THE DAY OF THE JACKAL

Rewrite
by
Kevin Jarre

Screenplay
by
Chuck Pfarrer

Inspired by the novel
THE DAY OF THE JACKAL
by
Frederick Forsyth

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FADE IN:

1 "NIGHTLINE" BROADCAST

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BROWN
I'd say yes, safe within reason, Tsi.

Radzinski shifts uncomfortably in his seat...

KOPPEL
Minister Radzinski?

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

RADZINSKI
This is photograph of Mayor of St. Petersburg, Nikolai Semashko, and his wife and children. They were shot to death in their home last week because (MORE)

(CONTINUE)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

EXT. MOSCOW STREET - NIGHT

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

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

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

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

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

ACROSS THE STREET

From a dark doorway a tall WOMAN in black overcoat and head-scarf observes the commotion of Ghazzi's arrival with hawk-like keenness. This is MAJOR VALENTINA KOSLOVA of the Russian Federation Militia and MOVING CLOSER we sense the ferocious intelligence and resolve suggested by her intensely aquiline features and piercing gaze. She might be a handsome woman were it not for the grisly, disfiguring acid SCAR running down one side of her face but while that
and pride have made the possibility of romance unlikely her commitment to the cause of justice fills her life, almost amounting to a grand passion....

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

IN THE TRUCK

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

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

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

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

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

GHAZZI
(to Dimitri)
Ghazzi the Great. At least he knows my name.

(to Vasilov)
Find us some company, Anatoly.

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

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

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

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

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

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

Valentina steps forward, holstering her pistol and:

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

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

GHAZZI
Oh, I'll bet there is.

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

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

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

(continued)
GHAZZI
But you have no witness, how--

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

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

GHAZZI
DNA? What is this nonsense?

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

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

GHAZZI
And who are you? American?

PRESTON
Correct. Deputy Director Hamilton Preston, FBI.

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

PRESTON
Correct again.

GHAZZI
(to Valentina)
You lie with Americans now? With strangers? Enemies?

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

GHAZZI
The innocent...

(snorts contemptuously)
Woman.

(to Preston)
But you, you cheat. It's one thing to

(MORE)

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

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

VALENTINA
I say again, you are advised not to
resist.

PRESTON
I'd listen to her if I were you.

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

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

PRESTON
SHUT YOUR MOUTH, YOU LITTLE--

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

VALENTINA
No, I want them alive!

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

Patrons shriek as the gunshot reverberates through the club.

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

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - LATER

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

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

VALENTINA
Let's hope you never have to.

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

VALENTINA
Next time...

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

EST. SHOT - HELSINKI, FINLAND

The Finnish capitol, neat, clean, sparkling in the sun of a Scandinavian spring....
INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

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

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

Terek nods, thinking, then almost as an afterthought:

TERIK
How many Militia were killed?

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

TERIK
Yes, yes, but how many did you kill?

VASILOV
Well... none actually.

TERIK
None. Not even one?

VASILOV
Well I did what I--

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TEREK
But this is only part of it. Mister FBI
Director Brown makes me Public Enemy
Number One? So be it. He will find out
personally what I do to my enemies.
America must learn that its actions have
consequences.
A plush luxury hotel suite. A MAN sits in a leather chair, lean, suntanned, impeccably dressed in a black Savile Row suit. He has no name -- only a reputation and though not outwardly aggressive something in his subtly predatory, sardonic manner suggests a palpable evil. An armed man, POLITOVSKY, is near the door, guarding the scene while, untouched drink in front of him, the Man watches a nature documentary on cable showing an African hyena stalking a terrified little wobbly-legged zebra colt, the hyena's tormenting of the weaker creature ghastly and protracted. An English-accented NARRATOR explains:

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

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

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

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

MAN
If we could get to the point.

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
MAN
And the target?

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

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

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

Terek registers a moment of surprise but lets it pass.

TEREK
Can you do it?

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

TEREK
But you could kill this person?

MAN
Certainly.

TEREK
Will you do it?

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

TEREK
How much?

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

Terek thinks it over then gives a short laugh and:

(CONTINUED)
TEREK
Why not? Done.

MAN
How many people know about this?

TEREK
We three. And Kirilenko in St. Petersburg.

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

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

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

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

TEREK
One thing. What name will you use?

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

MAN
What name did you use to contact me?

(CONTINUED)
TEREX
(shrugs)
Well...

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

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

TEREK
The Jackal...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

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

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

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

PRESTON
At least we know we're getting to him.

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

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

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

Valentina walks over to a VCR, inserting a tape. The image is grainy, jostled, but still legible. First the CAMERA PANS UP, scanning the upper floors of a neat village pensione.
VALENTINA
They've taken the entire Third floor for themselves and their bodyguards -- all former Spetsnaz -- nine in all. Not one's left the building in five days.

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

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

PRESTON
(turns to Witherspoon)
Contact Interpol and the French Attaché. Get everything you can on a Legionnaire named Politovsky.

The tape goes to static. The General stands.

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

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

PRESTON
I got a feeling.

14 EXT. SKY - DAY

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

15 INT. AIRPORT VIP LOUNGE - DAY

Well-heelied TRAVELERS come and go. The man we now know as the Jackal sits at a corner table reading a Paris newspaper. At an adjacent table, a BEARDED MAN works on his 5th drink. Bluff, red-faced, he has 'Sail Canada' stickers all over his battered Halliburton case. The Jackal watches the man push from his table and stagger for the free hors d'oeuvre.
AIRPORT ANNOUNCER
"SAS announces immediate departure of Flight 569 non-stop service to London Heathrow..."

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

ESTABLISHING SHOT - LONDON

EXT. SOHO - DAY

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

JACKAL
Good afternoon.

INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY

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

JACKAL
Very nice.

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

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

JACKAL
Perfect. What do I owe you?

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

JAMAICAN
Looks like the balance is 375 pounds.

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

JACKAL
Here's five hundred. Thanks.

DREDLOCKS
Hey, thank you, mon.

19 EXT. LONDON OFFICE, CHILD & COMPANY BANK

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

20 INT. BANK PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

JACKAL
Keep it in dollars. I'll need to open an account in Luxembourg. Get me some credit cards -- use an American Bank. I'll send you the names by registered mail next week.
WOOLBURTON
I'll overnight the cards to your box in Montreal.
(handing him another slip)
This also came with the draft.

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

JACKAL
May I use your computer?

WOOLBURTON
Of course. Everything's ready for you.

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

JACKAL

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

JACKAL

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

COMPUTER SCREEN
(typing)
GOOD AFTERNOON.
HOW MAY WE HELP YOU?

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
COMPUTER SCREEN
MAN PORTABLE?

JACKAL
Compact. A vehicle-mounted unit.

COMPUTER SCREEN
WHAT CALIBER?

JACKAL
Not smaller than 7.62.

COMPUTER SCREEN
AVAILABLE: 7.62mm M134 ELECTRIC GATLING GUN.

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

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

JACKAL
Too heavy.

COMPUTER SCREEN
AVAILABLE: POLISH ZSU-33 ELECTRIC
14.5mm. CYCLIC RATE 1460 ROUNDS PER MINUTE.

JACKAL
Interested. Range and muzzle velocity, question mark.

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

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

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

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JACKAL (cont'd)
Quebec, Canada, G1H 876. Client name: Murdock, Charles C.

COMPUTER SCREEN
CUSTOMS REQUIREMENTS?

JACKAL
List the item as a carbon sailing mast.

