THE LAST CASTLE

THE CASTLE

by

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Rewrite by

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Polish

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FADE IN:

EXT. USDB - DAWN

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

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

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

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

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

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
...and men to guard them.

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

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
Castle walls have always held high ground positions to fire from...

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

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
...and places to run a flag.

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

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
The only difference between this castle and the countless others built over the last 8,000 years is that they were built to keep people out.
INT. THE TIERS - DAWN

Six floors of cells, INMATES at the doors.

MAN (V.O.)
This castle was built to keep people in.

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

EXT. OFFICERS' PARKING LOT - DAWN

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

The soldiers salute the flag, turn on their heels.

Winter heads toward the gate, briefcase in hand.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - SALLY PORT - DAWN

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

LT. PERETZ
Good morning, sir.

COLONEL WINTER
Lieutenant.

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

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
How are we this morning?

LT. PERETZ
(off his clipboard)
813 in general population, 3 in the hospital and 2 in PC.

They turn and head up the stairs.

Karen Goldberg
INT. WINTER’S OFFICE - DAWN

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

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

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

THE YARD

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

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

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

COLONEL WINTER
Another matter of life and death.
(beat)
Get me their duty roster.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

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

THUMPER
You can’t feed a squirrel on that!

LATINO FOOD SERVER
That’s regulation, man.
(MORE)

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

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

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

INMATES spill out onto the Yard after lunch.

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

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

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

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

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

BEAUPRE
The fuck you doing, taco?

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

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

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

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

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

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

COLONEL WINTER
If you think about it, this is really an interesting example of stimulus and response.
(off Peretz's look)
No matter what stimulus we create, the response is always the same. It always ends up in the Yard. Different actors in different parts, of course, but the basic play doesn't vary much. Someone should write a paper on it.

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

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
Wait for it...

Thumper pushes Miguel. Winter motions Peretz to go ahead.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
No one in or out; hospital squad in reserve.

Peretz speaks into his radio.

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

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

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

YATES
Go. He's gonna pull the squad.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JINX
You sure?

YATES
Yes. Go.

Jinx hurries off.

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

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

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

Yates starts toward the circle of on-lookers.

YATES (cont'd)
Who'll give me odds?

Dellwo and Cyrus turn.

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

YATES
It's a fight like any other, Dell.
(pulls out little black book)
The winner is whoever's got the most men standing when the bell rings. Duffy'll take the count.

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

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

INMATES around him start calling in bets.

DELLWO
You're bettin' against the brothers?!

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

DELLWO
Fuck you and your house. Three on
the brothers.

YATES
Three for Mr. Dellwo.

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

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

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

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

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

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

YATES
Nope. Pick your dog.

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

Yates looks over at Thumper and Miguel, still circling.

YATES
You're on.

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

Cyrus frowns. Yates shrugs.

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

CYRUS
It's not over yet, Richard.

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

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

Cyrus looks at Yates. Yates frowns.

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

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

McLaren, wheeling off the picks and sledgehammers.

NIEBOLT
Sarge! Look out!

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Winter's face goes very dark.

COLONEL WINTER
End it.

Peretz raises his radio.

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

McLaren sits up, winded.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
DELLWO AND OTHERS

Get down!

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

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

DELLWO
Thumper, get down!

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

14 EXT. GUN TOWER - DAY
A GUNMAN empties a clip into Thumper.

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

The GUNMAN stops firing.

GUNMAN
(into headset)
Target down.

16 INT. WINTER’S OFFICE - DAY
Winter looks down at Thumper, on the ground, motionless, surrounded by a hundred men, arms and hands covering their heads.

COLONEL WINTER
And, for a moment, the jungle is quiet.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY
A bookshelf-lined conference room. Winter is having lunch alone, reading a translation of Pliny the Elder as he eats. There’s a tap at the door.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

COLONEL WINTER

Yes?

Peretz comes in, clutching a piece of paper.

LT. PERETZ

Sir, they just announced the verdict.

Winter arches an eyebrow.

LT. PERETZ (cont'd)

Guilty.

Winter sighs, shakes his head.

COLONEL WINTER

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

(beat)

When does he arrive?

Peretz hands Winter the fax. Winter is stunned.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

Tonight?

LT. PERETZ

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

COLONEL WINTER

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

(exhales, beat)

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

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

YATES (V.O.)

Here he comes.

FADE IN:
INT. LIBRARY - DUSK

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

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

DELLWO
Big fucking deal.

CYRUS
It is.

THEIR POV of the bus driving through the gates.

CYRUS (O.S.) (cont'd)
This is the first time someone with a rank above colonel has ever been sent to the Castle.

INT. BUS - DUSK

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

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

INT. LIBRARY - DUSK

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

DUFFY
What'd he do?

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

DUFFY
I know he fucked up, Dell--

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

(CONTINUED)
YATES
That’s it, Dell. You got it exactly. Except he’s a three-star general, not five; it was Burundi, not Uganda, and the tribes are the Hutus and the Tutsis, not the Tutas -- they’re not ballerinas.

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

DYFFY
They sent him here for trying to rescue some people?

CYRUS
They sent him here because he disobeyed orders.

YATES
They sent him here because eight American soldiers got killed.

DYFFY
Shit. He get the Tutas out?

CYRUS
Hutus.

DYFFY
Hutus. Fuck.

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

DYFFY
You don’t think he should’ve been convicted?

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

Dellwo strains to get a look out the window.
21 CONTINUED: (2)

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

22 EXT. PRISONER RECEPTION GATE - DUSK

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

23 INT. LIBRARY - DUSK

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

DUFFY
There must be some other stockade they could put him.

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

DELLWO
I hate officers.

YATES
I was an officer.

DELLWO
I hate you.

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

24 INT. RECEIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

(MORE)

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

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

(to Niebolt)
Private Niebolt.

Niebolt doesn't move.

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

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

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

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

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

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

GENERAL IRWIN
May I ask a favor?

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

SGT. MCLAREN
What?

(continued)
GENERAL IRWIN
When you speak about this -- and you will -- be kind.

Niebolt and McLaren are startled for a moment, then laugh.
The door swings open, Peretz enters.

LT. PERETZ
Skip the search. Sergeant, give him his uniform.

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

THE FLAG lays folded on Winter's desk.

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

LT. PERETZ
Colonel Winter.

Winter enters, looks at Winter.

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

Irwin nods.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
Hungry?

GENERAL IRWIN

No.

COLONEL WINTER
You sure? Thursdays are Salisbury steak night.

GENERAL IRWIN
Always a reason for celebration.
COLONEL WINTER
Indeed. Could I at least interest you in some lemonade?

GENERAL IRWIN
Thank you.

Winter nods to Peretz. Peretz leaves.

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

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

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

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

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

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

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
Thank you, Mr. Aguilar.

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

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
Back in '74 I waited in line for an hour to hear you speak at West Point.

(CONTINUED)
GENERAL IRWIN
Oh, God. What did I say?

COLONEL WINTER
I don’t know. I didn’t get in.

GENERAL IRWIN
‘74... I was still giving my bugs
and thugs talk.
(off Winter’s look)
My POW experiences. The NVA
interrogators were thugs and we ate
bugs to survive. Bugs and thugs.

COLONEL WINTER
(grins, then...)
I remember my friends who heard you
that day were quite impressed. They
all wanted to follow in your
footsteps. Who didn’t? We all wanted
the combat career.
Of course, you make some choices,
take some assignments, and the next
thing you know...

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

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

Irwin nods.

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

GENERAL IRWIN
(thinks)
Nothing.

Winter looks at him, unclear.

(CONTINUED)
GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
I just want to do my time and go home.

COLONEL WINTER
Perfect. That is the perfect answer.
Lieutenant Peretz!

A beat, then Peretz enters.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
Gather up Mr. Aguilar.

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

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
I have what, given the circumstances, might seem a bizarre request.
(Irwin arches an eyebrow)
I have a collection of most of the seminal books on warfare, including your book on the evolution of battle strategy. I was wondering if you would sign it.

GENERAL IRWIN
Certainly. Of course.

Winter nods. Peretz reenters with Aguilar.

COLONEL WINTER
Just a moment, Lieutenant.

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

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

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT
Winter enters, walks to a bookshelf.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT
Irwin looks over the war memorabilia.

GENERAL IRWIN
Impressive.

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

LT. PERETZ
Do you collect anything?

GENERAL IRWIN
A few coins from countries I've been to. Nothing military.
(beat)
My father didn't care for military collections and it stuck with me.

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

GENERAL IRWIN
(gruff voice, as his father)
The only kind of man who has a collection like this is a man who's never set foot on a battlefield.

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

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

Winter turns on his heel and heads back down the hall toward the bookshelves.
INT. WINTER’S OFFICE - NIGHT

GENERAL IRWIN
(to Peretz)
Of course my old man was a complete fraud. After he died I found his collection in the attic -- Kraut helmet, Luger, Nazi flag.
(re: item in case)
Look at that. From Appomatox.

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

COLONEL WINTER
Couldn’t find it -- your book.
Must’ve been misshelved.

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

COLONEL WINTER (cont’d)
I’ll do that.

GENERAL IRWIN
It’s no--

COLONEL WINTER
(firmly)
I’ll do it.

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

COLONEL WINTER (cont’d)
I’m going to be boxing it all up anyway. I’ve grown tired of it.
(to Peretz)
You’d better be going.

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

Aguilar salutes.

Winter’s face goes very dark.

COLONEL WINTER (cont’d)
Mr. Aguilar, what are you doing?

(CONTINUED)
Aguilar immediately drops his hand.

AGUILAR

I-I--

COLONEL WINTER

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

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

AGUILAR

Yes, sir, but--

COLONEL WINTER

But what, Prisoner?

AGUILAR

I-I was saluting you.

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

COLONEL WINTER

Not necessary.

(to Peretz)

You’d better hurry.

Peretz nods.

GENERAL IRWIN

Thank you for your hospitality, Colonel.

COLONEL WINTER

Don’t mention it.

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

INT. WINTER’S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

Irwin, Peretz and Aguilar walk down the hall.

LT. PERETZ

(to Aguilar)

Go on ahead. Tell them to hold the lock.

(CONTINUED)
Aguilar jogs down the hall.

INT. WINTER’S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. THE TIERS - NIGHT

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

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

YATES, sitting on his bed, writing numbers in his black book.

Taped to the wall behind him are photographs of a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN.

MCCLINTOCK

Hey, Pilot.

Yates gives a slight nod, keeps at his calculations.

McClintock starts putting away the folded laundry.

MCCLINTOCK (cont’d)

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

YATES

McClintock, your family forgot about you the moment you came in here.

They cut your face out of all their photo albums and rented your room out to an acne-scarred vacuum cleaner salesman your Mom has started calling "Son."

MCCLINTOCK

That’s not funny, Pilot.

YATES

The truth never is.

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

**MCCLINTOCK**

You got a wife, right?

(Yates looks up)

Maybe she's gonna forget you.

