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. POLICE STATION - MARYLAND - DAY**

The cell's metal door SCRAPES as it opens. The POLICE CAPTAIN motions to Ramirez to follow him.
MOVING

Leading Ramirez through a number of corridors, the Captain stops at a closed door.

CAPTAIN (opening the door)
He’s all yours.

Remaining outside he motions Ramirez to enter.

INT. ROOM – POLICE STATION – DAY

Ramirez enters and sees Jack who smiles his cynical smile.

JACK
Little League, huh? Tough game.

RAMIREZ
What are you doing here?

JACK
It's show time.

EXT. POLICE STATION – MARYLAND – DAY – RAIN

Ramirez exits with Jack and starts across the street in the rain.

RAMIREZ
I got to have time to think it over.

JACK
There isn't any time. He's on his way to East Berlin. We have word he's planning another attack in Europe. He'll be there maybe four days at the most.

Ramirez stops dead right in the middle of the street. The traffic swirls around them.

RAMIREZ
Hey, I don't know what to do anymore, okay? I almost killed some little kid's father today. I don't know about anything anymore.
JACK
Hey, he was a baseball dad. He deserved it. Besides, from what I heard his kid was out, so what's the beef?

RAMIREZ
I don't know if I could come back from it again.

JACK
What happened to I want the son of a bitch dead? You think Carlos has had a change of heart and turned nice all of a sudden?

RAMIREZ
Don't tell me about Carlos, Jack. I know exactly who Carlos is. I know a hell of a lot better than you do. But, maybe there's more important things to me, like keepin' from goin' crazy... like gettin' back to bein' me instead of me bein' some kind of fuckin' maniac.

JACK
You want to get back to bein' you? Then finish it. Kill him. Kill him and he's dead and it's over with. You walk away from it now and what do you think you're gonna be like the next time you read that that son of a bitch blew up some airplane full of women and kids.

RAMIREZ
Hey, the guy deserves to be dead. I know that.

JACK
This isn't abstract, Annibal. You're walkin' around with his face. Sooner or later one of the bad guys is gonna see it like Koj did, and next time Amos won't be there to take the bullet for you. Carlos doesn't forget. You help me get him or you're never gonna know when he's comin' after you... Listen to me kid. I don't have any friends, no family, no nothin'. The only relationships I ever had that
mattered to me were with the people I killed. But I... I fucking created you! You can't just walk away now.

**RAMIREZ**

You did create me, didn't you...
From the beginning... that kid in the hospital in Bethesda... when I was supposed to be the doctor... It was all bullshit, wasn't it? All an act...

There is a long pause. Jack turns cold as ice.

**JACK**

This doesn't have anything to do with you and me. It's you and Carlos. You help me kill him... or I swear to you... I'll make sure he knows about you... I'll use you for bait. You and your whole fuckin' family too.

Ramirez grabs him and throws him against a parked car. He begins choking Jack. He may well kill him. Though doesn't see it at first, Jack's gun is already out. nudges Ramirez in the stomach with it. Jack is choking, unable to speak, but the gun is speaking for him.

**JACK**

Huh? Huh?

Ramirez looks down and see the gun and loosens his grip.

**JACK**

You want to try and kill me, that doesn't solve your problem, pally. You've got a Carlos problem. That's the guy you've got to kill. That's what it's all about now... you... and your family... or him.

**INT. RAMIREZ HOME - KITCHEN - VIRGINIA - NIGHT**

Ramirez is there alone with Maura. They are in mid-argument.
MAURA
No! I won't let you do it! You're not going back to those subs! It's changed you... You need help, Annibal. You could get some kind of stress disability or...

Suddenly, Ramirez bellows and slams his hand down on the counter.

RAMIREZ
Enough!

Maura is shocked by the sudden violence in him.

MAURA
No, not enough. Whatever is going on out there with your job...

RAMIREZ
With my job!? What do you think my job is, Maura... huh? What do you think is out there? A nice, pretty safe little world with shopping malls and little league and ballet lessons. You sit here in your little kitchen and cook your little meals...

He looks at her almost in disgust. She sees the look and slaps him. Faster than she could ever have considered, he slaps her and sends her back into the wall. She holds her cheek. He is an inch away from her face and now he is about to show her Carlos, to become him in front of her.