The cursor blinks. The computer types out:

COMPUTER SCREEN
DELIVERY DATE MAY 23.

The Jackal turns off the machine as Woolburton enters.

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

JACKAL
You'll hear from me next week.

The Jackal stands and stubs out his cigar.

JACKAL
Thanks for the cigar.

Woolburton bows formally. The Jackal lets himself out.

EXT. RED SQUARE - NIGHT

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

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

PRESTON
I didn't say this. But yeah.

LAWSON
How important is this?

CONTINUED:

LAWSON
Okay, then we didn't have this conversation.

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

EXT. SCHLEMSTAAD, FINLAND - DAY

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

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

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

INT. MOSCOW AIRPORT - NIGHT

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

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

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

PRESTON
What's wrong?

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

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

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

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

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

24 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – AMERICAN EMBASSY

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

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

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

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

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

WITHERSPOON
Jesus.

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

PRESTON
He said 'Jackal'?

GENERAL BELINKO
This means something to you, Mr. Preston?

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

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

VALENTINA
From time to time he was KGB asset.

PRESTON
Do you have a name?

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

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

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

PRESTON
Think so? Or do you hope so.

INT. CUSTOMS DESK, MONTREAL AIRPORT - DAY

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

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Purpose of your visit to Canada?

JACKAL
Fishing.

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

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Enjoy your stay, Mr. Hayslip.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

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

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

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

JACKAL
Charlie. No hurry.

EXT. CANADIAN SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

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

INT. RENTED GARAGE - NIGHT

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

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

An American sitcom plays on the TV. The LAUGH TRACK'S the same but the actors converse in awkwardly-dubbed Quebecois
French. The Jackal sits on the bed, road maps, books, and reference materials scattered all around him. Next to the nightstand is a pile of recent purchases: small TV set, a video camera, a 1000mm photo lens, and a remote control unit, the kind used to direct model airplanes. The Jackal writes on the pad in his lap: "HOW", "WHERE", and "WHEN", placing a checkmark beside "HOW"...

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

31 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, FBI OFFICES - DAY

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

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

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

The Director frowns over a file, setting it down.

BROWN
Not giving me much to work with, Haz.

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

BROWN
Then what?

VALENTINA
Using KGB files, I've identified six
operatives we believe to have actually
seen him. Four are dead, one is in Libya
but the last is believed to be here in
the United States. A Basque Separatist
(MORE)
VALENTINA (cont'd)
named Isabella Celia Zancona, she was part of the ETA action group responsible for blowing up Admiral Cierro Blanco in Madrid. Jackal performed the actual operation so it's possible she had some sort of contact with him. She might at least know what he looks like. The problem is we have no idea of her whereabouts. However her Interpol file says that in the 80's she was involved with one Declan Joseph Mulqueen, an Irish Republican Army commando she met while he was in Spain on a mission.

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

BROWN
The point being?

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

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

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

BROWN
What?

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

EXT. EXERCISE YARD, WALPOLE STATE PRISON - DAY

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

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

INT. CELL

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

GUARD

Visitors, Mulqueen.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

DECLAN

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

PRESTON

She's entered the country illegally.

DECLAN

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

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

PRESTON


DECLAN

Oh. The mystery man. That fella.

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

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

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

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

DECLAN
And whose might that be?

VALENTINA
Mr. Donald Brown, Director of the FBI.

DECLAN
Oh, that'd be droll.

Witherspoon jumps in, full of take-charge aggressiveness:

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
DECLAN
Well... since it'll be at least 32 years before I can even think about leaving this place, whether or not I do it in one piece is a matter of supreme indifference to me. So, prick-- (exaggerated enunciation) Suggest you up-stick-deal-arse and fook-off. (turns to Valentina) Sorry for the language. Been in prison.

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

PRESTON
Allright, what would you take to help us?

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

PRESTON
Well that's just flat impossible.

DECLAN
No it's not. Get me a pardon.

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
PRESTON
Well it's not gonna happen.

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

PRESTON
I'm sorry.

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

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

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

DECLAN
Oh, I've met him you know.

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

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

VALENTINA
You can? How?

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

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

This impossibly thrown-together group of hunters walks to
the gate and stops. Preston takes a set of keys from
Witherspoon, pointing to Declan's shackles.
PRESTON
You're officially released into FBI custody but unofficially you're in my custody which means you're on your honor, so if we need those, say so now.
(on Declan's silence)
Well?

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

VALENTINA
What?

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

DECLAN
Sorry to stare but... well, you're a woman, aren't you?
(on her reaction)
Like I said. Been in prison.

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

DECLAN
So what's the book then?

VALENTINA
(embarrassed)
Please...

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

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

VALENTINA
Very much. You know her work?

DECLAN
Oh, marvelous stuff, all about...

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

VALENTINA
Nervous?

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

VALENTINA
The two of you were...

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

VALENTINA
Then seeing you will please her.

DECLAN
Think so?

VALENTINA
I'm positive.

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

VALENTINA
You are nervous, aren't you?

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

MAN'S VOICE
Get down, Muffin!

The door opens. A husky man, GEORGE DECKER, ✤, answers:
DECLAN
Uh, Mr. Decker, is it?

DECKER
Yes.

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

O.S. VOICE (accented)
Who is it, George?

DECKER
For you, Izz.

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

GEORGE
I'll take the children out back.

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

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

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

ISABELLA
(laughs to Valentina)
This Irish. As if I can't look in a mirror.

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

DECLAN
They let me out to ask you something.
CONTINUED:

ISABELLA

Ask me what?

VALENTINA

First you should know there are
documents guaranteeing your safety.

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

ISABELLA

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

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

WITHERSPOON

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

PRESTON

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

WITHERSPOON

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

PRESTON

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

(points to his clipboard)

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

INT. HOUSE - DAY

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

ISABELLA

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

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

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

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

VALENTINA
Thank you, Mrs. Decker. You’ve been very
helpful.
(to Declan)
I'll wait for you outside.

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

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

DECLAN
Can't just yet.

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

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

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

DECLAN
Ah me... Are you happy at least?

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

(CONTINUED)
DECLAN
Yes, I know those nights.

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

DECLAN
So do I.

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

DECLAN
Give me some credit, will you.

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

40 EXT. INTERSTATE 64 - VIRGINIA

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

41 INT. VALENTINA'S CAR - DAY

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

VALENTINA
What's wrong.

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

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

DECLAN
. Thanks... Valya, is it?

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

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

VALENTINA
I know.

DECLAN
(laughs)
You and George Sand.

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

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

VALENTINA
(pauses, sighs)
I'm sorry... I act like a fool sometimes.

She is absolutely mortified at herself. After a beat:

DECLAN
How'd it happen?

VALENTINA
What? Oh...
(touches her scar)
An accident. I was a child.

DECLAN
And because of that you've never...

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

DECLAN
Oh, I don't know...

VALENTINA
Not if it means forever.

DECLAN
Well even if that were true, does 'forever' have to be a condition?
VALENTINA
If not forever it's just an imitation.

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

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

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

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

DECLAN
Don't miss a thing, do you?

She looks straight into his eyes, shaking her head:

VALENTINA
No. I see everything.

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

INT. OTTAWA TOOL AND DIE COMPANY - NIGHT

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

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

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

JACKAL
Fifty-five kilograms.

(CONTINUED)
LAMONT
That's a big fucker.

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

LAMONT
Want a beer?

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

LAMONT
(guzzling)
I can do that.