**YATES**

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

(nods at laundry)

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

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

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

**JINX**

It was just like you said, Pilot.

He pulled the squad from the hospital.

**YATES**

He always does.

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

**YATES (cont'd)**

Good job, Jinx.

**JINX**

So I can have my radio?

**YATES**

Yeah, you'll get your radio.

**JINX**

I like to take 'em apart.

(Continued)
CONTINUED: (2)

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

Yates heads out of his cell with the pillowcase.

EXT. THE YARD - NIGHT

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

INT. 3RD TIER - NIGHT

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

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

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

Dellwo smirks, gets nods, smirks from his friends.

YATES (cont'd)
But I'm also not going to take any action from you. Ever again.

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

DELLWO
Duffy's count was fucked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

YATES
Good evening, Doctor Quest.

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

DOC
(to Thumper)
I'll check on you in the morning.

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

YATES
Just what the doctor ordered.

Doc feels the heft of the bag.

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

Yates leaves it there, walks on.

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

INT. HALLWAY TO THE TIERS - NIGHT

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

INT. THE TIERS - NIGHT

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

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

Irwin and Peretz go to the stairs, start up.

INT. IRWIN'S CELL - NIGHT

Irwin enters his cell. Peretz remains on the walkway.

LT. PERETZ

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

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

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

DELLWO (V.O.)

I give him one week.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

Irwin eats alone...

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

DUFFY

One week till what?

(CONTINUED)
DELLWO
Till he scraggs himself. Like Boorda.
(off their looks)
If the disgrace of the court-martial
wasn't bad enough, a couple days in
this shithouse will definitely put
him over the edge.

YATES
One week?

DELLWO
That's right.

YATES
I'll take that.
(whips out book, writes)
Mr. Dellwo. One week. Duffy, you
want in?

DUFFY
On what?

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

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

YATES
How much harder? Five weeks? Eight?

DUFFY
(thinks)
Eight.

YATES
(writing in book)
Eight for Mr. Duffy.

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

CUTBUSH
You are one ice cold motherfucker,
Yates.

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

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

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

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

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

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

YATES (cont'd)
And it was the Ia Drang valley, not Khe Sanh.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAUNDRY - DAY

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

EXT. THE YARD - BY LAUNDRY - DUSK

Irwin comes out of the laundry, joining the rest of the men heading back across the Yard at the end of the day.
Irwin stops to look at the INMATES working on THE BLOCKHOUSE WALL. It's a regular clusterfuck, with guys yelling at each other; no real work getting done.

AGUILAR (O.S.)
They're g-g-going about it all wr-wr-wrong.

Irwin turns to see Aguilar standing beside him.

AGUILAR (cont'd)
My d-d-dad w-w-was a m-m-mason. The m-m-mortar is w-w-weak.

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

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

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

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

DOC
(surprised, grins)
That's right.

GENERAL IRWIN
You were arrested for possession of narcotics.

DOC
(grin fades)
Right again.

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

DOC
No, you end up here for attacking an MP in the Saudi jail.
(beat)
I was wondering if I could talk to you--
BEAUPRE (O.S.)
Hey, you fucking chump! Get your hands off that! That's mine!

Aguilar is holding a pick; Beaupre walks toward him.

BEAUPRE (cont'd)
What the fuck you doin'? Get back to your wheelbarrow, Chico.

Aguilar starts off, still holding the pick.

BEAUPRE (cont'd)
Without the fucking pick, punk! Don't make me hurt you! You know I can!

Aguilar drops the pick. Beaupre goes after him.

GENERAL IRWIN (O.S.)
Have you found the weakness?

BEAUPRE
(stops)
What?

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

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

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

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
Mr. Aguilar, would you mind?

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

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
(to Beaupre)
Let's look at the other side.

Irwin hands the pick to Aguilar, walks off. Beaupre can only follow. Cyrus, Doc, Dellwo and others share a look, go after them.
EXT. THE YARD - BY THE BLOCKHOUSE WALL - DAY

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

GENERAL IRWIN (O.S.)
One... two... three!

The wall shudders, some dust shakes off of it.

GENERAL IRWIN (O.S.) (cont'd)
One... two... three!

The wall rocks a bit, more dust falls.

GENERAL IRWIN (O.S.) (cont'd)
One... two... THREE!

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

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

YATES stands apart, looking on.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Winter looks down from his window, surprised, curious.

EXT. THE YARD - BY THE BLOCKHOUSE WALL - DAY

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

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

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

Irwin looks at Cyrus, arches an eyebrow.

INT. CYRUS'S CELL - NIGHT

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

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

CYRUS
Would you like some?

GENERAL IRWIN
What is it?

CYRUS
Raisin Jack.

GENERAL IRWIN
Liquor made from raisins.

CYRUS
That's right.

GENERAL IRWIN
Maybe some other time.

Cyrus shrugs. Irwin makes his move.

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

Cyrus surveys the board.

CYRUS
So it is.

GENERAL IRWIN
Thanks for the game.

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

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

CYRUS
Uh... just a moment.

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

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

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

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

GENERAL IRWIN
Not many. Why?

DOC
We were hoping you could talk to someone.

GENERAL IRWIN
About what?

DOC
About what it's like here. The truth.

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

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

ENRIQUEZ
I told you this was pointless.

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

GENERAL IRWIN
"He provides substandard services"?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

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

DOC

You can't compare--

GENERAL IRWIN

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

Irwin shakes his head, rises, starts out.

CYRUS

(sotto)

There have been murders.

Irwin slows a half-step.

CYRUS (cont'd)

By Colonel Winter and his men.

Irwin looks back.

DOC

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

CYRUS

Usually it's just rubber bullets.

DOC

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

ENRIQUEZ

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

DOC

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. THE TIERS - DAY

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

MCLAREN
Copeland, Illingworth...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

50 ON THE 3RD TIER

Yates sits on his bed, staring at the floor.

MCLAREN (O.S.)
Tucker, Voke, Yates...

Yates gets up.

51 ON THE 6TH TIER

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

MCLAREN (O.S.)
...Young, Zamorro, Zeitlin. That is the end of the list. If I did not call your name that is because it is not on the list. I do not make mistakes. Have a good day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yates shakes his head -- nothing. More silence.

JILL (cont'd)
You're not going to say anything? I tell you I want a divorce and you don't say anything?

(CONTINUED)
YATES
What do you want me to say?

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

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

Jill sighs, shakes her head.

YATES (cont'd)
Just so I know -- what's his name?

Jill looks up, incredulous.

JILL
What?

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

JILL
You bastard. You goddamn bastard.

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

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

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

53 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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

AGUILAR (O.S.)
Afternoon, sir.

(CONTINUED)
Irwin turns, sees Aguilar giving him a salute.

GENERAL IRWIN
Don't do that.

Irwin keeps walking. Aguilar keeps saluting.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
Go-- Just-- At ease.

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

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
What branch were you in, Aguilar?

AGUILAR
The C-C-Corps.

GENERAL IRWIN
Miss it?

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

GENERAL IRWIN
Why are you here? What did you do?

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

Oh.

Irwin starts off.

AGUILAR
What--? Where're you going?

Irwin keeps walking. Aguilar suddenly blurts out...

AGUILAR (cont'd)
I hurt someone.

Irwin stops, looks at him.

GENERAL IRWIN
How long have you been in here?

AGUILAR
Two years.

(Continued)
GENERAL IRWIN
How much longer do you have?

AGUILAR
F-f-f-
Aguilar pounds his fist into his thigh, frustrated.

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

Aguilar nods, breathes, tries it slowly.

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

GENERAL IRWIN
How's it been?

AGUILAR
(shrugs)
Okay.

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

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

AGUILAR
No...?

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

Aguilar straightens up.

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

AGUILAR
'Scuse me?

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

(CONTINUED)
AGUILAR
What? Oh, no -- that was a salute.

GENERAL IRWIN
It was? A salute? Really.

AGUILAR
What was wrong with it?

GENERAL IRWIN
Do you know why we salute?

AGUILAR
To show respect?

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

That stumps Aguilar.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
The truth is, the hand is almost immaterial. A salute is basically a frozen wave.

(demonstrates)
It's as if you're waving at someone and you stop, you hold it. That's the sign of respect. Not the fact you have your hand up, but that you're not moving. You're staying still for that person, giving them your attention.

(beat)
A proper salute starts at your feet.

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

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

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

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

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

(beat)
I know I told him saluting among the prisoners was prohibited.

LT. PERETZ
Shall I remind him, sir?

COLONEL WINTER
Yes.

LT. PERETZ
And Prisoner Aguilar?

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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

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

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

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

EXT. THE YARD - NIGHT

Aguilar stands in the pouring rain, saluting.

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

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

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

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

Irwin looks back from the doorway to the laundry.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Peretz heads for the Administration Building.

Irwin shakes his head, turns to go inside.

INT. LAUNDRY - DAY

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

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

Irwin comes out and strides across the Yard toward Aguilar.

GENERAL IRWIN
Put your hand down, son.

Aguilar doesn't move.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
Put it down.

Aguilar slowly lowers his hand.

LT. PERETZ (O.S.)
Prisoner Irwin, what are you doing?

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

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

LT. PERETZ
Step back from the prisoner.

GENERAL IRWIN
(doesn't move)
According to the Uniform Code of Military Justice, no corporal punishment--

Peretz puts his whistle to his lips and blows.

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

LT. PERETZ
Step back from the prisoner and get down.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

Peretz looks up at...

WINTER, standing at his office window. Winter nods.

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

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

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

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

INMATES watch from every doorway.

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

Irwin looks up. Winter approaches through the rain.

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

Winter takes a deep breath, nods.

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

(to Peretz)
Take the prisoner to his cell, Lieutenant.

LT. PERETZ
Yes, sir.

(Continued)
Winter walks off. Peretz pulls Irwin to his feet.

GENERAL IRWIN
Sir, may the prisoner speak, sir.

Winter slows, turns.

COLONEL WINTER
Yes...?

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

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

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

(to Irwin)
Thank you for bringing this to my attention. Lieutenant?

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

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

LT. PERETZ (O.S.)
Prisoner Irwin.

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

LT. PERETZ (cont’d)
Prisoner Irwin, your uniform is soiled.

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

AGUILAR
That’s his blood!

Peretz gives Aguilar a look and he shuts up.

(CONTINUED)
LT. PERETZ
A soiled uniform is a violation of
the USDB Manual of Conduct. A
violation requires discipline.

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

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

The rain has stopped and the sun is out.

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

Fifty inmates are watching him, quiet.

Peretz and Lombardo supervise with McLaren and Niebolt.

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

YATES
3-2.
(off their hard looks)
The stones weigh twenty pounds apiece,
it'll be eighty degrees by noon,
we've got two thousand percent
humidity. He won't make the day.

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

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

BEAUPRE
(sidles up)
You're right, Yates. No way he's
gonna make it. Put me down for two.

WINTER watches through the window in his office.