RAMIREZ
People are killing people out there! Jackals are licking up their blood waiting for the next corpse to drop... and I'm one of them. You get that? Do you get that now?!

He speaks very quietly, pulling the curtain aside, taking off the mask and letting her see the full horror.

RAMIREZ
I've murdered people. Not safe and
clean and surgical firing a missile from some ship, but close and with my hands so their blood splattered on me... so their brains splattered on me. And they weren't the enemy, Maura... they were Allies. They were on our side. It was just to keep a cover... I've betrayed everything I ever believed in. I've betrayed you... I've fucked other women... I've killed men... There was a woman I would have killed but I just ran out of time. I've let friends die... I've become a terrorist... and I've made you and the children a target. Do you understand what I'm saying to you? Do you see me now? Do you see the monster? There's another one worse than me and he is out there and he will kill you and the children if I don't kill him first... . That's my job, Maura. And if you don't mind, I'm late for work.

EXT. WEST BERLIN - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

SUPER: WEST BERLIN - JULY, 1987

EXT. BERLIN WALL - LOOKING INTO EAST BERLIN - DAY

We are ON the ramparts on the top of the Berlin Wall. These are platforms from which people can stand and look into East Germans, over machine gun nests and observation posts. Jack stands there with Ramirez.

JACK

We used a double agent to get word to the Russians that Carlos is really here to close his deal with us and not to plan a new attack in Europe. He has a new girlfriend... He's been fucking her brains out since he got here. He has her brought over every night in a limo. You'll be dropped
near the mansion... as soon as she
goes in, you make as if you're
sneaking out... the Russians will be
watching. You'll go to the meet.
It's at that beer hall, there...
see? You see it?

Ramirez locates the beer hall through his binoculars.

**RAMIREZ**
Got it.

**JACK**
You go to the meet at the beer hall. Play it out... let 'em take your picture... then you've got to get back. They're going to have to analyze the pictures and see through your disguise before they can authorize a hit. They won't be able to do that before you're able to get back to the mansion. At twenty-one fifteen a Volga with diplomatic plates, DC-four-five-nine-two will come by the northeast corner of the compound. It will slow down... you jump in. If you can't make it for any reason, there will be another run at exactly twenty-one forty-five. It's your only ticket out so don't be late.

**RAMIREZ**
Who do I meet? Who's my contact?

**JACK**
Me... My ass is on the line too.

**RAMIREZ**
Who cares? This isn't you and me. It's me and him. If the Russians don't go for the bait for any reason...

**JACK**
If the Russians don't go for the bait for any reason you will have gotten out of there at twenty-one fifteen per orders.

**RAMIREZ**
If the Russians don't go for the bait for any reason, I'll go in there
and kill him myself. And if I'm still alive I might just come looking for you.

EXT. CARLOS' HIDEOUT - EAST BERLIN - LATE DAY

SUPER: WEISSEN, EAST BERLIN

THROUGH BINOCULARS

Across a street with a tree-lined divider, a large mansion surrounded by a ten-foot high brick wall. The mansion's front windows are heavily shuttered, with little light filtering through. Nearby is a small lake.

INT. IVAN AND ANDREI'S CAR - ACROSS FROM CARLOS' HIDEOUT - LATE DAY

Ivan looks through binoculars, staking out the mansion. He suddenly becomes agitated.

IVAN

[Look!]

Andrei picks up his camera.

THROUGH BINOCULARS

A man's figure emerges stealthily from the shadows of the mansion's back wall.

ZOOM

The blonde, bearded Ramirez.

ANDREI

[You think it's him?]

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK... The quick sound of the camera shutters. Faintly we HEAR the sound of a motorbike start up. Then we SEE Ramirez on the motorbike heading off. Ivan and Andrei follow him at a distance.
EXT. ROAD LEADING INTO EAST BERLIN - MAGIC HOUR

The KGB car falls in behind another car separating it from the motorbike and follows Ramirez into town. He passes giant steam pipes in the foreground as the KGB car follows.