JACKAL
How much?

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

JACKAL
How much?

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

JACKAL
Half now, half on delivery.

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

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

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

LAMONT
Yeah. Shit man, I'm cool. Relax.
Declan stands looking over a highway map of the U.S. while Preston is at a desk nearby, poring over files. Witherspoon enters, breathless, hardly able to contain himself.

WITHERSPOON

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

44 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

PRESTON
That him?

DECLAN
(studying photo)
Could be... He's had surgery. His face has probably changed a number of times.

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

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

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

PRESTON
You heard them.

WITHERSPOON
I'm on it.

PRESTON
And get a laser in here. I want prints.

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

(continued)
DECLAN
(pounces on it)
French for jackal.
The hunters exchange looks, a chill running up their backs...

INT. MONTREAL AIRPORT - DAY

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

CUSTOM WOMAN
Good morning...

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

CUSTOMS WOMAN
Senor Ruidiaz. Hasta la huego.

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

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

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

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

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

DOUGLAS

Hi.

INT. SILVER FOX - LATER


DOUGLAS

I think you better come home with me.

JACKAL

(touches Douglas' hand)

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

The Jackal grimaces then nods at Douglas' raised eyebrow:

JACKAL

She knows.

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

DOUGLAS

I'd sure like to see you again.

JACKAL

Well... let me have your number.

DOUGLAS

(hands him card)

You're not gonna call.

JACKAL

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

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

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

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

PRESTON

Maybe we should start by canceling your public appearances.

NSC REP

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

Declan seize the floor, oblivious to the bureaucratic heavies' startled reaction to his outsider's appearance.

DECLAN

Finding one's not enough. He told me he always operates with four false identities--three with him and another at a drop box somewhere.
BOLITONOV
That was some time ago. He might have changed his methods since then.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PRESTON
Mulqueen!

DECLAN
Keep your hair on...
(regroups, faces Brown)
'Scuse me, sir, but if you think all your high tech and readouts and bells and whistles're gonna stop this man, you're dreamin'. He knows it all back to front, knows how to make it work for

(MORE)
DECLAN (cont'd)

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

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

BROWN

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

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

EXT. INTERSTATE 65 - NIGHT

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

INT. HIGH RISE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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

PHONE VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

JACKAL

Jackal.

PHONE VOICE (O.S.)

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. MONTREAL, LETTERHAM SHIPPING - DAY

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

INT. LETTERHAM SHIPPING

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

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

EXT. LETTERHAM SHIPPING - DAY

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

JACKAL
Thank you much.

INT. PRESTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

DECLAN
(holds up one finger)
That's him!

(CONTINUED)
PRESTON
(produces another file)
Now, ready for the bomb? Canadian travel
says Hayslip flew to Montreal eight days
ago.

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

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

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

EXT. MONTREAL - STRIP MALL COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

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

INT. COPY SHOP

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

JACKAL
Do you have a computer I can rent?

INT. COMPUTER RENTAL BOOTH - NIGHT

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

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

The Jackal types: POLICE?

The answer scrolls silently across his screen: HI JACKERS.

INT. MINI-VAN - NIGHT

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

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

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

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

LOPEZ
You guys check upstairs.

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

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

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

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

MAID
Certainly, sir.

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

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

The flying office is pointed north, Preston, Valentina, and Declan huddled in the back. 
PRESTON
Hayslip's disappeared, probably using one of the other identities. We've given Hayslip's passport picture to the Border Patrol. Maybe we'll get lucky.

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

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

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

She goes forward. Preston looks at Declan, glint in his eye:

PRESTON
So, there!

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

DECLAN
Tell me about her.

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

DECLAN
Honestly... How so?

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

DECLAN
Fierce woman.

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

(CONTINUED)
Deleon nods, brows knitting thoughtfully as she returns.

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

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

DECLAN
He made a mistake.

INT. ALL SUITES HOTEL - FIFTH FLOOR - DAY

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

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

PRESTON
Did you get prints anywhere?

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

Declan kneels to study the doorknob.

PRESTON
What the hell was it?

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

PRESTON
Good God... What about the others?

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

Declan looks at Preston, holding up two fingers.

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

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

Declan is crouched over the puddle of white paint film.

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

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

DECLAN
(snarls fingers)
Just bought it--look for a new-bought car

PRESTON
(to Witherspoon)
Do an alpha trace on all purchases in this part of the country. Then check all the buyers and see who doesn't know about the purchase.
(to Beaufres)
Meanwhile, will you put out a bulletin on all minivans with temp plates?

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

BEAUFRES
What do I use for a description?

PRESTON
Send the Hayslip photo.
EXT. SELF SERVICE CAR WASH - DAY

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

EXT. CANADIAN ROUTE 417 - DAY

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

EXT. OTTAWA TOOL AND DIE COMPANY - DAY

INT. OTTAWA TOOL AND DIE COMPANY

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

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

JACKAL
Aren’t you forgetting something?
(as Lamont shrugs)
The plans. I also want the left-over raw material and the carbon fiber mold.

LAMONT
Uh, maybe we oughta talk about that.

JACKAL
Oh?

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

JACKAL
I don't want attention.

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

JACKAL
How much?

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

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

LAMONT
We got a place like that.

78 EXT. FOREST - DAY

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

LAMONT
See, man, that's craftsmanship.

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

LAMONT
Son-of-a-bitch...

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

LAMONT
Hairy lookin' rounds.

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

LAMONT
Aw-right...

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

JACKAL
Here get behind me, I gotta zero the gun.

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

LAMONT
Whoa...

Reloading, the Jackal hits the keyboard under the joystick.

JACKAL
Hey, how do I make it sight-in automatically?
LAMONT
Just punch in whatever windage and
elevation you want and hit 'enter'.

JACKAL
Oh, right, right... let's see, have to
sort of 'guesstimate'...
(hits keys)
Okay... Here, you wanna do the honors?

LAMONT
Shit yeah!

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

LAMONT
What is this?

JACKAL
Hey, got it first try. Nice job, Lamont.
(points across clearing)
Okay, I'm gonna speed-test this thing
now so... Run.

LAMONT
What?

JACKAL
I said run. Now.

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

JACKAL
Come on, faster... good, back and forth.
that's right... Keep going... All right,
that's fine, stop.
(out loud to Lamont)
STOP!

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

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

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

JACKAL

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

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

JACKAL

Here's that bonus...

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

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

79 INT. RCMP HEADQUARTERS, MONTREAL - DAY

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

WITHERSPOON

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

(CONTINUED)
VALENTINA
That's the third identity.

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

DECLAN
Might've crossed already.

A uniformed MOUNTIE whispers something to Beaufres who nods.

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

80 EXT. OTTAWA TOOL AND DIE - DAY

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

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

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

81 INT. OTTAWA TOOL AND DIE COMPANY

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

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

Declan calls over from one of the lathes.

DECLAN
That's a carbon fiber mold over there.

82 INT. TOOL AND DIE OFFICE - LATER

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

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

VALENTINA
Is he going to shoot down a plane?

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

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

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

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

EXT. SILVER WATER YACHT CHARTERS - DAY

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

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

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

JACKAL
She's perfect.
EXT. PIER - NIGHT

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

EXT. OPEN LAKE - DAY

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

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello.

JACKAL

Jackal.

VOICE (O.S.)

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

JACKAL

Irishman... Name.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mulqueen. Declan Mulqueen.

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

JACKAL

The operation is a go.