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

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

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

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

MCLAREN

Break!

But Irwin doesn't stop.

MCLAREN (cont'd)

I said break!

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

WINTER, watching from his office, arches an eyebrow.

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

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

MCLAREN

Lunch! Thirty minutes!

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

AGUILAR

You've got to stop.

DOC

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

Irwin keeps going.

YATES

5-2!

DOC

(to McClaren)

Can we get a little weather relief here, boss?

McLaren looks at Peretz. Peretz nods.

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

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

JINX

What in the fuck is that?

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

JINX
Fuck me. How long was he in there?

YATES
Six years.
(beat)
He could've gotten out after four, but he did six.
(off Jinx's look)
They offered him a release, but he wouldn't go without his men.

JINX
How come you know so much about him?

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

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

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

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

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

DARNELL
Shit, look!

Beaupre looks.

BEAUPRE
Fuck!

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

BEAUPRE (cont'd)
He's almost done!

(Continued)
Yates looks over at the PILE -- six stones left.

YATES
3-2! His favor!

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

BEAUPRE
Drop, you fuck! Drop dead!

Duffy runs out.

DUFFY
You can do it!

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

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

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

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

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


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

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

Aguilar and others crowd around Irwin, cheering.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Groans, a few cheers, from the crowd.

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

LT. PERETZ
Then he can move it back.

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

YATES
7-2 against!

Another stream of bets comes in. Aguilar pushes through.

AGUILAR
Four! In favor!

YATES
Four for Mr. Aguilar.

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

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

BEAUPRE
He's down!

DUFFY
You tripped him!

BEAUPRE
Somebody pushed me!

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

BEAUPRE (cont'd)
He can't go on like that!

Doc wriggles through the crowd, sees the blood.

DOC
Jesus.

(CONTINUED)
GENERAL IRWIN
I'm okay.

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

Doc moves his index finger back and forth.

DOC
Follow it.

Irwin does. Doc holds up four fingers.

DOC (cont'd)
How many?

GENERAL IRWIN
Four.

DOC
What day is it?

GENERAL IRWIN
Saturday.

DOC
Who's the President?

GENERAL IRWIN
Elmer Fudd.

DOC
He's fine!

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

YATES
11-1!

More bets come in.

AGUILAR
Two more!

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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

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

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

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

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

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

BEAUPRE
DIE, GODDAMN YOU, DIE!

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

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

Winter in his window.

Irwin senses someone walking up to him.

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

Winter turns away from his window.

INT. AGUILAR'S CELL - NIGHT

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

AGUILAR
What's that?

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

AGUILAR
(laughs)
They're not mine. I placed that bet for somebody else.

YATES
Who?

(CONTINUED)
AGUILAR
The guy in the hut three doors down.

INT. GENERAL IRWIN'S CELL - NIGHT

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

YATES (O.S.)
You know, betting on yourself could get you a lifetime ban from the Hall of Fame.

Irwin smiles, turns, sees Yates.

GENERAL IRWIN
Mr. Aguilar!

Aguilar at the door. Irwin nods at the cigarettes.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
If you wouldn't mind, pass those out as far as they'll go. I don't smoke.

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

Aguilar takes the cigarettes, leaves.

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

GENERAL IRWIN
Why would I do a thing like that?

YATES
To shut down my book.

GENERAL IRWIN
And why would I want to shut down your book?

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

GENERAL IRWIN
Ah, yes. I heard about that. Are there any squares left?
YATES
Just one. Nine weeks.

GENERAL IRWIN
How much to enter?

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

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

YATES
But you don't always win.

GENERAL IRWIN
God, no.

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

YATES
I met you once, when I was a kid.
(Irwin looks at him)
1981. The belated Welcome Home ceremony at the White House. I was there. My father was one of your men. In Hanoi.

GENERAL IRWIN
I don't recall any Yates...

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

GENERAL IRWIN
Richard Andrews... He was a good man.

YATES
No, he wasn't. You know that.

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

(CONTINUED)
YATES
Crawling with worms, I suppose.
(off Irwin's look)
He died in '87. He was in a bar
fight, got hit in the head. He
thought he was okay, went back to
his shithole motel room and went to
bed. Trouble was, his blood was so
thin from drinking it couldn't clot
right anymore and he bled to death
in his sleep.

GENERAL IRWIN

I'm sorry.

YATES
Yeah, well, it is your fault.
(off Irwin's look)
The men who were with you in Hanoi --
to a man they all say you kept them
alive. Your strength.

Irwin shakes his head.

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

GENERAL IRWIN
I am not responsible for those men
surviving.

YATES
That's not what they say.

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

The horn sounds.
EXT. THE YARD - DAY

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

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

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

DELLWO
Morning, Chief.

OTHER INMATES
Hey, Chief. Good morning, Chief.

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Winter and Peretz stand at the window.

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

COLONEL WINTER
(thinks, nods)
Take their names.

Peretz nods, lifts binoculars, starts jotting down names.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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

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

(MORE)

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

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

A ripple of reaction runs through the inmates.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
Each one of you is nothing more than
the shadow of a soldier. You have
the shape of a soldier, but you have
no substance. You once were a
soldier, but now you merely mark the
space where a soldier once stood.
(gestures to prison walls)
And so we lock you away, out of the
light. And real soldiers...
(gestures to Peretz, McLaren)
...are called upon to contain you,
to keep you from bringing more shame
to the uniform they wear.

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Colonel Winter arrives for work, briefcase in hand, passing people in the hall, exchanging "Good mornings."

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Winter greets his SECRETARY and heads into his office.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Winter goes to his desk. He glances out the window before he sits down. He does not sit down. His face clouds with anger. He hits the speakerphone intercom button.

COLONEL WINTER
Get me Lieutenant Peretz.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Peretz comes through quickly, goes into Winter's office.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Peretz enters to find Winter standing at the window.

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

LT. PERETZ
Sir?

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

LT. PERETZ
Sir, I--

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

LT. PERETZ
Yes, sir. You--

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Peretz steps up to the window, looks down.

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

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

LT. PERETZ
Sir--

COLONEL WINTER
Yes, Lieutenant?!

LT. PERETZ
Sir, those are different men.

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

Winter thinks. Hmm. Exhales.

COLONEL WINTER
Release Aguilar and the other men on lockdown.

Peretz nods.

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

LT. PERETZ
Who, sir?

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

LT. PERETZ
General Irwin?

COLONEL WINTER
(glowering)
Mister Irwin.

Peretz nods, turns on his heel.
EXT. THE YARD - DAY

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

INT. WINTER’S OFFICE - DUSK

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

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

GENERAL IRWIN (O.S.)
No, they get it.

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

GENERAL IRWIN (cont’d)
They just don’t care. It gives them something to do.

Winter stares at Irwin for a long moment.

COLONEL WINTER
So, Mr. Irwin, what do you want?

GENERAL IRWIN
I want to do my time and go home.

COLONEL WINTER
So you say, and yet everything you’ve done here contradicts that.

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

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

COLONEL WINTER
That’s the line my predecessor used.

(MORE)

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

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

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

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

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

GENERAL IRWIN
Excuse me?

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

GENERAL IRWIN
I don't--
CONTINUED: (2)

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

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

(checks his watch)
in a couple of minutes, there will be no wall.

Irwin doesn't understand.

80 EXT. THE YARD - DAY

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

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

AGUILAR
Yeah. But it's our wall.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MCLAREN
Move away from the wall!

Now the inmates realize what's happening.

AGUILAR
No...

MCLAREN
Move away from the wall!

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

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

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

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

Niebolt
Don't!

Aguilar pushes Niebolt away.

A ripple of fear goes through the men.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Winter, Irwin and Peretz are at the window.

COLONEL WINTER
End it.

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

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

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

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

Niebolt
Get down!

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Irwin looks down in horror, realizing.
GENERAL IRWIN
For Godsake, get down...

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

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

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

NIEBOLT
Oh, fuck... Doc!

DOC
Sir, permission to examine the prisoner, sir!

MCLAREN
Go!

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

DOC
Oh, Jesus.

INT. WINTER’S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

LT. PERETZ
Yes, sir.

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

(CONTINUED)
LT. PERETZ

Yes, sir.

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

INT. THE TIERs - DAY/NIGHT

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

INT. THE TIERs - DAY

A horn sounds and all the cell doors slide open.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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

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

INT. WINTER’S OFFICE - DUSK

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

COLONEL WINTER

And once more, order returns to the jungle.

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

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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

GENERAL IRWIN

Mr. Dellwo.

DELLWO

TEN-HUT!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

INT. WINTER’S OFFICE - DUSK

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

LT. PERETZ

Sir...?

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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

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

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

GENERAL IRWIN

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

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

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

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

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

THE THREE HUNDRED MEN follow suit. Someone in the group starts singing the Marine Hymn. A few others join in.
INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

Winter and Peretz look down from the window.

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

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

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
Sound the dinner horn.

LT. PERETZ
It's not for another ten--

COLONEL WINTER
SOUND IT!

Peretz snaps up the phone.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

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

THE THREE HUNDRED MEN turn as one and salute him.

Winter grimaces, does not return the salute.

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

COLONEL WINTER
Bring General Irwin to me.

LT. PERETZ
(beat)
Mister Irwin...

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)
COLONEL WINTER
If the inmates could confine
themselves to a simple hand motion
such as this...
(runs hand through hair)
...I don't see any problem. It's
not technically a salute, and as
long as no one outside of the USDB
knows about it, we can live with it.
All right?

GENERAL IRWIN
(beat)
I don't think that really matters
now.

COLONEL WINTER
All right. I just thought--

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

COLONEL WINTER
And that is...?

GENERAL IRWIN
Your resignation.

COLONEL WINTER
Excuse me?

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

Winter looks at Irwin for a moment, thinking.

COLONEL WINTER
Lieutenant Peretz!

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

The door opens; Peretz appears.

COLONEL WINTER

Escort the prisoner back to his cell.

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

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

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

Marjorie, get General Wheeler on the line.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Colonel, I'm sure he's left for the day--

COLONEL WINTER

Then get him at home.

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

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)

(into phone)

Good evening, General. Sorry to disturb you.

INT. THE TIERS - DAY

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

SGT. MCLAREN

Fenton, Fiengold, Garbowski...

ON THE 6TH TIER

Irwin is sitting in his cell, reading.

SGT. MCLAREN (O.S.)

...Hadley, Hammerman, Irwin, Jankelford...

Irwin looks up, surprised.
INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - DAY

Irwin walks in. Niebolt directs him.

PVT. NIEBOLT
Number three.

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

LT. DAVES
Hello, Leland. How are you feeling?

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

LT. DAVES
You don't know? They haven't told you?

Irwin doesn't know what Daves is talking about.

LT. DAVES (cont'd)
Leland -- you're being released.

Irwin is stunned.

INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

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

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

DUFFY
That's bullshit!

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

He gets out tomorrow.

CYRUS
Kill the head and the body will die.

(CONTINUED)
DELLWOOD

What?