EXT. ROAD - EAST BERLIN - MAGIC HOUR

A tram wipes the screen to reveal Ramirez, on his motorbike, followed by the KGB car. The landscape is desolate, with drab row-houses. Ramirez gets to a red light. As it turns green he sees the KGB car in his mirror. He jams across the street, just barely fitting in between two criss-crossing streetcars. Ivan and Andre lose sight of Ramirez.

EXT. STREET - EAST BERLIN - DUSK

Ivan and Andre shoot forward and then slow, as they spot Ramirez buying a newspaper at a newstand.

ANGLE ON - RAMIREZ

He holds his motorcycle helmet in his hand, and using it as a mirror, he sees the KGB car in its reflection. Satisfied that they have caught up with him again, he walks across the street to the beer hall.

INT. BEER HALL - DUSK

The large bierstube is crowded, noisy and enveloped in a thick cloud of cigarette smoke. Its lively, at times rowdy, loud, clientele is in various stages of intoxication. As the oom-pah-pah-pah-pah band plays popular German music, those who are not too busy eating, talking, or emptying liter-
beer steins, sing along.

**ON RAMIREZ**

Fighting the crowd, he heads for the back of the beer hall, looking for his contact.

**ON IVAN AND ANDREI**

Entering the place, they pretend to be camera-carrying Russian tourists. A common sight in East Berlin.

**ON RAMirez**

He stops and stares.

**RAMIREZ'S POV**

Through the jam pack, the profile of a man, with a Tyrol hat who sits along the back wall. Busy eating, he seems totally oblivious to the hoopla around him. We can't really see his face.

**ON RAMIREZ**

As he cautiously approaches what he thinks is Jack. It isn't him. There is a sudden look of panic on his face and spots Jack also in the same kind of hat. Lifting his and turning to face Ramirez, we too recognize him. hat, and the new heavy eyebrows and mustache, is... smiles, takes off his hat, and motions his quest to sit down.

**ON ANDREI (THROUGH IVAN'S CAMERA)**

He's posing with a giant stein. A slight shift of focus we can see Ramirez. Jack, however, is hidden by the back. Then, the Waiter moves on.

**ZOOM**
A clear, unobstructed picture of Jack and Ramirez up close.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK... The rapid CLICKING stops only when the view of the two is blocked again by other people.

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BEER HALL - DUSK**

Ramirez emerges from the beer hall. He heads back to his motorbike.

**ANGLE**

Seconds later, the two KGB come out. This time, only Andrei takes after Ramirez. Ivan gets into a taxi which heads in an opposite direction.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANSION - NIGHT**

Reaching the mansion, Ramirez discreetly steals his way toward its back wall. Then, just as slyly as he earlier had materialized, he disappears.

**ON VLADIMIR AT HIS POST**

Watching Ramirez vanish into the mansion wall.

**EXT. RAMIREZ'S HIDING PLACE - NEAR MANSION - NIGHT**

He lies in the thick bushes, completely obscured from view and now he removes the blond wig and the rest of his disguise. Underneath his "disguise" clothes, he is wearing a pair of black jeans and black T-shirt. He looks exactly like Carlos now.

**PRODUCTION NOTE: IT IS IMPORTANT TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IS GOING**
ON HERE. THE REAL CARLOS HAS NOT DYED HIS HAIR BLOND.

WAS NOT THE REASON FOR RAMIREZ PUTTING ON A BLOND WIG.

LOGIC HERE IS THAT IF THE "REAL CARLOS" WERE IN FACT
TO A MEET WITH A CIA AGENT, HE WOULD HAVE PUT ON SUCH A
DISGUISE TO MAKE SURE HE WAS NOT SPOTTED BY THE

RUSSIANS.

INT. BLACK VOLGA - EAST BERLIN - NIGHT

Jack takes off his disguise as he drives the Volga to
the appointed corner of Carlos' compound. He looks at his
watch. reads: 9:15 as he slows the car to a crawl.

JACK
(to himself)
Come on... come on...

EXT. RAMIREZ'S HIDING PLACE - NEAR MANSION - NIGHT

Ramirez watches as Jack cruises by.

RAMIREZ
Not till he's dead, Jack. Not till
he's dead.