INT. GULFSTAR JET - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)
VALENTINA
May I?
DECLAN
Please.
Sitting down next to him, she notices his untouched food.
VALENTINA
You aren't going to eat?
DECLAN
Not hungry.
VALENTINA
Do you mind?
He nods. She takes his tray and piles his food on top of hers. Declan smiles, looking back out the window. A BURST of appreciative LAUGHTER from the FBI agents at another table as on TV, Brown escorts the reassuringly matronly FIRST LADY to the podium. She gets off a quip and a sweet ripple of tinkling female laughter passes through the audience. Declan smiles fondly. Valentina points to Brown:

VALENTINA
What do you think of them?
DECLAN
The ladies? Well, I like the President's wife, don't you? Nice smile on her.

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

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

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

DECLAN
I knew what you meant. Well... I like Preston. I think he's a fair man. He's very fond of you.
VALENTINA
we've worked very closely this last year.

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

VALENTINA
You say that so easily.

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

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

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

VALENTINA
You don't mean that.

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

VALENTINA
And justice?

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

VALENTINA
You can't have one without the other.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

EXT. SAILBOAT COCKPIT - DAY

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

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

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

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

The others nod, reluctantly confirming the awful truth.

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

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

PRESTON
No, he has a weapon and mount to transport.

Declan spreads a road atlas on the table and points.
DECLAN
What kind of patrols are there on these?

PRESTON
The Great Lakes? Virtually none.

DECLAN
Are there ferry services?

CUSTOMS REP
Not many. We checked those. People drive.

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

CUSTOMS REP
Arriving vessels have to check with the Harbormaster.

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

NSC REP
The Chicago-Mackinac Regatta's on.

BROWN
(to Preston)
What do you think?

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

EXT. SAILBOAT COCKPIT, LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

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

EXT. CHICAGO YACHT CLUB - DAY

A forest of sailboat masts clog a sprawling marina, the piers crowded with YACHTSMEN and SPECTATORS. Declan, Valentina, Witherspoon, and Preston spread a map of Chicago on the hood of a police cruiser.
PRESTON
Eighteen yacht clubs and marinas in the metro area. Witherspoon take Waveland. Declan and Valentina, Chicago Yacht Club. I'll take the locals. We're looking for an Ontario-registered boat. It may have race numbers, it may not.

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

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

DECLAN
(pulls Preston aside)
What about lettin' me have a gun?

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

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

DECLAN
So many...

VALENTINA
Rich people.

91 EXT. YACHT CLUB PIERS - DAY

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

VALENTINA
I'll check this way.

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

(CONTINUED)
WOMAN
Champagne?

DECLAN
Maybe later.

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

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

Declan's eyes...

The Jackal's eyes...

Declan has no cover, no weapon.

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

VALENTINA
Declan!

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

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

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

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

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

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

JACKAL
This man’s hurt! Someone help! Somebody get a doctor!

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

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

DECLAN
Well, had our chance, didn’t we?

EXT. PIER - DAY

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

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

Preston gets it—there’s a leak. He turns to Witherspoon:

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

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

PRESTON
I guess you’re right... Anything else?
DECLAN
Yeah, give me the fookin' gun next time
I ask for it.

EXT. TENNESSEE HIGHWAY - DAY

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

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

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

EXT. CANFIELD HOUSE INN. - DAY

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

INT. FRONT DESK - DAY

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

INT. CANFIELD HOUSE, DINING ROOM - LATER

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

JENNIFER
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACKAL
Mind some company?

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

JACKAL
Business.

JENNIFER
What kind of business keeps you so fit?

JACKAL
Uh, flattery. More, more.

JENNIFER
No, your turn.

JACKAL
Well, let's see...

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

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

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

PRESTON
Which way do you think he's coming?

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

Preston shakes his head, pacing as Valentina enters.

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

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

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

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

PRESTON
Damn! He's ahead of us every step.

VALENTINA
(to Declan)
What would you be doing now?

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

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

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

PRESTON
(thinks hard, decides)
Alright, we're going to release the
Mayslip picture. Maybe the public, God
love 'em, will help. We'll say he's a
suspected serial killer. The press eats
that stuff up. Besides, it's the truth.

INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

JENNIFER
Don't say anything, Mr. Walters.

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

INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)
tak.es out the cellular phone and steps into the bathroom, turning on the light and punching in numbers...

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

PRESTON
Guess this couldn't wait three minutes.

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

The toilet flushes. Preston creeps out of the stall.

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

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

PRESTON
Why does he leave in the middle of the night?

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

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

(to McMurry)
Photograph everything. Get a latent (MORE)

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

Valentina walks over and hands Preston a piece of paper.

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

PRESTON
Let's talk to the lady.

EXT. INTERSTATE 285 - ATLANTA - DAY
The Jackal's minivan passes the towers of downtown Atlanta.

EXT. CAR WASH - DAY
The Jackal's van pulls from a stall -- it's yellow now.

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

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

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

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

VALENTINA
And when you met later in your room?

JENNIFER
How dare you--

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

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

VALENTINA
Did he say where he was going?

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

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

JENNIFER
What did he do?

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

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

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

INT. DIRECTOR BROWN'S OFFICE - NIGHT
The international/bureaucratic group is gathered. Preston punches a button on a cassette recorder.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
PRESTON
(stops the tape)
Unfortunately that information came from this room.

BROWN
Who? Whose voice is on that tape?

A moment passes then Security Director Bolitonov stands.

BOLITONOV
Mine.

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

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

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

BROWN
How did you know whose telephone to tap?

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

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

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

VALENTINA
I did, Ambassador.

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

PRESTON
The Brighton Beach number belongs to this man, Varlam Slaschev. He's the head of Terek's operations in New York.
EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH DELICATESSEN - DAY

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

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

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

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DELICATESSEN - DAY

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

INT. VAN - DAY

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

VALENTINA

Uh, such language...

DECLAN

What, do you have a microphone in there?

WITHERSPOON

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

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

PRESTON

(into a microphone)

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

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

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

PRESTON

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

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

Preston tosses Declan a bulletproof vest, Valentina another.

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

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

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

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

VALENTINA
Never. At least willingly.

PRESTON
What's your point?

DECLAN
Let me go in there.

PRESTON
What?

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

Preston looks at Valentina. She shrugs:

VALENTINA
It might be worth trying.

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

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

VALENTINA
All right.

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

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

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

DECLAN
Lovely.

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

WITHERSPOON
Guy's crazy. From Nuts-ville.

DECLAN
(overhears, looks back)
Belfast.

113 EXT. DELICATESSEN - DAY

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

114 INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

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

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

SLASCHEV

DECLAN
Well actually my friend here speaks--

SLASCHEV
You go.

(CONTINUED)
DECLAN
It's all right, we just wanna ask some--

SLASCHCHEV
I say, you go!

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

DECLAN
Okay, all right, no problem then...

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

SLASCHCHEV
Go now!

DECLAN
Easy now. Okay, no trouble, we're goin'.

(through his teeth to Valentina)

Come on then!

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

DECLAN
Oh, uh, just one thing?

SLASCHCHEV
(sighs)

What...

DECLAN
This.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. DELI BACK ROOM - DAY

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

PRESTON
What did he do?

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

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
DECLAN (cont'd)
The phone's how all that information got sent. The book's in Russian, his notes.

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

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

WITHERSPOON
You're kidding!

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

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

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

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

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

DECLAN
Hello, Jackal.