CYRUS

It's an old line. It means--

DELLWOOD

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

DOC

No, we're not.

DELLWOOD

Like fuck we're not.

ENRIQUEZ

Who's gonna lead us?

DELLWOOD

I don't know... Me.

Eyebrows arch at that.

DELLWOOD (cont'd)

You then. I don't care.

ENRIQUEZ

Not me.

DELLWOOD

Somebody.

There're no volunteers. The table goes quiet.

YATES (V.O.)

It's perfect! Absolutely goddamn perfect!

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

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

YATES

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
YATES (cont'd)
Maybe Winter did. Maybe he knew.
But there was nothing he could do.

GENERAL IRWIN
What are you talking about, Yates?

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

SGT. MCLAREN (O.S.)
Yates! Time's up!

YATES
(to McLaren)
Okay!
(to Irwin)
Just tell me the truth. I promise I won't tell a soul. I'm right, aren't I?

MCLAREN (O.S.)
Move it, Yates!

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

Irwin says nothing. Yates starts off.

IRWIN
It occurred to me, yes.

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

YATES
God bless you, Mister. You are the king.

SGT. McLAREN (O.S.)
Goddamnit, Yates, don't make me come down there!

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

Yates heads off down the hall toward the sally port.

Irwin sits on his bed, staring into space.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

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

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

EXT. USDB ENTRANCE - DAY

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

WINTER and LT. DAVES wait by the inner gate.

Irwin, Peretz and McLaren walk up to Winter.

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

Irwin sees something over Winter's shoulder.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
I hope you can make good use of the
time you have left to you, and I...

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

Winter turns back to Irwin.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
...and I hope that you can live in
such a way that you never have to
see the inside of a place like this
again.

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

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

GENERAL IRWIN
Colonel, may I ask one question before
I go?

COLONEL WINTER
Of course.

Irwin walks back to the Colonel.

GENERAL IRWIN
What I’d like to know is--

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

GENERAL IRWIN (cont’d) (cont’d)
--did you really think you could get
rid of me that easily?

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

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

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

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

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

Yates. He gives the smallest of grins.

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

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

Irwin lays on the bunk. He hears footsteps approach.

TRUSTEE (O.S.)

Meal!

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

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

You have three minutes to eat your meal.

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

GENERAL IRWIN

Cyrus?

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

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

CYRUS

You found it.

GENERAL IRWIN

What in God's name is it?

CYRUS

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

(loud)

Two minutes and thirty seconds!

(CONTINUED)
GENERAL IRWIN
What are you doing here?

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

GENERAL IRWIN
(beat)
I don't know. I've been asking myself the same thing. Aguilar, I suppose.

CYRUS
How's that?

GENERAL IRWIN
I can't help feeling responsible.

CYRUS
For what? His death? There's only one man responsible for that and it's not you. You are, however, responsible for making him feel like a soldier again.
(beat)
As it happens, I know several hundred other men who would like nothing more than to feel like soldiers again themselves.
(loud)
Two minutes!

GENERAL IRWIN
To what end?

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

GENERAL IRWIN
(beat)
No, it's possible.

CYRUS
Do you see any other option?

GENERAL IRWIN
There are always other options.

CYRUS
Such as?
Irwin has no answer.

Cyrus (cont'd)
The men are waiting, General. Just give the word.

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

General Irwin
Has General Wheeler paid a visit yet?

Cyrus
No.
(loud)
One minute!

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

108 Ext. road approaching the prison - day

A three car motorcade -- two jeeps and a sedan -- approaches the prison, small CAC (combined arms center) flags whipping from the antennas.

109 Ext. parking lot - day

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


110 Int. Winter's office - day

Wheeler is in with Winter.

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

Colonel Winter
It was really more of a slap, sir--
LT. GEN. WHEELER
That was a helluva slap! You landed on your ass! Now, what in God's name is going on here?

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

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Are you saying he's delusional?

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

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Your prisoner has made some claims through his lawyer...

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

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

(beat)
General, when I requested compassionate release on medical grounds, I'll be honest: this was my true concern. His mental state. I don't know that this is the right place for him.

Wheeler takes that in, thinks about it.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
When you think about it, sir... six years in the hands of North Vietnamese torturers?

(MORE)
COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
I don't know that I wouldn't have been a jabbering idiot a long time ago. Not that he's in any way a jabbering idiot. He's not. It's just...

Winter shrugs -- nothing more to say.

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

Winter nods.

INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - CONTACT ROOM - DAY

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

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

GENERAL IRWIN
I guess that rules out the handjob.

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

LT. GEN. WHEELER
(to McLaren and Niebolt)
Go watch through the mirror.
(they hesitate)
I'll be fine.

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

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)
You look well.

GENERAL IRWIN
You never were a good liar.
LT. GEN. WHEELER
(grins, then:)
I apologize for not calling you,
when you were in the middle of the
trial.
(Irwin shrugs it off)
Hell, I just didn't want anyone to
know I knew you.

Irwin smiles.

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

GENERAL IRWIN
You're not here to talk about that.

Wheeler shakes his head.

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

A TRUSTEE brings the mail to Winter's SECRETARY.

TRUSTEE
Morning, Miss Kelly.

SECRETARY
Morning, Danny.

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

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

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

The secretary looks at the wall clock. It's 11:55.
GENERAL IRWIN
You want to know if I've lost my mind? I punched the Commandant of the USDB ten feet from freedom, what do you think?

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - CONTACT ROOM - DAY

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

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

GENERAL IRWIN
A murderer is untouchable?

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

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

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

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

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

GENERAL IRWIN
Sit down.

Wheeler looks at him.

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

Wheeler grins, sits back down.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - CONTACT ROOM - DAY

Wheeler looks at Irwin.

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

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

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Of course not.
INT. USDB - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Peretz is scanning the Yard with binoculars.

LT. PERETZ
I see no indication, sir.

COLONEL WINTER
Of course not. He'll keep it hidden until the last possible second.
(beat)
This is how it begins, Lieutenant. In all the books, about all the battles, this is how it always begins. In silence.

EXT. USDB ENTRANCE - DAY

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

WHITE TEAM LEADER
White Team set.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

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

BLUE TEAM LEADER
Blue set.

INT. VISITOR'S CENTER HALLWAY - DAY

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

RED TEAM LEADER
Red set.
INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - CONTACT ROOM - DAY

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

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

COLONEL WINTER
Go!

LT. PERETZ
(into radio)
Red go!

INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - CONTACT ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

The INMATES in the Yard turn as...

The BLUE TEAM comes running out of the Administration
Building.

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

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

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

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

The inmates start laying flat. Too late.

(CONTINUED)
The CANNON fires.

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

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

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

Yates lays flat, getting spattered with water and mud.

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

EXT. USDB ENTRANCE - DAY

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

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

INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - CONTACT ROOM - DAY

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

EXT. ROAD APPROACHING THE PRISON - MINUTES LATER

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

LT. GEN. WHEELER
You thought he was going to try to take me hostage?! Are you serious?

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

(CONTINUED)
LT. GEN. WHEELER
And you didn't consider that before
you had my ass dragged out of there?
I almost had a fucking heart attack!

COLONEL WINTER
It was an overreaction on my part,
sir.

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

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

Peretz signals Winter.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
Sir, could you excuse me for a moment?

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Well... All right.

Winter walks over to Peretz.

LT. PERETZ
Sir, we've found no weapons on anyone.

COLONEL WINTER
Of course not.

LT. PERETZ
Looks like he was trying to bluff
you, Colonel.

COLONEL WINTER
Bluff me?

Winter isn't so sure.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Colonel, I'd like to get out of here!

Winter walks back to Wheeler. Wheeler has calmed down.

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)
Ed, it's my judgement that Lee Irwin
is as sane as you or I.

(MORE)

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

Winter nods.

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

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

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

130 EXT. THE YARD - DAY
SEVEN HUNDRED MEN drop forward as one and begin pushups.
Dellwo, Cyrus and Duffy stand together, looking disheartened.

GENERAL IRWIN (O.S.)
Who died?
Irwin walks up.

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

GENERAL IRWIN
He did?

DELLWO
He called our bluff and he hit us hard!

GENERAL IRWIN
Exactly what I hoped he'd do.

They look at him -- what?

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

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

Irwin looks over at...

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

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

DELLWO

TEN-HUT!

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

GENERAL IRWIN

Good evening, men.

THE MEN

SIR, GOOD EVENING, SIR!

GENERAL IRWIN

We don't have much time. I would like to read something to you.
(pulls folded piece of paper from his pocket)
I copied this down in the library. It's from the United States Uniform Code of Military Justice, Subchapter 22, Section 901, Article 14. Grounds for Removal of a Stockade or Disciplinary Barracks Commandant.

The men cheer.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

(loud, over the men)
The Commandant of a stockade or disciplinary barracks may be removed from duty due to any of the following:
(the men quiet)

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

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
yelling to be heard
Item 5: Cruel and unusual punishment of the inmates. Item 6: Any action or non-action which brings dishonor to the armed forces of the United States of America. Item 7.
(the men are too loud)
Item 7!

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

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
Item 7: Loss of control of his facility.

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

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

132 INT. IRWIN'S CELL - NIGHT

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

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

(Continued)
DOC
A nuclear arsenal?

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

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

GENERAL IRWIN
No. I'll explain later.

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

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

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

GENERAL IRWIN
We don't have to.
(off their looks)
You know what happens to a captain in the Navy if his ship runs aground? He loses his command.
(nods at drawing)
By calling in the cavalry, Colonel Winter will let the world know he's run his ship aground.
(beat)
Reason number seven for removal of a commandant: Loss of control of his facility.

They all like the sound of that. Irwin tosses a cupful of water onto the chalk drawing and the lines run. He pulls out a folded sheet of paper, hands it to Dellwo.
GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
We're going to need some things.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

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

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

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

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

Winter says nothing.

LT. PERETZ (cont'd)
Sir, it looks like they're preparing for something.

COLONEL WINTER

Obviously.

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

COLONEL WINTER

No.

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

LT. PERETZ
My count thirty minutes ago was approximately six hundred men.

(CONTINUED)
134 CONTINUED:

COLONEL WINTER
Close. It's 611.
(scanning with binoculars)
But right now I'm more interested in the men who aren't marching than the ones who are.
(beat)
Standing alone under Tower 3. Who's that?

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

LT. PERETZ
Yates.

COLONEL WINTER
Why isn't he marching?

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

Winter takes back the binoculars, looks at Yates.

LT. PERETZ (cont'd)
Yates is a lowlife, sir. A hustler.

COLONEL WINTER
What's that book he's writing in?

LT. PERETZ
That's his Book, sir.
(off Winter's hard look)
His gambling Book. He takes bets.

COLONEL WINTER
On what?

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

COLONEL WINTER
(brightens)
I want to see his file.
Winter is going through Yates' file. Yates sits across from him.

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

YATES
Fewer jokes about pilots.