INT. BLACK VOLGA - EAST BERLIN - NIGHT

Jack sees that Ramirez is not going to show.

JACK
Shit.

INT. KGB HEADQUARTERS - EAST BERLIN - NIGHT CLOSE ON

MONITOR
SCREEN
A head shot of Ramirez in his latest blond, bearded
disguise. Grainy and blurred at first, it's gradually being
brought into sharp focus.

PULL BACK to reveal a GROUP OF MEN closely watching the
screen of an impressive, state-of-the-art computer. We
only one of them. Andrei. At the computer's
keyboard -- manipulating the images on the screen --
are TWO
TECHNICIANS in white overalls. Right behind them stands
Head KGB Officer from Moscow and his Aide.

HEAD KGB OFFICER
(orders the technicians)
[Now Carlos.]

ON SCREEN

It bisects, to allow a picture of the real Jackal (the
splitting image of Ramirez) to appear on the right half
of the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

The Head KGB Officer puts on his glasses and takes a
closer look at the monitor.

HEAD KGB OFFICER
[The beard and moustache.]

One of the two technicians toys with the keyboard.

CLOSE - SCREEN

The beard and moustache on Ramirez' disguised image
disappear. The two faces look very similar.

CLOSE - SCREEN

A huge nose covers the entire left half of the screen.

ZOOM

The upper part of the nose only. And... the
incriminating hairline where the bogus schnoz had been superimposed
on the real one.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
[The nose is a fake.]

HEAD KGB OFFICER
As the aquiline nose assumes the shape of the Jackal's -- the hair changes both color and form to match his -- faces on the screen become identical.

HEAD KGB OFFICER
[Have you identified the one he was meeting with?]

TECHNICIAN
[His name is Jack Shaw. CIA Counterterrorism.]

The Head KGB Officer turns to his Aide.

HEAD KGB OFFICER
[Get me the MFS on the secure phone. I want them out of the way.]

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT ON MANSION GATE
It opens slowly. One by one, a half dozen MFS -- including the two we've seen earlier -- sneak out. Just as armed KGB -- led by the Head KGB Officer and his Aide -- move in through the still-open door.

EXT. RAMIREZ'S HIDING PLACE - NEAR MANSION - NIGHT
He watches the KGB men enter the compound.

RAMIREZ
(sotto voce)
Don't blow it Comrades... kill him.

INT. MANSION
Meeting no resistance on the ground floor -- whose security apparently has been the task of the MFS -- the intruders climb the open, spiral staircase. They move cautiously, silencer-equipped weapons in hand.

ANGLE
Reaching the upper floor, they hear the muffled sound of RHYTHMIC MUSIC coming from the far end of the hallway to their right. The Head KGB Officer motions his Aide to move into the corridor to their left. He does, taking three KGB with him. Four others -- including Andrei and Ivan -- follow the Head KGB Officer into the hallway to their right.

INT. HALLWAY

It's long, with several rooms on each side. As Vladimir gingerly into the first one, Ivan covers him from the door.

INT. ROOM

Illuminated only by the light which filters through the open door, the room is quite dark. A faint sound of SNORING reaches Andrei from the bed closest to the door. Quickly there, his arm goes up. Then, for a split second, the flash of the knife comes down hard. The victim's last MURMUR. Followed by the SOUND OF MOVEMENT at the other bed.

ANGLE

In the beam of Ivan's flashlight, a waking JAPANESE is reaching for his gun. Pffft. Pffft. And he too falls back to sleep. Eternally.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - MANSION

TWO more JAPANESE in the midst of a Go game meet the same fate. A burst from Head KGB Officer's automatic finishes them off.

INT. HALLWAY AND OTHER ROOMS - MANSION

Doing away with several more of Carlos' multinational gang,
the five KGB finally reach the room with the large, heavy French doors at the end of hallway.

**INT. OUTSIDE CARLOS' BEDROOM**

Quietly approaching the carved-wood doors, a KGB tries knobs. The doors are locked. Suddenly, the pulsating LATIN BEAT which emanated continuously from behind the doors, stops.

**ON HEAD KGB OFFICER**

He's startled by the sudden silence.

**HEAD KGB OFFICER**

(whispering)

[Quick! Quick!]