EXT. BAR-B-Q PARKING LOT - DAY

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

JACKAL
Declan. Hey.

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

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

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

Declan stops Valentina, shaking his head.

(CONTINUED)
JACKAL
So... how's prison?

DECLAN
Unpleasant.

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

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

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

DECLAN
Abort your mission.

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

DECLAN
Yeah, well, later then.

JACKAL
Later. Precisely.

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

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

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

DECLAN
Don't spoil my image of you.

117 EXT. WINDING ROAD - DAY

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

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

DAVE
Are you okay?

JACKAL
I'm fine. You all right?

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

JACKAL
Oh, don't worry about that.

DAVE
You sure?

JACKAL
Believe me, I'm sure.

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

DAVE
Well God, thanks.

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

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

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

JACKAL
Yeah, you sure could've.

INT. SOUTH CAROLINA MANSION - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)
JACKAL
You look surprised. Your husband's still away, isn't he?

JENNIFER
What are you doing here?

JACKAL
What d'you think, I came to see you. (steps closer, turns earnest)
I'm sorry, I just... I had to.

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. HALLWAY PHONE NOOK - NIGHT

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

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

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

JACKAL
Not another man? I couldn't bear that.

JENNIFER
Never mind, nosy.

JACKAL
Nosy? Me?

JENNIFER
Come on...

JACKAL
Aw, Jennifer... (mock-wounded)
Our first fight.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

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

INT. SITUATION ROOM - MORNING

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

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

Just then Witherspoon dashes into the room from the corridor:

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

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

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

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

VALENTINA
All right.

EXT. CAR FERRY - DAY

Pushing water before its blunt bow, the ferry chugs serenely north. The Jackal sits against the railing, Pimlico Sound
and the low islands of the outer banks sparkling in the crisp morning sunlight...

125  EXT. JENNIFER'S MANSION, CHARLESTON - DAY

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

126  INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

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

CRIMINALIST
Bed and hall, same prints as the hotel.

DECLAN
Then it was him. Heading north now.

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

DECLAN
What about this?

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

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

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

PRESTON
Jesus...

127  INT. SITUATION ROOM - DUSK

Valentina enters, exhausted. Witherspoon and McMurry smile.
WITHERSPOON
How was security on the Director?

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

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

VALENTINA
Then he's going North now.

WITHERSPOON
(nods)
North Carolina and Virginia State Police are setting up roadblocks on 95.

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

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

128 EXT. HIGHWAY REST AREA - EVENING

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

PRESTON
Preston... What?
(to Declan)
Valentina's evacuating Isabella and her family in case Jackal knows where she is.

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

PRESTON
(barks into phone)
Get me a helicopter...
EXT. DECKER HOUSE - NIGHT

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

INT. FAMILY ROOM, DECKER HOUSE - NIGHT

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

DECKER'S VOICE
Georgie, where are you? We gotta go.

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

INT. FRONT HALL, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

VALENTINA
It's our job to try.

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

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

ISABELLA
Declan never listens either.

Isabella ducks out the door...

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)
DECLAN
Can't get through for some reason.

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

DECLAN
Yeah, suppose you're right. But our leaky Russian sure passed everything else to him. Here, look...
(takes out Slaschev's book)
That's your phone number, that's the number of my hotel, Valya's...

PRESTON
(takes book)
Let me see that.

DECLAN
(points to numbers)
Wish I knew what these were.

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

DECLAN
(points to 2nd number)
What about this one? I tried dialing it every way I could think but--

PRESTON
That's not a phone number, that's a computer access code...
(looks again, reacts)
Son of a bitch, that's an FBI access code! No wonder he was always one jump--

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

DECLAN
You don't think...

Preston instantly starts dialing. Moments later:
OPERATOR (V.O.)
"F.B.I."

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

OPERATOR (V.O.)
"Stand by..."

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

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
"Field report November Alpha, filed 09:00 hours, Special Agent Witherspoon, Timothy I..."

PRESTON
Scroll...

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
"... to perform interview of subject Zancona, Isabella M. at subject's private residence, 9-4-3-0 Terrace View Drive, Phoebius, Virginia..."

PRESTON
Witherspoon, you by-the-book asshole--

DECLAN
(grabs his arm)
Call the local police. Tell them to send every man they have. Valya's still there with your lads!

PRESTON
Good God...

Preston jumps on his radio as...

133 INT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

MCMURPHY
Just gonna check the bath. Two seconds.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

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

VALENTINA
Witherspoon?

The kitchen is empty and the BACK DOOR gapes OPEN.

INT./EXT. BACK YARD/HOUSE - NIGHT

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

VALENTINA
Witherspoon...

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

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

VOICE
Please don’t shoot me.

Witherspoon moves into the light with 2 empty trash cans.

WITHERSPOON
Just taking out the garbage.

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

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

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

WITHERSPOON
One more trip.

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

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

BACK IN THE HOUSE

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

MCMURPHY
All done. Where’s Witherspoon?

(CONTINUED)
VALENTINA
In the back yard. Taking out trash.

MCMURPHY
Man, that boy takes his job real--

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

MCMURPHY
What the hell's that?

VALENTINA
It's coming from the back! Come or!

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

BACK YARD

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

VALENTINA
Where is it coming from?

WITHERSPOON
I don't know...

BACK IN HOUSE

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

MCMURPHY
Stairway! Stairway!

McMurphy's warning is lost in the blast of the radio as the closet door under the stairs kicks open and the Jackal steps out, ramming home a fresh magazine on a silenced Mp5A submachine gun. McMurphy keeps shouting as the Jackal calmly walks over and steps down on his throat, shoving the muzzle of his gun into McMurphy's open mouth and FIRING...
Looking around, Valentina suddenly points to the edge of the rear deck where a CLOCK-RADIO/ALARM CLOCK lies in the grass, plugged into an outside outlet. Rushing to it, they pull the plug and everything abruptly returns to silence.

WITHERSPOON
What on earth... who put--

VALENTINA
It was set to go off two minutes ago.
(looks up)
McMurphy! Come, stay close...

BACK IN HOUSE

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

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

VALENTINA
Run! Go now! Get--

She flinches as something sprays into her face...

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

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

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

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

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

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

JACKAL
Press down hard. It'll slow the bleeding.

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

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

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

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

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

He leans down close and hisses into her ear:

JACKAL
Tell Declan he can't protect his women.

Lights flashing, a Virginia state police cruiser careens off the road and up onto the front yard. Ambulances have already arrived along with local police. Preston and Declan tumble out and run toward the house...
Chest heaving and fluttering involuntarily, Valentina lies in the middle of the living room floor, the Paramedics clustered around her working feverishly to keep her alive. She lifts her head slightly as Declan enters. He gasps, seeing in an instant there's no hope, and rushes to her.

DECLAN
Valya!

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

DECLAN
Please, Valya... don't talk.

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

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

DECLAN
What?

A paramedic bends down, preparing a hypodermic needle:

PARAMEDIC
Let's try 20 CC's of epinephrine... (to Declan) Please, move back and let us work...

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

DECLAN
Get away from her! Leave her alone!

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

DECLAN
Valya, can you hear me?

She nods. He speaks softly in her ear.

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

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

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

140 EXT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - LATER

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

ISABELLA
She said it was her job. I said she was
a fool. But if it weren't for her, that
would be me and my babies lying there.
(pauses, shakes head)
They're placing us into Witness
Protection. They said there's too much
chance of my real identity getting out.