COLONEL WINTER
Don't see too many pilots around here.
(back to file)
Graduated 1990... Rose to rank of captain... Served in the Gulf... Somalia... Training exercise with the Royal Canadian Air Force which ended in... court-martial. Why was that?

YATES
(re: file)
It's in there.

COLONEL WINTER
(shuts file)
I want to hear your version.

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

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

YATES
My crew and I went on a hike on Vancouver Island. We came across a shitload of magic mushrooms.
(off Winter's look)
Psilocybin. It's a hallucinogen. Anyway, we tried to bring 'em back to the States and we got caught.

Winter opens the file, reads on.

(CONTINUED)
COLONEL WINTER
There's more in here.

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

COLONEL WINTER
Yet the Court-martial still gave you six years.

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

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

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

YATES
Yes.

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

YATES
Army.

COLONEL WINTER
For lack of a better word. Why is that?

YATES
It's not my fight.

COLONEL WINTER
Mr. Irwin is in a fight?

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

(CONTINUED)
COLONEL WINTER
I see. And what would you have done in my place?

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

COLONEL WINTER
(smiles)
Mr. Irwin is a clever man, but he is not invulnerable.
(eyes Yates)
All I need is information, Mr. Yates. Which is why I want you to reconsider your decision not to join Mr. Irwin's crusade.

YATES
You want me to be your snitch?

COLONEL WINTER
My informant.

YATES
Any way you phrase it, no, thanks.

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

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

COLONEL WINTER
I can also make your life here worse.

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

YATES
I'm in lockdown. No visitors.

GENERAL IRWIN
What did the Colonel want?

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

GENERAL IRWIN
And what did you say?

YATES
No.

GENERAL IRWIN
Should I believe you?

YATES
I could give a shit.

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

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

DELLWO
'Cause you did it before?

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

GENERAL IRWIN
We could use your help, Yates.

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

(Continued)
GENERAL IRWIN
Not that. There's another skill you possess.

YATES
What -- you want me to run a Book?

GENERAL IRWIN
I'll tell you once you're onboard.
(beat)
Will you help us?

YATES
Fuck, no.

GENERAL IRWIN
Why not?

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

GENERAL IRWIN
And what's that?

YATES
Freedom.

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

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

GENERAL IRWIN
Your honor.

YATES
(beat)
You think you can give me back my honor?
(laughs)
Good luck.

SGT. MCLAREN (O.S.)
Get away from the cell! The prisoner is in lockdown!

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

YATES
Diefenbaker? You're looking for a
stickman?

Irwin says nothing, starts off.

YATES (cont'd)
Don't get Diefenbaker! Christ, he's
Navy. You're doomed.

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

GENERAL IRWIN
You're sure?

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

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

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

137 A SERIES OF SHOTS

DELLWO sits in his cell collecting PENNIES from inmates.

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. CYRUS' CELL - NIGHT

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

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

GENERAL IRWIN
Good Lord, what is it?

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

GENERAL IRWIN
Are they all this... potent?

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

GENERAL IRWIN
How many bags total?

CYRUS
Thirty-six.

Irwin nods, passes the bag to Doc.

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

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

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
Now seal it.

Cyrus does.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)

Let that be the first one used.

They all look at him.

DELLWO

When?

GENERAL IRWIN

Tomorrow.

Their grins spread wide.

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

139

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Winter and Peretz look down upon the scene.

COlONEL WINTER

It's going off today.

Winter crosses to his desk.

LT. PERETZ

How do you know?

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

COlONEL WINTER

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

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

COlONEL WINTER (cont'd)

Prepare the men.

Winter straps on the gun.

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

141

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

INT. LAUNDRY - DAY

142

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

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

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

INT. THE TIERS - DAY

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

INT. LAUNDRY - DAY

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

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

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

INT. 6TH TIER - DAY

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

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

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

BLACK SHOELACES, tied together, stretched across the walkway.

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

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

GUARD
Get up--!

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

Duffy and Enriquez swing the trebuchet left.

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

175 INT. SHOWERS - DUSK

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

176 INT. 3RD TIER - DUSK

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

177 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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

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

Duffy and Enriquez start pivoting the catapult.

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

THE CANNON OPERATOR takes aim, pulls the trigger.

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

178 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

COLONEL WINTER

Their feet, goddamn it! Go for their feet!

Peretz clicks on his radio.
DELLWO

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

YATES

Diefenbaker? You're looking for a
stickman?

Irwin says nothing, starts off.

YATES (cont'd)
Don't get Diefenbaker! Christ, he's
Navy. You're doomed.

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

GENERAL IRWIN

You're sure?

YATES

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

GENERAL IRWIN

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

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

A SERIES OF SHOTS

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

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

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ropes.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
MANN, scanning the Yard through his scope, doesn't see
3 until the last second.

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

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

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

EXT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

inter and Peretz look down in amazement.

COLONEL WINTER

Take them out.

LT. PERETZ

(raising radio)

Go lethal?

COLONEL WINTER

Not yet.

(off Peretz's look)

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

LT. PERETZ

(into radio)

Take out the launching crews.

COLONEL WINTER

(muttering)

Show your hand, General. Show your
hand.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
SUNMAN, scanning the Yard through his scope, doesn't see him until the last second.

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

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

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

inter and Peretz look down in amazement.

COLONEL WINTER

Take them out.

LT. PERETZ

(raising radio)

Go lethal?

COLONEL WINTER

Not yet.

(off Peretz's look)

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

LT. PERETZ

(into radio)

Take out the launching crews.

COLONEL WINTER

(muttering)

Show your hand, General. Show your hand.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
TINUED:

MAN, scanning the Yard through his scope, doesn’t see...

3 until the last second.

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

E OTHER FUNNEL CREWS release their first salvos. One bag 144
3 apart in flight, leaving an arc of flame. Another bag 145
es the top of a tower, raining fire down. The third bag 146
es over the wall.

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

NT. WINTER’S OFFICE - DUSK

inter and Peretz look down in amazement.


take them out.

LT. PERETZ
(raising radio)
Go lethal?

COlONEL WINTER

Not yet.
(off Peretz’s look)
When we do, any men we have down 147
ere will be killed.

LT. PERETZ
(into radio)
Take out the launching crews.

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

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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

One FUNNEL CREWMAN is hit in the arm with a rubber bullet; 156
drops, howling. another INMATE rushes in, takes his place.

The injured man is hustled over against the wall, by the 157
truck gates, where DOC is waiting with his medical team.

Another four Ziplocs fly from the funnel teams. Their aim 158
is better -- all hit the gun towers. Two of the towers catch
fire.

(CONTINUED)
MAN, scanning the Yard through his scope, doesn't see Ziploc hits the wall just below the guntower. It bursts like a sheet of flame shoots up.

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

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

EXT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

inter and Peretz look down in amazement.

COLONEL WINTER

Take them out.

LT. PERETZ

(raising radio)

Go lethal?

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

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EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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NT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

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LT. PERETZ

(raising radio)

Go lethal?

COLONEL WINTER

Not yet.

(off Peretz's lock)

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

JT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK
inter and Peretz look down in amazement.

COLONEL WINTER
Take them out.

LT. PERETZ
(raising radio)
Go lethal?

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

LT. PERETZ
(into radio)
Take out the launching crews.

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

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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fire.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

Duffy and Enriquez swing the trebuchet left.

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

INT. SHOWERS - DUSK

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

INT. 3RD TIER - DUSK

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

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

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

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

Duffy and Enriquez start pivoting the catapult.

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

THE CANNON OPERATOR takes aim, pulls the trigger.

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

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

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

Peretz clicks on his radio.
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COLONEL WINTER
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Peretz clicks on his radio.

Karen Goldberg
CONTINUED:

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INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

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

Peretz clicks on his radio.

Karen Goldberg
CONTINUED:

COLONEL WINTER

South wall! Now!

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

Beaupre and his men are halfway up the wall. CRACK! Tucker is hit, falls. CRACK! Wittbrodt is hit in the leg, keeps climbing. He's hit in the neck, keeps climbing. He's hit in an arm. He holds on with the other. He's hit four more times and he drops.

Darnell reaches the top. He dashes to Beaupre, grabs him and pulls him over the top as a hail of bullets come in. They drop down behind the parapet, out of the line of fire and crouch-run along the battlement. They get to a tower, start to climb the ladder.

The GUNMEN aim all their fire at Beaupre and Darnell.

The FUNNEL CREWS launch another salvo of pennies.

The GUNMEN see the swarms of hot metal coming and duck.

INT. GUN TOWER - DUSK

Beaupre and Darnell make it up into the guntower. The gunman who took the pennies to the face is on the floor, whimpering. Beaupre grabs for his rifle. The gunman tries to hold onto it. Beaupre kicks him in the head. The guy goes limp. Beaupre reaches for the rifle but Darnell grabs it first.

DARNELL

My job.

Darnell sights up, starts shooting back at the other tower gunmen.

The GUNMEN all get down out of sight.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

Cheers go up throughout the Yard.

GENERAL IRWIN

Remove the casualties!

INMATES acting as medics run out, grab DUFFY and the other dead and wounded and carry them over to Doc.

There are a HUNDRED MEN, dead and wounded, lined up by the wall.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

COLONEL WINTER

South wall! Now!

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

Beaupre and his men are halfway up the wall. CRACK! Tucker is hit, falls. CRACK! Wittbrodt is hit in the leg, keeps climbing. He's hit in the neck, keeps climbing. He's hit in an arm. He holds on with the other. He's hit four more times and he drops.

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(CONTINUED)
192 CONTINUED:

COlonel winter

South wall! Now!

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195 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

Cheers go up throughout the Yard.

GENERAL IRWIN

Remove the casualties!

INMATES acting as medics run out, grab DUFFY and the other dead and wounded and carry them over to Doc.

There are a HUNDRED MEN, dead and wounded, lined up by the wall.

(continues)
CONTINUED:

TWO HUNDRED GUARDS running through the truck gates. They form up quickly behind the APCs.

Now it's Irwin and the inmates' turn to stop. The two lines are faced off against each other.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

COLONEL WINTER

Forward.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

The APCs and the guards start forward.

Irwin watches, waits, then lifts the radio to his mouth.

GENERAL IRWIN

(into radio)

Wake the dead.

Over by the wall, DOC is holding a radio.

DOC

(into radio)

Yes, sir!

(to the dead and wounded)

Let's go!

EIGHTY of the supposedly injured men get to their feet, shaking off faked bandages, grabbing weapons.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

Winter sees the "dead" and "wounded" inmates rise.

COLONEL WINTER

Oh, shit.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

The "dead" and "wounded" attack the guards from behind while the other line of inmates attacks from the front.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

Winter watches grimly.

LT. PERETZ

(into radio)

Pull back!
EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

The guards and APCs try to back up to the truck gate but the inmates get there first, shutting the gate doors, barring retreat.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

Peretz looks down, aghast, as the guards and APCs are overrun.

LT. PERETZ
Shall I notify the CAC Command, sir?