Not wasting any time, Andrei and Ivan kick the doors open. Diving to the side, they cover the other two KGB who storm in with their Kalashnikovs very much at the ready.

**INT. CARLOS' BEDROOM - MANSION ON CARLOS' BED**

The voluptuous blonde -- her body glazed with post-coitus sweat -- is paralyzed with fear; covering her prized assets seems the last thing on her mind. She gapes at the KGB marauders with wide, blue eyes. Not so, Ramirez's look-alike. Caught reaching from under the sheets to replace the tape in the stereo by the bed, he instinctively tries for his gun.

**ON HEAD KGB OFFICER**

Standing at the door. His automatic no longer has a silencer.

**HEAD KGB OFFICER**

(sarcastic)

Don't even think about it. It would deprive the KGB of the pleasure of interrogating you.
ON CARLOS

Surprisingly, he seems quite relieved.

CARLOS
KGB? I thought...

BACK TO SCENE

HEAD KGB OFFICER
What? That we were your new friends...
The CIA... Jack Shaw...

CARLOS
Jack Shaw...?

HEAD KGB OFFICER
Stop playing games. And it's no use looking behind me... Your associates can no longer be of assistance. Not to you, not to anyone...

CARLOS
(angry)
Comrade, you'd getta have an explanation --

HEAD KGB OFFICER
You've got it all wrong, Illich. It's you who has all the explaining to do... Now get dressed!
(to the blonde)
You too, Fraulein.

CARLOS
My pants...

The Head KGB Officer motions to Andrei, who throws
Carlos
his pants -- but not before checking to make sure
there's no
weapon in them. He then hands the blonde -- who finally
hides
her bazooms behind a sheet -- her clothes.

CARLOS
(continuing; getting dressed)
That's what was going on in Libya. The CIA... The DST... They're trying to set me up and you're falling for it, you idiot!
HEAD KGB OFFICER

Enough. We tailed you to your meeting. We have the pictures of you with Shaw.

CARLOS

That's impossible. I've been here all night.
    (points to the blonde)
Ask her.
    (to the blonde)
Tell him.

ON BLONDE

She's putting stockings on a pair of legs that could distract even the most committed KGB.

BLONDE
    (in a voice matching her looks)
It's true. All night...

HEAD KGB OFFICER
    (unimpressed)
We know about your women... Now hurry up, both of you!

ON IVAN AND VLADIMIR

With Kalashnikovs still trained on Carlos, they seem unable to resist stealing glances at the blonde.

CARLOS
    (to Head KGB Officer)
I'll prove it to you. You'll be pleading for my forgiveness. Let's just go. I want to be interrogated. I demand to be interrogated.

He seems truly eager to leave with them now, as if confident he can prove his case. Dressed, with the exception of a jacket, he casually grabs one which lies on a nearby chair.

HEAD KGB OFFICER

WAIT!
Too late. The Scorpion machine-pistol is already out, spouting deadly accurate fire. He kills the Head KGB Officer first, then...

ON KGB

They drop like flies, their bullets hitting everything but him.

ON BLONDE

Hysterical, she screams her healthy lungs out.

INT. HALLWAY - MANSION

Suddenly there's the sound of APPROACHING STEPS. The KGB are down the corridor, rushing to the bedroom, led by the Aide.

ON CARLOS

He doesn't hesitate. Firing a few rounds at them, he sprints toward the window and literally flies through its shattering glass.

EXT. MANSION - TREES - NIGHT

Ramirez lies in some bushes about fifty yards from the house, dressed in the black jeans and T-shirt. He hears the gunfire from the mansion.

RAMIREZ

What the fuck?

EXT. MANSION COURTYARD

It's a dark night, and only a few dim lights illuminate the rather large back yard.

ON CARLOS

Landing in a bed of flowers, he rolls, and is quickly
feet with the machine-pistol in hand.

ON TWO ARMED KGB

Securing the courtyard, they rush to the spot where, apparently, they'd seen him land. Carlos, however, is no longer there.

ANGLE

Glued to the back of a tree, the Jackal cuts them down with one short burst and goes for the KGBs who appear at the broken window. As they take cover, he quickly confiscates a Kalashnikov from the dead KGB closest to him and makes it to the high wall which encircles the place.