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

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

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

ISABELLA
It can't all be for nothing.

141 INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)
141 CONTINUED:

LAW CLERK
You have a call on 6.

DOUGLAS
(picks up phone)
Hello?

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

DOUGLAS
Walter! My God!

142 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY
The Jackal leans against a pay phone. He smiles, narrow eyed.

JACKAL
I told you I'd call.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PRESTON
God...

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

145 EXT. FOREST, QUANTICO - DAY

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

DECLAN
What is it?

PRESTON
Nothing, it's just--all this, it's wrong, it's just flat wrong. I want to do something, I...
  (faces him)
You know, the way you handled it when Valentina, when she... it was so, it was beautiful, it was so... gallant. And that's good because you... But what about me? What about me? I mean... I loved her too.

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

DECLAN
Oh, Da'...

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

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

PRESTON
I can't help it.

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

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

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

EXT. DOUGLAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

INT. DOUGLAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

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

DOUGLAS
Walter? Where are you?

JACKAL (O.S.)

The garage.

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

INT. GARAGE

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

DOUGLAS
Did you dye your hair?
JACKAL
You like it?

DOUGLAS
I guess so...

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

JACKAL
You like Korean food? Dig in.

DOUGLAS
I thought we were going out.

JACKAL
Maybe later.

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

JACKAL
Did you look in those bags?

DOUGLAS
Hope I didn't spoil a surprise.

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

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

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

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

149 INT. DOUGLAS'S KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

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

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

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - EARLY MORNING

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

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

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

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

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

INT. MESS HALL (QUANTICO) - MORNING

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

DECLAN

Cherish the ladies...

(CONTINUED)
Suddenly SOMETHING clicks in his head...

155 INT. HUNTING LODGE - MORNING

Declan faces Preston with Brown and the others looking on.

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

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

DECLAN
He's after the First Lady.

PRESTON
What?

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

PRESTON
Wasn't he referring to Isabella?

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

156 INT. PARK - DAY

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

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

157 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

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

158 INT. PARK - DAY

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

159 EXT. PDCIUM - DAY

The Speaker concludes...

SPEAKER

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

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

SURGEON GENERAL

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

160 EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

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

161 INT. HELICOPTER

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

DENNEHEY

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

(CONTINUED)
PRESTON
Tell them.

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

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

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

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

162  EXT. PARK - DAY

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

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

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

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

Jackal gives them a salute. The Cops drives away.

163  EXT. OVER PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

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

164  INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Inside the SWAT TEAM hastily dons armor, readying weapons.

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

PRESTON
(to Declan)
You'll need a gun.

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

DECLAN
I'll need a rifle too.

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

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

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

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

AKASHI
Eighty millimeters, sights graduated to six hundred.

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

CO-PILOT
Ninety seconds out!

DECLAN
Come in from the west, under the building line.

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

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

EXT. PODIUM - DAY
The Surgeon General waves his hand.

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

Lots of APPLAUSE. The First Lady steps up to the podium and shakes the Admiral's hand. More APPLAUSE as the two stand together, waving at the crowd...

EXT. PARK - DAY
Eyes cold as death, the Jackal picks up the remote control. Cradling the black box, he reaches over and switches on the TV. First there is STATIC. The Jackal fingers the remote and the TV image stabilizes. He puts down the remote control box and lifts the binoculars: the First Lady steps behind the podium, the APPLAUSE continuing. The admiration is genuine--and just loud enough to drown out the sound of a helicopter approaching fast...

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY
The chopper descends to an apartment rooftop near the hospital and Declan, Preston, and Dennehey jump out. Cradling a Winchester Model 700, Akashi is the last man out. The helicopter roars away. Preston yells to Declan.

PRESTON
I'm going for the First Lady! You're cleared hot on the weapon or shooter!

Preston and Dennehey shove through a door and down the stairs. Declan and Akashi go to the roof's edge and swing their weapons over. The podium and crowd are directly below.

EXT. PARK
The Jackal fingers the garage door opener and--
EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

The rear gate to the minivan POPS OPEN and GLIDES UP, the gun and mount protruding from the back hatch, a picture of absolute menace...

EXT. PARK - DAY

The Jackal moves the joystick. On the TV screen the hospital and the parking lot lurch into VIEW...

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Motors WHIRR, gears turn, answering remote commands, the gun PANS and TRAINS, the 1000mm lens going to MAXIMUM ZOOM...

EXT. BEHIND THE PODIUM - DAY

Preston and Dennehey shove through the CROWD. Preston flashes his credentials to a SECRET SERVICE AGENT. The Agent and Preston run for the podium, Dennehey hot after them...

EXT. PARK - DAY

The Jackal fingers a switch and on the TV the Crowd is now visible... then the dais... the image finally settling on the First Lady...

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Declan scans with the rifle. From the sniper scope's POV we see windows and rooftops, all empty... Eye pressed to the scope of his rifle, Declan continues to search. Spotting a subway station entrance, it suddenly registers:

DECLAN

Ah, that's how he plans to get out...
(turns to Akashi)
Give me that cellular...

Akashi hands him the cellular phone. Declan starts dialing...

EXT. PARK - DAY

The First Lady's face fills the TV screen. The Jackal toggles a switch on the remote control box...

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

The gun WHIRS and GROWLS--a 100 round belt of armor-piercing shells grinds up a flexible feed tray and into the breech of the weapon. With a startling CRACK, the bolt slams forward and now the ZSU-33 cannon is in-battery, ready to fire.
178  EXT. PARK - DAY

The Jackal fiddles with the controls. Getting a perfect one-shot of the First Lady on the TV screen...

179  EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Peering into his scope, Declan stops panning—he's found what he's looking for.

DECLAN
Green minivan on the hillside by the grove of trees. Eleven o'clock, across the parkway. See it?

AKASHI
Hang on, eleven o'clock...

Akashi looks where he's told, straining to find the target. Through his scope, the minivan is parked almost 1500 yards away. The rear doors are open and the evil barrel of the cannon shows plainly. Suddenly spotting it, Akashi recoils.

AKASHI
JESUS...

Declan brings his hand up to the stock of the weapon and lets out a long breath.

DECLAN
Range it...

Akashi hits a button on his rifle scope. The distance is impossible.

AKASHI
Fourteen seventy-five... Good God, that's fifteen hundred meters...

Declan crosses himself and lifts his hand to the trigger-guard of his rifle...

180  EXT. PARK - DAY

Eyes fixed on the TV screen, the Jackal shifts the remote control unit in his lap and lifts the cover on the red switch, his finger inching toward the firing lever...

181  ON THE ROOF

Declan FIRES first—as the REPORT of his weapon rolls over the Crowd, people SCREAM, Secret Service Agents draw Uzis...
182 INT. MINIVAN - DAY

BULLSEYE! Declan's bullet smashes right through the camera--ripping it from the gun mount.

183 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The Jackal hears the shot--in the same instant, his TV screen wipes to STATIC. He slams his finger onto the firing button. Shooting blind, the gun OPENS UP.

184 IN THE MINIVAN

The cannon RIPS OFF a 100 ROUND BURST with a SCREAMING report, FIRE GUSHING from the muzzle, brass and link clattering from the tailgate--a SOLID LINE of TRACERS is on its way to the hospital at four times the speed of sound...

185 ON THE PODIUM

Preston drives toward the First Lady, covering her with his body and tackling her to the carpet. A sound like STUTTERING THUNDER rolls over the scene as the gunfire hits, high and off to the side...