COLONEL WINTER
That won't be necessary.

LT. PERETZ
But, sir--

COLONEL WINTER
Lieutenant, what is it that battle-planners have sought from the very beginning of warfare?

Peretz shakes his head -- I don't know and why are you asking...?

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
The high ground.
(beat)
It says so right here.

Winter holds up a book. CLOSE ON THE BOOK -- it's Irwin's book on the evolution of battle strategy.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
He who holds the high ground takes the day.

From the distance there's a soft whupwhupwhup, growing louder.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
And here comes our high ground now.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

Irwin and his men hear the whupwhupwhupwhup. They turn, look up as...

A HELICOPTER comes over the wall.
INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

There's a PILOT and two CREWMEN. One mans a teargas launcher and the other, a .60 mm machine gun.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

Tear gas canisters start dropping down into the Yard. The GUARDS start laying down. INMATES pull bandanas out of their jumpsuits, put them over their faces, pull gasmasks off the guards.

The FUNNEL CREWS scoop up the spewing canisters and launch them out of the prison. ONE FUNNEL CREW launches one into Winter's office.

WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

It hits the far wall. Winter grabs it, chucks it out as he barks into the radio.

COLOMEL WINTER
(into radio)
Kill anything that moves!

INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

MACHINE GUNNER
(into headset)
Yes, sir!

He clamps a RED ammo belt into the gun, pulls the trigger.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

Machine-gun bullets hammer into a funnel crew, taking down half.

EXT. GUN TOWER - DUSK

Darnell can't get a good shot at the machine gunner.

BEAUPRE
Shoot him!

DARNELL
I can't see him!

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

Pandemonium. The helicopter turns and the machine gunner opens fire on another FUNNEL CREW. Men run, are cut down.
INT. TIERS ENTRY WAY - DUSK
Yates watches, aghast.

EXT. GUN TOWER - DUSK
Darnell still can't get a line on the machine gunner.

BEAUPRE
Just fucking shoot!

DARNELL
I might hit the pilot!

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK
The gunner fires down into the Yard with impunity. He senses something, looks up to see...

A TWENTY-POUND WEIGHT, launched from the trebuchet.

The gunner barely has time to react before the weight hits him, square in the chest. It carries him through the helicopter and out the other door.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK
The men watch the machine gunner fall eighty feet to the ground.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK
The pilot instinctively pulls on the cyclic and the helicopter moves away from the trebuchet.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK
Irwin looks over at MCCLINTOCK and ST. CYR, standing by the water cannon -- they give him a thumbs up.

GENERAL IRWIN
(into radio)
Now!

INT. TUNNEL - DUSK
Jinx drops the radio, starts spinning the water valve.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK
The helicopter backs away from the trebuchet.
INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

The CREWMAN who launched tear gas takes over the machine-gun.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

The water cannon shudders as high pressure water fills its system.

CLOSE ON THE WATER CANNON BARREL -- a pole sticks out, and on the end of the pole there's a grappling hook.

THE HELICOPTER is still backing away from the trebuchet.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

The new man at the machine-gun takes aim at Irwin and is about to shoot when...

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

WHOOSH! The water cannon fires. The pole shoots up toward the helicopter, trailing 100 FEET OF CHAIN.

THE GRAPPLING HOOK stabs into the thin metal underbelly of the helicopter, snagging.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

The pilot yanks on the cyclic just as the NEW MACHINE-GUNNER fires, his bullets missing Irwin and his men.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

THE HELICOPTER pulls away; THE CHAIN goes taut, the other end hooked to THE CANNON. The helicopter strains, can't get away.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

This Winter was not anticipating.

    COLONEL WINTER
    Get out of there...

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

MCCLINTOCK, ST. CYR and EIGHT OTHER INMATES run below the hovering helicopter, swinging grappling hooks at the end of bedsheets ropes. They let them fly. Five fall short. Five hook onto the skids.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MCCLINTOCK, ST. CYR and TWO MEN start climbing the ropes. A FIFTH MAN holds a rope, signals Irwin.

GENERAL IRWIN
(into radio)
Send him out!

INT. TIERS ENTRY WAY - DUSK

The INMATE with the radio claps DIEFENBAKER on the shoulder.

INMATE
Go!

Yates watches Diefenbaker take a breath and push open the doors.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

Diefenbaker runs out into the Yard. He goes to the free bedsheets rope and starts to climb toward the helicopter.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

Peretz looks on through binoculars.

COLONEL WINTER
Who's that climbing? Who is that?

LT. PERETZ
Diefenbaker. (looks at Winter)
He's a pilot.

Winter's eyes go wide. He clicks on his radio.

COLONEL WINTER
(into radio)
Break that chain! Now!

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

THE PILOT lets the helicopter drop, fast.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

The men on the ropes are in free fall for a second. The helicopter then surges up and away. The men on the bedsheets ropes hold on for dear life. DIEFENBAKER almost lets go, holds on.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

THE CHAIN goes taut, snaps, the end whipping through the air.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK

COLONEL WINTER
(into radio)
Get those men off! Do not let them board your bird!

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

HELIICOPTER PILOT

Yes, sir!

The pilot starts flying sideways toward the wall. He's going to slam the men on the ropes into the wall.

EXT. GUN TOWER - DUSK

The helicopter is heading toward Beaupre and Darnell. Darnell still can't get a clear shot at the gunner.

BEAUPRE

For fuck's sake!

Beaupre grabs the rifle from Darnell, takes rough aim at the helicopter and starts shooting.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

Bullets plug through the hull. Sparks fly, smoke spews.

The CREWMAN manning the machine-gun is hit in the back. He spins fast, bringing the machine-gun around.

EXT. GUN TOWER - DUSK

Darnell and Beaupre see the machine-gun swing around on them.

BEAUPRE

Oh, shit...

The machine-gun fires. The bullets rip the gun tower to shreds, killing Beaupre and Darnell.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

The crewman on the machine-gun, still bleeding from the neck, blacks out. He falls forward, tumbling half out of the helicopter. He keeps his grip on the machine-gun, which causes it to spin and spit bullets into the cabin.

(continues on next page)
The PILOT is hit in the head and slumps to the side.

The crewman loses his grip on the machine-gun and falls out of the helicopter, straight down at...

DIEFENBAKER, climbing a rope. The crewman slams into Diefenbaker. They drop forty feet to the ground.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

Everyone stands still, staring at the pilot-less HELICOPTER, belching smoke, making awful clunking sounds, sixty feet off the ground. McClintock, St. Cyr and two others dangle beneath it.

Irwin looks at the end of the CHAIN, hanging from the helicopter, laying on the ground. The chain is going up into the air, one link at a time.

GENERAL IRWIN
It's rising...
(to McClintock and others)
Get down! Now!

McClintock and the others start climbing down, but the helicopter is climbing faster than they can descend.

Irwin watches the end of the chain lift off the ground, swing back and forth under the rising helicopter. Then, out of the corner of his eye, he notices...

A FIGURE running across the Yard. Irwin turns, sees...

YATES, sprinting toward the helicopter.

The end of the chain is twelve feet off the ground -- too high for Yates to grab.

So Yates leaps, plants one foot on an inmate's hip, the other on a guy's shoulder and springs up high. HIS HANDS grab onto the end of the chain and he swings.

THE HELICOPTER starts to sway back and forth as Yates pendulums beneath it. Yates starts up the chain.

THE INMATES hanging on the ropes watch him.

THE HELICOPTER slips off level, starts sliding to one side.

Yates still has twenty feet to go.

The helicopter drifts quickly toward the wall.

(CONTINUED)
Yates has ten feet to go.
The helicopter is fifty feet from the wall and closing.
Yates gets to the helicopter skid as...
THE BLADE TIPS brush against the wall, kicking off sparks.
Yates reaches into the helicopter, grabs the cyclic, pulls.
The helicopter comes away from the wall.
Yates gets half in, banks the chopper back to the center of
the Yard, gets it stable.

CLUNK! CLUNK! CLUNK! the engine stops. The helicopter drops.

Yates heaves the pilot out of his seat, and then, seemingly
against logic, pushes the cyclic forward.

The helicopter tilts forward sharply and dives at a steep
angle toward the ground.

The men hanging from the ropes scream as they sail toward
impact.

Irwin and everyone else watching thinks Yates is insane.

Then, at the last possible moment, Yates yanks back on the
cyclic.

The helicopter blades auto-rotate, spinning fast from the
sudden rapid drop, briefly slowing the descent.

The men on the ropes let go, drop ten feet, scramble clear.

Yates braces himself as the helicopter free-falls twenty
feet and slams hard to the ground. THE WINDOWS explode and
glass flies everywhere.

Yates is stunned, blood running from cuts to his face. HANDS
grab him and pull him out of the helicopter. The hands belong
to...

McClintock, St. Cyr and the two other men who had been
dangling beneath the helicopter -- the men whose lives Yates
just saved. They hoist Yates up onto their shoulders.

Men are cheering throughout the Yard.

Yates looks over, sees Irwin. They share a look. Irwin
nods his approval. Yates shakes his head in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)
Irwin turns to look up at Winter. He raises the radio, clicks on.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
Colonel, I have taken your high ground. I have taken your men. If you try your phone...

INT. TUNNEL - DUSK
Jinx has the telephone wiring box open and is unplugging lines.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

GENERAL IRWIN
...you will see that I have taken your communications. Try your lights...

INT. TUNNEL - DUSK
ANOTHER INMATE has the breaker panels open and is flipping switches.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK
The floodlights around the Yard go out, bank by bank. The lights in Colonel Winter's office go out.

GENERAL IRWIN
...and you will see that I have taken your power. Will you relinquish your command?

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK
By way of an answer, Winter pulls his pistol, yells in inchoate rage and starts shooting wildly down into the Yard.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK
Men near Irwin spook, scatter. Irwin doesn't move.

GENERAL IRWIN
I'm guessing that would be "no".

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DUSK
Winter's pistol clicks empty. He tosses it onto his desk, takes a breath. He shakes his head, reaches into his briefcase.

(CONTINUED)
COLONEl WINTER
Taken our phones... Has he never heard of cell phones?

Winter pulls out a cell, dials, turns to Peretz.

COLONEl WINTER (cont'd)
Send the signal to the gate crews.

250 EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

DELLWO
Let's just take the fucker now!

GENERAL IRWIN
He has his best men and weapons in there. If we tried to go in it'd be a shooting gallery.

CYRUS
What's Winter going to do now?

GENERAL IRWIN
Right now I suspect he's calling General Wheeler on his cell phone.

DELLWO
Cell phone?! Shit! Then why'd we go to all that trouble taking out the phones?

GENERAL IRWIN
To disrupt the communications inside. Remember, Dell -- we need him to let the outside world know what's going on.

A murmur goes through the crowd. People look up at the roof.

CUTBUSH
Hey. Look.

Irwin and the others look up.

ON THE ROOF OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, Peretz fires A FLARE into the sky.