Carlos climbs over the wall with the Kalashnikov and drops outside the compound to the grass below.

ANGLE ON RAMIREZ IN THE GRASS

He sees to his horror that Carlos is getting away. He is ready to scream, going crazy. He has no gun, he wouldn't stand a chance against Carlos, but there is no way he is going to let him get away, no way. He looks around for a rock... anything.

There is nothing. Carlos turns his back. Ramirez sees his chance, he gets up on one knee ready to make his move suddenly he sees two more KGB guys come running around wall of the compound.

ANGLE ON RAMIREZ

He mouths the words:

RAMIREZ

Kill him... Kill him...

ANGLE ON CARLOS
He whisks and fires at the two KGBs who fall.

**ANGLE ON RAMIREZ**

He can't believe it. Carlos is getting away?

**ANGLE ON CARLOS**

He suddenly gets a look as if he feels someone's presence. His eyes open wide and he starts to turn when Ramirez flying out of the darkness and leaps on Carlos. The two are dressed exactly alike. Carlos is hit from behind and is stunned and drops the assault rifle.

Ramirez has Carlos down and is choking him. Carlos looks up at him more shocked than anything else. Finally Carlos manages to break the grasp and kicks Ramirez off. Now it is a dazzling display of martial arts. Then Ramirez charges Carlos and tackles him and the two go rolling off into the bushes darkness. When they roll out of the bushes we have no idea which one is which or who we should be rooting for. Just then Jack's Volga drives up at the side.

**ANGLE ON THE TWO CARLOSES**

They roll over onto the bodies of two dead KGB. There is a Kalashnikov on the ground pointed into the Carlos on bottom's side. The Carlos who is on top manages to get his finger over to the trigger and pulls it sending a burst into the Carlos on the bottom's body. Just then the Carlos on top looks up and sees Jack standing over him with a gun pointed at him ready to shoot. In b.g. we HEAR cars with sirens approaching. The Carlos on top looks over to Jack who is ready to shoot him.
CARLOS ON TOP

Don't shoot. It's me you asshole!

Jack just stares at him and then lowers his gun.

JACK

Let's get the fuck out of here.

He turns around and starts to get into the Volga. The Carlos on top, whom we just thought was Ramirez bends down and reaches for the dead KGB's pistol.

ANGLE ON JACK

He gets that sixth sense feeling and turns around, his gun raised and pointed at the man whose hand is now on the pistol. Is it Carlos or Ramirez, who is standing there with pistol in hand almost turned to Jack but still at a disadvantage in this Mexican stand off.

JACK

Have you come looking for me now, Annibal?

THE MAN WITH THE PISTOL

What the fuck are you talking about...

JACK

Awfully warm for this time of year isn't it?

The man with the pistol knows this is a password of some kind and the look on his face betrays the fact that he doesn't have an answer. Jack is just about to shoot him when a burst of machine gun fire is heard from the approaching cars and it rips into the tree next to Jack who dives for cover. That act of self-preservation gives the man we now realize is the real Carlos the chance he needs. With catlike grace
he dives, rolls and vanishes into the shadows. He has
gotten away and Jack has to decide whether to go after his
quarry or rescue his friend. He opts for the latter, scoops up
Annibal and throws him into the Volga and speeds off as
cars approach from the other side.

EXT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Ramirez is in bed, hooked up to all the monitors and
tubes and IVs but he is going to make it. Jack is there with
him, having just entered.

RAMIREZ
Any word?

JACK
How you feeling?

RAMIREZ
Did he get away?

Jack nods his head. Ramirez almost breaks down in
tears.

Jack crosses to him to comfort him.

RAMIREZ
Then it was all for nothing... the whole thing.

JACK
No it wasn't. He's finished. The KGB bought it. As far as they're concerned, he's the enemy now. He'll bounce around from one country to the next. But his paymasters have disowned him. None of their client states will risk using him. No one'll trust him again. He'll spend the rest of his life looking over his shoulder waiting to be betrayed. And it'll happen... sooner or later... when it's to some country's advantage... they'll give him up or they'll trade him. He's finished. It worked and he's finished.
RAMIREZ
Not for me he isn't... There are still two of us...