186 THE JACKAL...

...continues to fire, jerking the joystick right and left, hosing the front of the hospital...

187 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Declan drops his rifle and bolts to his feet:

DECLAN
I'm going after the Jackal. Take out the van.

He rushes off. Akashi gets to work, zeroing in...

188 EXT. PODIUM - DAY

Chaos with 100 anti-aircraft shells striking the walls of the hospital, plaster, cinder-block, bunting, awnings, brick, and glass all ripped to shreds, reduced to powder, like a scene from Sarajevo, the hospital's facade riddled by dozens and dozens of EXPLOSIONS. The Crowd panics...

189 ON THE CARPET

Preston and TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS shield the First Lady with their bodies. The BARRAGE continues, chunks of steel and cement and splintered wood raining down...
ON THE ROOF

Akashi FIRES. His bullet slams into the right rear fender of the minivan.

EXT. MINIVAN - DAY

The vehicle is rocked as gasoline spills from a punctured tank, the cannon still pumping out fire and destruction...

ON THE ROOF

Akashi fires again...

EXT. MINIVAN - DAY

The next bullet IGNITES the gasoline--A BLINDING FLASH and a titanic CONCUSSION WAVE as the minivan is ripped apart, gun and ammo consumed in a deafening BLAST that shatters window up and down the street...

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Declan flies down the stairs, practically leaping from landing to landing...

EXT. PARK - DAY

Resigned to leave the rest of the equipment, the Jackal carries the duffel bag toward the subway station. As he walks, he puts his windbreaker back on, dumping his policeman's hat, belt, even the handcuffs...

EXT. PODIUM - DAY

SHOUTING, CONFUSION. Preston collapses as Secret Service Agents bundle the First Lady off the platform. He pulls his hand away from his trousers--his leg is torn by shrapnel.

EXT. CROWD - DAY

Declan dodges through the crowd like a ballet dancer. Then in the clear, he sprints flat out, knowing where he and the Jackal are both going, shouting into the cellular phone:

DECLAN
Can you hear me... I'm heading for the subway...

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

The Jackal enters, going down one of the long, steep, polished steel escalators. Reaching the turnstiles, he even

(CONTINUED)
has a subway card. Entering the platform, he just misses a train. Meanwhile...

Trying to push his way down the escalator, Declan gets part way, then leaps up on the metal separator and dives, sliding down head-first the rest of the way. He jumps the turnstiles to the platform, knowing he only has moments to find the Jackal before another train arrives. A TRAIN APPROACHES on the opposite track. People prepare to board...

Suddenly Declan sees the Jackal and draws Preston's gun. Jackal sees him and dives into the crowd, sprinting across the platform. Declan can't get a clear shot. The train passes and he again starts shouting into his phone...

The Jackal LEAPS into the train's path. People SCREAM. Declan can't see that the Jackal has cleared the entire track and lands on the other side as the train rushes into the station. The Jackal hits the ground hard, letting go of his duffel bag. It strikes the THIRD RAIL and DISINTEGRATES in an ARC of blue electric fire. The Jackal springs to his feet, drawing his gun, and moving back up the tunnel, shielded from view by the still-passing train...

On the platform, all is chaos, the crowd buzzing—"Did you see that old guy?", "Jesus, poor man...", etc. But Declan doesn't believe it and talks into his phone, the din drowning his words as he runs to the stairs leading to the tunnels where he's immediately enveloped in darkness...

199  INT. THE TUNNELS - DAY

Off the platform, the subway system is a world of stygian darkness illuminated by arcing electricity and dim lights from distant trains and far-off platforms, death from electric shock, a train's wheels--or the Jackal--at every turn. Declan moves carefully. Very carefully...

The Jackal comes to a crossing--several sets of tracks at right angles to the one he's on. Following the new tracks, he's careful to avoid the third rail. Presently we see the light of a TRAIN APPROACHING--an express going in the opposite direction. Declan sees the light in the distance, catching a glimpse of Jackal, silhouetted in it, sight of the quarry spurring him. The express is coming hard, only a few feet from Declan. Blowing by, the power is unbelievable, thousands of tons of metal racing at 80 MPH, the rush of air pushing Declan off-balance and he just avoids touching the third rail. A little shaken, he waits for the train to pass then rushes on...
Spotting the LIGHTS of the next TRAIN STATION about a half-mile up the track, the Jackal moves quickly on...

Declan rushes forward, running hard, trying to whisper into his phone but:

DECLAN
Hello... hello...

The tunnel is interfering with reception...

Jackal hears his footsteps and moves into the narrow partition between the tracks, ducking behind a small support beam, ready to ambush Declan...

Declan continues down the track...

The Jackal makes out something in the darkness. But suddenly the LIGHTS of ANOTHER TRAIN appear, illuminating both Declan and Jackal--they see each other at the same instant...

Declan hits the dirt as Jackal FIRES, just missing him. Declan FIRES twice at the Jackal before the train HURTS by. Once again, a train is between them. Seeing that Declan can't follow, the Jackal continues toward the distant light of the next station at a dead run. On the other side of the rushing train, Declan strains for a view of his enemy through the gaps between cars, NOT SEEING that a THIRD TRAIN bears down on him from behind, coming fast, almost on top of him...

But just then a HORN sounds and Declan looks back. Realizing there's no choice, he leaps into the narrow space BETWEEN the 2 racing trains...

As if in a waking nightmare, Declan stands in the barely 2-foot corridor between these behemoths, the suction ripping the air from his lungs as he's grazed on either side and harrowingly buffeted about like a pinball, about to be pulled under when he drops down and hugs the ground until both pass and he gasps out a sigh of profound relief:

DECLAN
Fuck...

Taking a few deep breaths, he gets up, resuming the chase...

Running hard and gasping for each breath, we see the first hint of a crack in the Jackal's cool--he keeps looking back because...

Declan keeps coming and coming hard, determined, implacable. He either gets the Jackal now or dies trying...

(CONTINUED)
Jackal is close to the access stairs to the platform...

Seeing the Jackal in the dark about a 100 yards ahead, Declan stops, takes aim, and FIRES 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 shots...

Bullets WHIZ by the Jackal--one STRIKING him in the calf. He goes down. Touching his wound and seeing the blood, the Jackal can't believe his eyes. He turns and FIRES at Declan.

But Declan keeps coming, oblivious to the bullets MISSING him by MILLIMETERS...

The Jackal scrambles up the stairs--he can't move quite as quickly as before. He steps onto the platform. Seeing the bleeding, armed gunman, the PASSENGERS panic, SCREAMING and fleeing in all directions. The Jackal sneers--he has nothing but contempt for these creatures. A TRANSIT POLICEMAN rushes up, drawing his weapon. Almost casually, the Jackal FIRES, blowing his brains out, at the same time snagging a terrified 13-YEAR-OLD GIRL by the hair and dragging her along...

Declan hears the GUNSHOT and hurries up the stairway to the platform...

In the middle of the platform there's a newsstand with a seven-foot model of the Washington Monument in the center. The Jackal takes up a position behind this edifice, crouching down behind the sobbing girl and waiting to pick off Declan as he emerges from the stairway--or to get on the next train, whichever opportunity presents itself first.

Dripping with sweat and panting, Declan cautiously ascends the stairs, hearing the RUMBLE of an approaching train--the Jackal's escape is seconds away. Reaching the top, Declan rushes onto the platform, about to fire when he SPOTS the girl hostage's little form trembling by the newsstand with a pistol at her temple. Declan ducks behind a steel girder at the platform's edge. The train is getting closer.