251 INT. MESS HALL - DUSK

Injured men are laid out on the tables across the mess hall. Over in one corner, several are laid out on the floor, under sheets.

(CONTINUED)
Irwin is on one knee, looking under a sheet, at DUFFY. He lays the sheet down, stands, walks off. He says a few words to DOC and the men he passes on the tables, thanking them, shaking their hands.

YATES is sitting on a table by the door, getting his facial cuts taped up.

GENERAL IRWIN
Oh, dear God, not your face.

Yates looks up, sees Irwin, smirks.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
How are your legs?

YATES
They work.

GENERAL IRWIN
Then walk with me.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

Darkness is coming. The INMATES are camping out. A DOZEN CAMPFIRES are already burning. Yates and Irwin walk.

GENERAL IRWIN
Why did you do it?

YATES
A momentary lapse in judgement.

GENERAL IRWIN
Some of the men are calling you a hero.

YATES
They're idiots. The average IQ in this place is right around housecat.

GENERAL IRWIN
You could pull extra time for getting involved. (Yates shrugs)

What's your wife going to say?

YATES
"Yippee!" (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
YATES (cont'd)
(off Irwin’s look)
She's not going to be my wife for much longer.
(beat)
We started out well. When I got promoted to captain, she saluted me all the time. I'd come out of the crapper and there she'd be, with a real sharp salute. She was very funny. But it wasn't just a joke. She was really proud of me.
(beat)
When the thing happened in Canada, she was pretty pissed. Smuggling the mushrooms didn't bother her that much -- she just thought that was stupid. It was cooperating with JAG to get a shorter bit. She thought that was... dishonorable. And she was right.

They walk on in silence for a moment. Cyrus hurries up.

CYRUS
General, they're here.

EXT. THE YARD - DUSK

A ROPE LADDER leads to the top of the wall. Cyrus, Irwin and Yates climb up. Dellwo is waiting.

DELLWO
They started arriving a few minutes ago.

Irwin and Yates look out to see...

HUNDREDS OF VEHICLES out beyond the perimeter fence -- TANKS, APCs, TROOP TRUCKS, HUMVEES. A DOZEN HELICOPTERS are landing, taking off, hovering.

Irwin notices something out of the corner of his eye.

PERETZ is on the roof, by the flagpole, folding up the flag. He looks back at Irwin, then heads for the stairs with the flag.

DELLWO (cont'd)

Now what?

(CONTINUED)
GENERAL IRWIN
We'll give General Wheeler a few minutes to get settled, then we'll give him a call.

EXT. BEYOND PERIMETER FENCE - BATTALION CP - NIGHT

WHEELER is looking at the prison through binoculars. A CORPORAL trots up with a cell phone.

CORPORAL
Sir, we got a call patched through from CAC HQ. It's him. It's Irwin.

Wheeler takes the phone, motions the corporal to leave.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
(into phone)
Well, Lee, I see you've been busy.

INT. THE TIERS - GROUND FLOOR - BY PHONE - CROSSCUT

Irwin is on the payphone. Above him we see the cells of the Tiers filled with GUARDS. INMATES patrol.

GENERAL IRWIN
You said I should take up a hobby.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
I was thinking more along the lines of woodworking.

GENERAL IRWIN
Have you spoken to Colonel Winter yet?

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Yes.

GENERAL IRWIN
I'm sure he told you we're planning a mass escape or some such nonsense.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Something like that.

GENERAL IRWIN
You know why we did this. He has to go, Jim. He can't stay.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
You won't get any argument from me.

(CONTINUED)
GENERAL IRWIN
We don't need any public announcement --
we don't want to embarrass anyone.
All I need is your word that he's
gone -- soon.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
How would first light be?

GENERAL IRWIN
That would be fine.

(beat)
The only other thing I need is a
written guarantee that the men
involved won't receive any additional
time.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
That's a bit stickier, Lee.

GENERAL IRWIN
It's not negotiable.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Look, I'm not comfortable doing this
over the phone. How about you come
out here with some proposals and
we'll hash them out.

GENERAL IRWIN
How stupid do you think I am?

LT. GEN. WHEELER
A man's got to try.

(beat)
How about someone else? There's
gotta be someone you'd trust --
someone who could make sure I don't
try to slip one by you.

Irwin looks over his men, eyes settling on YATES.

YATES (V.O.)

Me?

256 EXT. THE YARD - NIGHT

Irwin and Yates are off by themselves. Yates is pissed.

YATES
What about Cyrus? He's a helluva
lot smarter than I am.
GENERAL IRWIN
He never studied to be a lawyer.

YATES
Oh, Christ, is that it? I'm going
to have to carry that burden for the
rest of my life?

Irwin nods. Yates sighs, shakes his head.

BINOCULAR POV of Yates and Irwin.

257 INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Winter is watching Yates and Irwin through the binoculars.

COLONEL WINTER
Yates. How... appropriate.

258 EXT. THE YARD - NIGHT

Most of the inmates are asleep. The few that are awake salute
Irwin and Yates as they walk through.

As they reach the truck gate, Irwin nods to Cutbush and
Thumper. They pull the huge doors open a crack. Yates heads
for the opening.

GENERAL IRWIN
Don't make any sudden moves out there.
(Yates stops)
Some of the best sharpshooters in
the world are going to have an "x"
on your forehead and they've been
drinking a lot of coffee.

Yates gives him a look, then steps out between the doors.

259 EXT. OUTSIDE THE USDB - TRUCK GATE - NIGHT

The massive doors shut behind Yates. He starts forward down
the road, toward the fence gates, alone.

260 EXT. PERIMETER FENCE GATE - NIGHT

Yates approaches the gate, hands up. FOUR SENTRYES appear
out of the shadows. Two frisk him while the other two level
their weapons at his chest.

261 EXT. BEYOND PERIMETER FENCE - BATTALION CP - NIGHT

Wheeler is looking at schematics of the USDB.
CORPORAL (O.S.)
General, sir. Mr. Yates.

Wheeler looks up, lets the plans roll up as Yates is brought forward.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Ah, Mr. Yates. Jim Wheeler.

He extends a hand. Yates shakes it.

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)
Can I get you anything? Coffee, soda? Something to eat?

YATES
No, thank you.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
How's Lee Irwin holding up?

YATES
Very well.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Of course he is. He's a hardy son of bitch.

Yates nods. Silence.

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)
To business then. Have a seat.


LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)
Let's see what you've got.

Yates pulls out his typewritten sheet, hands it to Wheeler. Wheeler reads it quickly, nods.

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)
Reasonable. Very reasonable. This could serve as a good basis for negotiations. As it happens, however...
(crumple[s] up sheet)
...there will be no negotiations.

Wheeler tosses the balled-up paper. Yates starts to realize...

(CONTINUED)
LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)

If you do what I ask, the remainder of your sentence will be suspended effective immediately and you'll be going home later this morning. And those men in there won't get more than three months added to their sentences. Most of them won't get any extra time at all.

YATES

Oh, come on...

LT. GEN. WHEELER

If you don't do what I ask, you're personally going to get an additional five years.

(lets that sink in)

And every man in there who hasn't been sitting in his cell all day is going to get another two tacked on, minimum. And those will be the lucky ones.

(off Yates' look)

If you don't do what I ask, we will have to retake this facility by force. Hundreds more men could die.

YATES

We've got hostages in there--

LT. GEN. WHEELER

No, you don't. Every man who accepts duty at USDB knows the score. We don't negotiate for the release of hostages.

(beat)

We will retake the Castle. Colonel Winter will remain in command. We will not be dictated to by prisoners. Ever.

YATES

What do you want me to do?

LT. GEN. WHEELER

First, I just want you to take a moment to think about what I've said. And while you're thinking, there's someone I want you to talk to.

(CONTINUED)
Wheeler nods to a corporal. Yates is puzzled. His puzzlement grows as the corporal returns, escorting a WOMAN into the light. It's JILL, Yates' wife.

LT. GEN. WHEELER (cont'd)

Excuse me.

Wheeler and the corporal walk off, leaving Yates and Jill alone. They just look at each other for a moment.

YATES
What're you doing here?

JILL
I was driving by, saw the lights... What do you think I'm doing here? They woke me up about thirty minutes ago, said there was trouble.

YATES
I can't fucking believe it.

JILL
Did you take over the prison?

YATES
Not me personally.

JILL
You took over the prison?

YATES
Did they say why they wanted you here?

JILL
No. They just said you were in trouble.

YATES
They got that right.

JILL
What's going on, Richard? Why am I here?

YATES
They want me to do something. And they figure seeing you will convince me to go along.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
YATES (cont'd)
(looks at her)
If I do what they want, I get out this morning.

JILL
(excited)
You're serious? This morning?

YATES
You care?

JILL
Don't make me hit you. Just because you've been an asshole every time I've come out to see you doesn't mean I don't still love you.

They look at each other for a long beat. Yates shakes his head, turns away.

JILL (cont'd)
What happens if you don't help them?

YATES
I get another five years.

JILL
Oh, God.

YATES
Not just me. Everyone'll get more time. And some men will die.

JILL
What do they want you to do?

YATES
(beat)
I don't know.
(looks back at Castle)
God, I wish he'd picked someone else.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE USDB - TRUCK GATE - NIGHT

Yates walks back through the fence gates, looking numb.

EXT. THE YARD - BY THE TRUCK GATE - NIGHT

The doors are open a crack. Yates slips through. The doors are shut behind him.

(CONTINUED)
GENERAL IRWIN

Well?

Close on Yates. He thinks... nods.

YATES

All set.

Dellwo, Doc, Cyrus, Enriquez, Thumper, Cutbush **cheer**. Clap each other on the back, embrace.

ENRIQUEZ

Wanna tell the men?

GENERAL IRWIN

Let them sleep.

YATES

One thing: Wheeler wants me and you to wait with Winter on the roof of the Administration Building at first light. A chopper's gonna remove him.

DELLWO

A chopper?! No way! He ain't flying outta here! He's gotta walk out! Right through the middle of everyone yelling at him!

CYRUS

Or, better yet, saying nothing at all.

DELLWO

Ooh, yeah. That'd be cool.

YATES

(firm)

He's going out on a chopper.

Everyone quiets. Irwin thinks, looks around, nods -- let's do it.

**264**

EXT. THE YARD - BY ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - PRE-DAWN

Irwin, Yates, Dellwo, Cyrus and Enriquez move through the sleeping men. Some are awake, starting fires. They nod to Irwin, salute.

Yates is doing his best to hide his torment. Dellwo pats his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)
DELLWO
Glad to have you with us, Pilot.
Some folks thought once you got beyond
the fence you weren't coming back.

Yates forces a grin, but he's dying inside.

They reach the doors to the Administration Building. Peretz
opens the doors from the inside.

Irwin and Yates step inside. The doors shut behind them.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - PRE-DAWN

The office has been thrashed -- by trebuchet, fire and water.
Winter stands by the shattered window, looking down at the
men in the Yard and out to the brightening eastern sky.
He's holding the folded FLAG in his hands. Peretz enters.