EXT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - DAY

A car pulls up at the hospital and Maura gets out and enters the hospital.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RAMIREZ'S ROOM - DAY

Maura is there with Ramirez. He is in mid-conversation with her. We don't know how long she's been there. He opens his eyes.

MAURA
Is it over?

RAMIREZ
No.

She crosses to him and gently takes his hand in hers.

RAMIREZ
You have to make a new life for yourself and the children.

MAURA
No.

RAMIREZ
Maura, anytime I start a car I'll wonder if this is the one that explodes. I couldn't bear the thought of you and the children being in that danger. He'll want me and everyone I've ever loved to be dead. Trust me... I know how he thinks because it's the way I think now too. I am so... sorry. I am so sorry...

Maura looks at him imploring him with her eyes.

MAURA
I won't leave you.

RAMIREZ
Maura, when my father was put into prison he told my mother to take me and leave and start a new life. That's what you've got to do.

MAURA
You're not in prison and I'm not your mother and I won't leave you. I will not let him do this to us. Not him... not the CIA... not anyone.

RAMIREZ
He'll come after me.

MAURA
Get me a gun and teach me to shoot and he'll have to deal with both of us. This animal will not destroy my family. Please... come home.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAMIREZ HOME - VIRGINIA - DAY

We hear a phone ring and it is picked up.

MAURA (O.S.; THRU PHONE)
Hello...

We hear the voice of a friend of hers named GRACE.

GRACE (O.S.; THRU PHONE)
Hi... listen, do you and Annibal want to come over with the kids for a barbeque this afternoon?

MAURA (O.S.; THRU PHONE)
Uh sure, I think... but could I call you back later? We're just about to go to church. Annibal and the kids are already in the car.

GRACE (O.S.; THRU PHONE)
Okay, call me when you get back.

MAURA (O.S.; THRU PHONE)
Great. Talk to you later. Bye bye.
We hear the phone hang up. We hear the sound of a door opening and closing that leads into the garage from the house. We hear the sound of a car door opening. And then the key turning in an ignition. And then the door is blown off the garage as we see the Ramirez family car burst into an inferno and blaze away inside the garage in a fiery blast which would kill one and all instantly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The cemetery is set up for a funeral. There are various Navy officers and their families in the chairs. At the back all stands Jack wearing sunglasses, his face a mask into which it is impossible to read any emotion of any kind. There are four graves and four coffins, two adult-sized and small ones. Admiral Crawford addresses the mourners.

CRAWFORD
How does one even begin to comprehend a tragedy like this. A highly respected Naval officer returns from six months of hazardous duty. He has escaped the danger we all come to know in the service of our country. He is about to go to church with his beloved family and in an instant... they are no more. They are with God. Our minds cannot comprehend such tragedy... only an undying faith in the Almighty a faith that says even though we cannot see it, there is a plan. That and the knowledge that as in life, so for eternity are they together...

ANGLE ON JACK
He whispers to himself as he takes off his sunglasses.
JACK

Now you're free.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ST. MARTIN - DAY

It is a beautiful island community with clusters of villas overlooking a magnificent coastline. A postal truck winds its way towards one of the houses. The POSTMAN gets out of his truck and crosses to the door of the house. He knocks on the door. The door opens... it is Ramirez... or Carlos... we don't know which. He wears shorts and a shirt.

POSTMAN

Mister Mendoza?

MENDOZA

Yes.

POSTMAN

Special delivery letter for you sir.

The Postman hands the man an envelope. He signs for it and opens the envelope. It is a newspaper clipping...

ANGLE ON THE NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

The headline is: NAVAL OFFICER AND FAMILY KILLED IN FIERY CRASH. There is a handwritten note attached. It says, "Rest in Peace."

POSTMAN

Not bad news I hope.

MENDOZA

Someone... died.

POSTMAN

I'm so sorry.
MENDOZA
This guy's better off dead.

POSTMAN
No one is better off dead I think.

MENDOZA
Some people are.

He tips the postman and closes the door.