JACKAL
Train coming, Declan. Nice of you to see me off.

Declan doesn't answer, banging his cellular phone on his hip to clear away static... Jackal can't see him behind the girder but he knows he's there.

JACKAL
When this train arrives, first I'll off this fine young person, then I think I'll just shoot the first, oh, five or six passengers I see. What do you think?

(CONTINUED)
Declan still doesn’t answer. The Jackal jabs the gun muzzle hard into the side of the girl’s head. She screams.

**JACKAL**
On second thought, maybe I’ll just pop the noisy little whore right now.

The girl lets out a wailing sob. Declan peeks out at her...

Declan’s eyes...

The little girl’s eyes...

Declan takes a deep breath.

**DECLAN**
No, don’t do that.

**JACKAL**
Then throw out your gun and come out. I promise to leave you both in peace once the train gets here.

**DECLAN**
Ah, bugger it... Here...

The Jackal sees a checkmate as Declan throws out his pistol and steps out, hands up. The Jackal stands, moving over to Declan, pushing the girl ahead of him, gun-muzzle still at her temple.

**JACKAL**
Very noble, your doing this to save an innocent. ‘Course I’m still gonna kill her—loose ends, you know—didn’t really think I wouldn’t, did you?

**DECLAN**
No, but so long as there was a chance...

**JACKAL**
Speaking of loose ends, your turn comes next.

**DECLAN**
My turn? Now wait, you don’t... do what you want to the rest, but I just want to go home. Please. Don’t do this to us...

Sweat pouring off him in sheets now, Declan starts trembling. The Jackal can’t believe his eyes.

(CONTINUED)
JACKAL
Oh, no, don't tell me...

DECLAN
Please, I'll do anything, just let me go home! PLEASE...

Declan sobs, sinking to his knees and clasping his hands in front of him, begging. The Jackal sneers, revolted.

JACKAL
So when it came down to it, you showed punk. Well just for that, you die first!

The Jackal takes the gun muzzle away from the girl's head and points it at Declan instead. Suddenly dead calm:

DECLAN
I knew you'd do that...
    (shouts)
HE'S CLEAR! NOW...

And in the next instant, a black SOMETHING moves out of the turnstiles in a blur, a VOICE SHRIEKING like a harpy just as a GUNSHOT rings out:

VOICE
CA-BRON...

The Jackal's neck BURSTS into red mist. He FIRES reflexively as he falls, hitting Declan in the shoulder while the little girl runs to safety. The Jackal looks up to see ISABELLA bearing down on him with her Browning automatic trained on his head, cellular phone in the other hand, dressed all in funereal black, fearsome and tremendous, dark eyes flashing like the sword of justice.

ISABELLA
Cabron...

The Jackal fumbles for his gun but Declan leaps to his feet and kicks it away from him. The Jackal sits up, looking at Declan in the most utter disbelief, doubting his very senses, eyes saying, "A woman?", followed by his voice:

JACKAL
This can't be happening...

DECLAN
It's over. Send him to hell.

Declan nods coldly to Isabella. She puts the Browning to the Jackal's forehead, the wrath of the Furies in her voice as:

(CONTINUED)
ISABELLA

Muerete!

She FIRES. The Jackal slumps to the floor, dead. She puts the gun and phone into her coat, taking off her scarf and wrapping it around his wound, hands trembling.

ISABELLA

Here...

He touches her hand to stop its trembling, then:

DECLAN

Come, we've gotta get you out of here.

He pulls her toward the turnstiles and they both disappear up the stairs to the street above as...

INT. CHARLES CALTHROP'S HOUSE - DAY

FBI cars and a moving-van are parked out front while FEDERAL AGENTS tag and box Calthrop's possessions. Carrying a suitcase, a lean, MIDDLE-AGED MAN steps through the front door. Seeing the boxes and the FBI jackets, he's explodes.

MAN

What the hell is going on?!

FBI AGENT

Who are you?

MAN

Calthrop...Charles Calthrop... That's my Goddamn furniture you're putting on that Goddamn truck.

The FBI men exchange non-plussed open-mouthed takes.

FBI AGENT

Uh... I think you better come downtown with us, Mr. Calthrop.

MAN

Goddamn right I will...

EXT. POTTER'S FIELD - DAY

File in hand, Brown and an AIDE stand with Preston and Declan, watching as a stainless steel coffin is lowered into an unmarked grave. Preston is on a set of crutches, Declan's arm is bandaged and in a sling.

(CONTINUED)
BROWN

There's no question that the Jackal masqueraded as an American. He also posed as a Canadian, and an Argentine. The simple end to this matter is...

Well, since he wasn't Calthrop, we don't really know what nationality he was. That being the case...

(hands the file to Aide)

Burn bag.

The Aide walks to Brown's limo. Brown turns to Declan, shaking his hand:

BROWN

Thank you, Mr. Mulqueen. Sorry they didn't give you your pardon. The British foreign office heard about it and lodged a complaint. You'll get minimum security. It'll be like a country club, who knows, probably have a Congressman for a roommate.

DECLAN

Yeah, well...you're welcome anyway.

BROWN

(turns to Preston)

And well done, Preston. On Monday we'll talk about whether you want to go back to Russia or not.

PRESTON

I insist on going back, sir. I'm staying there until Terek Murad's either rotting in prison or the grave.

BROWN

All right, then Godspeed...

Brown ducks into his limo and it drives off. WORKERS shovel dirt into the blank grave as Preston and Declan walk to Preston's car.

PRESTON

Who the hell was he? Guess we'll never know.

DECLAN

We know all we need to know. He was foul. He's dead. Nothing more matters.

(CONTINUED)
PRESTON
Well, then we were lucky, I guess.

DECLAN
That's lucky? Bloody tragedy...

Both shrug sadly as they arrive at Preston's car.

PRESTON
What about Isabella?

DECLAN
Back safe with her family. For good.

PRESTON
I know about the key she gave you. I know you could've used it to take off at any time. You do have one of those drop boxes like the Jackal, don't you?

(as Declan shrugs)
Did you read the paper today? I'm quite the hero because of you. The agent who saved the First Lady. Hell, I could screw up everything else for the rest of my life and still be untouchable.

DECLAN
That a fact then?

PRESTON
Going back to that drop box thing--an operative with your experience... with a clean passport... and a wad of cash... I bet if you'd taken off we'd never've found you.

Preston looks past the gate of the cemetery--there's a little coffee shop across the street.

PRESTON
Do you drink coffee? No, that's right, they drink tea in Ireland. Hey, do you mind, I think I'll ask across the street, see if they have any. Tea I mean. Be back in... 30 minutes? Or an hour? Maybe two hours? That okay?

Declan smiles. Preston takes his hand.

PRESTON
Thanks, kid. Thanks for everything.

(continued)
DECLAN

No, Da', thank you.

Preston squeezes his hand, genuinely surprised.

PRESTON

You mean that?

DECLAN

If it hadn't been for you I never would've met her. Va-len-ti-na...

PRESTON

Yeah, she was... Oh, God, how do I say it? She was...

DECLAN

Too much woman for the likes of us.

Preston nods. Both men are about to brim over with emotion. Declan hits Preston's shoulder, sending him away. He watches Preston limp from the cemetery and across the street into the coffee shop. Then Declan takes a deep breath, pulling his collar up against the cold, and walks away...

THE END