LT. PERETZ
Colonel, they're here.

Winter nods, takes a last look out the window, sets the flag
down on his desk and starts across the room.

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - PRE-DAWN

Irwin and Yates are waiting as Winter comes out of his office
with Peretz. Winter doesn't even look at Irwin. He heads
through a door to a stairwell.

INT. STAIRS TO ROOF - PRE-DAWN

Winter and Peretz lead Yates and Irwin up the stairs. Yates
is in hell.

Winter is the first to reach the top of the stairs. He hits
the pushbar and goes out onto the roof. Peretz is right
behind him.

As soon as Peretz goes through the door, Yates grabs the
pushbar and yanks it back, shutting the door.

LT. PERETZ (O.S.)
Hey! What're you doing?

They can hear Peretz pulling at the door, but it's locked
from the inside.

GENERAL IRWIN
Good question. What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)
YATES
Wheeler’s not gonna take Winter out of here -- he’s gonna take you.

GENERAL IRWIN
(beat)
I know.

YATES
What? What do you mean you know?

Irwin says nothing.

YATES (cont’d)
(gets a weird feeling)
You planned it?

GENERAL IRWIN
(beat, smiles sympathetically)
I’m sorry.

YATES
(realizing)
Oh, my God. Of course. You knew Wheeler wouldn’t negotiate. You knew he’d want to take you out and you wanted it to go this way, instead of by force. That’s why you picked me to be the messenger. You knew Wheeler would make me an offer. If you’d picked Cyrus... Cyrus would’ve told Wheeler to go fuck himself. But me? You knew I’d go along. Didn’t you.

GENERAL IRWIN
(beat)
The thought had occurred to me.

YATES
Fuck!

GENERAL IRWIN
What didn’t occur to me is that you might not go through with it.

YATES
Sorry to disappoint you.

GENERAL IRWIN
Disappoint me?

(CONTINUED)
Irwin shakes his head. He and Yates share a look.

YATES
Then Winter is going to stay.

GENERAL IRWIN
Looks like it.

YATES
Which means we lose.

Irwin doesn't say anything, thinking.

YATES (cont'd)
Then why did we fight?

GENERAL IRWIN
You don't only fight when you know you're going to win.

Irwin moves to the door. Yates stops him.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
Captain, if I don't get out there in thirty seconds, they will take this facility by force and many of our good friends will die.

YATES
There's got to be another way.

Irwin looks at him, says nothing.

YATES (cont'd)
Come on! That's what you're good at! Figuring shit like this out!

Irwin still says nothing. Yates sighs, lets him go.

As Irwin walks up the last few steps, SUNLIGHT shoots out through the crack at the bottom of the door. Irwin stops.

YATES (cont'd)
What?

GENERAL IRWIN
Did Wheeler say where I would be taken?

YATES
Some medical facility at Fort Hood...

(CONTINUED)
GENERAL IRWIN
The Fort Hood Army Psychiatric Hospital. Standard operating procedure for someone like me.

(off Yates' look)
One of our army's nastier little secrets. If they've got a whistleblower or a troublemaker they don't want to discharge, they send them to Hood, let them pad the halls in paper shoes, doing the thorazine shuffle.

(beat)
That was the worst part in Hanoi -- the months I was drugged. Worse than the torture. The torture was... hell. But at least you knew what it was. The drugs were... limbo. Limbo is worse. For me at least. I can't do that again.

YATES
Good! Then don't! Think of something!

Irwin thinks. A thought comes to him. He gets a wistful look.

YATES (cont'd)
What?

GENERAL IRWIN
I... I'm going to need your help.

268 EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ROOF - DAWN

Peretz is watching the door. Winter is on his cell phone, pacing.

COLONEL WINTER
I don't know. He just--

Winter and Peretz hear the click of the roof door's lock. They share a look.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
(into phone)
One moment, General.

Winter nods to Peretz. Peretz starts toward the door, pulling his baton. Winter puts a hand on his revolver.
INT. WINTER’S OFFICE - DAWN

Irwin runs into Winter’s office. He looks through the rubble on the ground, finds something in Winter’s shattered display cases -- a flintlock rifle.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ROOF - DAWN

Peretz grabs the door handle in one hand, raises his baton in the other.

Winter watches Peretz, hand on his gun. He senses something out of the corner of his eye.

Peretz yanks open the door.

YATES is standing just inside the door, hands raised.

COLONEL WINTER

Lieutenant!

Peretz turns to see...

IRWIN climbing up over the edge of the roof, flintlock in hand.

Peretz takes a step toward Irwin.

Yates lunges out, grabs Peretz and pulls him back into the stairs.

Irwin runs to the door, shuts it. He jams the butt of the flintlock under the door handle and stabs the barrel tip into the pebbled tar of the roof. Irwin turns to Winter as Winter fumbles and pulls his revolver from his holster.

GENERAL IRWIN

Not quite how you thought this was going to go, is it, Colonel?

INT. STAIRS TO ROOF - DAWN

Peretz breaks free of Yates’ grasp, moves for the door. Yates grabs Peretz’s legs, pulls him down.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ROOF - DAWN

Irwin walks away from the door.

COLONEL WINTER

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)
Irwin starts unzipping the top of his jumpsuit.

Wheeler is watching through binoculars.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
What the hell are you doing, Lee?

GENERAL IRWIN
What am I doing? I'm doing your job, Colonel. The sun's up. It's time to fly the flag.

Irwin pulls the folded FLAG out of his jumpsuit, heads for the flagpole.

Yates and Peretz fight a fierce battle in the steep, narrow confines of the stairs. Peretz is the better fighter, but Yates is fired up.

Irwin gets to the flagpole, flag in hand.

Do you know the history of this facility? Of the fort that stood here before this stockade?

Winter gives no response. Irwin starts carefully unfolding the flag, his back to Winter.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
A hundred and fifty years ago, one April Sunday, after the snow had melted, it was overrun by a band of Sioux warriors led by Chief Bright Eagle. The garrison commander, Captain Henry Rice, got approval from the Chief to run the flag. What the Chief didn't notice was that Rice ran the flag upside down. When reinforcements arrived -- led by a young lieutenant named George Armstrong Custer -- they saw the inverted flag -- which, as you know, (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
is the army’s universal sign of
distress -- and hightailed it the
hell out of here.

INT. STAIRS TO ROOF - DAWN

Yates and Peretz are grappling. They fall off balance and
tumble down the stairs.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ROOF - DAWN

Irwin unfolds the last fold in the flag.

COLONEL WINTER
You’re forgetting the rest of the
story, Mr. Irwin. Custer came back
with a division and slaughtered the
Sioux.

GENERAL IRWIN
(turns to Winter)
True. But you see, in Custer’s day,
there weren’t any TV news crews out
beyond the fence with their astounding
long lens cameras.

Irwin nods his head. Winter looks. HIS POV: Beyond Wheeler
and his men there are TV newsvans, cameramen standing on
top. Irwin turns back to the flag and flagpole.

GENERAL IRWIN (cont'd)
I don’t know if they can see you or
me too clearly from there, but they
will certainly be able to see the
flag. Especially if it’s upside-
down. I guarantee you an upside-
down flag at this facility would
make the cover of Time magazine on
Monday morning. If it does, I can
also guarantee you that by Tuesday
nine a.m. you’ll be on administrative
leave and never heard from again.

Winter points his revolver at Irwin, cocks the hammer back.

COLONEL WINTER
Let go of the flag.

Irwin looks back at Winter and his gun.

(continued)
GENERAL IRWIN

You know, normally I'd be afraid of someone pointing a large calibre pistol at my back. But I know you, Colonel. You never do your own killing.

(nods at gun)
Put it down before you embarrass yourself any further.

Irwin turns his back on Winter. He snaps the first of two hooks onto the flag. Winter is shaking with rage. And it looks like he might actually pull the trigger. Then WHAM! Someone bangs against the inside of the roof door. The tip of the flintlock slips an inch in the roof tar.

Winter, gun still trained on Irwin, moves to the door.

COLONEL WINTER

Peretz?

LT. PERETZ (O.S.)

Yes, sir.

GENERAL IRWIN

Lucky you.

Winter kicks the rifle away from the door. Peretz steps out, bleeding from the head, extremely pissed-off.

COLONEL WINTER

Lieutenant, stop him from raising the flag if you would.

Peretz sneers and starts toward Irwin, pulling his baton.

Suddenly YATES sprints out from the stairs and dives into Peretz. They slam to the roof.

GENERAL IRWIN

Get ready to salute, Colonel.

Irwin turns back to the flagpole. He snaps the second clip onto the flag. He grabs the line. BANG! He stumbles forward.

Winter holds his revolver. Smoke curls out of the barrel.

There's a spreading red stain on the back of Irwin's uniform.

Irwin has an odd look on his face -- surprise, but relief, too, and a certain satisfaction.

(continues)
CONTINUED: (2)

He falls forward, his hand still clutching the flagpole line. THE FLAG runs up a few feet. It's spattered with blood -- and it's right side-up.

EXT. BEYOND PERIMETER FENCE - BATTALION CP - DAWN

Wheeler has been watching through binoculars.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Jesus Christ...

EXT. THE YARD - DAWN

Dellwo, Cyrus and the others are stunned.

DELLWO
No...

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ROOF - DAWN

Winter stands there, jaw open.

Yates and Peretz look at Winter in shock and horror. Yates lets go of Peretz, gets off him, goes to Irwin.

COLONEL WINTER
(to Peretz)
We... we can say he was lunging at me... I was in danger...

Peretz turns away, goes to Irwin. He and Yates roll him over. Irwin is alive, barely. A cell phone rings. Peretz looks at Winter.

The cell phone rings again. Winter doesn't seem to recognize that it's his. Peretz stands, stares at him. Winter snaps out of it, answers the phone.

COLONEL WINTER (cont'd)
Yes.

EXT. BEYOND PERIMETER FENCE - BATTALION CP - DAWN

Wheeler is on his cell phone with Winter.

LT. GEN. WHEELER
Ed, don't touch anything. And don't move. We can see you.

PULL BACK to reveal THREE SNIPERS, scopes trained on Winter.
Yates kneels beside Irwin. ‘

YATES
This was it? This was your great plan?

GENERAL IRWIN
I was hoping his aim wouldn’t be so good.

Yates smiles. Then tears come.

YATES
General, I’m going to tell them, you know. I don’t care what you say. I’m going to tell them all you saved their lives.

GENERAL IRWIN
On the contrary, Captain. They saved mine.

Irwin’s eyes cloud over and he’s gone. Yates remains kneeling beside him.

Peretz starts pulling the flag to the top of the pole.

Winter looks down at the pistol in his hand, like he’d forgotten it was there. He drops his arm to his side. The gun falls from his hand. He stands there, completely alone and utterly lost.

When Peretz gets the flag halfway up, he stops, ties it off.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END