INT. HOUSE - ST. MARTIN - DAY

Mendoza crosses into the house holding the newspaper clipping. He takes a cigarette lighter and burns it and across his face there is a hint of a smile... a very cold smile. He crosses out to the veranda. Down on the beach below, we see Maura and the baby and Joey playing.

JOEY
Poppi... come down and play with us.

We now know the man is Ramirez. He walks down the steps of his house to the beach to his wife and his children as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING - SUDAN - DAY

WE SUPER the following: SUDAN 1994

Two bodyguard types wait outside the building at the entrance. An old man who walks with a cane and whose face is horribly disfigured by burns hobbles in to the medical building. He passes a plaque on the wall that says in English and Arabic:

DR. WASFI MUHAMMED, M.D.; PhD.

Cosmetic and Plastic Surgery
We SUPER THE FOLLOWING:

NO FURTHER ACTS OF TERRORISM WERE EVER ATTRIBUTED TO CARLOS AGAIN. HE MOVED TO YEMEN, THEN JORDAN, THEN SYRIA AND TO THE SUDAN.

INT. REST ROOM - MEDICAL BUILDING - SUDAN - DAY

The old man locks the door and stands in front of the mirror. He pulls off the burn makeup and scalp wig and we see he is Carlos. Several years older, but unmistakable. He off the old man's clothes and stuffs them in a trash can and underneath he wears the black jeans and T-shirt. Then he straightens up and exits the rest room.

INT. CORRIDOR BETWEEN RESTROOM AND DR.'S OFFICE - MEDICAL BLDG. - DAY

Carlos walks down the corridor and enters the medical suite of Doctor Wasfi Muhammed. There is a plaque on the door which says, DR. WASFI MUHAMMED, M.D., PhD, Cosmetic and Plastic Surgery.

INT. DR. MUHAMMED'S OFFICE - SURGERY SUITE - DAY

This is a surgery suite complete with gas anesthetic, a kind of high-tech barber chair that reclines for full surgery, gleaming scalpels, etc. DR. MOHAMMED is there with Carlos. The Doctor is hastily washing his hands.

DR. MUHAMMED
You're quite early. I wasn't expecting you for another half an hour.

CARLOS
I like to be unannounced. It's safer that way.
DR. MUHAMMED

Yes, yes, of course. If you'll just have a seat. I've done everything as you said. My assistant has been let go for the day. I'll administer the anesthetic myself. I assure you sir, you are completely safe here.

He turns around to look into the barrel of Carlos' drawn and cocked .38 automatic.

CARLOS

I know.

EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING - SUDAN - DAY

The scene is as before. The two bodyguards stand watch. Suddenly a car pulls up. Another bodyguard gets out and out of this car steps Carlos. The bodyguards acknowledge him as he enters the building.

INT. DR. MUHAMMED'S OFFICE - SURGERY SUITE - DAY

Carlos leans back in the surgery chair. There is an IV attached to his arm. A Doctor in a surgical mask stands over him.

DOCTOR

Feeling drowsy now?

CARLOS

Yes...

DOCTOR

Would you like to see what your new face is going to look like when we're done?

CARLOS

Yes... of course.

DOCTOR

It's going to look just like this...

He pulls down his surgical mask and Carlos looks up at his own face. It is Ramirez. He holds Carlos, who struggles
against the anaesthetic. Suddenly, a second pair of hands grab Carlos as well. It is Jack.

**EXT. REAR OF MEDICAL BUILDING - SUDAN - DAY**

An ambulance is pulled up at the rear entrance and two attendants push a gurney out of the building with a patient whose face is covered by an oxygen mask. The two attendants push the gurney into the ambulance and race off.

**CARLOS WAS FINALLY ARRESTED IN THE SUDAN AND FLOWN TO FRANCE TO STAND TRIAL IN AUGUST OF 1994.**

As the ambulance pulls off with its siren blaring, WE CONTINUE WITH THE CRAWL:

**INTELLIGENCE SOURCES BELIEVE HE WAS TRADED TO THE SUDANESE GOVERNMENT IN A BID TO OBTAIN WESTERN AID. THERE ARE RUMORS THAT TWO RETIRED CIA AGENTS PLANNED AND EXECUTED HIS CAPTURE.**

**THE END**